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"HIS WIG, HIS STICK, HIS POWDER'D HAIR,
WERE THEMES FOR VERY STRANGE CONJECTURES."
[SEE "QUINCE."]

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SOCIAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY THE VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

Second Paper.

I.

THE late Petersburg summer arrives with the suddenness of a thunder-clap. The previous day there is not a bud to be seen on the trees, and a few days later you may literally see the leaves growing; the heat sets in brusquely and without transition. This renewal of nature coincides with the period of the "white nights" at the end of May and the beginning of June. The sun scarcely disappears from the sky for two or three hours only, during which, although it is absent, you divine its presence just below the horizon. The redness of sunrise follows immediately that of sunset. This diffused radiation that fills the atmosphere is neither day nor night; it is an Elysian light in which men and objects produce no shadows, and assume the aspect of pale spectres. Such must be the quality of the light in the dead valleys of the moon. During these disturbing hours when the twilight and the dawn are confounded, nervous people cannot sleep. This is the time for long excursions to the Islands. At the first smile of spring nothing can be more charming and fresh than this labyrinth of forests cut up by the numerous branches of the Neva, which meanders between the clumps of verdure bathed in the waters of the gulf that wash softly around the Point. The Point is the Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne of Petersburg. The droskies and the barouches, which have taken the place of the sleighs, bring to this promontory every evening during the spring nights all the fashionable world of Petersburg. The equipages are drawn up in rows at the water's edge. In the crowd of promenaders, in which the officers form the majority, each one waits for the carriage in which he is particularly interested, and when it arrives groups form at the door and talk of the topics of the day, or of more private affairs, as they watch the sun sinking slowly into the waves toward Oranienbaum, or the sails of the fishing-boats scudding away toward the coast of Finland. It is a sweet and meditative hour, and nothing warns you that it is fleeting, for the darkness does not arrive, and the promenaders linger, and nothing can induce them to quit this enchanted spot.

On the return drive, the fogs that rise from the marshy land float like a silver canopy over the fields and forests standing motionless and fantastic in the calm white night. The equipages scatter among the avenues that traverse the Islands in every direction, and stop at the doors of the villas whose gates open on the road —pleasure-houses belonging to the nobility and the rich merchants, built with façades on the water, and with steps descending to the water's edge, where are moored the boats that bring into communication the palaces of this rustic and sylvan Venice. In a few days more the families whose business obliges them to remain near the capital will come and take up their summer quarters. They dine in the open air on the garden lawns, breathe the fresh air at the water's edge, or go off in joyous boating parties to hear the fashionable operetta in one of the country theatres that add to the gayety of the Islands; on all sides orchestra bands invite the loungers, garlands of Japanese lanterns are reflected in the river, bouquets of fireworks burst above the trees. Whether he follows the road or the river, the promenader is stopped at every step by the animated pictures that solicit his attention. The gardens full of light-colored toilets and of the laughter of children, the houses thrown wide open—everything makes him forget that he is in

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Russia, and transports him to the life of Italy or to the borders of the Bosporus.

Those who are attached to the service of the court pass the summer at Tsarskoe-Selo or at Peterhof, according as the caprice of the sovereign may have preferred one or the other of these residences. The small towns grouped around these imperial palaces are situated in opposite directions at one hour's distance by rail from Petersburg. Peterhof is the Russian Versailles. Peter the Great endeavored



A TCHEREMISSE GIRL.

to reproduce there the splendors that he had seen at the residence of Louis XIV.: a park with majestic prospects, alleys of trimmed and sculptured yew-trees, fountains streaming from the mouths of bronze Tritons. The vicinity of the sea furnishes here an additional decorative element; a fine promenade stretches away between the waves and the oak forest, and leads to the pier where the imperial yachts are moored. Tsarskoe-Selo is the more living of the two, and the richer in souvenirs. In the vast castle built by Rastrelli, and under the larch-trees that fringe the lake, one thinks one still sees the shade of the great Catherine, who used to lead in this place a familiar and intelligent life in company with her favorites, her philosophers, and her poets. One fancies that one sees, too, the shade of the unfortunate Alexander II., who used to delight to assemble us here in his private fêtes when the summer brought him back to his favorite abode. By the side of the palace the Lycée calls up the most glorious souvenirs of Russian letters. It was long the monopoly of this house to educate the children of the high nobility; on its commemorative tablets are inscribed most of the names that have made a mark in the politics or in the romantic movement of the first half of the century. There Pouchkin passed his childhood, and some of his verses describe the enchantments of Tsarskoe. The Hussars of the Guard who are stationed in the town keep *ennui* at a respectful distance. The park, admirably laid out with its roads that lead to triumphal arches and classical temples and pavilions in the style of the eighteenth century, is contiguous to the park of Pavlovsk, which surrounds the castle of the Grand-Duke Constantine. Between these two residences there is an incessant going to and fro of equipages, which issue from the chalets that are disseminated amongst the sheltering pine-trees, and drive round the open-air orchestras which are the habitual rendezvous of rusticating Petersburg.

We shall not stay to describe this *villeggiatura* life. It gravitates in the orbit of the court, and the life scarcely differs from that of Potsdam or Schönbrunn. We should simply find there over again, with a little more liberty, the society of which we have already made the acquaintance at the Winter Palace. Nor shall we follow the considerable fraction of Russian society which goes abroad as soon as the fine weather comes, although a piquant chapter might be written on social life outside of Russia, at Baden, Homburg, Trouville, Biarritz—scenes which Tourguénief has depicted with a satirical pen in his novel *Smoke*. Let us leave to this witty writer the "Baden Generals," as he calls them. We are seeking rather for picturesque representations of national life, and in order to find them we shall do best to follow in the footsteps of the great landed proprietors who pass the summer on their estates, "*leur bien*," as people say at Petersburg. Each one diverges toward some remote province of the empire. The time is not distant when these journeys required two or three weeks over the post-roads along which horses dragged the easy chaises. Nowadays a family takes its place in a comfortable railway car, ac-



THE "BOURLAKI" OF THE VOLGA.

companied by a van full of boxes, as numerous as would be required by an explorer starting for central Africa: provisions, clothes, stuffs, books—everything has to be carried from the shops of Petersburg or Moscow into the forlorn region where the family is going to live. Which party shall we join? Their proverbial hospitality invites us to Lithuania, Ukrania, the Crimea, the Ural. Let us follow first of all this Cossack seigneur who is going by way of the Volga to his domains in the steppe of the Don.

II.

He has been staying for a few days at Moscow to see his friends in the old capital, and to perform his devotions in the cathedrals of the Kremlin. It is always a joy to the heart of a good Russian to contemplate the town of the sixteen hundred churches, with its ocean of green roofs, its lace-work of spires, and its domes that rise against the azure sky as far as the eye can reach. He has visited Saint Michael the Archangel, where the old Tsars, since Ivan Kalita, sleep side by side in coffins reared up against the pillars; he has kissed the reliquaries of the saints beneath the sombre vaults of the Ouspensky Sobor, the metropolitan church where the Emperor is invested with the crown on the day of his consecration. In the evening his friends have invited him to Petrikief's, the restaurant famous for the orthodoxy of its national cooking; Tartars dressed in white serve the *oukha*, or sterlet soup, so dear to the gourmet, the *rastigaï*, or fish pasty, which accompanies it; the diners listen solemnly to a gigantic and indefatigable organ, whose mechanical rollers grind out in the immense hall select pieces from Glinka's opera *Life for the Tsar*. At last our traveller has made his last purchases in the bazar of the "Chinese Town," in those little booths and stalls that run along the vaulted galleries where the Muscovite merchants, as impassible and wily as the Turks, sell caravan tea, Siberian furs, and silver-gilt chased images. Then he takes the train for Nijnii-Novgorod, and as he will certainly have some business to do in grain or cattle at the fair, we shall have time with him to take a glance at this microcosm of Russian life.

The fair has just begun. According to the traditional usage, the flags that announce the opening have been hoisted on their poles and blessed with grand ceremonies. A naval officer presides over this ceremony; it is a solemn moment. According to the hereditary superstition of the Nijnii merchants, if the flags mount without a hitch, and float at once bravely in the breeze, the success of the fair is certain; but if they get entangled in the cords, it is useless to hope to do good business. The level of the waters of the Volga is also anxiously consulted. When the waters are too low in consequence of the excessive heat, the heavy boats laden with

metal, stuffs, and cereals run aground on the sand-banks in the river, and cannot get up to the fair, which is limited to the triangle of alluvion formed at the confluence of the Volga and the Oka rivers. On this sandy plain, bare and marshy in spring-time, a large city rises for the space of two months, with its wooden houses, its long streets with names established by ancient custom, its Chinese quarter with pagoda roofs bristling with dragons and bells. The municipalities of our proudest Western capitals might learn much by studying the problems which have had to be resolved in order to insure the administrative services of this ephemeral town, and its provisioning in food and in water. Two things are particularly worthy of attention: the system of sewers and the organization of the fire-brigade. Fire is the great enemy of the fair; every year it destroys shops to the value of a considerable sum. Everywhere there are towers for watchmen, and stations where powerful engines are always ready under steam, with horses standing beside them. The firemen of Nijnii surpass all their European colleagues in skill and rapidity. General Ignatief, the Governor of the town in 1881, left here traces of his activity, and marked his passage by useful reforms. To him is due the foundation of night refuges, immense dormitories which give shelter to a floating population of sweepers and dock laborers who formerly slept in the doorways of inns, and did not contribute much to the security of this agglomeration of men.

The population of Nijnii is formed of types of the whole universe. You see there all the costumes of Asia, and hear all its tongues. The Chinaman from Pekin rubs elbows with the Mussulman from Constantinople; Khivans and Bokharians and Persians have arrived in company on the Caspian steam-boats; the German fur-trader from Leipsic bargains for sables with the trapper from the borders of the Lena. As people come to Nijnii for amusement as well as for business, the places of entertainment occupy one-third of the improvised town. The attractions are graduated to suit all purses, from that of the Moscow nabob down to that of the poorest mujik, and varied to suit all nationalities. There are theatres where the most famous Russian artists are applauded, and shanties where you find the poorest artists of the French café concerts; Indian jugglers and mountebanks from Marseilles alternate with Bohemian singing women and Caucasian dancers. In virtue of immemorial custom, the administration takes care that its guests may want nothing, and that they may find at the fair the pleasures of their respective and diverse countries. Some time before the opening mysterious boats come up the Volga; each one of these boats carries an ethnographic sample of the East—Persian, Turkish, German, and French, or supposedly French, ladies. It would require a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to trace the realistic pictures which may be seen in Nijnii in all their patriarchal candor. You may study here the most abject misery and vice, and at the same time the most incredible follies of wealth. There in a few weeks a Russian merchant will drink more champagne than a whole provincial town in France consumes in a year, and spend a fortune such as Paris rarely sees squandered within the same lapse of time. These great business operators seem to be seized with vertigo; in good years everything is out of all proportion—their profits, their liberality, and also their pompous piety. Some of them ruin themselves by dedicating a church to St. Macaire, the patron of the fair. The total amount of business transacted at Nijnii is the surest barometer of the public fortune and commercial vigor of Russia.

Let us take our Cossack friend far from these temptations as quickly as possible, and embark on one of the steamers that go down the Volga as far as Astrakhan. The boat, whose boilers are heated with petroleum, is fitted up with a luxury which will soon be shabby, as one may see from the habits of the passengers, who lie on the benches with their greasy touloupes, especially the Jews, who squat on the divans holding their foot in one hand with their shoes off. Meals collect in the salon people of all kinds: state engineers who are making the hydrographic survey of the river; merchants from Perm, who think to give themselves a *cachet* of elegance by speaking a French of their own invention; middle-class women, their heads wrapped up in silk kerchiefs, who are taking their daughters on a pilgrimage to some monastery. These children are all charming, with their Russian chemisettes brilliantly embroidered in blue and red, and with their blond plaits which hang down to their girdle of niellé sil-

THE POINT, ON THE ISLANDS OF THE NEVA.



CHIEF OF MONASTERY.

ver. There is always and everywhere a General, to whom all yield the principal place with respect. If the merchants can make acquaintance with him, if they happen to live in the same town, they will invite him to some feast in order that he may come there in full uniform with all his decorations, and they will then show him off proudly as if he were a gold centre-piece on the table. Formerly the merchants used to pay for this honor in cash. It is stated that this is no longer done. Let us hope so. At the side of the General is a neatly dressed gentleman who says he is a lawyer at Saratov; and indeed he talks copiously and eloquently about everything, and particularly about himself. Son of an officer, brought up in the cadet corps for the military profession, he has seen a little service in central Asia with Tchernaief, "a true Slavophile," he affirms. After that experience he resolutely said to himself, *cedant arma togæ*. In order to better understand judicial practice and get accustomed to business, he occupied various minor positions before passing his examination as a lawyer. He was clerk of a civil tribunal, sheriff's officer, rural police commissioner. Thus he has been able to realize "the disorder and stupidity that reign everywhere." After the first ten words of commonplace remarks he plunges at once into the most burning political questions: naturally discontented, a liberal, and a parliamentarian, he is waiting for a constitution. Everything is going on badly, but he has methods of his own to solve all social problems, and possesses the most fantastic and curious information as to the projects of the court. Like most of the men of his type, he is a big baby, angry because he has no rôle to play with his tongue: boastful, irresolute, intelligent in spite of everything, and withal fond of good living. His speeches cease suddenly the moment the card-table is laid, and behold all our friends absorbed in playing until bedtime.

Let us leave them in the discharge of their sacred functions and go up on deck. The great solitary river flows between its left bank, low and sandy, and its right bank, which is lofty and covered with wood. Glistening in the sunlight and bathed in a warm haze, it reminds you of the Nile. The sun is lowering: red and peaceful, it vanishes in serene glory: the immense sheet of water remains for a long time as if it were embroidered with purple and gold, like the cope of an archimandrite. We meet little boats going up the stream along the shore, dragged with ropes by women in scarlet petticoats. These apparitions run one after the other along the towing-path,

standing out in relief against the brown clay soil of the cliffs and disappearing between the groups of poplar trees. The heavier barges, laden with iron from the Ural, are towed by the *bourlaki*—laborers who have succeeded in this hard trade the convicts of former days. The Russian painter Mr. Répine has frequently depicted these athletes, almost naked, with their powerful muscles and savage-looking faces. Along the banks of the river semblance between the steppe of the German colonies and the new districts of western America, to which these new regions have been frequently compared. Orthodox convents exist in great numbers along the course of the Volga and the upper parts, where the forests offer shelter to the monks. Some of these old monasteries have celebrated legends, and attract an immense concourse of pilgrims from all over Russia. One night when the steamer



THE TRAVELLING VIRGIN.

few villages are seen, and they become rarer and rarer as we advance toward the south. Up to a recent period the pirates and pillaging Cossacks used to infest the lower Volga, and the population had to take refuge in the interior in order to escape from their incursions. With the exception of the fisheries, which retain a semi-nomad people near the water, one scarcely finds in the second part of the journey anything but German colonies, established since the reign of Catherine on this fertile territory. The houses look comfortable, and have an air of cleanliness which distinguishes them at once from the miserable Russian *isbas*. In these colonies swarm evangelical sects of all kinds: Moravians, Stundistes, Molokanes. This fact constitutes an additional point of resemblance between the steppe of the German colonies and the new districts of western America, to which these new regions have been frequently compared. Orthodox convents exist in great numbers along the course of the Volga and the upper parts, where the forests offer shelter to the monks. Some of these old monasteries have celebrated legends, and attract an immense concourse of pilgrims from all over Russia. One night when the steamer stops near one of these fortified buildings we will take the opportunity of visiting the holy retreat. The convents occupy a considerable place in social life. They monopolize all the veneration of the popular classes to the detriment of the secular clergy; their riches give them incontestable influence; the episcopate is recruited in this monastic militia. Almost everywhere these holy towns are constructed on the same plan; the conventual buildings run around a large esplanade, with the church isolated in the middle. A belfry rises above the entrance porch, and from the summit the big bell calls the monks to evening prayer. In the warm and still air of this summer twilight the grave vibrations of the bronze roll slowly in sonorous waves, taking a very long time to die

away, wafted over the woods into the far-distant silence. The bells are answered by the sounds of the songs which issue from the church whose lights we perceive. The candles are burning in the choir. As we cross the court-yard, monks brush by us in their long robes. These Basilians have something of the majesty of phantoms beneath their long black vesture, which drags behind them and is continued in the floating folds of the mourning veil which is tied on the top of their head to the *klobouque*, or tall cylindrical cap. They glide along noiselessly, with pious gravity, like birds of night, summoned from their retreat to the place of prayer. They assemble in the choir, and disappear in the stalls in the shadow of the pillars, where they remain for several hours without a wrinkle of their faces or a muscle of their limbs stirring, petrified like black statues of basalt. The Oriental spirit, which is theirs, has made holiness consist in immobility. Some of them wear priestly dresses, and accomplish the religious ceremonies with the usual pomp. Lay brothers, grouped under the direction of the organist, sing those Russian litanies in which the human voice attempts to vie with the bronze bell in the spire in prolonging the low-toned vibrations. Our Western organs have not deeper groans or more plaintive expressions of agony. At the end of the church, pilgrims strike the pavement with their foreheads. These are mujiks who have come from distant villages with their wallets on their backs, or peasant women carrying a baby tied up in one corner of their cloaks. Dazzled by these walls glittering with gold and light, the poor people take out of their pockets the kopecks which they have painfully economized, and light a little candle on the iron tripod where hundreds of similar offerings are burning. The same scene is being enacted at this hour at a thousand different places, even to the very extremities of the empire, which counts a whole people of these black monks, and in the great centres of cenobitic life it becomes truly grand: for instance, at the church of St. Serge at Moscow, or the Laura at Kiev, where the pilgrims come every year in millions.

The boat resumes its journey, and the majestic waters of the Russian Mississippi continue to spread themselves before us. Every day we touch at one of the great towns of the East: Kasan first of all, the semi-Oriental city where half the population is composed of Mussulmans living there with their Koran, their mollahs, their laws, and their harems, as freely and unrestrainedly as their brethren of Stamboul or of Mecca. From the top of the minarets the muezzins call the faithful to the mosques. The great street of Kasan, the Voskresenskaia, is a veritable kaleidoscope. You find there the remains of those Mongolian tribes who formerly dwelt in the recesses of the Ural mountains: the Mordwa, the Tchouvaches, the Tcheremisses: these latter are of Lilliputian stature, with flat Mongolian faces like those coarse stone idols which they adore in secret beneath sheds: for there are still many pagans amongst these Asiatics, and the conversions to Christianity are only apparent. We meet in the Temple of the Saviour a little Tcheremisse woman clothed in a costume which would delight a painter, a chemisette finely embroidered, and heavy strings of sequins on her head. She goes and burns devoutly a candle before the reliquary of St. Varsonophie, and takes a purse out of her bosom to pay for it. Though a Christian in name, her paganism is scarcely different from that of her forefathers. It may be answered, it is true, that it does not differ very much from that of the orthodox before whom at this very moment the miraculous image of the Virgin is being exhibited. A month ago this image arrived in town from a neighboring convent, and it is now making visits. The priests carry it in a carriage to the houses of the sick, and of the families of the rich merchants who are anxious to have the honor of housing it for a day. The citizen of Kasan who holds any position in commerce is bound for his own sake and for the sake of his customers to receive the visit of the relic. Our innkeeper, a French Catholic, submitted himself like the others to this obligation, which costs dearly. In her monthly journey the travelling Virgin makes some thirty to forty thousand rubles.

Lower down on the river is Samara, which the Russians call "the American town." It grows visibly since the opening of the Orenburg railway, which here joins the Volga, and brings the merchandise of central Asia. This conglomeration of docks, warehouses, and hasty constructions of wood and brick in the midst of fields of dust, where you sink in up to

THE CARRIAGE OF MADAME LA GÉNÉRALE.

the ankles, does indeed make us think of the cities that spring up as it were by miracle along the railroads in western America. There is not an old building, not a promenade, not a single tree in the town: nothing but hotels, public offices, banks, long and broad rectangular avenues, and sunburnt squares. The business men come here for a few weeks, pocket rapidly their profits, and spend a part of them in pleasure haunts: it is the gross, feverish existence that men lead in the gold fields. Further still to the south, and one day's journey above Astrakhan, the town of Tsaritsin offers the same characteristic: it is the centre of commerce between the Volga and the Don.

Here we leave the steamer. Our travelling companion has to change boats, and get on a canal which puts the two rivers in communication, in order to reach his domains in the country of the Don Cossacks. What domains! Instead of describing them to you, it will be sufficient to ask you to read in the Bible the details given us about the existence of Abraham and of Laban. Our Cossack friend owns an estate twenty-five versts long, where he cultivates annually 30,000 acres of wheat: a stud farm with 500 horses: 1,000,000 sheep. As the owner of these flocks was travelling one day in Germany he heard a dispute between two cattle-breeders, who were contesting which was the richer of the two, and counting up their thousand heads of cattle. "I," interrupted the Russian—"I will bet that the dogs of my flocks are more numerous than all your sheep put together:" and the Cossack Abraham won his bet. But he has one advantage over the antique shepherds of Mesopotamia: he possesses five coal-pits, which produce annually ten million pounds of coal. In a valley between the yellowish undulations of the steppe, where the pasturage and arable land of our friend stretch away to infinite distance, we find the centre of a big business enterprise: houses, farms, mills, orangeries, aviaries, and immense stables—lordly creations of the father of our host. Together with the riches of the patriarchs he has their simplicity of life: his dwelling is modest, and—a characteristic detail of old-fashioned Russian manners—you penetrate into the salon through a sort of ante-room where the serving-maids are busy sewing and embroidering. Thus it was formerly in the houses of all the seigneurs, and, if we may believe Homer, in the atrium of the Greek kings.

But we need not introduce you into this Cossack home. We will describe rather a house which represents more exactly the average type of rural life in Russia, and this house we shall find in the heart of the empire—for instance, in the fine province of Ukrania. Let us take leave of the traveller who has guided us along the Volga, and transport ourselves by means of some magic wand to the regions of the "black lands" of Kharkov or of Poltowa. The climate here is temperate, and agriculture flourishes. Fine houses are numerous, and there will be no lack of families who will gladly offer us hospitality. Here is a family, we will suppose, which leaves the train at some station between Kiev and Kharkov. Let us join our destinies to theirs.

III.

Svertchkof has painted in *genre* pictures, and Tolstoï with his realistic humor in his story of the *Trois Morts*, this typical scene—the departure of a rich country lady. An old lady gets into her chaise, supported by obsequious and very awkward footmen, whose liveries are the worse for long wear. During the last hour these footmen have been storing away in the vast vehicle almost as many objects as Noah's ark could contain, or the first corvette that ever started to sail round the world: valises, bags, shawls, baskets, bottles, boxes of tea, boxes of cigarettes, utensils of all kinds, bird-cages, and, above all, pillows of all forms and dimensions. At last *La Générale* is settled in this ambulatory storehouse. After entering, for half an hour she worries the station-master, who stands respectfully at the door, about trifles that have got lost or mislaid. At last everything is ready, and she addresses to the coachman the traditional words, "*A la grace de Dieu.*" The coachman, dressed in a black padiofka, with a peacock's feather in his hat, devoutly makes the sign of the cross, and starts his horses. A postilion no taller than a boot is perched on one of the leaders: the chaise jolts in the terrible ruts of a Russian road, which can hardly be distinguished from the neighboring fields. It is followed by the tarantass, a vehicle without springs, in which the servants are piled up together with the rest of the baggage. The equipages run

straight ahead without regard to uphill or downhill; the only precaution exercised is to avoid bridges. Provincial bridges have a bad reputation. However rapid the stream may be, it is better to go to the right or to the left along the bed of the river than to brave the uncertain planks that cross it. Thus *La Générale*, after two or three changes, where her own horses await her, will traverse the forty, sixty, or one hundred versts which, as a rule, separate her house from the railway station.

The road stretches over silent and empty plains, where the lines of the horizon retreat incessantly before the eyes without changing in aspect, like the waves in the open sea. It is indeed a sea—a sea of wheat with its golden ears undulating as far as the eye can see. Nothing in our thickly populated country districts can give an idea of the profound stillness of the Russian steppes. At long intervals you come across a peasant seated in his télègue, or astride of his droghi—a primitive cart made of a beam placed on two axles. A few versts further north we leave the last village of Greater Russia, with its black and low cottages built of pine trunks and wattling. As the traveller advances into Ukrania, the houses of Little Russia assume a more comfortable air, with their whitewashed walls. The keeper of the inn where we stop was formerly a serf of *La Générale*; liberated before the emancipation, he has made a small fortune. Now his two sons are beginning to learn Latin, with a view to obtain diplomas at the gymnasium of Kiev. At the door one of these boys, in long black coat, black boots and cap, is playing on an accordion. The other is absorbed in a volume of the poems of Nekrassof.

Here is the town of the district, announced in the distance by two white patches, the church and the prison, the only important monuments it possesses. It has a population of 12,000 or 15,000 souls, and in Europe would scarcely deserve the name of a big village. It is almost entirely composed of peasants' huts, scattered amongst clumps of willow and poplar trees. Around the bazar are a few one-story houses, with wooden galleries on one of the façades; in all the windows are pots of geraniums. These houses are occupied by the twenty or thirty families, which form what we should call the *bourgeoisie*—comprising the doctor, the lawyer, the postmaster, the bank clerks, the *personnel* of the tribunal, the functionaries of the Zemstvo, or district council, and two or three large commission merchants in the grain trade. This aristocracy is lost in a mass of peasants, as its houses are lost in an ocean of cottages. It is the symbolic image of the empire. No one can tell where the town begins and where it ends, so inorganic is it with its waste and dusty spaces, mixed up with fields and gardens. Outside the town you find the shoeing forges, which are relegated to a safe distance for fear of fire, and a regiment of windmills in the fields. When you have seen one of these district towns you have seen them all, for all over Russian territory they resemble each other.

The carriages plunge once more into the corn fields or into the shadow of a birch wood. This latter is rarely met with in the "black lands," which are almost entirely cleared and cultivated. Further on to the north you often travel for a whole day through an ancient forest, in which are stagnant marshes covered with dazzling flowers—wild roses, anemones, orchids, floating islands of orris and of water-lilies. At last we arrive in front of the mill which turns on the river. The Jew farmer salutes and bows to the ground. The peasants that we meet on the road, with their familiar faces, greet *La Générale* with a respectful "Good-day, little mother." On the hill a flag floating from the top of the turret marks the house of the seigneur. A few more steps and the horses rush at full gallop into a large court-yard surrounded with buildings and dependencies.

Fifty or sixty persons, men, women, and children, are drawn up on the steps awaiting the arrival of their mistress. These are the families of the "court," for the seigneur has his court just like the Tsar. These families, employed in his immediate service and living on his liberality, constitute the aristocracy of the village. Serfdom has disappeared, it is true, but its manners and the obligations it has left still survive. It was impossible to dismiss in one day these patriarchal dependents and this world of do-nothing servitors. For that matter, it is indispensable to have in one's house in the depth of these solitudes a representative

of every trade. The château is like Robinson Crusoe's island, where a whole civilization has to be created. In this existence, organized in an exactly opposite manner to that of our Western life, there is no carpenter, no wheelwright, for the commune, but the seigneur has his own carpenter and his own wheelwright, who work for the village when occasion requires. There are besides cooks, bakers, gardeners, and innumerable stablemen, for the post service requires twenty-five or thirty horses to be kept for the relays; here is the cabinet-maker, Plato, the locksmith, Archippus, and the cooper, Feodor—simple mujiks, naturally industrious and handy, who have quickly learnt to fashion with their hatchets all the objects of furniture for the house. These important personages have their wives in the hierarchy of chamber-maids and seamstresses. There would be no end to the enumeration of the holders of sinecures: the day watchman, and the night watchman, who walks about until morning shaking his rattle in order that his mistress may sleep in security, the guardian of the apple orchard, the boatman, the fisherman, the man who heats the baths, etc. The painter has the high situation which is due to an artist, but we have never seen him occupied except in preparing smoked glass to look at an eclipse of the sun. The old rascal is always drunk, but if some one suggested to the good lady to dismiss him, she would swear that the house could not get along without this indispensable servitor. Finally there are those who are there because they are there; born in the court, they contribute to fill it with young people, who in their turn, when they are threatened with possible eviction, will assert their hereditary rights. All these people pay their tribute of gratitude by kissing the hands of the benefactress as she gets out of her carriage.

From one end of Russia to the other the type of the seigneur's dwelling varies but little. It is built of wood and bricks, with a flight of steps in front, and is surmounted by an attic roof of zinc, flanked by a conical turret. When the seigneur is rich and able to spend money on repairs, the building is dazzlingly whitewashed, but generally the mortgages of the district bank play havoc with the seigneur and his house, as may be seen by the cracks in the brick-work, and by the wild oats that grow with the thistles on the steps. Behind the house is a court planted with lime-trees, and connected with the high-road. In front of it is an orchard and alleys which descend gently toward the pond—the still, stagnant pond. Sometimes this pond is advantageously traversed by the river which crosses the property.

In the interior the principal room is a large hall, serving as a vestibule, salon, and dining-room. Sometimes you see here a few pieces of furniture of Empire style, which were brought here from Moscow long, long ago; in one corner is an old clavecin—a relic of another age. On the white walls hang old portraits: beneath a veil of soot and bitumen grimace the naïvely terrible features of the hetmans to whom the estate formerly belonged. Under the eyes of these old ancestors the long table is served for supper, and for the long evening watch which will follow. At one end of the table thrones the samovar. In Russia we might translate by this essentially national word our own expression of fireside, with all the ideas that the word symbolizes. The Northern man who hides his fireside behind the uninviting walls of a stove does not find, as we do, his domestic centre around the chimney-piece. His household god is the machine that is always boiling and singing, the source of light and heat, which pours out incessantly during the tedious winter days the comforting drink. Around the table where the samovar sings is grouped a large family—another word which in the provinces of Russia must be taken in the old and extended sense which it had formerly in Europe also. Next to the children and grandchildren, seated at the side of the ancestor who presides at one end of the table, follow a whole patriarchal clan of semi-servitors—a sort of adopted relations who are not exactly servants. Amongst them are old maids of noble birth, without fortune, daughters of officers who have been killed in battle under the orders of the master of the house, who pay for their lodging and food by some slight superintendence over one of the branches of the household. One of these old maids takes charge of the samovar; nymph of this brazen fountain, she has put her whole soul in it, and all her faculties of thought and love; her life has never had any other occupation than to calculate the exact amount of sugar



AROUND THE "SAMOVAR"

and boiling water to be put in the glasses from morning until night. Silent and timid, her little eyes are accustomed to anticipate the desires of her benefactress in a look; poor sacrificed creature, no man has ever asked her for anything but a little cream. Next comes the regiment of stewardesses in office, and all those whom the affection of the mistress liberated in the time when serfdom was still in existence; then there is the old retired steward and the steward who has taken his place; the district doctor, sometimes a big farmer—a familiar and cordial company of honest and good people, who would be equally surprised, both benefactress and dependents, if they were asked at what point in the common table the bond of blood ends and the bond of obligation begins. The interminable country supper comes to an end at last, and each one rises from his place and goes and kisses respectfully the hand of the ancestor, thanking her for her bread and salt.

During the whole season the greater part of the day is passed around this table. The neighbors within a radius of twenty-five or thirty versts take their seats there, and they are invited to remain until evening, and the conversation turns on the price of crops, the interests of the province, and the tardy news from Petersburg. The post arrives only two or three times a week; a postilion brings from the town a bundle of newspapers that are already old when they arrive. In their turn, our people have the six horses harnessed to the post-chaise and pay a visit to some exactly similar house, where they will find exactly the same table, the same faces, and the same subjects of conversation. Morning is employed in surveying the fields or settling accounts with the steward, and at night the family gathers on the steps beneath the admirable sky of the Ukranian night, and remains there until a late hour, listening to the songs of the peasants sitting at their doors all along the principal street of the village. These people seem to have laid in a supply of sleep during the winter. At harvest-time they rise at daydawn, and yet they pass a part of the

night singing in chorus slow melodies, and always sad love-songs, that drag along in the same minor key, and end in a wild howl like the call of wolves.

The smallest incident is an event in this monotonous existence; the arrival of the peddler is a fête; he is generally a Hungarian or a Pole from Warsaw. He stops his lean horse and his télègue in front of the gateway, and enters bent double beneath the weight of the heavy pack, which is always of the same model. He spreads out his treasures, surrounded by the girls of the court, housewives, and children, their looks enlivened with curiosity and covetousness. All hands plunge at once among the ribbons, the embroideries, the handkerchiefs of printed cotton, the bead ornaments, the toys, and the almanacs. This man is the only bond of union between industrial civilization and the Russian village. For the inhabitants of the steppe whom he supplies his pack is the résumé of all the luxury and elegance of fabulous Europe. Another day it will be the Jewish musicians who have come to town for the marriage of one of their brethren. They make a halt at the château and play some operatic airs on their fiddles and flutes. The young men are ugly and dirty; the old men present the superb type of Rembrandt's models. The Jew only becomes handsome when his beard becomes white. These unfortunate creatures wear an expression of terror and supplication; only a few weeks ago the people pillaged their shops in the chief towns of the district.

Once a year the Marshal of the nobility gives a dinner to his electors, the nobles of the district. This is an unparalleled opportunity for studying the provincial gentry. All categories are represented in the britchkas and tarantasses which bring from their homes the seigneurs and country gentlemen. From a psychological point of view these categories may be reduced to two well-marked and characteristic types; one, the old one, is what Russian literature calls "the man of 1840," whose figure is so strongly sketched in the novels of Gogol, Goutcharof, and Tourguénief; kind-hearted and dissipated, he mortgages his land and squanders his wealth, he hates to reflect, and is a slave to his caprices. The other, the man of the new generation, is more serious, better informed, and interested in the problems of the day; he is clear-headed, and has an object in life. He follows patiently a career, or cultivates his land with ideas of his own; in everything he accepts that struggle which is the condition of more intense social life, instead of allowing himself to float down-stream like his older neighbor; finally, as man is not perfect, he has pretensions in politics.

Amongst the Marshal's guests we notice the functionaries of the town in vice-uniform, with the cross of St. Stanilas —the excise inspector, the justice of the peace, the procurator, and the Ispravnik, a sort of military prefect, who combines in his hands all the administrative powers. After the first glasses of champagne and a toast to the Emperor, the tone of conversation mounts noisily. The coming elections to the Zemstvo are talked over, and all the measures of this assembly are ruthlessly criticised. "The Zemstvo is no good," say half the guests, "because its attributions are too extended." "It cannot do anything, because its powers are too restricted," urges the other half, and with much eloquence they reform the abuses of which each one takes advantage in his every-day life. The discussion raised by these favorite themes would never finish if the sight of the card-tables did not close them as if by magic. This puts all these people at one, and from then until daybreak they will be busy dealing their cards and chalking down their scores.

Often the fête is completed by a wolf battue. Through the intermediary of his police-officers, the Ispravnik has summoned into service peasants from the neighboring villages. The mujiks arrive with their dragging step—the step of men who are in the habit of laboring beneath burdens and walking behind the plough. They are armed with staves, and some of them with antique guns, repaired with string, dating at least from the war of 1812. Beaters are placed around one of those vast woody marshes covered with inextricable thickets of alder and birch trees, about the height of a man. A litter of wolves has been discovered. The peasants enter the forest together, preceded by the "howler," an old poacher, who imitates with rare precision the howls of wild beasts. The cries of the beaters alone indicate their approach; from time to time you see one of them in the clearing; then he plunges up to his waist in mud, and works his way through the close under-



HARVESTING.

wood like a wild beast himself, with his touloupe all torn, his fur bonnet, and his hairy face. The shooters are placed on one side of the marsh. The young wolves come out one by one or with their mother. Shots resound, some victims fall, and then you should hear the joyous shouts of the mujiks as they feel the fallen beast with their hands. You should hear the epic apostrophes which they address to it, breathing all the hereditary hatred of the peasant against this terrible pillager, who almost every night steals a sheep, a calf, or a colt. The spoils of the chase are loaded on a télègue; buckets of eau-de-vie are distributed to the beaters; and the Nimrods of the district return home, telling stories of the high deeds of former years.

The Russian hunter, if we had leisure to follow him, would introduce us to many picturesque and varied scenes. In winter he goes into the forests of the North to hunt the bear and the elan. In summer he shoots over the marshy country where wild-fowl abound, or hunts the fox and the hare on the plain with his big greyhounds. All those who have read the novels of Tolstoï and Tourguénief will remember the admirable descriptions of these writers, who were themselves hunters. We could only repeat what they have said, and in a less felicitous form.

IV.

At the doors of the seigneur's house the peasants form a little world of their own. Let us take a glance at their obscure and laborious life. The emancipation of the serfs has broken all bonds between the peasant and his former master. The village community, the Mîr, governs, judges, and taxes itself outside of all control; it is almost omnipotent in the sphere of its direct interests. It has no relations except with the Ispravnik of the district capital. But the villagers, thus brusquely left to themselves after centuries passed in leading-strings, are incapable of managing their affairs wisely. The Staroste, or Mayor, whom they elect, is incapable of keeping accounts; thus it happens that the clerk of the tribunal steps in and makes himself the true master and the scourge of the commune; he is generally a scribe with doubtful antecedents, a son of a priest, or a subaltern clerk in the civil and military bureaux. This person-

age takes in hand the management of the municipal interests, and exploits them for his own advantage. From one end of Russia to another you hear nothing but complaints against this parasite.

It is a fact generally known that the land is possessed in common by the Mir. The kinds of cultivation vary very little; the fertile parts of the empire form one immense wheat field. The consequence is that the labors of this human ant colony have a regular and collective character, which excludes all individual initiative. Everything is massed together—land, wheat, and men; it is a joint stock company working on an infinite scale. The economist may lament over it, but the painter rejoices in it, for he finds in this grand picture of agricultural life the souvenir of the pastoral tribes and of the nomad peoples, who sowed with thousands of arms the fields of the annual forward stage.

In contemplating these very primitive scenes he may imagine himself turning over the illustrations of an old Bible, representing the labor of the first man on the new earth. The costumes complete the illusion. Above all, those of the women of Ukrania, who seem to be performing a ballet rather than accomplishing a laborious task when the hay or corn harvest gathers them together by the thousands. They are so graceful and supple in their movements in their short skirts embroidered with wool, leaving the leg bare up to the knee, with their wreaths of corn-flowers and poppies on their heads, and their long plaits terminating in a sunflower. The successive phases of a harvest in the centre of a large Russian farm may be compared to the episodes of an immense decorative fresco. On the August evenings the cart-loads of sheaves come down the hills toward the steam threshing-machine intrenched among the ricks; on the roofs of this city of thatch the women stand in the purple dust that the machine produces in the light of the setting sun, and the thresher puffs and rumbles as it absorbs the straw that serves for fuel, and turns out the grain in torrents. This is indeed life in its intensest form, but a life with movements so grave and so harmonious that it does not disturb the August calm of the surrounding nature any more than the liturgical ceremony interferes with the peaceful tranquillity of a church.

The people of the country districts are very deeply attached to the religious and agricultural fêtes, which return at stated intervals for the distraction of their humble existence. Such are the blessing of the fruits in August and the blessing of the seed-time in September. The priest advances in the ploughed field, cross in hand, guiding the plough, and the sowers scatter behind him the new grain. On St. John's Day large bonfires of weeds are lighted on the hills, and burn all night; the peasants dance and leap over these fires, singing at the same time their wild melodies. In vain has the police tried to prevent this dangerous custom, for fire is the perpetual enemy that continually keeps these poor people in a state of alarm. Fire is the true seigneur of the Russian land, the cruel tsar incessantly traversing and ruining the country. We have rarely ever been travelling at night in the country districts without perceiving on the horizon the flames of a fire. The villages give one the impression of being piles ingeniously prepared for their natural end; crowded one against the other, the wooden houses with their thick roofs of thatch are surrounded by ricks of straw and connected by lines of sheds, while wattled palisades envelop the whole village like a net with meshes of fine wood. After the long summer droughts this agglomeration of branches, old beams, and straw dried by the sun is as inflammable as tinder. Fire is continually breaking out somewhere. Often it is started out of vengeance, for no crime is more common in Russia than arson. It is a moment the dramatic horror of which can never be forgotten. The tocsin sounds from the neighboring church, people run in from the fields in terror, and hasten aimlessly and in disorder; they are so confused that it is impossible to direct them; women and children stand before their doors weeping and shouting; the girls sob rhythmically in the usual tone of their songs, so shrill and so sad. Each one drives out his cattle and removes his poor furniture from the house; the priest goes out of his house with the holy images; the Jew innkeeper, all trembling, hurries away, bending beneath the weight of two enormous loaves of sugar; the broad curtain of flame rises heavenward; the blocks of huts and sheds fall in; the line of fire spreads and advances like an intelligently led army. After a struggle of a few moments the combatants no



MUJIK SOWING

longer offer any resistance; the poor peasants feel completely disarmed in presence of their tyrant. There is no water. In a single hour the village is swept away like a field of dry grass. The fatalist resignation of these people rapidly regains the



OFFICIATING PRIEST.

upper hand. When night has come each one will be scratching amongst the ashes of his house, trying to find a bit of carbonized wheat. All they say is, "God has visited us." And then they proceed to rebuild the village, so as to be ready for the next visit.

The fair which is held each year in the district town is the rendezvous where one can best study the Russian peasants. They congregate there from all the surrounding country. Processions of little carts wind along the roads, and take up their position on a vast open space at the entrance of the town, which resembles the encampment of one of those hordes which in former days brought the ancestors of our mujiks from the plateau of Asia. Men and women dressed in their finest clothes circulate with wondering eyes amongst the tents where the peddlers sell Moscow printed cottons and cutlery from Toula, the Russian Sheffield. The objects of trade are few and always the same, for the inventions of fashion offer no attractions except for civilized societies; primitive people, the slaves of habit, are afraid of novelty. Cattle, télègues, strings of big boots, scythes with pious mottoes engraved on the blades—such are the objects that the peasant comes to the fair to buy. He also takes home with him a barrel of tar. Congregations of men in every country have characteristic odors, which return to us with the image of them called up in the memory. In Russia it is this odor of tar. One wonders what can become of all that pool of black pitch which is attached to their boots and clothing, and which might start an opposition to the waves of Lake Asphaltites. When the carts resume their route toward the village at night, their drivers have not a very stable bearing, for there have been long and frequent visits to the inns at the fair.

We have said above that the life of the peasant has no point of contact with that of the seigneur since the emancipation of the serfs. The two classes, ruled by different statutes, dwell together in the same place almost without knowing each other. There is wanting an intermediary to bring them together. This intermediary ought to be the priest. A few words will explain why this task is beyond his strength. Question any one of these churchmen that you meet along the roads, leaning on a long staff, with his shaggy hair floating over his shoulders, wearing a long cassock discolored by the dust—sometimes greenish, and at other times mauve or cinnamon-color—here, with few exceptions, is the history of this priest. Generally he is himself the son of a priest; sometimes he comes of a family of shopkeepers or rich peasants; he has passed six years in the diocesan seminary, where he has been taught theology, the Scriptures, and the Slavonic language, together with a very little Greek and Latin. At the end of this course of study he has received sacred orders. If he has not passed the final examination successfully he remains his whole life in the two lower clerical orders—either deacon or psalmist. As soon as he is ordained the young preacher must get married, for this is the indispensable condition of obtaining a curacy. Generally he seeks his bride in the priestly families of his acquaintance, and when there is no bride available he sets out on a journey to hunt for an heiress—that is, the daughter of one of his colleagues who will bring him a



THE "KAZATCHOK," OR COSSACK DANCE.

dowry and good parish, where he will be the coadjutor and afterward the successor of his father-in-law. The Russian clergy forms a veritable tribe of Levi; the foreign elements which are recruited in it are rapidly assimilated by marriages contracted within the corporation; it thus preserves the character of a closed caste, separated from the other classes by its spirit, its traditions, and its hereditary interests.

Another cause enables it to maintain this character, namely, its social isolation, the rigor of which no description can exaggerate. In his country parish the priest is lost between two distinctly marked off worlds — one which he does not wish to know, and the other which does not wish to know him. These are, on the one hand, the peasants, poor primary beings bent over the soil, all alike, all on the same level, "the great mass of the people," as the Russian expression so very well puts it. When once the threshold of the church has been passed, the pastor is a stranger to them through his rudimentary education, through his sense of his little dignity, and above all on account of his quality of functionary, and by the embarrassment, not to say hostility, which is created between them by their pecuniary relations. On the other hand is the great and the small nobility, which keeps the priest at a distance. In general, and barring exceptions, it may be said that the priest is not admitted to the château unless he is summoned there to fulfil the duties of his office. He is rarely ever invited to the family table, and no friendly intercourse ever grows up. In the minds of the most religious persons there takes place a habitual compromise between their respect for the function and their contempt for the functionary. You will hear a pious old lady crying up or disparaging the merits of "her priest," but the moral nature of the man is never taken into account; every-

thing is reduced to one point, that is to say, "he officiates well" or "badly"; in other words, he looks well personally, or sings in tune, or he celebrates the ceremonies with proper intonations and noble gestures. He is chosen as if he were a sacred *maître d'hôtel* from whom are demanded good manners and elegant service.

The young Levite shuts himself up in his house on the thirty-five acres of land that the commune allows him, and which he has to share with his deacon and his psalmist. Meanwhile the family increases rapidly, the education of the boys has to be provided for at the seminaries, the girls want trousseaux, without counting the relations on both sides who have to be helped. The salary paid by the state varies from one to two hundred rubles; a substantial source of income for the priest is the occasional receipts, such as the small sums charged for the administration of sacraments. The priest taxes his parishioners; he drives a bargain for a funeral or for a marriage. Hence arise regrettable incidents and greediness in pecuniary matters, and sometimes the refusal of the sacraments when the person dying is unable to pay, and in consequence there exists a singular contradiction in the mind of the peasant, as well as in that of the seigneur. While submitting with veneration to all religious observances, the mujik nevertheless considers the minister a scourge, and looks upon him as one of the too numerous incarnations of the taxation system. These relations are not calculated to develop in the priest apostolic sentiments toward his flock; he endures their contempt and patiently puts up with his misery. But every spring is soon broken in the soul of this man. He has not even the stimulus of ambition, for the episcopate is almost exclusively recruited from the ranks of the "black clergy" of the monastic and celibate category, and those monks who issue from their monastery to put on the bishop's mitre have on their side also an aristocratic disdain for the "white clergy," for the humble secular country priest. For some years the Holy Synod has been studying the means of remedying this great defect in the Russian organism, but the means are not easily attained. The empire is not rich enough to weight its budget with the many millions which would be necessary to improve the material situation of the clergy; and then, if new laws were made, it would require a long time to change manners which are so deeply rooted.

V.

We should obtain but an imperfect idea of the social life of a people if we did not enter the churches, particularly in Russia, where religion absolutely governs the heart and the whole life of the popular classes, and where it still has great empire over the exterior habits of the upper classes, if not over their sentiments. Faith is ardent and unquestioning in all the members of the congregation assembled between the pine-wood walls of this country chapel, where the peasants incessantly bow the knee as they devoutly kiss the pavement. If any of them leave the chapel, it is to join the sect of the *Rascol*, still more rigid. Faith is still living in the hearts of the merchants who gather in this Muscovite oratory, before these altars covered with gold and silver, thanks to their liberality. They prostrate themselves; they pour into the boxes princely offerings for the propagation of the faith amongst the infidels; but how many believers are left in the aristocratic and official society which mounts the steps of the temples at Petersburg? Here religion is only a uniform; all wear it; etiquette requires it to be worn; and the court will allow no joking in this matter. The freethinkers are obliged to conform, like the libertines under Louis XIV. They are bound to do their devotions publicly at Easter; the law of the empire exacts this much; but otherwise the Orthodox Church is not troublesome. More of a formalist than a theologian, the Church troubles itself very little about the secret thoughts and consciences of its children, provided its rights are respected. The spirit of this Church is manifested in the manner of praying; the ceremonial occupies a larger place than mystic effusion. But it must be confessed that for the pomp and brilliancy of its ceremonies the Russian Church is without an equal in the world.

VI.

The Russians generally marry quite young in the upper classes, and amongst country people even at an earlier age; and to the honor of this society, be it said, love marriages are the rule, and



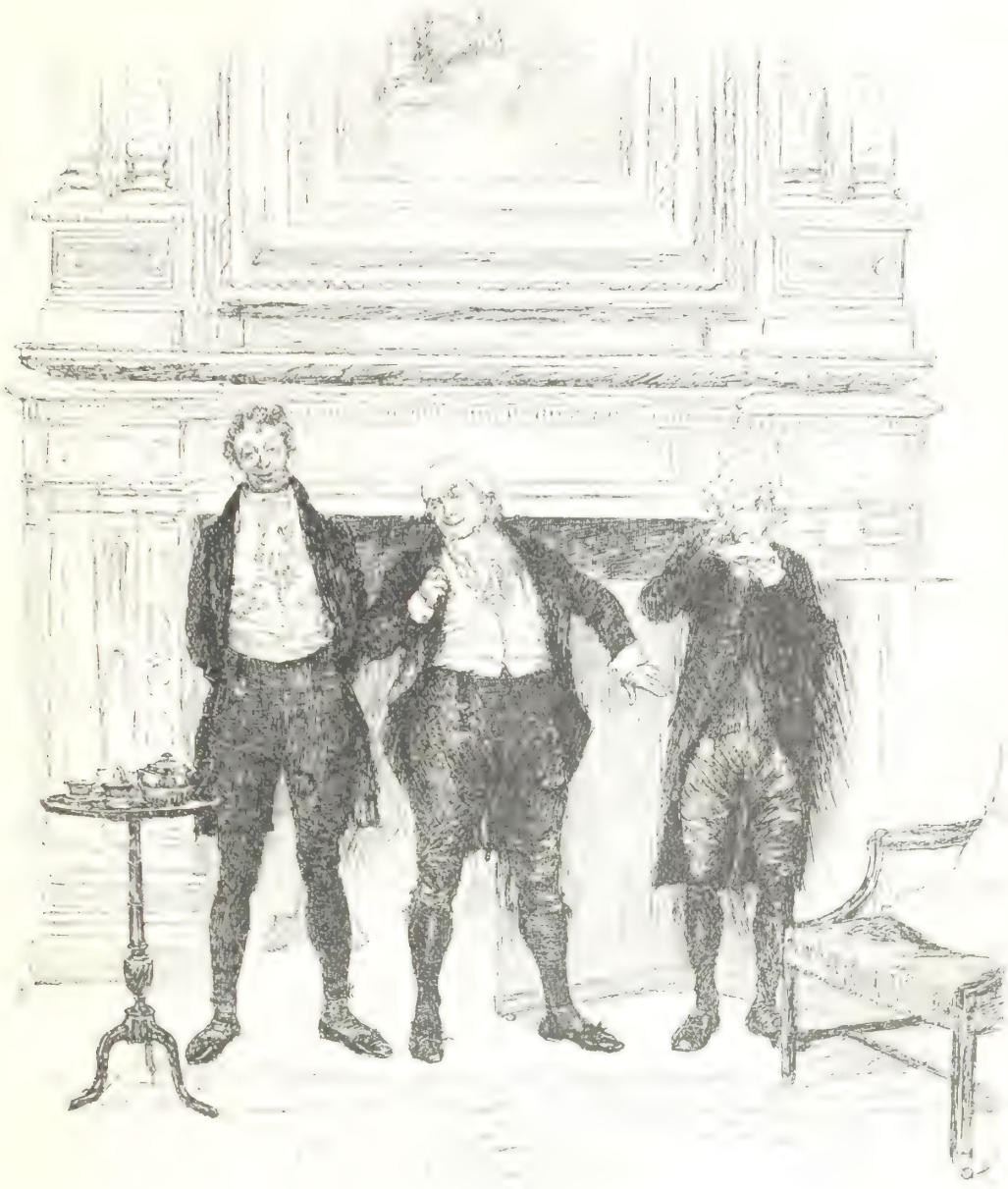
A MUJIK'S FUNERAL.

marriages for money are very rare exceptions. Dowry-hunting and marriages of interest have not yet made their appearance in Russian manners. Girls of high social position readily marry young officers of the Guard, who furnish the largest contingent of dancers to the balls of Petersburg. During the carnival fêtes the two armies, the army in petticoats and the army that wears epaulets, learn to know each other thoroughly. Friendships spring up, the young man pays court, and one day, without having consulted anybody, two fiancés come to ask of the parents a blessing, which is never refused. The Church does not marry during Lent, so they have to wait until Easter week. Fashion demands for the celebration of the ceremony the chapel of some private house, if the couple have not sufficiently lofty relations to secure the chapel of the palace. A family that respects itself ought to have at its wedding as honorary father and honorary mother, if not the Emperor and the Empress, at least a Grand-Duke and a Grand-Duchess. The honorary father gives the holy image, which some little child related to the families carries in front of the fiancés. They enter the church, followed by all their friends in gala uniform. The ceremony begins; it is very long, and complicated with many symbolic rites; a small table—a sort of movable altar—is placed in the middle of the oratory; the couple are separated from it by a band of rose-colored satin; when the priest calls, they must advance, and the first who sets foot on the band, whether husband or wife, will be the one who will impose his or her will in the household. This is an article of faith for all the matrons, who watch them at that moment. On the table is placed the liturgical formulary, the candles which they must hold, the cross which they will kiss, the rings which they will exchange, the cup of wine in which they will moisten their lips, and which is called in the Slavonic ritual "the cup of bitterness."

Pages relieve each other to carry with outstretched arms two heavy crowns, which must be held above the heads of the fiancés while the ceremony continues. At the decisive moment, when the priest is pronouncing the words that bind them together, the couple walk three times around the altar, followed by the crown-bearers; until the third turn is completed there is time to turn back; after that the die is cast, the couple are united for life. Thereupon the singers strike up in their most strident voices the joyous hymn, "Let Isaiah rejoice." The bride and groom then go and prostrate themselves before the Virgin of the Iconostase, and kiss her filigree robe, after which they pass into the neighboring salon, where they gayly clink glasses of champagne, while the invited guests receive boxes of sweetmeats marked with the monogram of the young couple. In the villages the marriage ceremony is celebrated in a simpler and more expeditious manner, especially when the mujiks have only a few rubles to give to the priest. A simple gesture, a few words, and a few minutes suffice to bow beneath the yoke her who is about to begin her hard apprenticeship of wife and mother in the humble peasant's home. In the evening the young people assemble in a barn or some shed, the fiddler scrapes his bow over an instrument which he has made with his own hands, girls and boys join hands and dance around. In the middle of the circle a young man dances the *kazatchok*, or Cossack dance; he bows his legs, rises with a bound, strikes the ground loudly with his boot heel, and then suddenly he springs forward to the girl of his choice and kisses her, whereupon she steps into the circle, and mimics with her whole body a dance similar to that of the almehs of the East.

And now from this nuptial dance let us pass to death. Amongst this fatalist people death does not awaken lugubrious ideas. The departed soul has a right during a few days still to the society of his friends. At Petersburg it is usual to have printed in the newspapers in a special column the decease of one's relatives and the hours of the *panichidas*—the funeral prayers which are recited twice every day over the body of the deceased during the time it remains exposed in the salon, with the face uncovered, between candles and flowers. On the day of the funeral the cortége proceeds toward the Laure of St. Alexander Nevsky or the Convent of the Virgins. Families of position have their burial-places in one of the two cloisters. At a funeral, as at a marriage, a member of the imperial family is *de rigueur*. Each one tries to catch his eye while the songs of splendid sadness rise around the catafalque, smothered in a mass of green shrubs. No emblems of mourning sadden the walls of the church. After the absolution the parents come and kiss for the last time the hand of the deceased; the followers disperse, impregnated with the special odor of death in Russia—an odor composed of incense and burning wax—and compliment each other on the fact of a man of so distinguished a rank having departed from this world with all the honors due to his *tchine*.

Let us return to the village now as we did after the wedding. This time again it is simpler. Marsh fever has carried off the peasant; the body is placed on the table from which the dinner has just been removed; it is washed and dressed; the carpenter nails together four planks, not very good ones; the pope is sent for, and arrives with his old silver cross, and bargains for the price; if the family has means, hired weepers howl all along the road to the church; the cortége comes out again after a summary benediction. The last funeral that we saw was one September evening, at the hour when the flocks of the commune were returning from the pasturage. The oxen and horses caused a cloud of dust to rise over the high-road all gilded with the oblique rays of the setting sun. The corpse departed amongst those familiar animals as if it were returning to the fields; the cloud of dust formed a radiant nimbus around it; the air was calm, the peacefulness of the evening indescribable; the verses of the psalmist carried to a great distance in this limpid atmosphere; it seemed as if they must have been audible to the very extremities of the steppe. The group of peasants ascended the hill, and left their burden in one of those cemeteries so badly kept in Little Russia, without fences, without flowers, and indicated only by a few broken crosses which lie on the leprous grass. The ceremony was finished so quickly that it was still daylight when the followers met in the *isba* for the funeral repast around the barley cake and the raisins.



QUINCE.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

NEAR a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil church and steeple,
There stood—alas! it stands no more!—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.



"AND SO THE BEGGAR AT HIS DOOR
HAD FIRST ABUSE, AND THEN A SHILLING."

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns and making presents.
Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his council and his carriage,
And laugh'd, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from chancery suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head;
Warm was his double ale—and feelings;
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings.
He went to church but once a week;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half a dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

GIRLS PAINTING AT THE MUSE CLUB.





"AND NONE KNEW WHY HE FED THEM BOTH
WITH HIS OWN HANDS SIX DAYS IN SEVEN."

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter;
He rapp'd his box when things were bad,
And said, "I cannot make them better!"

And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorn'd the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With "Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer Speed
Had couch'd beneath her master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fatten'd in his master's stable.
Old Quince averr'd, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both
With his own hands six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse and patterns.
Adine was studying baker's bills;
Louisa look'd the queen of knitters;
Jane happen'd to be hemming frills;
And Bell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy-chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powder'd hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crost in love
Before he came away from college;
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing great or small without him;
Some whisper'd with a solemn face
That there was "something odd about him!"

I found him, at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double:
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of slipping down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily:
One frosty day he made his will;
The next he sent for Doctor Bailey.

And so he lived, and so he died!—
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand, and "Ah!" he cried,
"Penelope must wear the willow.



"WHENE'ER THEY HEARD HIS RING OR KNOCK,
QUICKER THAN THOUGHT THE VILLAGE SLATTERNS
FLUNG DOWN THE NOVEL, SMOOTHED THE FROCK,
AND TOOK UP MRS. GLASSE AND PATTERNS"



"I FOUND HIM, AT THREESCORE AND TEN,
A SINGLE MAN, BUT BENT QUITE DOUBLE."

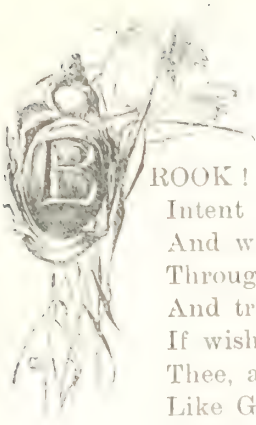
Tell her I hugg'd her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say that when I call again,
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him;
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox—
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

"Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid; but nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection:
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction."







THE BROOK.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be;—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints, nor hairs.
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VI.

MARGARET hastened to her chamber. Was the air oppressive? She opened the window and sat down by it. A soft south wind was blowing, eating away the remaining patches of snow; the sky was full of fleecy clouds. Where do these days come from in January? Why should nature be in a melting mood? Margaret instinctively would have preferred a wild storm, violence, anything but this elemental languor. Her emotion was incredible to herself.

It was only an incident. It had all happened in a moment, and it was over. But it was the first of the kind in a woman's life. The thrilling, mysterious word had been dropped into a woman's heart. Hereafter she would be changed. She never again would be as she was before. Would her heart be hardened or softened by the experience?

She did not love him: that was clear. She had done right: that was clear. But he had said he loved her. Unwittingly she was following him in her thought. She had rejected plain John Lyon, amiable, intelligent, unselfish, kindly, deferential. She had rejected also the Earl of Chisholm, a conspicuous position, an honorable family, luxury, a great opportunity in life. It came to the girl in a flash. She moved nervously in her chair. She put down the thought as unworthy of her. But she had entertained it for a moment. In that second, ambition had entered the girl's soul. She had a glimpse of her own nature that seemed new to her. Was this, then, the meaning of her restlessness, of her charitable activities, of her unconfessed dreams of some career? Ambition had entered her soul in a definite form. She expelled it. It would come again in some form or other. She was indignant at herself as she thought of it. How odd it was! Her privacy had been invaded. The even tenor of her life had been broken. Henceforth would she be less or more sensitive to the suggestion of love, to the allurements of ambition? Margaret tried, in accordance with her nature, to be sincere with herself.

After all, what nonsense it was! Nothing really had happened. A stranger of a few weeks before had declared himself. She did not love him; he was no

* Begun in April number, 1889.

more to her than any other man. It was a common occurrence. Her judgment accorded with her feeling in what she had done. How was she to know that she had made a mistake, if mistake it was? How was she to know that this hour was a crisis in her life? Surely the little tumult would pass; surely the little whisper of worldliness could not disturb her ideals. But all the power of exclusion in her mind could not exclude the returning thought of what might have been if she had loved him. Alas! in that moment was born in her heart something that would make the idea of love less simple than it had been in her mind. She was heart-free, but her nature was too deep not to be profoundly affected by this experience.

Looking back upon this afternoon in the light of after-years, she probably could not feel no one could say that she had done wrong. How was she to tell? Why is it that to do the right thing is often to make the mistake of a life? Nothing could have been nobler than for Margaret indignantly to put aside a temptation that her heart told her was unworthy. And yet if the truth yielded test?

I ought to ask pardon, perhaps, for dwelling upon a thing so slight as the entrance of a thought in a woman's life. For as to Margaret, she seemed unchanged. She made no sign that anything unusual had occurred. We only knew that Mr. Lyon went away less cheerful than he usually was, that he said nothing of returning in response to our invitations, and that he seemed to anticipate nothing but the fulfilment of a duty in his visit to Washington.

What had happened was regarded as only an episode. In fact, however, I doubt if there are any episodes in our lives, any asides, that do not permanently affect our entire career. Are not the episodes, the casual thoughts, the fortuitous, unplanned meetings the brief and maybe at the moment unnoted events, those which exercise the most influence on our destiny? To all observation the career of Lyon, and not of Margaret, was most affected by their interview. But often the implanting of an idea in the mind is more potent than the frustration of a plan or the gratification of a desire, so hidden are the causes that make character.

For some time I saw little of Margaret. Affairs in which I was not alone or chiefly concerned took me from home. One of the most curious and interesting places in the world is a Chamber in the business heart of New York—if that scene of struggle and passion can be said to have a heart—situated midway where the currents of eagerness to acquire the money of other people, not to make it, ceaselessly meet and dash against each other. If we could suppose there was a web covering this region, spun by the most alert and busy of men to catch those less alert and more productive, here in this Chamber would sit the ingenious spiders. But the analogy fails, for spiders do not prey upon each other. Scientists say that the human system has two nerve centres—one in the brain, to which and from which are telegraphed all movements depending upon the will, and another in the small of the back, the centre of the involuntary operations of respiration, digestion, and so on. It may be fanciful to suppose that in the national system Washington is the one nervous centre and New York the other. And yet it does sometimes seem that the nerves and ganglions in the small of the back in the commercial metropolis act automatically and without any visible intervention of intelligence. For all that, their operations may be as essential as the other, in which the will power sometimes gets into a dead lock, and sometimes telegraphs the most eccentric and incomprehensible orders. Puzzled by these contradictions, some philosophers have said that there may be somewhere outside of these two material centres another power that keeps affairs moving along with some steadiness.

This noble Chamber has a large irregular area of floor space, is very high, and has running round three sides a narrow elevated gallery, from which spectators can look down upon the throng below. Upon a raised dais at one side sits the presiding genius of the place, who rules very much as Jupiter was supposed to govern the earthly swarms, by letting things run and occasionally launching a thunderbolt. High up on one side, in an Olympian seclusion, away from the noise and the strife, sits a Board, calm as fate, and panoplied in the responsibility of chance, whose function seems to be that of switch shifters in their windowed cubby at a network of railway intersections—to prevent collisions.

At both ends of the floor and along

full of clerks figuring at desks, of telegraph operators clicking their machines, of messenger boys arriving and departing in haste, of unprivileged operators nervously watching the scene and waiting the chance of a word with some one on the floor; through noiseless swinging doors men are entering and departing every moment, men and boys, many of them anxious faces, conscious that the fate of the country is in their hands. On the floor itself are five hundred, perhaps a thousand, men, gathered for the most part in small groups about little stands upon the summit of which is a rallying legend, talking, laughing, screaming, good-natured, indifferent, excited, running hither and thither in response to changing figures in the checker-board squares on the great wall opposite, calm, cynical one moment, the next violently agitated, shouting, gesticulating, rushing together, shaking their fists in a tumult of passion which presently subsides.

The swarms ebb and flow about these little stands — bees, not bringing any honey, but attracted to the hive where it is rumored most honey is to be had. By habit some always stand or sit about a particular hive, waiting for the show of comb. By-and-by there is a stir: the crowd thickens; one beardless youth shouts out the figure "one-half"; another howls, "three-eighths." The first one nods. It is done. The electric wire running up the stand quivers and takes the figure, passes it to all the other wires, transmits it to every office and hotel in the city, to all the "tickers" in ten thousand chambers and "bucket-shops" and offices in the republic. Suddenly on the bulletin-boards in New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco, Podunk, Liverpool, appear the mysterious "three-eighths," electrifying the watchers of these boards, who begin to jabber and gesticulate and "transact business." It is wonderful.

What induced the beardless young man to make this "investment" in "three-eighths," who can tell? Perhaps he had heard, as he came into the room, that the Secretary of the Treasury was going to make a call of Fives; perhaps he had heard that Bismarck had said that the French blood was too thin and needed a little more iron; perhaps he had heard that a norther in Texas had killed a herd of cattle, or that two grasshoppers had been seen in the neighborhood of Fargo, or that Jay Hawker had been observed that morning hurrying to his brokers with a scowl on his face and his hat pulled over his eyes. The young man sold what he did not have, and the other young man bought what he will never get.

This is business of the higher and almost immaterial sort, and has an element of faith in it, and, as one may say, belief in the unseen, whence it is characterized by an expression — "dealing in futures." It is not gambling, for there are no "chips" used, and there is no roulette table in sight, and there are no piles of money or piles of anything else. It is not a lottery, for there is no wheel at which impartial men preside to insure honest drawings, and there are no predestined blanks and prizes, and the man who buys and the man who sells can do something, either in the newspapers or elsewhere, to affect the worth of the investment, whereas in a lottery everything depends upon the turn of the blind wheel. It is not necessary, however, to attempt a defence of the Chamber. It is one of the recognized ways of becoming important and powerful in this world. The privilege of the floor, a seat as it is called in this temple of the god Chance to be Rich, is worth more than a seat in the cabinet. It is not only true that a fortune may be made here in a day or lost here in a day, but that a nod and a wink here enable people all over the land to ruin others or ruin themselves with celerity. The relation of the Chamber to the business of the country is therefore evident. If an earthquake should suddenly sink this temple and all its votaries into the bowels of the earth, with all its nervousness and all its electricity, it is appalling to think what would become of the business of the country.

Not far from this vast Chamber, where great financial operations are conducted on the highest principles of honor and with the strictest regard to the Marquis of Dusenbury's rules, there is another less pretentious Chamber, known as "open," a sort of overflow meeting. Those who have not quite left hope behind can go in here. Here are the tickers communicating with the Chamber, tended by lads, who transfer the figures to big black-boards on the wall. In front of these boards sit from morning to night rows, perhaps relays, of men intently or listlessly watching the figures. Many of them, who sel-

dom make a sign, come here from habit—they have nowhere else to go. Some of them were once lords in the great Chamber, who have been, as the phrase is, "cleaned out." There is a gray-bearded veteran in seedy clothes, with sunken, fiery eyes, who was once many times a millionaire, was a power in the Board, feted and followed by reporters, had a palace in the Avenue, and drove to his office with coachman and footman in livery, and his wife headed the lists of charities. Now he spends his old age watching this black-board, and considers it a good day that brings him five dollars and his car fare. At one end of the low-ceiled apartment are busy clerks behind a counter, alert and cheerful. If one should go through a side door and down a passage he might encounter the smell of rum. Smart young men, clad in the choicest raiment from the misfit counters, with greed stamped on their astute faces, bustle about, watch the blackboards, and make investments with each other. Middle-aged men in slouch hats lounge around with hungry eyes. The place is feverish rather than exciting. A tall fellow, whose gait and clothes proclaim him English, with a hard face and lack-lustre eyes, saunters about—his friends at home suppose he is making his fortune in America. A dapper young gentleman, quite in the mode, and with the quick air of prosperity, rapidly enters the room and confers with a clerk at the counter. He has the run of the Chamber, and is from the great house of Flamm and Slamm. Perhaps he is taking a "flier" on his own account, perhaps he represents his house in a side transaction—there are so many ways open to enterprising young men in the city; at any rate, his entrance is regarded as significant. This is not a hospital for the broken down and "cleaned out" of the Chamber, but it is a place of business, which is created and fed by the incessant "ticker." How men existed or did any business at all before the advent of the "ticker" is a wonder.

But the Chamber, the creator of low-pressure and high-pressure, the inspirer of the "ticker," is the great generator of business. Here I found Henderson in the morning hour, and he came up to me on the call of a messenger. He approached nonchalant and smiling as usual.

"Do you see that man," he said, as we stood a moment looking down, "sitting there on a side bench—big body, small head, hair grayish, long beard parted—apparently taking no interest in anything? That's Flink, who made the corner in O. B.—one of the longest-headed operators in the Chamber. He is about the only man who dare try a hold with Jay Hawker. And for some reason or another, though they have apparent tussles, Hawker rather favors him. Five years ago he could just raise money enough to get into the Chamber. Now he is reckoned at anywhere from five to ten millions. I was at his home the other night. Everybody was there. I had a queer feeling, in all the magnificence, that the sheriff might be in there in ten days. Yet he may own a good slice of the island in ten years. His wife, whom I complimented, and who thanked me for coming, said she had invited none but the reshershy."

"He looks like a rascal," I ventured to remark.

"Oh, that is not a word used in the Chamber. He is called a 'daisy.' I was put into his pew in church the other Sunday, and the preacher described him and his methods so exactly that I didn't dare look at him. When we came out he whispered, 'That was rather hard on Slack; he must have felt it.' These men rather like that sort of preaching."

"I don't come here often," Henderson resumed as we walked away. "The market is flat to-day. There promised to be a little flurry in L. and P., and I looked in for a customer."

We walked to his down-town club to lunch. Everybody, I noticed, seemed to know Henderson, and his presence was hailed with a cordial smile, a good-humored nod, or a hearty grasp of the hand. I never knew a more prepossessing man; his bonhomie was infectious. Though his demeanor was perfectly quiet and modest, he carried the air of good-fellowship. He was entirely frank, cordial, and had that sort of sincerity which one can afford to have who does not take life too seriously. Tall—at least six feet—with a well-shaped head set on square shoulders, brown hair inclined to curl, large blue eyes which could be merry or exceedingly grave, I thought him a picture of manly beauty. Good-natured, clever, prosperous, and not yet thirty. What a dower!

After we had disposed of our little matter of business, which I confess was not exactly satisfactory to me, although when I was told that "the first bondholders will

be obliged to come in," he added that "of course we shall take care of our friends," we went to his bachelor quarters uptown. "I want you to see," he said, "how a hermit lives."

The apartments were not my idea of a hermitage—except in the city. A charming library, spacious, but so full as to be cozy, with an open fire, chamber, dressing-room, and bath-room connecting, furnished with everything that a luxurious habit could suggest and good taste would not refuse, made a retreat that could almost reconcile a sinner to solitude. There were a few good paintings, many rare engravings, on the walls, a notable absence, even in the sleeping-room, of photographs of actresses and professional beauties, but here and there souvenirs of travel and evidences that the gentler sex had contributed the skill of their slender fingers to the cheerfulness of the bachelor's home. Scattered about were the daily and monthly products of the press, the newest sensations, the things talked about at dinners, but the walls for the most part were lined with books that are recognized as the proper possessions of the lover of books, and most of them in exquisite bindings. Less care, I thought, had been given in the collection to "sets" of "standards" than to those that are rare, or for some reason, either former distinguished ownership or autograph notes, have a peculiar value.

In this atmosphere, when we were prepared to take our ease, the talk was no longer of stocks, or railways, or schemes, but of books. Whether or not Henderson loved literature I did not then make up my mind, but he had a passion for books, especially for rare and first editions; and the delight with which he exhibited his library, the manner in which he handled the books that he took down one after the other, the sparkle in his eyes over a "find" or a bargain, gave me a side of his character quite different from that I should have gained by seeing him "in the street" only. He had that genuine respect and affection for a "book" which has become almost traditional in these days of cheap and flimsy publications, a taste held by scholars and collectors, and quite beyond the popular comprehension. The respect for a book is essential to the dignity and consideration of the place of literature in the world, and when books are treated with no more regard than the newspaper, it is a sign that literature is losing its power. Even the collector, who may read little and care more for the externals than for the soul of his favorites, by the honor he pays them by the solicitude he expends upon their preservation without spot, by the lavishness of expense upon binding, contributes much to the dignity of that art which preserves for the race the continuity of its thought and development. If Henderson loved books merely as a collector whose taste for luxury and expense takes this direction, his influence could not be a more exclusively refining influence. I could not see that he cultivated any decided specialty, but he had many rare copies which cost fabulous prices, the possession of which gives a reputation to any owner. "My shelves of Americana," he said, "are nothing like Goodloe's, who has a lot of scarce things that I am hoping to get hold of some day. But there's a little thing" (it was a small coffee-colored tract of six leaves, upon which the Grolier of the city had exercised his utmost skill) "which Goodloe offered me five hundred dollars for the other day. I picked it up in a New Hampshire garret." Not the least interesting part of the collection was first editions of American authors—a person's value to a collector is often in proportion to his obscurity—and what most delighted him among them were certain thin volumes of poetry which the authors since becoming famous had gone to a good deal of time and expense to suppress. The world seems to experience a lively pleasure in holding a man to his early follies. There were many examples of superb binding, especially of exquisite tooling on hog-skin—covers the appreciation of which has lately greatly revived. The recent rage for bindings has been a sore trouble to students and collectors in special lines, raising the prices of books far beyond their intrinsic value. I had a charming afternoon in Henderson's library, an enjoyment not much lessened at the time by experiencing in it, with him, rather a sense of luxury than of learning. It is true, one might pass an hour altogether different in the garret of a student, and come away with quite other impressions of the pageant of life.

At five o'clock his stylish trap was sent around from the boarding stable, and we drove in the Park till twilight. Henderson, handling the reins, and making a part

of that daily display which is too heterogeneous to have distinction, reverted quite naturally to the tone of worldliness and tolerant cynicism which had characterized his conversation in the morning. If the Park and the moving assemblage had not the air of distinction, it had that of expense, which is quite as attractive to many. Here, as down-town, my companion seemed to know and be known by everybody, returning the familiar salutes of brokers and club men, receiving gracious bows from stout matrons, smiles and nods from pretty women, and more formal recognition from stately and stiff elderly men, who sat bolt-upright beside their wives and tried to look like millionaires. For every passer-by Henderson had a quick word of characterization sufficiently amusing, and about many a story which illuminated the social life of the day. It was wonderful how many of this chance company had little "histories," comic, tragic, pitiful, interesting enough for the pages of a novel.

"There is a young lady"—Henderson touched his hat, and I caught a glimpse of golden hair and a flash of dark eyes out of a mass of furs—"who has no history: the world is all before her."

"Who is that?"

"The daughter of old Eschelle—Carmen Eschelle—the banker and politician, you remember; had a diplomatic position abroad, and the girl was educated in Europe. She is very clever. She and her mother have more money than they ought to know what to do with."

"That was the celebrated Jay Hawker" (a moment after), "in that modest coupé—not much display about him."

"Is he recognized by respectable people?"

"Recognized?" Henderson laughed. "He's a power. There are plenty of people who live by trying to guess what he is going to do. Hawker isn't such a bad fellow. Other people have used the means he used to get rich and haven't succeeded. They are not held up to point a moral. The trouble is that Hawker succeeded. Of course it's a game. He plays as fair as anybody."

"Yes," Henderson resumed, walking his horses in sight of the obelisk, which suggested the long continuance of the human race, "it is the same old game, and it is very interesting to those who are in it. Outsiders think it is all greed. In the Chamber it is a good deal the love of the game, to watch each other, to find out a man's plans, to circumvent him, to thwart him, to start a scheme and manipulate it, to catch somebody, to escape somebody; it is a perpetual excitement."

"The machine in the Chamber appears to run very smoothly," I said.

"Oh, that is a public register and indicator. The system back of it is comprehensive, and appears to be complicated, but it is really very simple. Spend an hour some day in the office of Flamm and Slamm, and you will see a part of the system. There are always a number of men watching the black-board, figures on which are changed every minute by the attendants. Telegrams are constantly arriving from every part of the Union, from all over the continent, from all the centres in Europe, which are read by some one connected with the firm, and then displayed for the guidance of the watchers of the black-board. Upon this news, one or another says, 'I think I'll buy,' or, 'I think I'll sell,' so and so. His order is transmitted instantly to the Chamber. In two minutes the result comes back and appears upon the black-board."

"But where does the news come from?"

"From the men whose special business it is to pick it up or make it. They are inside of politics, of the railways, of the weather bureau, everywhere. The other day in Chicago I sat some time in a broker's office with others watching the market, and dropped into conversation with a bright young fellow, at whose right hand, across the rail, was a telegraph operator at the end of a private wire. Soon a man came in quietly and whispered in the ear of my neighbor and went out. The young fellow instantly wrote a despatch and handed it to the operator, and turning to me, said, 'Now watch the black-board.' In an incredibly short space of time a fall in a leading railway showed on the black-board. 'What was it?' I asked. 'Why, that man was the general freight manager of the A. B. road. He told me that they were to cut rates. I sent it to New York by a private wire.' I learned by further conversation that my young gentleman was a Manufacturer of News, and that such was his address and intelligence that though he was not a member of the broker's firm, he made ten thousand a year in the business. Soon another man came in, whispered his news, and

went away. Another despatch and another responsive change in the figures. 'That,' explained my companion, 'was a man connected with the weather bureau. He told me that there would be a heavy frost to-night in the Northwest.'"

"Do they sell the weather?" I asked, very much amused.

"Yes; twice: once over a private wire, and then to the public—after the value of it has been squeezed out—in the shape of predictions. Oh, the weather bureau is worth all the money it costs, for business purposes. It is a great auxiliary."

Dining that evening with Henderson at his club, I had further opportunity to study a representative man. He was of a good New Hampshire family, exceedingly respectable without being distinguished. Over the chimney-place in the old farm-house hung a rusty Queen Anne that had been at the taking of Louisburg. His grandfather shouldered a musket at Bunker Hill; his father, the youngest son, had been a judge as well as a farmer, and noted for his shrewdness and reticence. Rodney, inheriting the thrift of his ancestors, had pushed out from his home, adapting this thrift to the modern methods of turning it to account. He had brought also to the city the stamina of three generations of plain living—a splendid capital, by which the city is constantly re-enforced, and which one generation does not exhaust, except by the aid of extreme dissipation. With sound health, good ability, and fair education, he had the cheerful temperament which makes friends, and does not allow their misfortunes to injure his career. Generous by impulse, he would rather do a favor than not, and yet he would be likely to let nothing interfere with any object he had in view for himself. Inheriting a conventional respect for religion and morality, he was not so bigoted as to rebuke the gayety of a convivial company, nor so intractable as to make him an uncomfortable associate in any scheme, according to the modern notions of business, that promised profit. His engaging manner made him popular, and his good-natured adroitness made him successful. If his early experience of life caused him to be cynical, he was not bitterly so; his cynicism was of the tolerant sort that does not condemn the world and withdraw from it, but courts it and makes the most of it, lowering his private opinion of men in proportion as he is successful in the game he plays with them.

At this period I could see that he had determined to be successful, and that he had not determined to be unscrupulous. He would only drift with the tide that made for fortune. He enjoyed the world—a sufficient reason why the world should like him. His business morality was gauged by what other people do in similar circumstances. In short, he was a product of the period since the civil war closed, that great upheaval of patriotic feeling and sacrifice, which ended in so much expansion and so many opportunities. If he had remained in New Hampshire he would probably have been a successful politician, successful not only in keeping in place, but in teaching younger aspirants that serving the country is a very good way to the attainment of luxury and the consideration that money brings. But having chosen the law as a stepping-stone to the lobby, to speculation, and the manipulation of chances, he had a poor opinion of politics and of politicians. His success [illegible] though considerable, had not been sufficient to create for him powerful enemies, so that he may be said to be admired by all and feared by none. In the general opinion he was a downright good fellow and amazingly clever.

VII

In youth, as at the Opera, everything seems possible. Surely it is not necessary to choose between love and riches. One may have both, and the one all the more easily for having attained the other. It must be a fiction of the moralists who construct the dramas that the god of love and the god of money each claims an undivided allegiance. It was in some wholly legendary, perhaps spiritual, world that it was necessary to renounce love to gain the Rhine gold. The boxes at the Metropolitan did not believe this. The spectators of the boxes could believe it still less. For was not beauty there seen shining in jewels that have a market value, and did not love visibly preside over the union, and make it known that his sweetest favors go with a prosperous world?

And yet, is the charm of life somewhat depending upon a sense of its fleetingness, of its phantasmagorial character, a note of coming disaster, maybe, in the midst of its most seductive pageantry, in the whirl and glitter and hurry of it? Is there

some subtle sense of exquisite satisfaction in snatching the sweet moments of life out of the very delirium of it, that must soon end in an awakening to bankruptcy of the affections, and the dreadful loss of illusions? Else why do we take pleasure —a pleasure so deep that it touches the heart like melancholy—in the common drama of the opera? How gay and joyous is the beginning! Mirth, hilarity, entrancing sound, brilliant color, the note of a trumpet calling to heroism, the beseeching of the concordant strings, and the soft flute inviting to pleasure; scenes placid, pastoral, innocent; light-hearted love, the dance on the green, the stately pageant in the sunlit streets, the court, the ball, the mad splendor of life. And then love becomes passion, and passion thwarted hurries on to sin, and sin lifts to the heights of the immortal, sweetly smiling gods, and plunges to the depths of despair. In vain the orchestra, the inevitable accompaniment of life, warns and pleads and admonishes: calm has gone, and gayety has gone; there is no sweetness now but in the wildness of surrender and of sacrifice. How sad are the remembered strains that aforetime were incentives to love and promises of happiness! Gloom settles upon the scene; Mephisto, the only radiant one, flits across it, and mocks the poor broken-hearted girl clinging to the church door. There is a dungeon, the chanting of the procession of tonsured priests, the passing-bell. Seldom appears the golden bridge over which the battled and tired pass into Valhalla.

Do we like this because it is life, or because there is a certain satisfaction in seeing the tragedy which impends over all, pervades the atmosphere, as it were, and adds something of zest to the mildest enjoyment? Should we go away from the mimic stage any better and stronger if the drama began in the dungeon and ended on the greensward, with innocent love and resplendent beauty in possession of the Rhine gold?

How simple, after all, was the created world on the stage to the real world in the auditorium, with its thousand complexities and dramatic situations! and if the little knot of players of parts for an hour could have had leisure to be spectators of the audience, what a deeper revelation of life would they not have seen! For the world has never assembled such an epitome of itself, in its passion for pleasure and its passion for display, as in the modern opera, with its ranks and tiers of votaries from the pit to the dome. I fancy that even Margaret, whose love for music was genuine, was almost as much fascinated by the greater spectacle as by the less.

It was a crowded night, for the opera was one that appealed to the senses and stimulated them to activity, and left the mind free to pursue its own schemes; in a word, orchestra and the scenes formed a sort of accompaniment and interpreter to the private dramas in the boxes. The opera was made for society, and not society for the opera. We occupied a box in the second tier, the Morgans, Margaret, and my wife. Morgan said that the glasses were raised to us from the parquet and levelled at us from the loges because we were a country party, but he well enough knew whose fresh beauty and enthusiastic young face it was that drew the fire when the curtain fell on the first act, and there was for a moment a little lull in the hum of conversation.

"I had heard," Morgan was saying, "that the opera was not acclimated in New York; but it is nearly so. The audience do not jabber so loud nor so incessantly as at San Carlo, and they do not hum the airs with the singers—"

"Perhaps," said my wife, "that is because they do not know the airs."

"—But they are getting on in cultivation, and learning how to assert the social side of the opera, which is not to be seriously interfered with by the music on the stage."

"But the music, the scenery, were never before so good," I replied to these cynical observations.

"That is true. And the social side has risen with it. Do you know what an impudent thing the managers did the other night in protesting against the raising of the lights by which the house was made brilliant and the cheap illusions of the stage were destroyed? They wanted to make the house positively gloomy for the sake of a little artificial moonlight on the painted towers and the canvas lakes."

As the world goes, the scene was brilliant, of course with republican simplicity. The imagination was helped by no titled names any more than the eye was by the insignia of rank, but there was a certain glow of feeling, as the glass swept the circle, to know that there were ten millions

in this box, and twenty in the next, and fifty in the next, attested well enough by the flash of jewels and the splendor of attire, and one might indulge a genuine pride in the prosperity of the republic. As for beauty, the world, surely, in this later time, had flowered here—flowered with something of Aspasia's grace and something of the haughty coldness of Agrippina. And yet it was American. Here and there in the boxes was a thorough-bred portrait by Copley—the long shapely neck, the sloping shoulders, the drooping eyelids, even to the gown in which the great-grandmother danced with the French officers.

"Who is that lovely creature?" asked Margaret, indicating a box opposite.

I did not know. There were two ladies, and behind them I had no difficulty in making out Henderson and—Margaret evidently had not seen him—Mr. Lyon. Almost at the same moment Henderson recognized me, and signalled for me to come to his box. As I rose to do so, Mrs. Morgan exclaimed: "Why, there is Mr. Lyon! Do tell him we are here." I saw Margaret's color rise, but she did not speak.

I was presented to Mrs. Eschelle and her daughter; in the latter I recognized the beauty who had flashed by us in the Park. The elder lady inclined to stoutness, and her too youthful apparel could not mislead one as to the length of her pilgrimage in this world, nor soften the hard lines of her worldly face—lines acquired, one could see, by a social struggle, and not drawn there by an innate patrician insolence.

"We are glad to see a friend of Mr. Henderson's," she said, "and of Mr. Lyon's also. Mr. Lyon has told us much of your charming country home. Who is that pretty girl in your box, Mr. Fairchild?"

Miss Eschelle had her glass pointed at Margaret as I gave the desired information.

"How innocent!" she murmured. "And she's quite in the style—isn't she, Mr. Lyon?" she asked, turning about, her sweet mobile face quite the picture of what she was describing. "We are all innocent in these days."

"It is a very good style," I said.

"Isn't it becoming?" asked the girl, making her dark eyes at once merry and demure.

Mr. Lyon was looking intently at the opposite box, and a slight shade came over his fine face. "Ah, I see!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Eschelle," he said, after a second. "I hardly know which to admire most, the beauty, or the wit, or the innocence of the American women."

"There is nothing so confusing, though, as the country innocence," the girl said, with the most natural air; "it never knows where to stop."

"You are too absurd, Carmen," her mother interposed; "as if the town girl did!"

"Well, mamma, there is authority for saying that there is a time for everything, only one must be in the fashion, you know."

Mr. Lyon looked a little dubious at this turn of the talk; Mr. Henderson was as evidently amused at the girl's acting. I said I was glad to see that goodness was in fashion.

"Oh, it often is. You know we were promised a knowledge of good as well as of evil. It depends upon the point of view. I fancy, now, that Mr. Henderson tolerates the good—that is the reason we get on so well together; and Mr. Lyon tolerates the evil—that's the reason he likes New York. I have almost promised him that I will have a mission school."

The girl looked quite capable of it, or of any other form of devotion. Notwithstanding her persistent banter, she had a most inviting innocence of manner, almost an ingenuousness, that well became her exquisite beauty. And but for a tentative daring in her talk, as if the gentle creature were experimenting as to how far one could safely go, her innocence might have seemed that of ignorance.

It came out in the talk that Mr. Lyon had been in Washington for a week, and would return there later on.

"We had a claim on him," said Mrs. Eschelle, "for his kindness to us in London, and we are trying to convince him that New York is the real capital."

"Unfortunately," added Miss Eschelle, looking up in Mr. Lyon's face, "he visited Brandon first, and you seem to have bewitched him with your simple country ways. I can get him to talk of nothing else."

"You mean to say," Mr. Lyon replied, with the air of retorting, "that you have asked me about nothing else."

"Oh, you know we felt a little respon-

sible for you; and there is no place so dangerous as the country. Now here you are protected—we put all the wickedness on the stage, and learn to recognize and—shun it."

"It may be wicked," said her mother, "but it is dull. Don't you find it so, Mr. Henderson? I am passionately fond of Wagner, but it is too noisy for anything to-night."

"I notice, dear," the dutiful daughter replied for all of us, "that you have to raise your voice. But there is the ballet. Let us all listen now."

Mr. Lyon excused himself from going with me, saying that he would call at our hotel, and I took Henderson. "I shall count the minutes you are going to lose," the girl said as we went out—to our box. The lobbies in the interact were thronged with men, for the most part the young speculators of the Chamber turned into loungers in the *foyer*, knowing, alert, attitudinizing in the extreme of the mode, unable even in this hour to give beauty the preference to business, well knowing, perhaps, that beauty itself in these days has a fine eye for business.

I liked Henderson better in our box than in his own. Was it because the atmosphere was more natural and genuine? Or was it Margaret's transparent nature, her sincere enjoyment of the scene, her evident pleasure in the music, the color, the gayety of the house, that made him drop the slight cynical air of the world which had fitted him so admirably a moment before. He already knew my wife and the Morgans, and after the greetings were made, he took a seat by Margaret, quite content while the act was going on to watch its progress in the play of her responsive features. How quickly she felt, how the frown followed the smile, how she seemed to weigh and try to apprehend the meaning of what went on—how her every sense enjoyed life!

"It is absurd," she said, turning her bright face to him when the curtain dropped, "to be so interested in fictitious trouble."

"I'm not so sure that it is," he replied, in her own tone: "the opera is a sort of pulpit, and not seldom preaches an awful sermon—more plainly than the preacher dares to make it."

"But not *in nomine Dei*."

"No. But who can say what is most effective? I often wonder, as I watch the congregations coming from the churches on the Avenue, if they are any more solemnized than the audiences that pour out of this house. I confess that I cannot shake off *Lohengrin* in a good while after I hear it."

"And so you think the theatres have a moral influence?"

"Honestly"—and I heard his good-natured laugh—"I couldn't swear to that. But then we don't know what New York might be without them."

"I don't know," said Margaret, reflectively, "that my own good impulses, such as I have, are excited by anything I see on the stage; perhaps I am more tolerant, and maybe toleration is not good. I wonder if I should grow worldly, seeing more of it?"

"Perhaps it is not the stage so much as the house," Henderson replied, beginning to read the girl's mind.

"Yes, it would be different if one came alone and saw the play, unconscious of the house, as if it were a picture. I think it is the house that disturbs one, makes one restless and discontented."

"I never analyzed my emotions," said Henderson, "but when I was a boy and came to the theatre I well remember that it made me ambitious; every sort of thing seemed possible of attainment in the excitement of the crowded house, the music, the lights, the easy successes on the stage; nothing else is more stimulating to a lad; nothing else makes the world more attractive."

"And does it continue to have the same effect, Mr. Henderson?"

"Hardly," and he smiled; "the illusion goes, and the stage is about as real as the house—usually less interesting. It can hardly compete with the comedy in the boxes."

"Perhaps it is lack of experience, but I like the play for itself."

"Oh yes; desire for the dramatic is natural. People will have it somehow. In the country village where there are no theatres the people make dramas out of each other's lives; the most trivial incidents are magnified and talked about—dramatized, in short."

"You mean gossiped about?"

"Well, you may call it gossip; nothing can be concealed; everybody knows about everybody else; there is no privacy; everything is used to create that illusory spectacle which the stage tries to give. I

think that in the country village a good theatre would be a wholesome influence, satisfy a natural appetite indicated by the inquisition into the affairs of neighbors and by the petty scandal."

"We are on the way to it," said Mr. Morgan, who sat behind them; "we have theatricals in the church parlors, which may grow into a nineteenth-century substitute for the miracle-plays. You mustn't, Margaret, let Mr. Henderson prejudice you against the country."

"No," said the latter, quickly; "I was only trying to defend the city. We country people always do that. We must base our theatrical life on something in nature."

"What is the difference, Mr. Henderson," asked Margaret, "between the gossip in the boxes and the country gossip you spoke of?"

"In toleration mainly, and lack of exact knowledge. It is here rather cynical persiflage, not concentrated public opinion."

"I don't follow you," said Morgan. "It seems to me that in the city you've got gossip plus the stage."

"That is to say, we have the world."

"I don't like to believe that," said Margaret, seriously—"your definition of the world."

"You make me see that it was a poor jest," he remarked, rising to go. "By-the-way, we have a friend of yours in our box to-night—a young Englishman."

"Oh, Mr. Lyon. We were all delighted with him. Such a transparent, genuine nature!"

"Tell him," said my wife, "that we should be happy to see him at our hotel."

When Henderson came back to his box, Carmen did not look up, but she said, indifferently: "What, so soon? But your absence has made one person thoroughly miserable. Mr. Lyon has not taken his eyes off you. I never saw such an international attachment."

"What more could I do for Miss Eschelle than to leave her in such company?"

"I beg your pardon," said Lyon. "Miss Eschelle must believe that I thoroughly appreciate Mr. Henderson's self-sacrifice. If I occasionally looked over where he was, I assure you it was in pity."

"You are both altogether too self-sacrificing," the beauty replied, turning to Henderson a look that was sweetly forgiving. "They who sin much shall be forgiven much, you know."

"That leaves me," Mr. Lyon answered, with a laugh, "as you say over here, out in the cold, for I have passed a too happy evening to feel like a transgressor."

"The sins of omission are the worst sort," she retorted.

"You see what you must do to be forgiven," Henderson said to Lyon, with that good-natured smile that was so potent to smooth away sharpness.

"I fear I can never do enough to qualify myself." And he also laughed.

"You never will," Carmen answered, but she accompanied the doubt with a witching smile that denied it.

"What is all this about forgiveness?" asked Mrs. Eschelle, turning to them from regarding the stage.

"Oh, we were having an experience meeting behind your back, mamma, only Mr. Henderson won't tell his experience."

"Miss Eschelle is in such a forgiving humor to-night that she absolves before any one has a chance to confess," he replied.

"Don't you think I am always so, Mr. Lyon?"

Mr. Lyon bowed. "I think that an opera box with Miss Eschelle is the easiest confessional in the world."

"That's something like a compliment. You see" (to Henderson) "how much you Americans have to learn."

"Will you be my teacher?"

"Or your pupil," the girl said, in a low voice, standing near him as she rose.

The play was over. In the robing and descending through the corridors there were the usual chatter, meaning looks, confidential asides. It is always at the last moment, in the hurry, as in a postscript, that woman says what she means, or what for the moment she wishes to be thought to mean. In the crowd on the main stairway the two parties saw each other at a distance, but without speaking.

"Is it true that Lyon is *épris* there?" Carmen whispered to Henderson when she had scanned and thoroughly inventoried Margaret.

"You know as much as I do."

"Well, you did stay a long time," she said, in a lower tone.

As Margaret's party waited for their carriage she saw Mrs. Eschelle and her daughter enter a shining coach with footman and coachman in livery. Hender-

son stood raising his hat. A little white hand was shaken to him from the window, and a sweet, innocent face leaned forward—a face with dark eyes and golden hair, lit up with a radiant smile. That face for the moment was New York to Margaret, and New York seemed a vain show.

Carmen threw herself back in her seat as if weary. Mrs. Eschelle sat bolt-upright.

"What in the world, child, made you go on so to-night?"

"I don't know."

"What made you snub Mr. Lyon so often?"

"Did I? He won't mind much. Didn't you see, mother, that he was *distrait* the moment he espied that girl? I'm not going to waste my time. I know the signs. No fisheries imbroglio for me, thank you."

"Fish? Who said anything about fish?"

"Oh, the international business. Ask Mr. Henderson to explain it. The English want to fish in our waters, I believe. I think Mr. Lyon has had a nibble from a fresh-water fish. Perhaps it's the other way, and he's hooked. There be fishers of men, you know, mother."

"You are a strange child, Carmen. I hope you will be civil to both of them." And they rode on in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

BY DR. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

TOWARD the close of the last century one Michael Russell, commissary and contractor for the King's troops in America, began a pretentious mansion, the ruins of which, known as "Russell's Folly," were to be seen fifty years ago, and for aught I know are visible still, on the road between Rathkeale and Limerick. As he was in full swing "coining" money, with magazines on land and ships at sea crammed with stores and provisions, the enterprise of this Irish Kubla-Khan and the completion of the "stately edifice he decreed" were marred by the acknowledgment of the independence of the thirteen colonies, which brought the war to an end. The centre and one wing of the "Folly" were finished at the time of his death, just at the outbreak of the war between France and England, and his son Francis, who succeeded him, furnished them and installed his young wife, daughter of Alderman Cripps, of Limerick, in them. This Francis was educated at St.-Omer, and was intended for the Church. His mother was a French Canadian, to whom the old commissary owed his life when taken by the Indians in some skirmish near Louisburg. Though "for business purposes" old Michael was a Protestant, there was reason to think he was not very strenuous in opposing his wife's wishes that her son should become a priest. But this young man's faith was rudely shaken by his association with Condorcet, to whose daughter his cousin was married in Paris; and when he left France for the last time he thoroughly believed in the Rights of Man, Tom Paine, Rousseau, Voltaire, and little else. However, he felt no scruples in pleasing his wife by an open confession of his adherence to the Protestant Church, and as his interests as a miller and merchant clashed with the bold assertions of his republican sentiments, he kept the latter to himself, and became an active member of a troop of the yeomanry corps of which the head-quarters were at Limerick. Very soon after he moved into the "Folly" the news that the Directory were preparing to send an expedition to Ireland threw the island into a state of the wildest excitement. Francis Russell was unusually loyal. The authorities obtained from him what they considered very valuable information respecting the designs of the French government by means of his many friends in Paris, and he was treated with marked consideration. At last came the intelligence that the French had actually landed at Killala, on the coast of Sligo, and had routed the militia at Castlebar. The yeomanry were ordered to join the force which Lord Cornwallis was preparing to overwhelm Humbert's little column on its way toward the south. There were partial risings in the country; travelling was unsafe; but when Francis Russell trotted out of the court-yard of the "Folly" in his buff and blue uniform, he felt quite

satisfied that his wife would be safer there among her servants than she would be in Limerick, and he confided her to them and the doctor, whose services would speedily be required, with an assurance that they would see him very soon again, as there would be no serious fighting. For some time after his departure letters came regularly, written in high spirits. "We are coming down on the French with ten thousand men, and there are twice as many behind. They will fight, no doubt, but they will be killed or taken prisoners." Then there were rumors that there had been "a bloody battle, in which the French swept all before them." But the exultation visible among the servants and in the faces of the country people was short-lived. The story that "the French had got a terrible bating—Vereker and the Limerick boys had given them a grate diffate entoirely, the bould yeomanry fought like hairoes and carried all before them"—was confirmed officially, and a hurried note in pencil from Francis Russell to his wife announced that he was safe and well, and that the enemy had received a check which must be fatal to them; they would all have to surrender. "Though," he went on to say, "I know what will happen very soon, as the General is close on their heels; but some, I am sure, will try to escape, as they would be afraid of falling into the hands of the English, for very good reasons." Then there was an interval—no news. Some eight or nine nights after the receipt of this scrawl, as the anxious wife at the Folly was retiring to rest, she heard through the storm which was driving the scud across the face of a full moon the tramp of horses' hoofs in the avenue. Running to her bedroom window, she saw a small party of mounted men, among whom she recognized her husband, approaching the house. They halted at the steps and dismounted. She was about to descend the stairs from her room, when she perceived that the hall was filled with men.

They were foreigners, and they were talking loudly and angrily. She heard her husband giving orders to the servants to get whatever food was ready and wine, and set them on the table in all haste. As the strangers passed into the dining-room, Francis Russell bounded up the stairs, gave his wife a hurried embrace, and bade her return to her room and not stir out till the men had left. "I must get them down to the river and see them on board the smack. They are in danger—friends of mine. But as you value my life and your own, say not a word to a soul. I will be back before daybreak to-morrow morning. I must be gone to the devils and keep them quiet. They are famishing, and half mad with fear of being taken. I'll explain all when I am back." Presently the clatter of knives and forks, plates and dishes, silenced discussion. After a while, as the servants brought in bottle after bottle of wine and brandy from the cellar, the tumult of voices mounted higher and higher. All of a sudden there came the sound of a crash of glass and heavy fall in the room below. The door was flung open, and the men streamed through the hall leading to the garden at the back of the Folly. Mary hurried to a back bedroom, terrified, but afraid to disobey her husband. To her horror she saw her husband, without his coat, with a sword in his hand, in front of a tall fellow in his shirt sleeves, who was trying the temper of his rapier on the gravel-walk. The others stood apart in two groups. There was a strong wind which swept the clouds charged with storm across the face of the moon, and at intervals obscured it. The moonlight fell full on her husband's face as he put himself *en garde*. He parried the first thrust of his antagonist, who pressed him vigorously. She dared not cry out. Her husband was a fine swordsman, a pupil of La Sauterelle in Paris, and often boasted of his prowess. But his opponent appeared to be a master of fence. As Francis gave way a little and retreated he was tripped up by a stump. Mary saw him stumble and fall backward, and as the tall man rushed upon him she uttered a piercing shriek, and hid her face for an instant. When she looked again the Frenchman lay back upward with three feet of bright steel shining between his shoulder-blades. His comrades raised him. She saw her husband on the ground beneath, his shirt steeped in blood. She remembered no more. . . . The servants said that they ran to her room when they heard the screams, and found their mistress lying insensible on the floor in her night-dress. Dr. Quin was sent for; next morning, in the midst of an awful storm, a little boy was born. The illness which followed the birth of her son proved nearly fatal to Mary Russell. It had wreck-

ed her reason. No one credited the tale of the strange visitors and the midnight duel which she insisted on telling to all comers. The servants declared that not a soul had come to the house the night the mistress was taken ill. The garden bore no traces of footsteps. It was a delusion. The doctor knew of similar cases *in parti materiâ*. But where was her husband? No one could answer the poor lady's question. Francis Russell never returned! He was seen for the last time on the day after the action with the French at Colorny. He was sent with a comrade with despatches across country. The man with whom he was riding dismounted to lead his horse up a stiff hill. Francis rode on and disappeared over the brow, and when the trooper gained the top he saw him below, surrounded by a body of the enemy, and fearing a similar fate, he rode back and reported the fact to his Colonel. Presently there were rumors in the country that the night before the storm at the Folly some Frenchmen were seen in a wood near Rathkeale. The Lieutenant of the King's cutter on guard in the Shannon near Kilrush reported to the guardship that a sloop ran down the river when the gale was at its height, with her sails in ribbons and her bowsprit gone. The sea was running so high he could not get out a boat to board her in pursuance of orders, and therefore fired a gun to bring her to in the creek. As she did not alter her course he fired a round shot across her bows. She still carried on, and was slipping with wind and tide toward the sea, so he opened as brisk a fire as he could direct; one shot struck the sloop, sending a shower of splinters into the air.

But she held on her course and was soon round the point. She was not seen again. Assuredly she never reached the open sea, nor did she pass the guardship. Still these circumstances threw no light on the fate of Francis Russell, and in no way accounted for his disappearance. His wife insisted on her tale. She knew, she said, that he had been murdered by the Frenchmen when he killed their Captain; otherwise he would have come to her. People shrugged their shoulders when she entreated them to search the garden and dig up the space where they fought. And so the matter rested for the time. Francis Russell's was the last life in some leases, and it was necessary to satisfy the courts he was dead before the property to which they referred could be dealt with. In searching the drawers of an old cabinet at the Folly, Mr. Bates, the family attorney, came on a bundle of letters which left no doubt but that Francis Russell was hand and glove with Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, and others who were planning to treat their country men and women to the blessing of a republican invasion. A commission was issued, on the declaration of peace, to take evidence in France. Advertisements were inserted in the gazettes, but no information respecting Francis Russell could be obtained. In the rolls of the Ministry of War, however, his name figured as Captain in the army of the republic. Receipts for considerable sums of money on the pay-lists, with his signature, were also identified. About the time Waterloo was fought, and Mary's son entered college, the courts decided that Francis was dead. Mary protested that he was still alive in some horrid dungeon. It happened one day that the kind old doctor in whose charge she lived took her out for a drive along the road which led to the Folly, now occupied by a miller and his family. The poor lady expressed a desire to see the old place again, and the doctor drove her up to the gateway. Mary pointed out the exact place where her husband and the strange man fought.

"They fell under that very tree. That is the exact spot. Why not get the men at the house to dig there and see?" The doctor summoned the miller. Presently he and a couple of his men with spades began to lay bare the roots of the tree which Mary pointed out. One of them turned up a piece of blue cloth with a brass button stamped with an eagle and "R. F." In a few seconds the diggers uncovered more cloth and some bones; they unearthed a skeleton. To the bones still clung particles of clothing and uniform; on the legs were long boots and rusted spurs; underneath lay a rapier broken near the hilt, the two parts quite perfect, and beside it another sword, rusty but entire, uninjured. Not a trace of anything save the ghastly bones and mouldering garments of the dead man could be found, and these were carefully removed and buried in the Catholic burial-ground, on the pious but improbable hypothesis that they belonged to a faithful son of the Church. It was not till 1830 that one of the servants at the Folly, being on his death-bed, revealed what had occurred the night the master

disappeared. "They were just going to bed for the night," he said, "when Mr. Frank and some strange gentlemen he believed were French came to the Folly. In a great rage they seemed. They had men on guard in front of the house in the road. They tethered up their horses in the avenue, and seemed to be suspicious of the master, looking about while their supper was getting ready. They ate a power, and they drank bottle after bottle, and they were thumping the table and swearing, and all of a sudden he saw a tall man who was nearly opposite Mr. Frank jump up, stretch across the table, and give the master a slap across the face. At once Mr. Frank and the gentlemen rose, drew their swords, upset the table and chairs, and made for the garden, for the lights were put out. He and his fellow-servant Mike Connell, deceased, ran to the kitchen and hid for their lives. It was not five minutes before there was a yell, and then a great scream, quite clear above the wind, and then the whole party came thundering into the hall and made for the front door. He could see into the avenue from the kitchen window, and he caught a sight of his master, with a sash across his mouth, his arms bound with another, and a horseman's cloak fastened round his waist with a belt, being lifted by two men on a horse and led toward the road, surrounded by the whole body with their swords drawn."

The servants held council together, and in their fear resolved to say nothing about the matter. The mistress was found insensible, and they were six to one against her. Weren't the Fencibles and militia hanging the whole country, and wouldn't it be death to any man to say he had seen a Frenchman, much less give him bite or sup indeed? So they cleared away the broken glass and the traces of the outbreak in the dining-room: the rain and the storm helped to obliterate the marks of the horses' hoofs in the avenue. All the rest was easy enough save the disposal of the body of the man which they saw in the garden. Why, if *that* was found, every man and woman would be hanged; so before the doctor could arrive they dug a grave in the soft soil under the tree where he fell, pulled the master's sword out of his heart, where it was snapped off, and buried it with another sword, which lay as if it had dropped from his hand, alongside the body, covered up the place, raking the walk, and heaping the branches and leaves carelessly above and over. In the coats the master and the tall man had thrown off they found papers, which they burnt, and some gold, which they divided and got rid of by degrees; so they "downfaced" the mistress and saved their own lives, and who was the worse for it? But perhaps some one would like to pay for a few masses for that poor Frenchman's soul, and he had kept two gold bits for the purpose. And so he died, glorying in the fact that he and every man and woman at the Folly had kept the secret till it could hurt nobody, as he was the last of them. And that is the end of the strange incident. An astute lawyer, Abe Brewster, a relation of the Russell people at the Folly, suggested that Frank, who was undoubtedly a United Irishman and republican, had entered the yeomanry as a spy, and that he was in communication with Humbert's people at the time of the invasion. He was probably engaged in some scheme to provide for the escape of officers of consequence and personal friends, when he came to the Folly that he might let his wife know of his safety and of the cause of his absence. Something had aroused their suspicions that they were about to be betrayed when they were conducted to a house, their anger being intensified by their potations, till the officer gave Frank the blow which the servant described. When Frank was tripped up and fell backward, the Frenchman, rushing furiously upon him, ran upon the upraised sword of his antagonist, which passed through his heart. His comrades then took Frank off to show them the way to the boat, keeping him as a hostage for their safety. Whether the shot from the King's ship sunk the sloop (one employed in carrying corn and flour for the mill), or whether the gale involved her in the ruin which filled the coast with wreck, who can say? No doubt she foundered with all on board. Frank Russell was never seen or heard of more. His widow, who lived on for many years, often told us the story of the moonlight duel. She believed that the Frenchmen when they saw their leader fall had killed her husband. She said she saw in her dreams the body under the tree: and when it was shown to her that only one lay dead there, she lived on in the hope that her husband would return, till hope died out and nothing was left save to wait for the end of a sad life, which came to her at last in 1835.

OUR ARTISTS IN EUROPE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

IF there be nothing new under the sun, there are some things less old than others. The illustration of books, and even more of magazines, may be said to have been born in our time, so far as variety and abundance are the signs of it: or born, at any rate, the comprehensive, ingenious, sympathetic spirit in which we conceive and practise it.

If the centuries are ever arraigned at some bar of justice to answer in regard to what they have given, of good or of bad, to humanity, our interesting age (which certainly is not open to the charge of having stood with its hands in its pockets) might perhaps do worse than put forth the plea, "Dear me! I have given it a fresh interest in black and white." The claim may be made with the more confidence now from the very evident circumstance that that interest is far from exhausted. These pages are an excellent place for the assumption. They have again and again, as it were, illustrated the illustration, and they constitute for the artist a series of invitations, provocations, and opportunities. They may be referred to without arrogance in support of the contention that the limits of this large movement, with all its new and rare refinement, are not yet in sight.

II.

It is, on the contrary, the constant extension that is visible, with the attendant circumstances of multiplied experiment and intensified research—circumstances that lately pressed once more on the attention of the writer of these remarks on his finding himself in the particular spot which history will perhaps associate most with the charming revival. A very old English village, lying among its meadows and hedges, in the very heart of the country, in a hollow of the green hills in Worcestershire, is responsible directly and indirectly for some of the most beautiful work in black and white with which I may concern myself here: that is, for much of the work of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Alfred Parsons. I do not mean to say that Broadway has told these gentlemen all they know (the name, from which the American reader has to brush away an incongruous association, may as well be written first as last); for Mr. Parsons, in particular, who knows everything that can be known about English fields and flowers, would have good reason to insist that the measure of his large landscape art is a large experience. I would only suggest that if one loves Broadway and is familiar with it, and if a part of that predilection is that one has seen Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons at work there, the pleasant confusion takes place of itself; one's affection for the wide, long, grass-bordered vista of brownish gray cottages, thatched, latticed, mottled, mended, ivied, immemorial, grows with the sense of its having ministered to other minds and transferred itself to other recipients; just as the beauty of many a bit in many a drawing of the artists I have mentioned is enhanced by the sense, or at any rate by the desire, of recognition. Broadway and much of the land about it are in short the perfection of the old English rural tradition, and if they do not underlie *all* the combinations by which (in their pictorial accompaniments to rediscovered ballads, their vignettes to story or sonnet) these particular talents touch us almost to tears, we feel at least that they would have sufficed: they cover the scale.

In regard, however, to the implications and explications of this perfection of a village, primarily and to be just, Broadway is, more than any one else, Mr. Frank Millet. Mr. Laurence Hutton discovered, but Mr. Millet appropriated it; its sweetness was wasted till he began to distil and bottle it. He disinterred the treasure, and with impetuous liberality made us sharers in his fortune.

His own work, moreover, betrays him, as well as the gratitude of participants, as I could easily prove if it did not perversely happen that he has commemorated most of his impressions in color. That excludes them from the small space here at my command: otherwise I could testify to the identity of old nooks and old objects, those that constitute both out-of-door and in-door furniture.

In such places as Broadway, and it is part of the charm of them to American eyes, the sky looks down on almost as many "things" as the ceiling, and things are the joy of the illustrator. Furnished



BACK OF THE PRIORY, BROADWAY.



THE VILLAGE GREEN, BROADWAY.

apartments are useful to the artist, but a furnished country is even more so. A ripe midland English region is a museum of accessories and specimens, and is sure, under any circumstances, to contain the article wanted. This is the great recommendation of Broadway: everything in it is convertible. Even the passing visitor finds himself becoming so; the place has so much character that it rubs off on him, and if in an old garden—an old garden with old gates and old walls and old summer-houses—he lies down on the old grass (on a venerable rug, no doubt), it is ten to one but he will be converted. The little oblong sheaves of blank paper with elastic straps are fluttering all over the place. There is portraiture in the air and composition in the very accidents. Everything is a subject or an effect, a "bit" or a good thing. It is always some kind of day; if it is not one kind, it is another. The garden walls, the mossy roofs, the open doorways and brown interiors, the old-fashioned flowers, the bushes in figures, the geese on the green, the patches, the jumbles, the glimpses, the color, the surface, the general complexion of things, have all a value, a reference, and an application. If they are a matter of appreciation, that is why the gray-brown houses are perhaps more brown than gray, and more yellow than either. They are various things in turn, according to lights and days and needs. It is a question of color (all consciousness at Broadway is that), but the irresponsible profane are not called upon to settle the tint.

It is delicious to be at Broadway and not to have to draw. The single street is in the grand style, sloping slowly upward to the base of the hills for a mile, but you may enjoy it without a carking care as to how to "render" the perspective. Everything is stone except the general greenness—a charming smooth local stone, which looks as if it were meant for great constructions, and appears even in dry weather to have been washed and varnished by the rain. Half-way up the road, in the widest place, where the coaches used to turn (there were many of old, but the traffic of Broadway was blown to pieces by steam, though the destroyer has not come nearer than half a dozen miles), a great gabled mansion, which was once a manor or a house of state, and is now a rambling inn, stands looking at a detached swinging sign which is almost as big as itself—a very grand sign, the "arms" of

an old family, on the top of a very tall post. You will find something very like the place among Mr. Abbey's delightful illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer." When the September day grows dim, and some of the windows glow, you may look out, if you like, for Tony Lumpkin's red coat in the doorway, or imagine Miss Hardcastle's quilted petticoat on the stair.

III

It is characteristic of Mr. Frank Millet's checkered career, with opposites so much mingled in it, that such work as he has done for these pages should have had as little in common as possible with midland English scenery. He has been less a producer in black and white than a promoter and, as I may say, a protector of such production in others, but none the less the back volumes of *Harper* testify to the activity of his pencil as well as to the variety of his interests. There was a time when he drew little else but Cossacks and Orientals, and drew them as one who had good cause to be vivid. Of the young generation he was the first to know the Russian plastically, especially the Russian soldier, and he had paid heavily for his acquaintance. During the Russo-Turkish war he was correspondent in the field (with the victors) of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily News*—a capacity in which he made many out-of-the-way, many precious, observations. He has seen strange countries—the East and the South and the West and the North—and practised many arts. To the London *Graphic* in 1877 he sent striking sketches from the East, as well as capital prose to the journals I have mentioned. He has always been as capable of writing a text for his own sketches as of making sketches for the text of others. He has made pictures without words and words without pictures. He has written some very clever ghost stories, and drawn and painted some very recognizable realities. He has lately given himself up to these latter objects, and discovered that they have mysteries more absorbing than any others. I find in these pages, in 1885, "A Wild-goose Chase" through North Germany and Denmark, in which both pencil and pen are Mr. Millet's, and both show the natural and the trained observer.



F. D. MILLET.—From a pen sketch by George Du Maurier.

He knows the art schools of the Continent, the studios of Paris, the "dodges" of Antwerp, the subjects, the models of Venice, and has had much æsthetic as well as much personal experience. He has draped and distributed Greek plays at Harvard, as well as ridden over Balkans to post pressing letters, and invented English villages where susceptible Americans may get the strongest sensations with the

least trouble to themselves. If the trouble in each case will have been largely his, this is but congruous with the fact that he has not only found time to have a great deal of history himself, but has suffered himself to be converted by others into an element—beneficent I should call it if discretion did not forbid me—of *their* history. Springing from a very old New England stock, he has found the practice of art a wonderful antidote, in his own language, "for belated Puritanism." He is very modern, in the sense of having tried many things and availed himself of all of the facilities of his time; but especially on this ground of having fought out for himself this battle of the Puritan habit and the æsthetic experiment. His experiment was admirably successful from the moment that the Puritan levity was forced to consent to its becoming serious. In other words, if Mr. Millet is artistically interesting to-day (and to the author of these remarks he is highly so), it is because he is a striking example of what the typical American quality can achieve.

He began by having an excellent pencil, because as a thoroughly practical man he could not possibly have had a poor one. But nothing is more remunerative to follow than the stages by which "faculty" in general (which is what I mean by the characteristic American quality) has become the particular faculty; so that if in the artist's present work one recognizes—recognizes even fondly—the national handiness, it is as handiness regenerate and transfigured. The American adaptiveness has become a Dutch finish. The only criticism I have to make is of the preordained paucity of Mr. Millet's drawings; for my mission is not to speak of his work in oils, every year more important (as was indicated by the brilliant interior with figures that greeted the spectator in so friendly a fashion on the threshold of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1888), nor to say that it is illustration too—illustration of any old-fashioned song or story that hums in the brain or haunts the memory—nor even to hint that the admirable rendering of the charming old objects with which it deals (among which I include the human face and figure in dresses unfolded from the lavender of the past), the old surfaces and tones, the stuffs and textures, the old mahogany and silver and brass—the old sentiment too, and the old picture-making vision—are in the direct tradition of Terburgh and De Hoogh and Metzu.

IV.

There is no paucity about Mr. Abbey as a virtuoso in black and white, and if one thing more than another sets the seal upon the quality of his work, it is the rare abundance in which it is produced. It is not a frequent thing to find combinations infinite as well as exquisite. Mr. Abbey has so many ideas, and the gates of composition have been opened so wide to him, that we cultivate his company with a mixture of confidence and excitement. The readers of this Magazine have had for years a great deal of it, and they will easily recognize the feeling I allude to—the expectation of familiarity in variety. The beautiful art and taste, the admirable execution, strike the hour with the same note; but the figure, the scene, is ever a fresh conception. Never was ripe skill less mechanical, and never was the faculty of perpetual evocation less addicted to prudent economies. Mr. Abbey never saves for the next picture, yet the next picture will be as expansive as the last. His whole career has been open to the readers of *Harper*, so that what they may enjoy on any particular occasion is not only the talent, but a kind of affectionate sense of the history of the talent. That history is, from the beginning, in these pages, and it is one of the most interesting and instructive, just as the talent is one of the richest and the most sympathetic in the art annals of our generation. I may as well frankly declare that I have such a taste for Mr. Abbey's work that I cannot affect a judicial tone about it. Criticism is appreciation or it is nothing, and an intelligence of the matter in hand is recorded more substantially in a single positive sign of such appreciation than in a volume of sapient objections for objection's sake—the cheapest of all literary commodities. Silence is the perfection of restrictive criticism, and it has the great merit of leaving the value of speech, when the moment comes for it, unimpaired.

Accordingly it is important to translate as adequately as possible the positive side of Mr. Abbey's activity. None to-day is more charming, and none helps us more to take the large, joyous, observant, various view of the business of art. He has enlarged the idea of illustration, and he

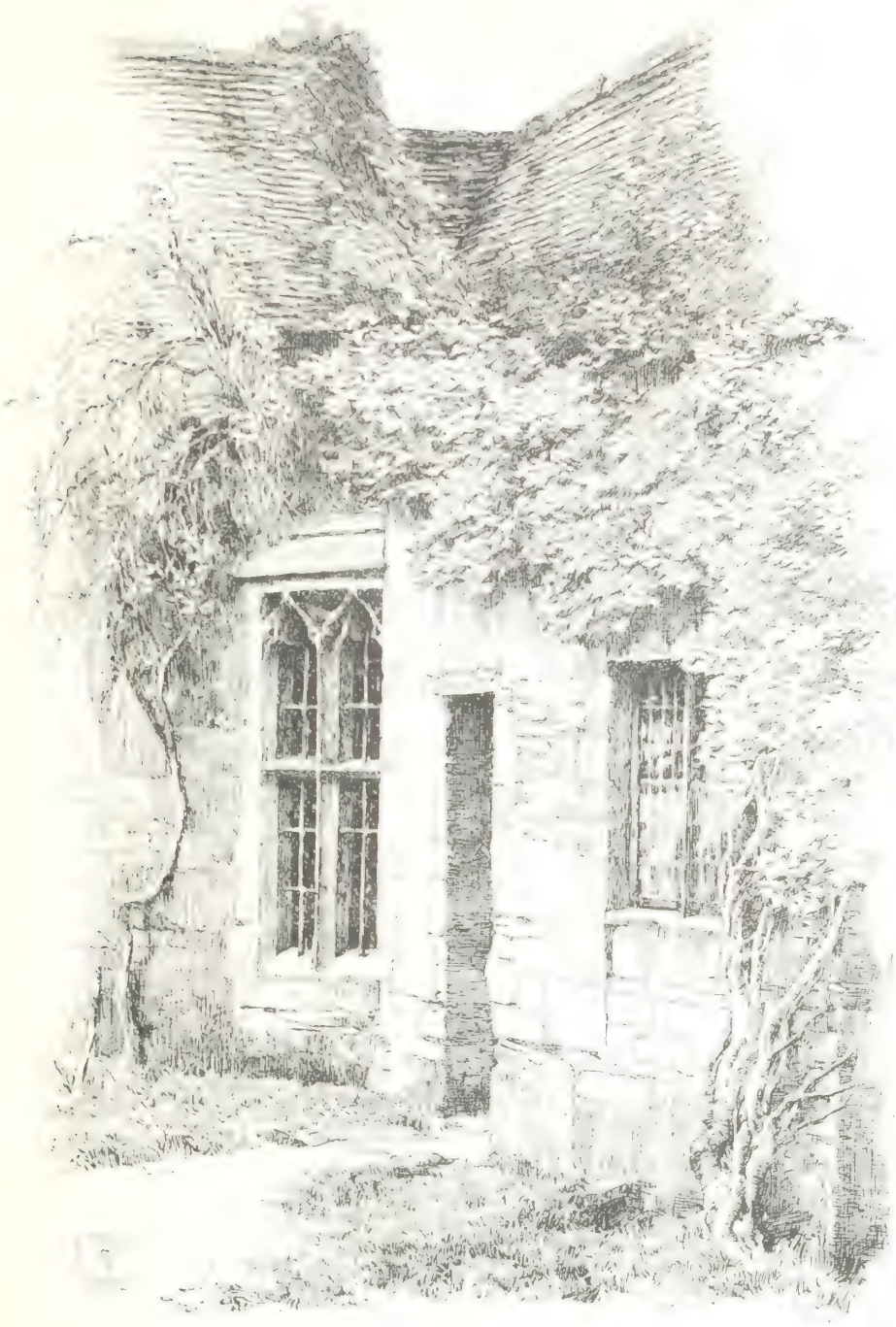


plays with it in a hundred spontaneous, ingenious ways. "Truth and poetry" is the motto that is legibly stamped upon his pencil-case, for if he has on the one side a singular sense of the familiar, salient, importunate facts of life, on the other they reproduce themselves in his mind in a delightfully qualifying medium. It is that medium that the fond observer must especially envy Mr. Abbey, and that a literary observer will envy him most of all.

Such a hapless personage, who may vainly have spent hours in trying to produce something of the same result by sadly different means, will measure the difference between the roundabout, faint descriptive tokens of respectable prose and the immediate projection of the figure by the pencil. A charming story-teller indeed he would be who should write as Mr. Abbey draws. However, what is style for one art is style for another, so blessed is the fraternity that binds them together, and the worker in words may take a lesson from the picture-maker of "She Stoops to Conquer." It is true that what the verbal artist would like to do would be to find out the secret of the pictorial, to drink at the same fountain. Mr. Abbey is essentially one of those who would tell us if he could, and conduct us to the magic spring; but here he is in the nature of the case helpless, for the happy *ambiente*, as the Italians call it, in which his creations move is exactly the thing, as I take it, that he can least give an account of. It is a matter of genius and imagination—one of those things that a man determines for himself as little as he determines the color of his eyes. How, for instance, can Mr. Abbey explain the manner in which he directly *observes* figures, scenes, places, that exist only in the fairy-land of his fancy? For the peculiar sign of his talent is surely this observation in the remote. It brings the remote near to us, but such a complicated journey as it must first have had to make! Remote in time (in differing degrees), remote in place, remote in feeling, in habit, and in their ambient air, are the images that spring from his pencil, and yet all so vividly, so minutely, so consistently seen! Where does he see them, where does he find them, how does he catch them, and in what language does he delightfully converse with them? In what mystic recesses of space does the revelation descend upon him?

The questions flow from the beguiled but puzzled admirer, and their tenor sufficiently expresses the claim I make for the consummate artist when I say that his truth is interfused with poetry. He spurns the literal and yet superabounds in the characteristic, and if he makes the strange familiar, he makes the familiar just strange enough to be distinguished. Everything is so human, so humorous, and so caught in the act, so buttoned and petticoated and gartered, that it might be round the corner; and so it is; but the corner is the corner of another world. In that other world Mr. Abbey went forth to dwell in his extreme youth, as I need scarcely be at pains to remind those who have followed him in these pages. It is not important here to give a catalogue of his contributions to them: turn to the back volumes and you will meet him at every step. Every one remembers his young, tentative, prelusive illustrations to Herrick, in which there are the prettiest glimpses, guesses, and foreknowledge of the effects he was to make completely his own. The Herrick was done mainly, if I mistake not, before he had been to England, and it remains, in the light of this fact, a singularly touching as well as a singularly promising performance. The eye of sense in such a case had to be to a rare extent the mind's eye, and this convertibility of the two organs has persisted.

From the first and always that other world and that qualifying medium in which I have said that the human spectacle goes on for Mr. Abbey have been a county of old England which is not to be found in any geography, though it borders, as I have hinted, on the Worcestershire Broadway. Few artistic phenomena are more curious than the congenital acquaintance of this perverse young Philadelphian with that mysterious locality. It is there that he finds them all—the nooks, the corners, the people, the clothes, the arbors and gardens and tea-houses, the queer courts of old inns, the sun-warmed angles of old parapets. I ought to have mentioned for completeness, in addition to his pictures to Goldsmith and to the scraps of homely British song (this latter class has contained some of his most exquisite work), his delicate drawings for Mr. William Black's "Judith Shakespeare." And in relation to that distinguished name—I don't mean Mr. Black's—it is a comfort, if I may be allowed the expres-



THE OLD HOUSE, "THE PRIORY," BROADWAY, USED AS A STUDIO BY MILLET AND ABBEY.

sion, to know that (as, to the best of my belief, I violate no confidence in saying) he is even now engaged in the great work of illustrating the comedies. He is busy with *The Merchant of Venice;* he is up to his neck in studies, in rehearsals. Here again, while in prevision I admire the result, what I can least refrain from expressing is a sort of envy of the process, knowing what it is with Mr. Abbey, and what explorations of the delightful it entails—arduous, indefatigable, till the end seems almost smothered in the means (such material complications they engender), but making one's daily task a thing of beauty and honor and beneficence.

V.

Even if Mr. Alfred Parsons were not a masterly contributor to the pages of *Harper*, it would still be almost inevitable to speak of him after speaking of Mr. Abbey, for the definite reason (I hope that in giving it I may not appear to invade too grossly the domain of private life) that these gentlemen are united in domestic circumstance as well as associated in the nature of their work. In London, in the relatively lucid air of Campden Hill, they dwell together, and their beautiful studios are side by side. However, there is a reason for commemorating Mr. Parsons's work which has nothing to do with the accidental—the simple fact that that work forms the richest illustration of the English landscape that is offered us to-day. *Harper* has for a long time past been full of Mr. Alfred Parsons, who has made the dense, fine detail of his native land familiar in far countries, amid scenery of a very different type. This is what the modern illustration can do when the ripeness of the modern sense is brought to it, and the wood-cutter plays with difficulties as the brilliant Americans do to-day, following his original at a breakneck pace. An illusion is produced which, in its very completeness, makes one cast an uneasy eye over the dwindling fields that are still left to conquer. Such art as Alfred Parsons's—such an accomplished translation of local aspects, translated in its turn by cunning hands, and diffused by a wonderful system of periodicity through vast and remote communities, has, I confess, in a peculiar degree, the effect that so many things have in this age of multiplication—that of suppressing intervals and differences, and making the globe seem alarmingly small. Vivid and repeated evocations of English rural things—the meadows and lanes, the sedgy streams, the old orchards and timbered houses, the stout, individual, insular trees, the flowers under the hedge and in it and over it, the sweet rich country seen from the slope, the bend of the unformidable river, the actual romance of the castle against the sky, the place on the hill-side where the gray church begins to peep (a peaceful little grassy path leads up to it over a stile)—all this brings about a terrible displacement of the very objects that make pilgrimage a passion, and hurries forward that ambiguous advantage which I don't envy our grandchildren, that of knowing all about everything in advance, having trotted round the globe annually in the magazines, and lost the bloom of personal experience. It is a part of the general abolition of mystery with which we are all so complacently busy to-day. One would like to retire to another planet with a box of Mr. Parsons's drawings, and be homesick there for the pleasant places they commemorate.

There are many things to be said about his talent, some of which are not the easiest in the world to express. I shall not, however, make them more difficult by attempting to catalogue his contributions to these pages. A turning of the leaves of *Harper* brings one constantly face to face with him, and a systematic search speedily makes one intimate. The reader will remember the beautiful illustrations to Mr. Blackmore's novel of "Springhaven," which were interspersed with striking figure pieces from the pencil of that very peculiar pictorial humorist Mr. Frederick Barnard, who, allowing for the fact that he always seems a little too much to be drawing for Dickens, and that the foot-lights are the illumination of his scenic world, has so remarkable a sense of English types and attitudes, costumes and accessories, in what may be called the great-coat-and-gaiters period—the period when people were stiff with riding, and wicked conspiracies went forward in sanded provincial inn parlors. Mr. Alfred Parsons, who is still conveniently young, awaked to his first vision of pleasant material in the comprehensive county of Somerset—a capital centre of impression for a painter of the bucolic. He has been to America; he has even reproduced with remarkable discrimination and truth some of the way-side objects in that country, not making them look in the least like their English equivalents, if equivalents they may be said to have. Was it there that Mr. Parsons learned so well how Americans would like England to appear? I ask this idle question simply because the England of his pencil, and not less of his brush (of his eminent brush there would be much to say), is exactly the England that the American imagination, restricted to itself, constructs from the poets, the novelists, from all the delightful testimony it inherits. It was scarcely to have been supposed possible that the native point of view would embrace and observe so many of the things that the more or less famished outsider is, in vulgar parlance, "after."



ALFRED PARSONS.—From a photograph by [illegible]

In other words (though I appear to utter a foolish paradox), the danger might have been that Mr. Parsons knew his subject too well to feel it—to feel it, I mean, *à l'Américain*. He is as tender of it as if he were vague about it, and as certain of it as if he were *blasé*.

But after having wished that his country should be just so, we proceed to discover that it is in fact not a bit different. Between these phases of our consciousness he is an unfailing messenger. The reader will remember how often he has accompanied with pictures the text of some amiable paper describing a pastoral region—Warwickshire or Surrey, Devonshire or the Thames. He will remember his exquisite designs for certain of Wordsworth's sonnets. A sonnet of Wordsworth is a difficult thing to illustrate, but Mr. Parsons's ripe taste has shown him the way. Then there are lovely morsels from his hand associated with the drawings of his friend Mr. Abbey—head-pieces, tail-pieces, vignettes, charming combinations of flower and foliage, decorative clusters of all sorts of pleasant rural emblems. If he has an inexhaustible feeling for the country in general, his love of the myriad English flowers is perhaps the fondest part of it. He draws them with a rare perfection, and always—little, definite, delicate, tremulous things as they are—with a certain nobleness. This latter quality, indeed, I am prone to find in all his work, and I should insist on it still more if I might refer to his important paintings. So composite are the parts of which any distinguished talent is made up that we have to feel our way as we enumerate them; and yet that very ambiguity is a challenge to analysis and to characterization. This "nobleness" on Mr. Parsons's part is the element of style

—something large and manly, expressive of the total character of his facts. His landscape is the landscape of the male vision; and yet his touch is full of sentiment, of curiosity and endearment. These things, and others besides, make him the most interesting, the most living, of the new workers in his line.

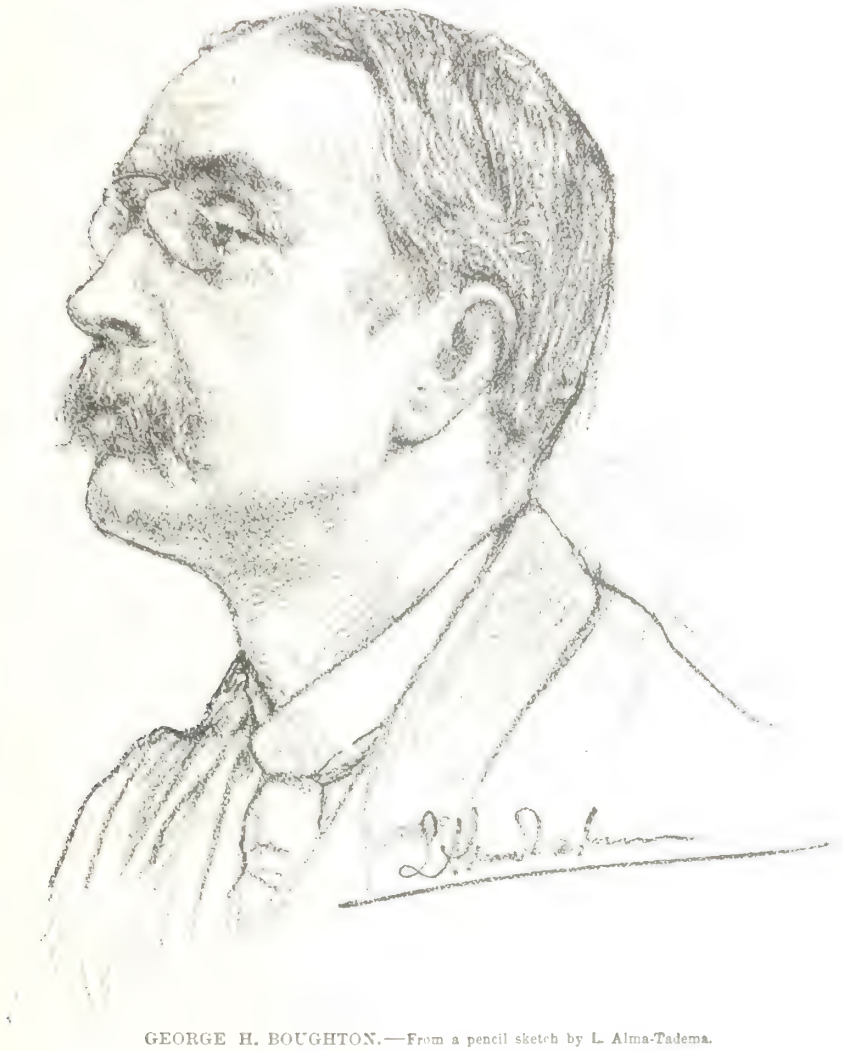
And what shall I say of the other things besides? How can I take precautions enough to say that among the new workers, deeply English as he is, there is comparatively something French in his manner? Many people will like him because they see in him—or they think they do—a certain happy mean. Will they not fancy they catch him taking the middle way between the unsociable French *étude* and the old-fashioned English "picture"? If one of these extremes is a desert, the other, no doubt, is an oasis still more vain. I have a recollection of productions of Mr. Alfred Parsons's which might have come from a Frenchman who was in love with English river-sides. I call to mind no studies—if he has made any—of French scenery; but if I did they would doubtless appear English enough. It is the fashion among sundry to maintain that the English landscape is of no use for *la peinture sérieuse*, that it is wanting in technical accent, and is in general too story-telling, too self-conscious and dramatic, also too lumpish and stodgy, of a green—*d'un vert bête*—which, when reproduced, looks like that of the chromo. Certain it is that there are many hands which are not to be trusted with it, and taste and integrity have been known to go down before it. But Alfred Parsons may be pointed to as one who has made the luxuriant and lovable things of his own country almost as "serious" as those familiar objects—the pasture and the poplar—which, even when infinitely repeated by the great school across the Channel, strike us as but meagre morsels of France.

VI

In speaking of Mr. George H. Boughton, A.R.A., I encounter the same difficulty as with Mr. Millet; that is, I find the window closed through which alone almost it is just to take a view of his talent. Mr. Boughton is a painter about whom there is little that is new to tell to-day, so conspicuous and incontestable is his achievement, the fruit of a career of which the beginning was not yesterday. He is a draughtsman and an illustrator only on occasion and by accident. These accidents have mostly occurred, however, in the pages of *Harper*, and the happiest of them will still be fresh in the memory of its readers. In the "Sketching Rambles in Holland" Mr. Abbey was a participant (as witness, among other things, the admirable drawing of the old Frisian woman bent over her Bible in church, with the heads of the burghers just visible above the rough archaic pew-tops—a drawing opposite to page 112 in the handsome volume into which these contributions were eventually gathered together); but most of the sketches were Mr. Boughton's, and the charming, amusing text is altogether his, save in the sense that it commemorates his companion's impressions as well as his own—the delightful, irresponsible, visual, sensual, pictorial, capricious impressions of a painter in a strange land—the person surely whom at particular moments one would give most to be. If there be anything happier than the impressions of a painter, it is the impressions of two, and the combination is set forth with uncommon spirit and humor in this frank record of the innocent lust of the eyes. Mr. Boughton scruples little, in general, to write as well as to draw, when the fancy takes him; to write in the manner of painters, with the bold, irreverent, unconventional, successful brush. If I were not afraid of seeming patronizing, I would say that there is little doubt that if as a painter he had not had to try to write in character, he would certainly have made a characteristic writer. He has the most enviable "finds," not dreamed of in timid literature, yet making capital descriptive prose. Other specimens of them may be encountered in two or three Christmas tales, signed, in these pages, with the name whose usual place is the corner of a valuable canvas.

If Mr. Boughton is in this manner not a simple talent, further complications and reversions may be observed in him, as, for instance, that having reverted from America, where he spent his early years, back to England, the land of his origin, he has now in a sense oscillated again from the latter to the former country. He came to London one day years ago (from Paris, where he had been eating nutritively of the tree of artistic knowledge), in order to re-embark on the morrow for

the United States; but that morrow never came—it has never come yet. Certainly now it never *can* come, for the country that Mr. Boughton left behind him in his youth is no longer there; the "old New York" is no longer a port to sail to, unless for phantom ships. In imagination, however, the author of "The Return of the *Mayflower*" has several times taken his way back; he has painted with conspicuous charm and success various episodes of the early Puritan story. He was able on occasion to remember vividly enough the low New England coast and the thin New England air. He has been perceptibly an inventor, calling into being certain types of face and dress, certain tones and associations of color (all in the line of what I should call subdued harmonies if I were not afraid of appearing to talk a jargon), which people are hungry for when they acquire "a Boughton," and which they can obtain on no other terms. This pictorial element in which he moves is made up of divers delicate things, and there would be a roughness in attempting to unravel the tapestry. There is old English, and old American, and old Dutch in it, and a friendly, unexpected new Dutch too—an ingredient of New Amsterdam—a strain of Knickerbocker and of Washington Irving. There is an admirable infusion of landscape in it, from which some people regret that Mr. Boughton should ever have allowed himself to be distracted by his importunate love of sad-faced, pretty women in close-fitting coifs and old silver-clasped cloaks.



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.—From a pencil sketch by L. Alma-Tadema.

"tender," his landscape is to my sense tenderer still. Moreover, Mr. Boughton bristles, not aggressively, but in the degree of a certain conciliatory pertinacity, with contradictious properties. He lives in one of the prettiest and most hospitable houses in London, but the note of his work is the melancholy of rural things, of lonely people, and of quaint, far-off legend and refrain. There is a delightful ambiguity of period and even of clime in him, and he rejoices in that inability to depict the modern which is the most convincing sign of the contemporary. He has a genius for landscape, yet he abounds in knowledge of every sort of ancient fashion of garment: the buckles and button-holes, the very shoe-ties, of the past are dear to him. It is almost always autumn or winter in his pictures. His horizons are cold, his trees are bare (he does the bare tree beautifully), and his draperies lined with fur: but when he exhibits himself directly, as in the fantastic "Rambles" before mentioned, contagious high spirits are the clearest of his showing. Here he appears as an irrepressible felicitous sketcher, and I know no pleasanter record of the joys of sketching, or even those of simply looking. Théophile Gautier himself was not more inveterately addicted to this latter wanton exercise. There ought to be a pocket edition of Mr. Boughton's book, which would serve for travellers in other countries too, give them the point of view, and put them in the mood. Such a blessing, and such a distinction too, is it to have an eye. Mr. Boughton's, in his good-humored Dutch wanderings, holds from morning till night a sociable, graceful revel. From the moment it opens till the moment it closes, its day is a round of adventures. His jolly pictorial narrative, reflecting every glint of October sunshine and patch of russet shade, is capable of confirming us afresh in the genial faith that the painter's life is the best life, in that it is the one which, on the whole, misses fewest impressions.

VII.

Mr. Du Maurier has a brilliant history, but it must be candidly recognized that it is written or drawn mainly in another periodical. It is only during the last two or three years that the most ironical of the artists of *Punch* has exerted himself for the entertainment of the readers of *Harper:* but I seem to come too late with any commentary on the nature of his satire or the charm of his execution. When he began to appear in *Harper* he was already an old friend, and for myself I confess I have to go through rather a complicated mental operation to put into words what I think of him. What does a man think of the language he has learned to speak? He judges it only while he is learning. Mr. Du Maurier's work, in regard to the life it embodies, is not so much a thing we see as one of the conditions of seeing. That is, he has interpreted for us for so many years the social life of England that the interpretation has become the text itself. We have accepted his types, his categories, his conclusions, his sympathies, and his ironies. It is not given to all the world to thread the mazes of London society, and for the great body of the disinherited, the vast majority of the Anglo-Saxon public, Mr. Du Maurier's representation is the thing represented. Is the effect of it to nip in the bud any remote yearning for personal participation? I feel tempted to say yes, when I think of the follies, the flatnesses, the affectations and stupidities, which his teeming pencil has made vivid. But that vision immediately merges itself in another—a panorama of tall, pleasant, beautiful people, placed in becoming attitudes, in charming gardens, in luxurious rooms, so that I can scarcely tell which is the more definite, the impression satiric or the impression plastic.

This I take to be a sign that Mr. Du Maurier knows how to be general, and has a conception of completeness. The world amuses him, such queer things go on in it: but the part that amuses him most is certain lines of our personal structure. That amusement is the brightest: the other is often sad enough. A sharp critic might accuse Mr. Du Maurier of lingering too complacently on the lines in question: of having a certain ideal of "lissome" elongation to which the promiscuous truth is sometimes sacrificed. But in fact this artist's truth never pretends to be promiscuous: it is avowedly select and specific. What he depicts is so preponderantly the body of people who constitute what is called society that the remainder of the picture, in a notice as brief as the present is obliged to be, may be neglected. If his people are not all the tenants of drawing-rooms, they are represented at least in

some relation to these. Arty and literary friends at the fancy fair are in society for the time; the point of introducing them is to show how the contrast intensifies them. Of late years Mr. Du Maurier has perhaps been a little too docile to the muse runs"; they all hang together and refer to each other—complete, confirm, correct, illuminate each other. Sometimes they are not satiric: satire is not pure charm, and the artist has allowed himself to go in for pure charm. Sometimes he has



GEORGE DU MAURIER

of elegance; the idiosyncrasies of the "masher" and the high girl with elbows have beguiled him into occasional inattention to the doings of the short and shabby. But his career has been long and rich, and I allude, in such words, but to a moment of it.

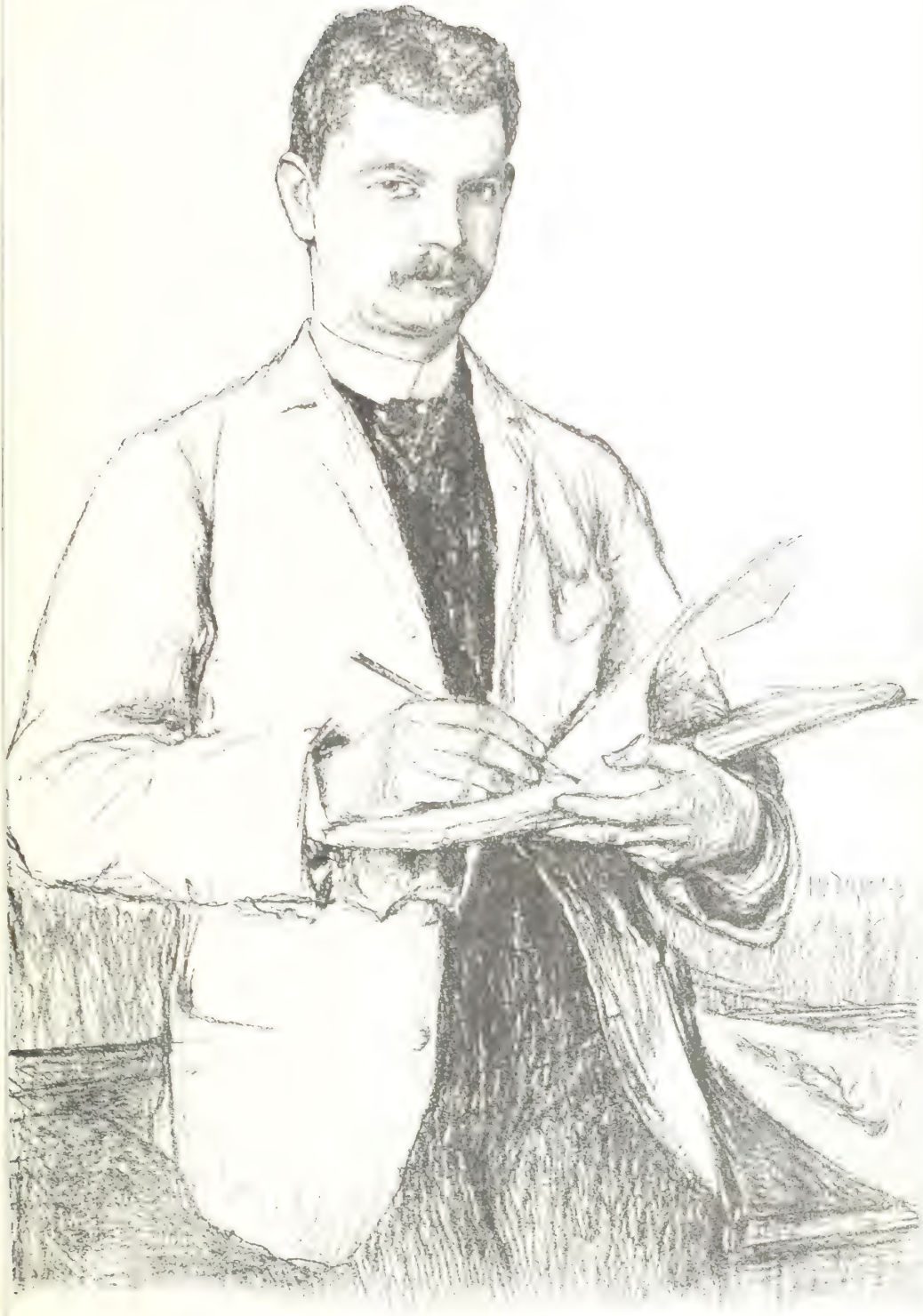
The moral of it—I refer to the artistic one—seen altogether, is striking and edifying enough. What Mr. Du Maurier has attempted to do is to give, in a thousand interrelated drawings, a general satiric picture of the social life of his time and country. It is easy to see that through them "an increasing purpose allowed himself to go in for pure grotesqueness, and satire (which should hold on to the mane of the real) slides off the other side of the runaway horse. But he remains, on the whole, pencil in hand, a wonderfully copious and veracious historian of his age and his civilization.

VIII.

I have left Mr. Reinhart to the last because of his importance, and now that very importance operates as a sort of restriction to the remarks that I have left myself scanty space for. To go well round him at a deliberate pace would

take a whole paper. With Mr. Abbey, Mr. Reinhart is the artist who has contributed most abundantly to these pages; his work, indeed, in quantity, considerably exceeds Mr. Abbey's. He is the observer of the immediate, as Mr. Abbey is that of the considerably removed, and the conditions he asks us to accept are less expensive to the imagination than those of his colleague. He is, in short, the vigorous, racy *prosateur* of that human comedy of which Mr. Abbey is the poet. He illustrates the modern sketch of travel, the modern tale—the poor little "quiet," psychological, conversational modern tale, which I often think the artist invited to represent it to the eye must hate, unless he be a very intelligent master, so little, on a superficial view, would there appear to be in it to represent. The superficial view is, after all, the natural one for the picture-maker. A talent of the first order, however, only wants to be set thinking, as a single word will often make it. Mr. Reinhart, at any rate, triumphs: whether there be life or not in the little tale itself, there is unmistakable life in his version of it. Mr. Reinhart deals in that element purely with admirable frankness and vigor. He is not so much suggestive as positively and sharply representative. His facility, his agility, his universality, are a truly stimulating sight. He asks not too many questions of his subject, but to those he does ask he insists upon a thoroughly intelligible answer. By his universality I mean, perhaps as much as anything else, his admirable drawing; not precious, as the æsthetic say, nor pottering, as the vulgar, but free, strong, and secure, which enables him to do with the human figure at a moment's notice anything that any occasion may demand. It gives him an immense range, and I know not how to express (it is not easy) my sense of a certain capable indifference that is in him otherwise than by saying that he would quite as soon do one thing as another.

For it is true that the admirer of his work rather misses in him that intimation of a secret preference which many strong draughtsmen show, and which is not absent, for instance (I don't mean the secret, but the intimation), from the beautiful doings of Mr. Abbey. It is extremely present in Mr. Du Maurier's work, just as it was visible, less elusively, in that of John Leech, his predecessor in *Punch*. Mr. Abbey has a haunting type; Du Maurier has a haunting type. There was little perhaps of the haunted about Leech, but we know very well how he wanted his pretty girls, his British swell, and his "hunting men" to look. He betrayed a predilection; he had his little ideal. That an artist may be a great force and not have a little ideal, the scarcely too much to be praised Charles Keene is there (I mean he is in *Punch*) to show us. He has not a haunting type—not he—and I think that no one has yet discovered how he would like his pretty girls to look. He has kept the soft conception too much to himself—he has not trifled with the common truth by letting it appear. This common truth, in its innumerable combinations, is what Mr. Reinhart also shows us (with of course infinitely less of a *parti pris* of laughing at it), though, as I must hasten to add, the female face and form in his hands always happen to take on a much lovelier cast than in Mr. Keene's. These things with him, however, are not a private predilection, an artist's dream. Mr. Reinhart is solidly an artist, but I doubt whether as yet he dreams, and the absence of private predilections makes him seem a little hard. He is sometimes rough with our average humanity, and especially rough with the feminine portion of it. He usually represents American life, in which that portion is often spoken of as showing to peculiar advantage. But Mr. Reinhart sees it, generally, as very *bourgeois*. His good ladies are apt to be rather thick and short, rather huddled and plain. I shouldn't mind it so much if they didn't look so much alive. They are incontestably possible. The long, brilliant series of drawings he made to accompany Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's papers on the American watering-places form a rich *bourgeois* epic, which imaginations haunted by a type must accept with philosophy, for the sketches in question will have carried the tale, and all sorts of irresistible illusion with it, to the four corners of the earth. Full of observation and reality, of happy impressionism, taking all things as they come, with many a charming picture of youthful juxtaposition, they give us a sense, to which nothing need be added, of the energy of Mr. Reinhart's pencil. They are an incomparable collection of pictorial notes on the manners and customs, the aspects and habitats, in July and August, of the great



CHARLES S. REINHART.—From a sketch by P. A. J. Dagnan

American democracy; of which, certainly, taking one thing with another, they give a very comfortable, cheerful account. But they confirm that analytic view of which I have ventured to give a hint—the view of Mr. Reinhart as an artist of immense capacity who yet, somehow, doesn't care. I must add that this aspect of him is modified in the one case very gracefully, in the other by the operation of a sort of constructive humor, remarkably strong, in his illustrations of Spanish life and his sketches of the Berlin political world.

His fashion of remaining outside, as it were, makes him (to the analyst) only the more interesting, for the analyst, if he have any critical life in him, will be prone to wonder *why* he doesn't care, and whether matters may not be turned about in such a way as that he should, with the consequence of his large capacity becoming more fruitful still. Mr. Reinhart is open to the large appeal of Paris, where he lives—as is evident from much of his work—where he paints, and where in crowded exhibitions reputation and honors have descended upon him. And yet Paris, for all she may have taught him, has not given him the mystic sentiment—about which I am perhaps writing nonsense. Is it nonsense to say that, being very much an incarnation of the modern international spirit (he might be a Frenchman in New York were he not an American in Paris), the moral of his work is possibly the inevitable want of finality, of intrinsic character, in that sweet freedom? Does the cosmopolite necessarily pay for his freedom by a want of function—the impersonality of not being representative? Must one be a little narrow to have a sentiment, and very local to have a quality, or at least a style; and would the missing type, if I may mention it yet again, haunt our artist—who is somehow, in his rare instrumental facility, outside of quality and style—a good deal more if he were not, amid the mixture of associations and the confusion of races, liable to fall into vagueness as to what types are? He can do anything he likes; by which I mean he can do wonderfully even the things he doesn't like. But he strikes me as a force not yet fully used.

SATURN'S RINGS.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HOWARD DARWIN.

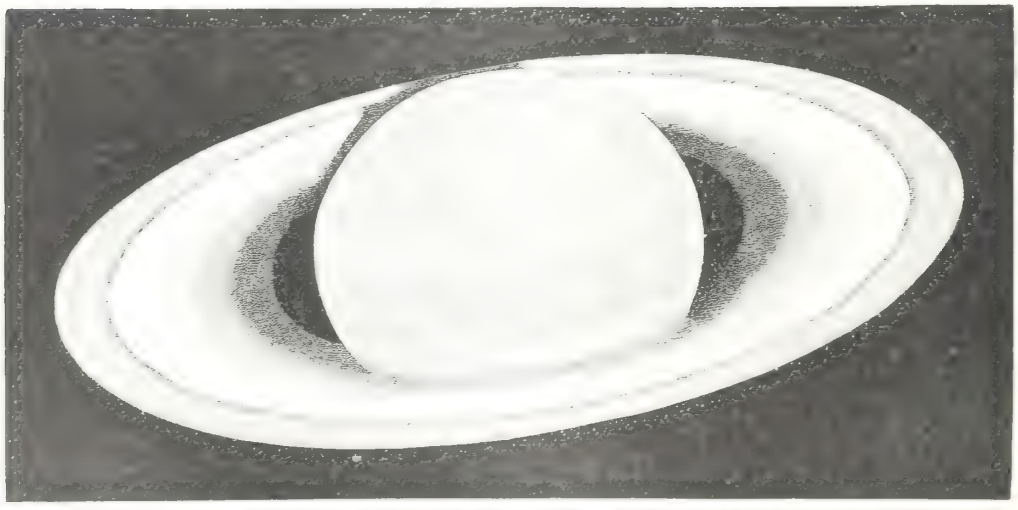


FIG. 1.—THE PLANET SATURN —[illegible]

FEW persons have memories so retentive as to recollect astronomical details with which they have probably at some time been acquainted, and it will therefore be well to begin by reminding my readers of the most salient facts concerning the planet Saturn. To the naked eye Saturn appears as a brilliant star, which shines, without twinkling, with a yellowish light. It is always to be found very nearly in the ecliptic, moving slowly amongst the fixed stars at the rate of only

13° per annum. It is the second largest planet of the solar system, being only exceeded in size by the giant Jupiter. It weighs 91 times as much as our earth, but, being as light as cork, occupies 690 times the volume, and is 9 times as great in circumference. Notwithstanding its great size it rotates round its axis far more rapidly than does the earth, its day being only 10½ of our hours. It is 10 times as far from the sun as we are, and its year, or time of revolution round the sun, is equal to 30 of our years. It was deemed by the early astronomers to be the planet farthest from the sun, but that was before the discovery by Herschel, at the end of the last century, of the farther planet Uranus, and that of the still more distant Neptune by Adams and Leverrier in the year 1846.

The telescope has shown that Saturn is attended by a retinue of satellites almost as numerous as, and closely analogous to, the planets circling round the sun. These moons are eight in number, are of the most various sizes, the largest as great as the planet Mars, and the smallest very small, and are equally diverse in respect of their distances from the planet. But besides its eight moons Saturn has another attendant absolutely unique in the heavens; it is girdled with a flat ring, which, like the planet itself, is only rendered visible to us by the illumination of sunlight. Fig. 1, to which further reference is made below, shows the general appearance of the planet and of its ring. The theory of the physical constitution of that ring forms the subject of the present essay.

A system so rich in details, so diversified and so extraordinary, would afford, and doubtless has afforded, the subject for many descriptive essays; but description is not my present object.

Accident has recently directed my attention to the works of a man of genius, M. Édouard Roche, and my choice of a subject has been dictated by the desire to rescue one at least of his discoveries from an unmerited neglect. In science the old proverb that good wine needs no bush can only be accepted in a qualified sense, for, in the first place, some interpreter is always needed to make technical researches intelligible to the world at large, and in the second place, some accidental circumstance may for a long time distract the attention of men of science from the works of any writer irrespectively of their merits.

M. Roche, who died in 1883, was Professor of Mathematics in the faculty of science at the old city of Montpellier, in the south of France. He was obviously a patriotic citizen, and was one of the original founders of the Academy of Sciences of Montpellier, which institution he enthusiastically supported by communicating to it all his various memoirs from 1847 to 1882.

It is the function of such bodies as the Academy of Montpellier and the Midland Institute* to foster a love of knowledge and to promote science in their several centres, and in so doing they perform a great and useful work. Unfortunately their activity may sometimes in one respect fail to tend to the rapid promotion of science. The multiplicity of scientific publications has now become so great that it is no longer possible for any but the largest libraries to possess them all. When, then, the memoirs of an author have not been published in such centres as London, Paris, or Berlin, it sometimes happens that a long time elapses before their merits are generally recognized. It has thus come about that the admirable memoirs published at Montpellier are apparently but little known even to men of science, and the local patriotism of the authors has thus operated detrimentally to the diffusion of their discoveries. I have not yet met a single English mathematician who has read Roche's papers.

The necessary limitation of space prevents me from giving a sketch of the general scientific activity of Roche, but one of his investigations has an important bearing upon the constitution of Saturn's ring.

The existence of the ring of Saturn seems now a very commonplace piece of knowledge, and yet it is only 250 years since the moons of Jupiter and Saturn were first detected, and since suspicion was first aroused that there was something altogether peculiar about the Saturnian system. These discoveries, indeed, depended entirely on the invention of the telescope. It may assist the reader to realize how necessary the aid of that instrument was when I say that Saturn, when at his nearest to us, is the same in size as a sixpenny piece† held up at a distance of 210 yards.

* This essay formed the substance of a lecture delivered at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on November 21, 1887.

† A sixpenny piece is exactly three-fourths of an

It was the celebrated Galileo who first invented a combination of lenses such as is still used in our present opera-glasses, for the purpose of magnifying distant objects.

In July of 1610 he began to examine Saturn with his telescope. His most powerful instrument only magnified 32 times, and although such an enlargement should have amply sufficed to enable him to make out the ring, yet he persuaded himself that what he saw was a large bright disk, with two smaller ones touching it, one on each side. His lenses were doubtless imperfect, but the principal cause of his error must have been the extreme improbability of the existence of a ring girdling the planet. He wrote an account of what he had seen to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, Giuliano de' Medici, and to others; he also published to the world an anagram which, when the letters were properly arranged, read as follows: "Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi" (I have seen the farthest planet as triple), for it must be remembered that Saturn was then the farthest known planet.

In 1612 Galileo again examined Saturn, and was utterly perplexed and discouraged to find his triple star replaced by a single disk. He writes, "Is it possible that some mocking demon has deceived me?" And here it may be well to remark that there are several positions in which Saturn's rings vanish from sight, or so nearly vanish as to be only visible with the most powerful modern telescopes. When the plane of the ring passes through the sun, only its very thin edge is illuminated; this was the case in 1612, when Galileo lost it; secondly, if the plane of the ring passes through the earth, we have only a very thin edge to look at; and thirdly, when the sun and earth are on opposite sides of the ring, the face of the ring which is presented to us is in shadow, and therefore invisible.

Some time afterward Galileo's perplexity was increased by seeing that the planet had then a pair of arms, but he never succeeded in unravelling the mystery, and blindness closed his career as an astronomer in 1626.

About thirty years after this the great Dutch astronomer Huygens, having invented a new sort of telescope (on the principle of our present powerful refractors), began to examine the planet, and saw that it was furnished with two loops or handles. Soon after the ring disappeared; but when, in 1659, it came into view again, he at last recognized its true character, and announced that the planet was attended by a broad flat ring.

A few years later it was perceived that there were really two rings, concentric with one another. The division, which may easily be seen in drawings of the planet, is still named after Cassini, one of its discoverers. Subsequent observers have detected other less marked divisions.

Nearly two centuries later, namely, in 1850, Bond in America and Dawes in England, independently and within a fortnight of the same time, observed that inside of the well-known bright rings there is another very faint dark ring, which is so transparent that the edge of the planet is visible through it. There is some reason to believe that this ring has really become more conspicuous within the last 200 years, so that it would not be right to attribute the lateness of its detection entirely to the imperfection of earlier observations.

It was already discovered in the last century that the ring is not quite of the same thickness at all points of its circumference, that it is not strictly concentric with the planet, and that it revolves about its centre. Herschel, with his magnificent reflecting telescope, detected little beads on the outer ring, and by watching these he concluded that that ring completes its revolution in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

This sketch of the discovery and observation of Saturn's rings has been necessarily very incomplete, but we have perhaps already occupied too much space with it.*

Fig. 1 exhibits the appearance of Saturn and his ring. The drawing is by Bond of Harvard, and is considered an excellent one.

It is usual to represent the planets as they are seen through an astronomical telescope, that is to say, reversed. Thus in Fig. 1 the south pole of the planet is at the top of the plate, and unless the telescope were being driven by clock-work, the planet would appear to move across the field of view from right to left.

The plane of the ring is coincident with

inch in diameter. The American reader may imagine what a silver twelve-cent piece would be.

* See Proctor's *Saturn and his System*; Arago's *Popular Astronomy*; Miss Clerke's *History of Astronomy*.

the equator of the planet, and both ring and equator are inclined to the plane of the planet's orbit at an angle of 27°.

A whole essay might be devoted to the discussion of this and other pictures, but we must confine ourselves to drawing attention to the well-marked split, called Cassini's division, and to the faint internal ring through which the edge of the planet is visible.

The scale on which the whole system is constructed is best seen in a diagram of concentric circles, showing the limits of the planet's body and of the successive rings. Such a diagram, with explanatory notes, is given in Fig. 2. An explana-

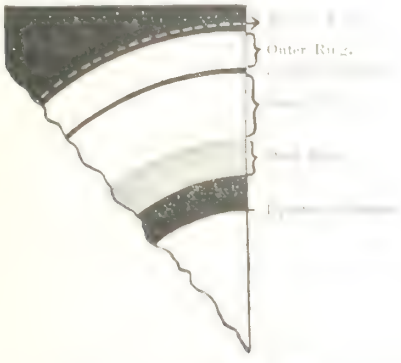


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM OF SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

tion of the outermost circle, called *Roche's limit*, will be given later. The following are the dimensions of the system:*

Equatorial diameter of planet.....	[illegible]
Interior diameter of dark ring.....	93,000 miles.
Interior diameter of bright rings...	111,000 miles.
Exterior diameter of bright rings ..	169,000 miles.

We may also remark that the radius of the limit of the rings is 2.38 times the mean radius of the planet, whilst Roche's limit is 2.44 such radii. The greatest thickness of the ring is uncertain, but it seems probable that it does not exceed 200 or 300 miles.

The pictorial interest, as we may call it, of all this wonderful combination is obvious, but our curiosity is further stimulated when we reflect on the difficulty of reconciling the existence of this strange satellite with what we know of our own planet and of other celestial bodies.

It may be admitted that no disturbance to our ordinary way of life would be felt if Saturn's rings were annihilated, but, as Clerk-Maxwell has remarked, "from a purely scientific point of view they become the most remarkable bodies in the heavens, except, perhaps, those still less useful bodies, the spiral nebulæ. When we have actually seen that great arch swung over the equator of the planet without any visible connection, we cannot bring our minds to rest. We can not simply admit that such is the case, and describe it as one of the observed facts of nature, not admitting or requiring explanation. We must either explain its motion on the principles of mechanics, or admit that in the Saturnian realms there can be motion regulated by laws which we are unable to explain."*

It may easily be imagined, then, that astronomers, not content with the mere portrayal of what they saw, have been led to speculate as to the nature of these rings, as to their permanence and decay, as to their origin and future fate. As might be expected, also, the speculations as to the physical constitution of the rings have been diverse, and a final conclusion has only been reached by degrees.

From the great brilliancy of their reflecting power Herschel was firmly persuaded that the rings were solid. And notwithstanding the speculative protests of a few astronomers, this view was universally held until some thirty years ago.

Laplace, second only to Newton as a mathematical astronomer, analyzes the conception of a solid annular satellite.† He says that it is contrary to all probability that such a ring should hold together by the cohesion of its molecules; for, if it were so, the parts nearest to the planet, being attracted by the planet, would gradually be detached from the rings, which by an insensible degradation would end in total destruction. But he makes this remark with the view of urging that a solid ring can only subsist if it has a particular form of section. He accordingly treats the case of a solid ring covered by a layer of fluid, and he then determines the shape in which this fluid will rest when the system rotates round the planet and is subject to the attraction of the planet and of the ring itself. He concludes that if a solid ring has the same shape of section as that which he finds for the fluid layer, the solid ring will hold together without any tax on

* From Proctor's *Saturn and his System*, with sun's parallax taken as 8.8″.

* Maxwell. *Stability of Saturn's Rings:* 1859. Macmillan, p. 1.

† *Mécanique Céleste*, Bk. III., chap. 6.

the cohesive forces. He thus proves that the section of a solid ring must be a flattened oval or ellipse, and that the density of the planet cannot be more than one-third greater than that of the ring. He next proves that it is also necessary, in order that a ring may continue to revolve concentrically with the planet, that it should be weighted in one point of its circumference, or, what amounts to the same thing, that its section should be greater in one part than another. The inference of Laplace seems to have been that there are actually several solid rings revolving about Saturn, each of the proper oval but irregular section.

The great weight of Laplace's name had apparently the effect of lulling to rest the spirit of speculation on this topic for some fifty years after his time. But in reality Laplace's investigation, although marked by his usual ability, should by its incompleteness rather have had the effect of stimulating inquiry than of discouraging it.

The matter remained in this unsatisfactory condition until 1848, when Roche published the investigation which is the cause of this essay. The conclusion at which he arrived failed to attract the notice of astronomers, and it was not until 1857 that a Cambridge mathematician, handling the subject in a new and original manner, commanded general attention when he announced the same result as his French precursor. I shall now proceed to tell what were the arguments and what the results of these independent investigators.

The immediate object of Roche's work was a problem of abstract celestial mechanics, and thus his attack on the Saturnian question was of an indirect character.

In order, then, to give an idea of Roche's paper, we must now leave Saturn's ring out of view, and must consider a purely ideal mechanical problem. But it will be simplest in the first instance to give this problem a concrete shape by considering a very simple problem, and then passing on to discuss the relationship between our moon and the earth.

If you tie a string to a stone and whirl it round, the pull on your hand is called centrifugal force, and the pull on the stone by which it is prevented from flying off, is called centripetal force. It is well to remark, however, that centrifugal force is merely an effect of motion. There is a difficulty in mentally following a whirling body in its orbit, but it is permissible to simplify the problem by allowing the motion of revolution to drop out of sight, provided that an ideal centrifugal force is introduced.

Centrifugal and centripetal force are simply two views of the same thing, namely, the tension of the string; it is named one way when we consider the interest of the whirler, the other way when we consider the thing whirled. The same double view of the same thing occurs in commerce, where a transaction which stands on the credit side in the books of one merchant appears on the debit side in the books of the other.

I am going to show that the experiment with the string and stone presents an analogy with the case of the moon revolving about the earth.

The moon whirls round the earth once in $27\frac{1}{3}$ days, and tends to fly away under the influence of centrifugal force, but is restrained by the centripetal force of the earth's attraction. When a stone is whirled, the total centrifugal force on it exactly balances the total centripetal pull of the string; so also the total centrifugal force on the moon exactly balances the total attraction of the earth. In fact the invisible bond between the two bodies plays just the same part as does the string between hand and stone.

When a body is whirled, centrifugal force is greater the further we go from the axis of whirling. Now the axis round which the moon is whirled is at the earth (or very nearly so), and so the parts of the moon's body which are farther from the earth, being farther from the axis of whirling, have a stronger tendency to fly away from the earth than the parts which are nearer. So far the cases of the stone and of the moon resemble one another.

But a difference arises when we come to compare the attraction of the earth with the tension of the string, for the earth attracts every particle of the moon, whereas the string pulls only along a narrow line where it girdles the stone. The earth does not, however, attract every particle of the moon with equal force, for it pulls the nearer parts of the moon more strongly than the farther parts, as is obvious from the nature of the law of attraction.

Thus at the part of the moon which is

nearest to the earth, and therefore nearest to the axis of whirling, the attraction is at its strongest, whilst the centrifugal tendency is at its weakest. And conversely at the part of the moon which is farthest from the earth, and therefore farthest from the axis of whirling, the attraction is at its weakest, whilst the centrifugal tendency is at its strongest. Now remembering that on the whole attraction and centrifugal tendency are exactly equal and opposite, we see that where attraction is strong and centrifugal tendency weak, attraction must over-balance centrifugal tendency; also where attraction is weak and centrifugal tendency strong, centrifugal tendency must over-balance attraction.

We know that the moon always shows us the same face. Let the circle in Fig. 3 represent a section of the moon, and let

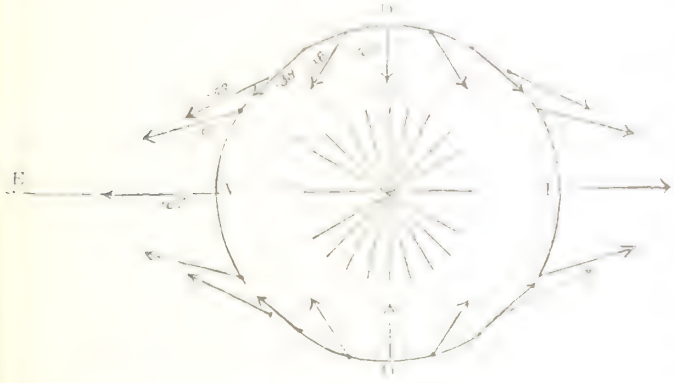


FIG. 3.—DIAGRAM OF TIDE-GENERATING FORCES.

the earth be a long way off in the direction E. Then V is the middle of the hemisphere facing the earth: it is the middle of the moon's face which we see at full moon. I is the middle of the hemisphere away from the earth: it is the middle of the invisible side of the moon.

Then V is the part of the moon which is nearest to the earth and nearest to the axis of whirling. At this point attraction over-balances centrifugal force, and the fact is noted on the figure by an arrow pointing toward E, the earth.

Again, I is the part of the moon which is farthest from the earth and farthest from the axis of whirling. At this point centrifugal force over-balances attraction, and the fact is noted on the figure by an arrow pointing away from E, the earth. The earth being a long way off, it follows that the over-balance in the one case is almost exactly equal to that in the other case. This is noted by making the arrows at V and I of equal length.

It would take too long to show how mathematicians actually examine the whole surface of the moon, and trace from point to point which way the battle between the centrifugal and centripetal forces turns. I must ask my readers to accept the results of such an analysis as indicated in the diagram. The direction and magnitude of the over-balance are here shown by the direction and length of the arrows.

We have already seen that the forces at V and I, the middles of the visible and invisible faces, are directed away from the moon's centre. The edges of the moon's disk, as seen at full moon, are at D and D; and here it will be noticed that the arrows showing the resultant of the battle between the opposing forces point inward to the moon's centre, and are half as long as those at V and I. At intermediate points they are intermediate both in size and direction.

In the figure the forces indicated thus symbolically by arrows are called "tide-generating" forces. The reason of this is as follows: if we had been examining the forces exercised by the moon on the earth, the argument would have been of just the same character, save that the earth does not always turn the same face to the moon as does the moon to the earth.* The resultants of the battling centrifugal and centripetal forces would then have been called tide-generating forces, because they are the cause of the oscillations of sea-level called tides. In the case we are considering the forces arise from the same causes, and we still call the resultant of centripetal and centrifugal forces at any point of the moon "tide-generating force,"

* In applying the argument to find the moon's tide-generating force on the earth it must be borne in mind that the moon and earth really revolve in an orbit about the common centre of gravity of the two bodies. Since the earth is very heavy compared with the moon, the centre of gravity is so close to the earth's centre that it was permissible above to speak of the moon whirling round the earth instead of about the centre of gravity of the two bodies. But in the present case we must bear in mind that the moon is really being whirled round this centre of gravity at the rate of one revolution in 27 days

although there is no lunar ocean in which tides can be generated.

It is obvious from an inspection of Fig. 3 that the tide-generating forces cause a tendency for the moon to fly to pieces; but this does not imply that it ought to break up, for the tendency is counteracted.

If you stood on the moon and picked up a stone it would be heavy, only not nearly so heavy as it is here. If you were standing at V or I, the tide-generating force would make the stone less heavy, because, as the arrows show, there is a tendency for the stone to fly away from the moon's centre. And obviously, if you stood at D, the stone would be more heavy, for just the converse reason.

If the moon were covered with an ocean, the slightly diminished heaviness at V and I would allow the sea-level to rise there, and the slightly increased heaviness at D and D would cause the sea-level to sink there. Thus the moon's ocean would protrude on both sides, toward the earth on the nearer face, and away from the earth on the farther, invisible face; all round the edges of the disk the sea-level would be depressed, so that the moon would look a little smaller at full moon than would be the case if tide-generating force did not exist. The moon's ocean would, in fact, be egg-shaped (only with both ends alike), and the long axis of the egg would be pointed straight to the earth.

Now unless the moon were made of fabulously strong matter, her shape, even if she is quite solid, must be just the same as that of an ideal ocean covering her surface, and hence we may conclude that the moon is actually slightly egg-shaped.

If the moon were nearer to us, the tide-generating forces would be stronger, and the egg shape would be more pronounced. In fact, if she were at half her actual distance, the difference between the long axis and the short axis of the egg would be 8 times as great as it is; if at a third of her actual distance, 27 times as great, or, in technical language, tide-generating force varies inversely as the cube of the distance.

Let us conceive, then, that the moon, still always showing the same face as she revolves round the earth, is brought very slowly nearer and nearer to the earth. Unless made of materials of inconceivable strength, she will continually elongate, and become less in girth round her visible disk.

It may easily be suspected that the elongation might become so great that she would break to pieces. If, for example, she were so near as to be drawn out into the shape of a drawing-pencil with rounded ends, pointing straight toward the earth, this rod of matter would certainly break up into several globules under the influence of its own gravitation, just as when a streak of oil is put on water it breaks into drops.

There is therefore a certain degree of elongation corresponding to a certain proximity to the earth, which the moon could just endure without breaking into globules, and if brought nearer to the earth than this, she must break up.

Now, by arguments of great subtlety, but too technical to explain here, Roche has determined the limiting degree of elongation, and therefore the limiting proximity of the moon to the earth. His investigation is, indeed, abstract, and applies to any fluid satellite which revolves about a spherical planet in such a way as always to show the same face to the planet. In explaining his theory it was, however, easier to make the example a concrete one by considering the moon and earth.

I will not follow Roche into the various cases which arise according to the relative sizes and densities of the satellite and planet, but will only consider the one case, which is interesting in application to Saturn, namely, where the satellite is exceedingly small compared with the planet.

Fig. 4 represents the section of the satellite when it is elongated to the utmost possible extent. The planet about which it revolves is a large globe with its centre on the prolongation of the longest axis of the egg-like body in the direction of E. As it revolves, the longest axis of the satellite always points straight toward its planet. The egg, though not strictly circular in girth, is very nearly so. Thus another section at right angles to this one would be of nearly the same shape. One diameter of the girth is in fact only longer than the other by a seventeenth part. The shortest of the three axes of the slightly flattened egg is at right angles to the plane of the orbit in which the satellite revolves. The longest axis of the body is nearly twice as long

as either of the two shorter equal ones we take the longest as 1000, the other two would be 406 and 369. Fig. 4 represents a section through the two axes equal respectively to 1000 and to 469, so that we are here supposed to be looking at the satellite's orbit edgewise.

But Roche determined not only the shape of the satellite when thus elongated to the utmost possible extent, but also its nearness to the planet, and he proved that the centre of such a satellite must be at a distance from the planet's centre of $2\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{3}$ of the planet's radius. This distance of $2\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{3}$ or 2.44 of a planet's radius I call Roche's limit for that planet. The meaning of this is that inside of a circle drawn round a planet at a distance so proportionate to its radius no satellite can circulate. The reason being that if a lump of matter were started to revolve about the planet inside of that circle, it would be torn to pieces under the action of the forces we have been considering. It is true that if the lump of matter were so small as to be more properly described as a stone than as a satellite, then the cohesive force of stone might be strong enough to resist the disruptive force. But the size for which cohesion is sufficient cause to enable a mass of matter to hold together is small compared with the smallest celestial body.

We are therefore justified in concluding that if anywhere in the heavens there is matter circulating about a planet inside of Roche's limit, it can only be in the form of dust, rocks, and fragments.

Now Saturn is the only body in the heavens round which there is matter circulating within that limit, and here alone do we find a ring. We seem, then, to be justified in the belief that Saturn's rings consist of dust and fragments.

Although Roche himself dismisses this matter in one or two sentences, he saw the full bearing of his remarks, and to do him justice we should date from 1848 the proof that Saturn's rings consist of meteoric stones.

Roche's limit is marked on the diagram (Fig. 2) of Saturn and his rings, to which reference was made above. It is interesting to observe how closely* the theoretical limit coincides with the limit of the rings. I may here say that Roche's [illegible] results of great interest.

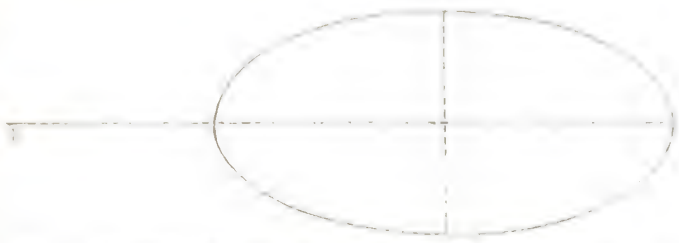


FIG. 4. [illegible] TO THE UTMOST.

Although this paper was published nearly forty years ago, I have never seen in any text-book or treatise any allusion to Roche's view. Indeed we read that Bond was the first in modern times to suggest the meteoric constitution of the rings. His suggestion, based on telescopic evidence, was dated 1851.

And now to explain how the Cambridge mathematician to whom reference was made above, in ignorance of Roche's work of nine years before, arrived at the same conclusion. In 1857 Clerk-Maxwell, one of the most brilliant men of science who have taught in the University of Cambridge, and whose early death we still deplore, attacked the problem of Saturn's rings in a celebrated essay, which gained for him what is called the Adams prize. He first took up the question of the motion of a solid ring at the point where Laplace had left it, and determined what amount of weighting at one point of a solid uniform ring is necessary to insure its steady motion round the planet. He found that there must be a mass attached to the circumference of the ring weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as the ring itself. In fact the system becomes a satellite with a light ring attached to it.

"As there is no appearance," he says, "about the rings justifying a belief in so great an irregularity, the theory of the solidity of the rings becomes very improbable. When we come to consider the additional difficulty of the tendency of the fluid or loose parts of the ring to accumu-

* The coincidence is so close that it is proper to remark that we ought not to lay *too* much stress on the closeness, for Roche's calculation avowedly depends in a measure on certain suppositions with regard to the densities of the planet and satellite, and he found it necessary to neglect certain considerations which would modify the result to a slight extent.

late at the thicker parts, and thus to destroy that nice adjustment of the load on which the stability depends, we have another powerful argument against solidity. And when we consider the immense size of the rings and their comparative thinness, the absurdity of treating them as rigid bodies becomes self-evident. An iron ring of such a size would be not only plastic, but semifluid, under the forces which it would experience, and we have no reason to believe these rings to be artificially strengthened with any material unknown on this earth."*

The hypothesis of solidity being condemned, Maxwell proceeds to suppose that the ring is composed of a number of equal small satellites. This is a step toward the hypothesis of an indefinite number of meteorites of all sizes. The consideration of the motion of these equal satellites affords a problem of immense difficulty, for each satellite is attracted by all the others and by the planet, and they are all in motion.

If they were arranged in a circle round the planet at equal distances, they might continue to revolve round the planet, provided that each satellite remained in its place with mathematical exactness. Let us consider that the proper place of each satellite is at the ends of the spokes of a revolving wheel, and then let us suppose that none of them is exactly in its place, some being a little too far advanced, some a little behind, some too near and some too far from the centre of the wheel—that is to say, from the planet—then we want to know whether they will swing to and fro in the neighborhood of their places, or will get farther and farther from their places, and whether the ring will end in confusion.

Maxwell treated this problem with consummate skill, and showed that if the satellites are not too large, confusion will not ensue, but each satellite will oscillate about its proper place.

At any moment there are places where the satellites are crowded and others where they are spaced out, and he showed that the places of crowding and of spacing out will travel round the ring at a different speed from that with which the ring as a whole revolves. In other words, waves of condensation and of rarefaction are propagated round the ring as it rotates.

* Maxwell. *On the Stability of Saturn's Rings*, p. 57. Macmillan, 1859.

He constructed a model, now in the laboratory at Cambridge, to exhibit these movements: it is pretty to observe the changes of shape of the ring and of the crowding of the model satellites as they revolve.

I cannot sum up the general conclusions at which Maxwell arrived better than by quoting his own words.

In the summary of his paper he says:*

"If the satellites are unequal, the propagation of waves will no longer be regular, but the disturbances of the ring will in this, as in the former case, produce only waves and not growing confusion. Supposing the ring to consist, not of a single row of satellites, but of a cloud of evenly distributed unconnected particles, we found that such a cloud must have a very small density in order to be permanent, and that this is inconsistent with its outer and inner parts moving with the same annular velocity. Supposing the ring to be fluid and continuous, we found that it will necessarily be broken up into small portions. We conclude, therefore, that the rings must consist of disconnected particles; these may be either solid or liquid, but they must be independent. The entire system of rings must therefore consist either of a series of many concentric rings, each moving with its own velocity, and having its own system of waves, or else of a confused multitude of revolving particles, not arranged in rings, and continually coming into collision with each other.

"Taking the first case, we found that in an indefinite number of possible cases the mutual perturbation of two rings, stable in themselves, might mount up in time to a destructive magnitude, and that such cases must continually occur in an extensive system like that of Saturn, the only retarding cause being the possible irregularity of the rings. The result of long-continued disturbance was found to be the spreading out of the rings in breadth, the outer rings pressing outward, while the inner rings press inward.

"The final result, therefore, of the mechanical theory is that the only system of rings which can exist is one composed of an indefinite number of unconnected particles revolving round the planet with different velocities according to their respective distances. These particles may be arranged in a series of narrow rings, or

* *Saturn's Rings*, pp. 66, 67.

they may move through each other irregularly. In the first case the destruction of the system will be very slow; in the second case it will be more rapid, but there may be a tendency toward an arrangement in narrow rings, which may retard the process.

"We are not able to ascertain by observation the constitution of the two outer divisions of the system of rings, but the inner ring is certainly transparent, for the limb (*i. e.*, edge) of Saturn has been observed through it. It is also certain that though the space occupied by the ring is transparent, it is not through the material particles of it that Saturn was seen, for his limb was observed without distortion, which shows that there was no refraction, and therefore that the rays did not pass through a medium at all, but between the solid or liquid particles of which the ring is composed. Here, then, we have an optical argument in favor of the theory of independent particles as the material of the rings. The two outer rings may be of the same nature, but not so exceedingly rare that a ray of light can pass through their whole thickness without encountering one of the particles."

It has thus been shown by several lines of investigation that Saturn's rings consist of independent meteorites, moving, each in its orbit, about the planet, and this conclusion may be safely accepted as correct. But every field of thought is now seething with the evolutionary ferment, and as we cannot rest satisfied with any conclusion as a finality, we here merely find ourselves at the starting-point of new speculations.

What, then, is the history of these rings, and what their future fate? They are clearly intimately related to the planet, and their history would be complete if we could with the mind's eye watch their birth from the planet and follow their subsequent changes. Now although the details of such a history are obscure, yet at least a shadowy outline of it may be confidently accepted as known.

In the remote past all the matter which now forms the Saturnian system of planet, satellites, and rings was far more diffused than at present. There was probably a nucleus of denser matter round which slowly revolved a mass of rarefied gases and meteorites. The central portion was intensely hot, with heat derived by condensation from a state of still greater dispersion.

As this nebula cooled it contracted, and therefore revolved more quickly. If you watch the water emptying itself from a common wash-hand basin when the plug at the bottom is removed, you will see an example of such quickened rotation. When the basin is full, the water is commonly revolving slowly in one or the other direction, but as the level falls and the water approaches the hole, it spins more quickly, and the last drops are seen to whirl round with violence.

The revolving nebula is flattened at the poles like an orange, and the amount of flattening increases as it contracts and spins quicker. At a certain stage it can no longer subsist in a continuous mass, and an annular portion is detached from the equator, leaving the central ball to continue its contraction.

We are pretty safe in saying that the rings of Saturn took their origin in some such mode as this. But it cannot be maintained that we understand it all, for we have not more than a vague picture of the primitive nebula, and the mode in which the matter aggregated itself into a ring and detached itself is obscure. M. Roche has done perhaps more than any one else to impart mathematical precision to these ideas, but even he has not been wholly successful.

This theory, commonly called the nebular hypothesis, was advanced independently both by the philosopher Kant and by Laplace. Various modifications have been suggested by others, but the theory, in whatever form, is replete with difficulties, and must at present be only regarded as an approximation to the truth.

If the past history of the ring is not wholly clear, it is at least more ascertainable than its future development. It is nearly certain that the ring now presents a markedly different appearance from that which was seen by its discoverers. Indeed the only doubt lies in the uncertainty as to the amount of allowance which must be made for differences of observers and of instruments. Huygens described the interval between the bright ring and the planet as rather exceeding the width of the ring, but we need only look at Fig. 1 or 2 to see that this is now flagrantly incorrect. It is improbable that Huygens

* I have recently presented a paper to the Royal Society of London (November, 1888), in which I have tried to throw light on the mechanical processes involved in the nebular hypothesis.

was incorrect, although, on the other hand, by the most delicate micrometric measurements Struve has been unable to detect any change in an interval of thirty years of this century.

We may call to mind that Maxwell showed that a spreading of the rings both outward and inward was a theoretical result of the inevitable impacts between the constituent meteorites, which he used to describe as a shower of brickbats. Thus, whether or not the immense changes suspected since 1659 are true, it remains almost certain that changes of this kind are in progress.

I venture, then, to hazard a few words of speculation as to the future of the rings. The outward spreading will in time carry many meteorites beyond Roche's limit; here there will no longer be an obstacle to aggregation into a celestial body, such aggregation will probably ensue, and a ninth satellite will be formed. The inward spreading will in time carry the meteorites to the limits of Saturn's atmosphere, where, heated by friction as they rush through the air, they will disintegrate and fall on to the planet as dust. After a time, of which no estimate can be formed, the ring will have vanished, leaving the ninth satellite as its descendant. But it must be admitted that all this is highly speculative, and we can only hope that further investigations will give us firmer grounds for a forecast.

It has only been possible to touch briefly on these vast fields for inquiry, but enough has been said to show how much we have yet to learn, and I trust that I may have enabled my readers to realize to some extent the mystery and charm of Saturn's rings.

THE PROBLEMS OF "PSYCHIC RESEARCH."

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH D.

"I have no other 'theory' to support than that of the constancy of the well-ascertained laws of nature; and my contention is that where apparent departures from them take place through human instrumentality we are justified in assuming in the first instance either *fraudulent* deception, or unintentional *self*-deception, or both combined, until the absence of either shall have been proved by every conceivable test that the sagacity of sceptical experts can devise."—*William B. Carpenter.*

AN interesting commentary to the history of civilization can be read in the records of the strivings and pretensions of that ever-present body of enthusiasts who by occult and ambitious flights aim to short-circuit the route to knowledge and immortality. The advance of science by slow and careful steps naturally seems tame and tedious to these illuminati, loudly proclaiming the success of their wonderful discoveries, and at times succeeding by their din in momentarily drowning the still small voice of truth. When this occurs the historian adds another page to the record of error, already replete with the horrors of witchcraft, the follies of alchemists, astrologers, and their kind, the wide-spread misery of psychic epidemics, and the bestial self-tortures of crazed ascetics. Such deviations from the normal progress of knowledge appear to the evolutionist as reversions to a more rudimentary state of thought. The savage, like the child, constantly meets with the unexpected; every experience lying the least outside his narrow domain strikes him with a shock, and often fills him with fear—the handmaid of ignorance. Nature is pictured as a fearful monster, and the world peopled with tyrannical beings. Step by step the region of the known expands, and suggests the nature of the unknown; men expect, they foresee, they predict. The apparent chaos of mutually inimical forces gives way to the profound harmony of unifying law. So gradual is this development of rational expectancy that one seems justified in reserving its full realization for the expert man of science. "The received spiritualistic theory," says Mr. Tylor, "belongs to the philosophy of savages. . . .Suppose a wild North American Indian looking on at a spirit séance in London. As to the presence of disembodied spirits, manifesting themselves by raps, noises, voices, and other physical actions, the savage would be perfectly at home in the proceedings; for such things are part and parcel of his recognized system of Nature." Until the participation by intelligent persons in such proceedings and in the beliefs which such an adherence implies shall be looked upon as we now look upon

the approval of witch-burning by pious worthies of two centuries ago, until it shall be generally recognized that all this company of "supernaturalists" are simply repeating in new costumes and with improved scenic effects the tragic comedy of former times, the moral mission of science will not be accomplished.

The border-land of science of to-day, though thus closely akin to that of former days, presents one hopeful difference: enough of the spirit of true science has oozed over the boundary to substitute, to some extent, definiteness of statement and adherence to fact for extravagant speculation and obscuring irrelevancy. In the main, the problems of "psychic research" are capable of a scientific statement, and in many cases of a scientific proof or refutal. It is often forgotten that the term "psychic research" is simply a convenient and somewhat arbitrary mode of referring to a group of phenomena now under investigation; the term does not refer to a single kind of phenomenon to be proved or refuted by a single kind of evidence, as is often supposed, but includes several different problems, each of which is to be worked out on its own detailed evidence. For the present purpose these problems may be considered under three heads, which, though connected in several respects, are logically distinct: (I.) the study of the milder forms of abnormal mental states in normal or not markedly abnormal persons, including hypnotism with all its varieties; (II.) the examination of alleged physical manifestations of supernatural agencies, such as are concerned in apparitions, haunted houses, "mediumistic phenomena," theosophy, etc.; (III.) the examination of the evidence for the existence of new psychic agencies or new modes of working of known forces: here belong such questions as thought transferrence, "odic force," faith-cure, and the like.

I.—Here we are in comparatively known regions; the experiences of dream life, the mental effects of drugs and gases, natural and diseased forms of mental idiosyncrasy, have impressed mankind from remote times, and have been influential in shaping the beliefs and thought-habits of early man. After these states came to be regarded as a proper subject for scientific study, the discovery of a new method of inducing them was not in itself an improbable occurrence. The reasons why the processes of hypnotism, though announced a century ago, were not scientifically accepted until within about the last decade, are to be found in the quackish methods of its first professors. Mesmer came forth with an extravagant "magnetic" theory, and offered bottles of "magnetized water" to the credulous and excitable Parisians as a universal panacea, while his followers elaborated ridiculously minute directions for applying the planetic and telluric fluid, and the rest of their self-invented paraphernalia.* In 1842 Braid divested the subject of much of its mystery by showing that any violent stimulus was sufficient to induce the hypnotic state, that the personality of the operator was the most insignificant factor in the process, and that a most important factor was the expectancy of the subject. Shortly after 1872, the study of the phenomena as minor forms of nervous affections was taken up by professional neurologists in France, and since then a most valuable technical literature in French, German, Italian, and English has been contributed. Of the many important and remarkable facts thus brought to light it will be possible to mention here only a few of the most essential.

The state is induced by any sudden and unusual strain—staring at a bright bit held close to the eyes, strongly rubbing the space between the eyebrows, and so on; it all depends upon the susceptibility of the subject, who can be trained to pass into the hypnotic state by almost any manipulation. After the subject has been often hypnotized the expectation of the condition is sufficient to realize it; a mere command, or even the impression that a command has been given (when really nothing has been done), will at times be sufficient. Anybody can hypnotize a good subject, and the personality of the operator is simply effective in the first inductions of the state; this means nothing more than that a determined, impressive

* Deleuze, a follower of Mesmer, says: "One may magnetize a pitcher of water in two or three minutes, a glass of water in one minute," if done "with attention and a determinate will." He also tells us that "the magnetizer who uses a wand ought to have one of his own, and not lend it to any person, lest it should be charged with different fluids—a precaution more important than it is commonly thought to be." Mesmer himself claimed to have magnetized the sun.

manner, aided by a powerful physique and prestige, is naturally more apt to influence a susceptible temperament than a feeble, hesitating manner lacking such evidences of will power. A sudden stimulus, such as a blow or a shout, reawakens the sleeper. The proportion of persons susceptible to hypnotization is very variously estimated by different observers, and depends upon the nationality, class, temperament, and so on, of the individuals observed. It is probably a fair statement that about ten to twenty per cent. make acceptable subjects.

To what extent such susceptibility is evidence of nervous impairment is a question upon which all writers are not agreed; but it is generally admitted that the prevalence of a neurotic temperament amongst hypnotic subjects is far greater than amongst the population at large, that this trait is most marked amongst the most susceptible and "interesting" subjects, and that the most delicate phenomena are usually presented by hysterical patients. It is thus affiliated with the milder but common and (to the physician) tantalizing forms of nervous disease, shading by imperceptible degrees to normal health.

As to the nature of the state, we have little sure knowledge. Some speak of it as an "attention-cramp"; some describe it as an inhibition of the higher psychic brain-centres, a shutting off of all that most delicately constituted portion of the brain associated with voluntary control. In daily life we attend to only a small fraction of the thoughts that find a momentary resting-place in our minds; to think rationally we constantly and systematically exclude (inhibit) a host of suggestions from the chamber of consciousness, allowing an audience only to such as are germane to the end in view. In dreaming we dismiss the guard from the door, and the most extravagant conglomeration of fanciful notions throngs into the chamber. In hypnotism there is a spring on the door which the operator pushes open, letting in one suggestion at a time, to which the subject must give audience, with his attention, usually divided amongst a crowd of suitors, intensely concentrated upon a single claimant. The subject becomes an automaton played upon by the irresistible suggestions of the operator.

The further consideration of hypnotism would bring us at once to what is now the crucial point at issue between the two "schools" of hypnotism, known as the school of Paris, of which Dr. Charcot is the acknowledged head, and the school of Nancy, presided over by Dr. Bernheim.* The latter regards the infinitely variable and protean phenomena that hypnotized patients exhibit as one and all due to the effects of suggestion, conscious or unconscious. With them the state is psychical in character. The former distinguishes three different stages of hypnotism, the passage from one of which to the other is by physical means—closing or opening the eyes, pressure at definite points. Of these three stages the cataleptic is distinguished by an unnatural immobility, enabling the subject to assume and retain most trying bodily positions; the lethargic, by an especial excitability of nerve and muscle; and the somnambulic, which is most akin to the general state discussed by the "suggestionists," by the automatic character of the subject's mental operations. This is psychologically the most interesting phase, and it is here that all the delicate forms of suggestion have freest play; here that marked sensibility to one kind of stimulus is effected which in turn gives rise to tales of clairvoyance; it is this state that presents the striking adoption of foreign personalities, and makes the travelling mesmerist's show so popularly attractive.

Referring for detailed description of these interesting conditions to the more extended accounts, it remains to notice briefly a few points of special interest here: (1) the genuineness, (2) the border-land, and (3) the dangerous aspect of this study. The first is easily disposed of: the rigid extension of the arm for nearly half an hour without any of the waverings accompanying such an attempt in a normal person, the assumption of rôles and actions utterly impossible in the normal state (*e. g.*, an illiterate factory girl perfectly imitated an elaborate exercise which Jenny Lind extemporized as a test), the

* It should be added that the position of the school of Nancy is rapidly becoming acknowledged as the correct one. German and Swiss critics who have carefully examined the phenomena almost as a unit side with Dr. Bernheim and against Dr. Charcot. They believe the latter to have been misled by the idiosyncrasies and unexpected (and probably unconscious) shrewdness of his hysterical patients. In English one may refer to *Animal Magnetism* by Binet and Feré, pupils of Charcot, and to the forthcoming translation of Dr. Bernheim's classic work, for the views of the two schools.

quickening of the perceptive process as measured by the reaction-time to sensory stimuli and to mental associations, and a variety of similar tests place the genuineness of the phenomena beyond question, and every new study strengthens the evidence thus accumulated.

Under the second head we have to discuss the connection between hypnotism and thought transferrence, magnetism, clairvoyance, and so on.* It is often stated that in the deepest hypnotic states the subject becomes clairvoyant, predicts future events, reads the numbers on banknotes known only to the holder, and performs many similar and more wonderful feats. It is safe to say that the evidence for none of these miracles is satisfactory. In 1837 a prize of 3000 francs was offered to any one reading without the aid of eyesight, and remained unredeemed, though several applicants were successfully exposed, the usual trick consisted in the power to see a great deal through a very small opening in the skilfully manœuvred bandage. It is well known that the hypnotic state favors just this kind of sensibility, and the examples already on record of the exalted sensibilities of such subjects especially, when combined with the exquisite shrewdness and passionate love of deceit of a hysterical temperament, make the attributing of apparently incredible occurrences to more remote causes a very questionable proceeding. The most important source of error in all such experiments is the *unconscious* suggestion of the expected result. The tone of the question, the look of satisfaction when the desired result is obtained, the impressive silence at a critical moment, and a host of less obvious indications are all seized upon and shrewdly interpreted. Whether they fully explain all that scientific observers have recorded [illegible] they show the necessity of the most minute cautions, which in the absence of such knowledge would be [illegible]

Finally, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the practical consideration by the public of these topics has a dangerous aspect. Public exhibitions of hypnotism have been legally prohibited in several European countries; criminal complications in which the subject pleaded hypnotic suggestion† as a defence for crime have been introduced, and our courts must soon decide the question of responsibility in such cases. Hypnotism is not a parlor amusement nor a toy for dilettanti. It belongs to specialists and it is they alone who can conduct the experiments so as to benefit mankind, and draw the conclusions that validly follow from the observations. The public is always in search of an immediately practical result, and does not appreciate the moral value of scientific reserve. Because a refractory boy who while hypnotized was impressed with the necessity of his reform really seemed to improve, "hyp-

* Amongst the phenomena now under investigation, two deserve to be mentioned. 1. French observers record that when a subject has responded to the suggestion that one arm is paralyzed, the application of a magnet to the other arm causes the paralysis to vanish from the side first affected and be "transferred" to the other side. Several observers in repeating the experiment find that the "transfer" succeeds equally well when the patient *believes* the magnet to be there; and in one case a subject who failed to exhibit the usual result was allowed to witness it in another subject, and herself repeated the performance the next day. This illustrates the difficulty of excluding suggestion from these experiments. 2. Messrs. Bourru and Burot affirm that with certain subjects the mere approach of a hermetically sealed vial containing a drug (the nature of which may be unknown both to subject and operator) produces all the characteristic effects of strong doses of the substance. This incredible observation when thoroughly studied may prove to be a case of hyperæsthesia of smell, together with a shrewd appreciation of suggestions; it requires the sharpest and most prolonged observation to establish such a fact as evidence for a new psychic sense. The most recent studies strengthen the explanation of these facts as cases of extremely delicate unconscious suggestions.

* It should not be overlooked that the discovery of these extraordinary susceptibilities is itself a valuable result. They make evident the marvellous control of the psychic over the physical mechanism of perception, and in those cases in which swellings are produced and taken away, insensibility brought [illegible] trol of such normally involuntary processes as secretion, nutrition, and circulation. We here touch the scientific basis of the "mind-cure," and it is to be hoped that reputable physicians will rescue this natural aid from the evil surroundings in which it is now found.

† This refers to a "post-hypnotic" suggestion. It is found that if a hypnotized subject be told that on waking, or at a certain time after waking, he will do such and such an action, even if it is a discourteous, or foolish, or criminal one, he actually does it. I once told a subject that on the following day at noon he would write me a postal-card. Though he had never written to me before, I received the postal as suggested. It should be added that the effect of the hypnotization is claimed to be as often beneficial as harmful; yet enough cases are on record in which more or less transient deleterious after-effects resulted to serve as a caution for the inexperienced.

notic moralization" is proposed as a patent mode of education, in disregard of all the dangers attending such a practice, of the insecurity of our knowledge in the matter, and of its analogy with such normal experience as that of an impressive accident rearranging the moral disposition of a susceptible youth. Remember that this hasty practical application of newly discovered facts (?) is often the mark of charlatanry. It was Mesmer who, on discovering "animal magnetism," immediately had it ready for sale, to be applied for the cure of all diseases; it is the phrenologist who, glimpsing the fact that different areas of the brain serve different purposes, rushes to open a shop where, under the inspiration of a fee, cranial bumps can be converted into "combativeness" and "amiability."

II.—In passing to the consideration of alleged physical manifestations of supernatural agencies it is necessary to accent more emphatically the logical aspect of the question. The problem is a twofold one: 1. Does the evidence justify the conclusion; and if not, what is the most rational explanation? 2. How is it that those who sincerely accept the "spiritualistic" theory come to do so? Recent experiences enable me to dispose of both these questions in a summary manner. It would certainly require a lively imagination to picture the amount and kind of evidence necessary to even presumptively establish any such fact as is here referred to. To admit its possibility for the sake of argument is much like supposing a world where two and two make five. The collective experience, and much more the collective experimentation, of civilized centuries stand as a unit opposed to such a supposition. But apart from such considerations there is great interest and value in understanding how such apparent deviations from natural law are brought about. The chief movements that to-day make claims to be placed in this category are spiritualism and theosophy. Omitting all reference to the (often ennobling) theoretical beliefs attached to the physical phenomena, it is sufficient to refer to Mr. Hodgson's conclusive exposure of the immoral and systematic trickery by which "theosophic" marvels were announced to the world; to the varied and often amusing experiences of the Seybert commission for investigating spiritualism, substituting at every step "defrauding trickster" for medium, and laying bare a score of contemptible devices* by which the credulity of simple-minded folk is preyed upon; to the experiences of certain members of the English Society for Psychic Research endorsing this conclusion; and to the host of public and private exposures, including almost every known medium.† Our knowledge of legerdemain is more than ample to account for anything that was ever really exhibited by "mediums," and thus enables me to simply refer to the light in which these practices now stand, without burdening these pages with a detailed account of them.

The reason why so many are deceived is, I believe, due more than to anything else to the failure to perceive that the power and the right of forming an opinion as to the *modus operandi* of this kind of performance is a strictly technical acquirement. Imagine that much used but seldom accessible being, the average man, to witness for the first time the performance of a good prestidigitateur, and without knowing that a natural explanation was possible, to explain what he sees as best he can: he would be utterly dumfounded. Accustomed to implicitly trust the evidence of his senses, because the ordinary affairs of life are so regulated as to make such a confidence generally valid and useful, he suddenly finds them testifying to occurrences startling to his common-sense. He is ready to accept any hypothesis that is impressively urged. Before the "medium" he is in exactly the same position; and to this must be added that the "spiritualistic" hypothesis appeals to the emotions, and is pleasant to believe; that the phenomena occurring without a medium are precisely so arranged as to give the best possible conditions for *self*-deception (and with this all reason is often shattered); and that it has been experimentally proven that the amount and kind of mal-observation and mal-description of me-

* One of the greatest strongholds of spiritualists is the so-called "slate-writing," in which messages appear on a clean slate, held so as to apparently give the medium no chance to write upon it. The trick has been explained and repeated by several professional conjurers, and to cap the climax a noted medium actually bought of such a conjurer a new slate-writing trick with the avowed intention of using it in his séances.

† For a general account of these, see an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, April, 1889.

diumistic phenomena are simply sufficient to account for the difference between the clever trick that was really done and the incredible miracle described by the confiding believer or the baffled observer. The study of these phenomena has thus contributed an interesting chapter to the natural history of error, showing how readily the emotions carry away the reason, and what a child the layman is before the professional expert in sense-deception.

III.—The possibility of the transference of thought apart from the recognized channels of sensation is of a remote kind. The evidence necessary to make such a fact probable must at least outweigh the long accumulated counter-evidence against it, and is not to be expected in the lifetime of any one now living. The objection to this position on the ground that had it been held with regard to the announcements of Galileo and Columbus the dark ages would have been prolonged is unwarranted, because then the conflict was between the method of scientific demonstration and the method of authority, while the questions here considered are by both parties admitted to be soluble by the scientific method only. It is the policy of science to leave such questions open, and to examine any reputable mass of evidence in favor of the existence of a new force or a new mode of working of a known force, demanding for the admittance of the new view an amount of evidence proportional to its opposition to the received body of truth. The citation at the head of this article admirably expresses the view here taken. And from this point of view the question is whether or not such facts as have been collected can be satisfactorily explained by extending the significance of "the recognized channels of sensation," without recourse to an unphysiological hypothesis.* The answer to this question will depend on one's estimate of the inherent improbability of the telepathic hypothesis, as well as of the reliability and significance of the most striking experiments. The principle of these experiments consists in having one person guess a number, name a card, draw a diagram, etc., of which another person is attentively thinking, without any communication between the two, and with the number of successes due to chance foretold. The English Society claim that the number of successes with certain subjects so largely exceeds the number that chance would account for as to establish the direct transferrence of ideas from mind to mind, and this they term "telepathy." On this basis they explain such wonderful coincidences as death-bed coincidences, a typical instance of which is the oft-repeated tale in which an irresistible impression (or even a spectral apparition*) of a distant friend is found to coincide with the time of death or other serious misfortune of that friend. Even with the mildest estimate of the inherent improbability of this hypothesis, and with the most liberal estimate of the reliability of the accumulated evidence, one cannot but consider this announcement, and especially the violent use thus made of it, as entirely premature. To my mind not only is the amount of evidence hopelessly insufficient, but the value of it extremely questionable.

The precautions taken against deception (or at least the account of them) are far from complete; there was not even an attempt made to find out whether the nature of the failures did not suggest the *modus operandi* of the successes; whether the eye or the ear, for example, was indicated as the more active in the process; or, again, whether the conditions of greatest success do not shed such light.† It is all a technical question of stringency of conditions; and had the entire energies of the able committees of the English Society been spent simply upon the discovery of

* I say "unphysiological" because we have every reason to believe that the only method of impressing the brain-centres so as to arouse an impression having objective reality is through the conduction of nerves connected with special sense organs, each reacting to its own kind of stimulus, and conducting the disturbance thus imparted in absolute isolation, even to the isolation of every microscopic nerve fibre from its neighbor.

* The evidence for such apparitions, for haunted houses, etc., is so beset with unreliable and inaccurate details that it seems impossible to give it a scientific shape. The most hopeful method is the recording of such instances by scientific men with a knowledge of the sources of error in such tales. This, like other problems of psychic research, has an anthropological interest apart from its eventual solution.

† Another important consideration is the erroneous calculation of the chances of a certain degree of success by neglect of the natural community and similarity of men's thoughts. In the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychic Research will be found most striking instances of the extreme limitations of natural mental products, and the consequent bearing on the telepathic arguments. See especially Dr. Minot's articles in numbers 3 and 4.

the sources of error in such experiments, I am confident that their results would have covered far fewer pages, but with a compensating value per page. Our knowledge of the endless methods of unconsciously suggesting an expected result, of the exalted sensibilities in special directions with which some persons are gifted or which they have cultivated, as well as of the incredibly clever means of deception (and the fondness for exercising them), is already so advanced and so constantly increasing as to make the proposition of an unscientific explanation, without the most crucial examination of the clews furnished by such knowledge, more than ever unwarranted.

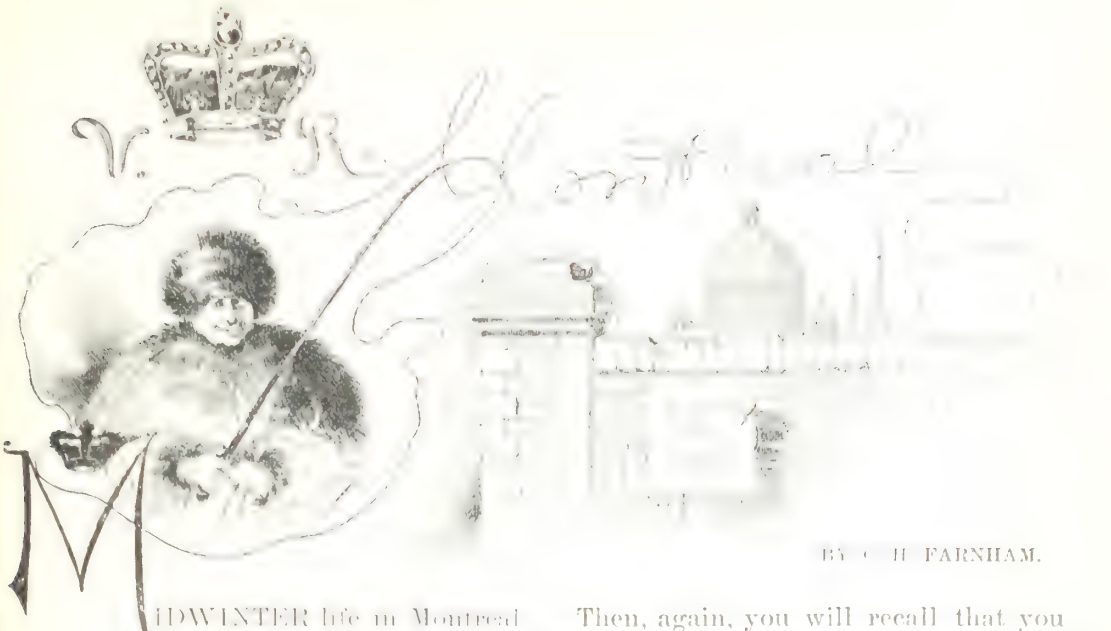
This hasty action of the English Society is sure to set a precedent pernicious to the mental health of the community. Already a writer has announced that this society has shown the historical miracles to be no longer mysterious, and has found that the low morality exhibited by planchette writing is due to telepathy, that prayer is thought transferrence, and in short has set up a religious faith that is threatened to change by every new number of the proceedings of a Psychic Research Society. Men and women of good mental calibre become intensely interested in these topics, and seem to lose their characteristic reserve. All this is largely due to the ignoring of the technical aspect of these problems. The acceptance and application, by the laity, of ideas that are to be only provisionally and theoretically entertained by specialists is mischievous to the extreme. It shakes the foundations upon which are built the approaches to the higher intellectual life, and paves the way for superstition and charlatanry. Let the scientific students of this study record their observations and draw their conclusions with all the caution and deliberation characteristic of solid scientific advance. Let them give to the public only what is definitely established, and mindful of the special liability to abuse inherent in this study, let them accompany their statements with a caution in this regard. In this way will they at once promote the true progress of knowledge and secure the maintenance of that mental and moral health that makes for civilization and intellectual freedom.

LITAIRENE.

DEATH, come to me!
Take this pain and striving
Out of my brain.
Take this gnawing misery
Out from my heart.
With your pale cold fingers
Lay straight these bones
That are weary!

Shut from my sight
The azure and the green
And the opaline splendor of nature,
Ensnaring the soul with hope
And visions of a life as splendid!

Benumb my ears that they hear not
The wail of the thousands
Who labor with bleeding hands
Yet may not reap.
Stop the ebb and the flow of life
That brings force only for defeat,
And quickens the heart only
That it may bear its anguish.
At least bring silence and peace,
O tender and beautiful Death!



BY C. H. FARNHAM.

MIDWINTER life in Montreal offers many brilliant and fascinating scenes. What visitor, for example, can forget the toboggan slide on a gala night? The white obscurity of moonlight gives the snowy world a distant, visionary look; and the sky is strange, with a misty luminous atmosphere that puts out the stars and yet allows the moon to peer through shifting veils of ruddy smoke. A galaxy of lights and fires all down the mountain-side and over the plain tinges the snow with intense colors, and marks a stream of warm humanity running freely in the arctic night. The stream is of buxom young men and women, delusively lightsome and fluffy in blanket suits, stepping quickly past you on the upward path toward the invisible summit; the sounds of their glad but decorous voices seem to be almost lost in the space and the silence of a winter night—a low babbling brook of confiding sounds. Presently the toboggans come swooping down as on the wing; the rush is breathless; the compact row of figures, the eager crouching steersman, the cloud of snow whirling up in their wake, all flash upon your sight like a magic picture, from the dimness of night into the vividness of a red light or a green, or the shadowy glow of a bonfire. The vision has gone into obscurity ere you saw it; and you follow it downward in wonder by the audible perspective, as it were, of vanishing shouts.

Then, again, you will recall that you seem to gaze into another world in seeing the ice palace. It is an opalescent castle intensely brilliant in the sunshine, with walls of translucent shadows edged with prismatic hues. One expects to meet Kubla Khan at every turn within those walls of light, faint, cool, pearly colors. Even when men come and storm it as an army of snow-shoers, it still remains an unearthly vision; it becomes an ice volcano shooting rockets and candles, and raining fire over winter snows; or a castle all incandescent in red or green lights. The snow-shoers with their torches then wind up the mountain and about its summit, while more pyrotechnics are shot from that height into the sky. The carnival on skates is still more memorable, a unique scene of great beauty. The rink is brilliant, with a floor of ice like a mirror, in the centre an ice fountain with marble statues, all about it rows of people sitting patiently in the cold, the great roof hung with flags, and the whole lighted with electricity. The band strikes up, and calls out two long lines of skilful skaters, youths and maidens, dressed in fancy costumes; they and their reflections in the ice mirror wind about the rink for a time in various figures, and then break up into a general mêlée, going round and round the rink by the hour, and offering a continual kaleidoscopic interchange of colors and costumes. The city is thus full of cheerful life and leisure, sports and gayeties. The bracing air lends a zest to all enjoyments.



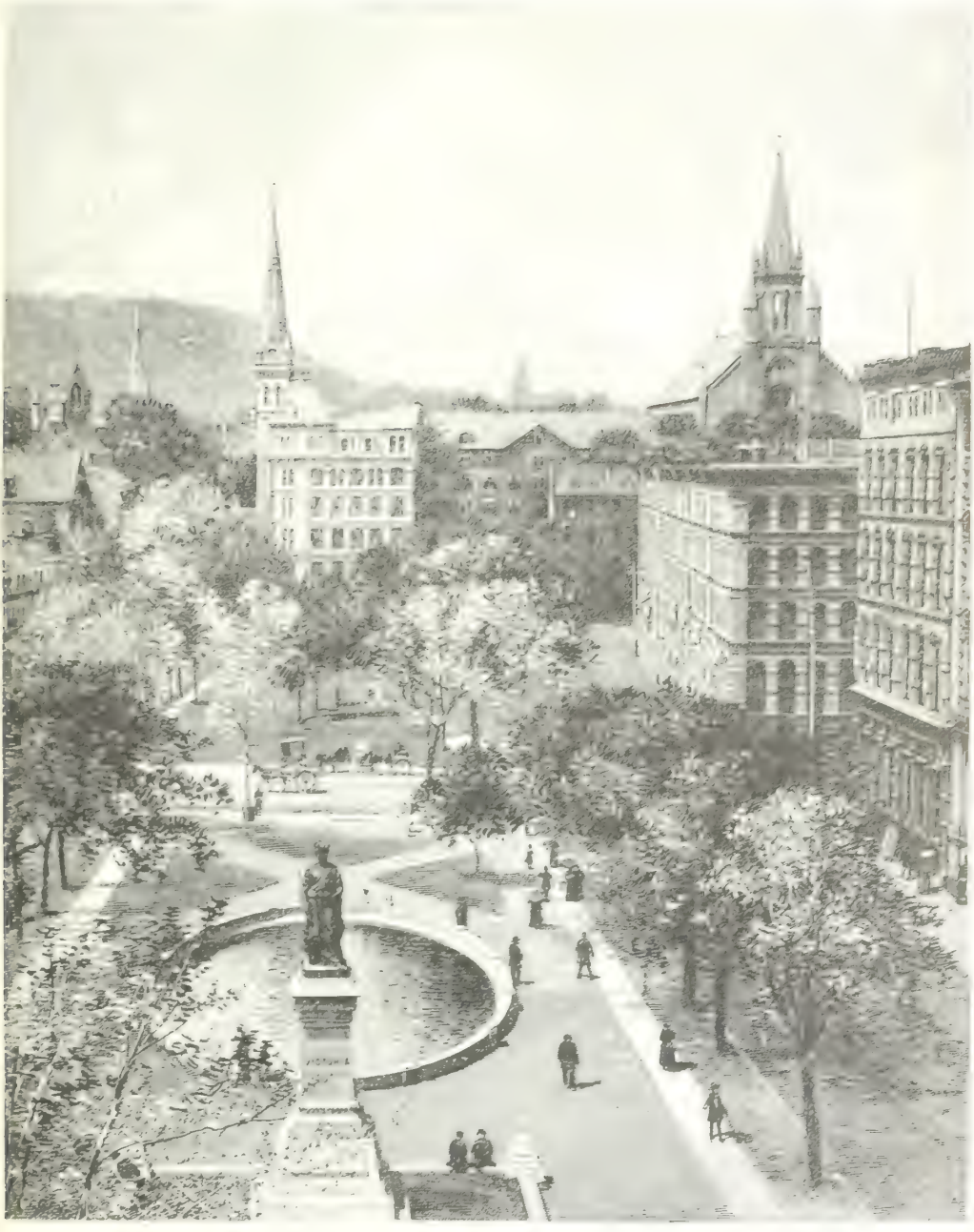
GENERAL VIEW OF MCGILL COLLEGE.

Montreal is a striking exception to the text that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Its divisions are so fundamental and persistent that they have not diminished one iota in a century, but rather increased. The two irreconcilable elements are Romanism and Protestantism; the armies are of French and English blood. The outlook for peace is well-nigh hopeless, with two systems of education producing fundamental differences of character, and nourishing religious intolerance, race antipathy, social division, political antagonism, and commercial separation.

Nevertheless, this city of disunion flourishes as the green bay-tree, with a steady if not an amazing growth, which is due chiefly to the separate, not the united, efforts of the races.

The English social life of Montreal is in a transition state between the former garrison life and the developments that commercial life will bring. Up to 1872 the city was garrisoned successively by many regiments of distinction, having in command prominent members of the English aristocracy. Society then consisted almost entirely of about two hundred army officers, a few government officials, and the English ladies of the town; a few French Canadian families of the better class who adopted English ways, and a very few civilians, were admitted to this somewhat aristocratic company. Society therefore was formed on the army ideals, habits, etiquette. When the English regiments were withdrawn, society lost its chief features, and the removal of the capital to Toronto, Quebec, and finally to Ottawa took away the bureaucracy. Since then, with a marked increase of wealth, society has acquired new elements; foreign influences also have added somewhat to the disorganization. Hence the polish of society has very naturally declined somewhat, but the conventionalities helped by the persistence of military traditions and a strong general spirit of conservatism still maintain their prominence in social intercourse. On the other hand, hospitable customs, the buoyant health and spirits of the people, and their easy good-fellowship, cultivated by the practice of out-door sports, help to balance these conventional tendencies and to keep them from becoming too weighty a burden on the national character. The colonial relations still give to society its dominant features—English fashions, manners, and customs; but intercourse with the United States introduces some secondary elements from American life, which have increased much since the departure of the English garrison and the growth of trade with the United States.

The population comprises three race divisions—the English (including Scotch, English Irish and Americans) and French Canadians; and a few mixed families of English and French. Foreigners are almost unknown in Montreal, if the Americans be excepted. The community or society in general has no clearly defined castes. What aristocracy there was disappeared with the garrison; and as English aristocratic manners and customs seem ill adapted to this commercial community, all attempts in this direction have failed. Society thus lacks the order and the power that may be derived from large homogeneous and reasonable divisions; unhappily it suffers, as many other communities do, from the pettiness of small divisions or cliques. The ultra-fashionable set changes *personnel* rather rapidly, with the changes of wealth, but preserves enough leaven of polish from decade to



VICTORIA SQUARE.



decade to raise the material. The national character and many homes well furnished in the English style give to the city a delightful air of comfort, cheerfulness, and solidity. One of the largest and most important social elements of Montreal are the professors of McGill University. The Americans, about one hundred families, are not a prominent element in fashionable life. The Scotch are easily the leading people here, as they are so generally in British colonies. And the Irish fill here their customary industrial and political rôles, generally in peace and order, but now and then with an Orange riot or some outbreak of hatred against the French Canadians.

The social season in Montreal is naturally midwinter, and a charming season it is: gayeties, as they say, come and go with the snow. The chief forms of entertainment are dinners, quite English in style and appointments, American parties, with dancing, balls, and five-o'clock teas. In public amusements the city is somewhat deficient, considering its size and its metropolitan importance in the Dominion. The clergy of both religions regard the theatre with much disfavor; and the division of the population as to language also makes the development of the drama difficult. But notwithstanding these hinderances two theatres are supported; in one of them the celebrities of the day play short engagements from time to time. The snow-shoe concert deserves mention as a feature of some originality; it is generally a creditable amateur performance of songs, choruses, readings, etc., in the key of high hilarity; and the clubs all seem to have a good number of members who can carry off such affairs in a manly, pleasant way. For a stranger the audience is the chief interest—a lot of well-made athletic men, of whole-



some color, despite the confinement of their professional or commercial lives. Montreal is said to possess the secret of forming successful clubs—a power naturally developed where society matters are such a prominent element. The English have two social clubs, the St. James and the Metropolitan, besides a number of societies devoted to special pursuits. The Hunt Club, having the oldest pack of hounds and the finest establishment in America, contains much of the *élite* of Montreal society. The climate leads to some features of organization not found in the hunts of England; the club has a house, regular membership to support it, accommodations for visiting members and horses, and it joins to its special amusement the social feature of dances given in its house in winter. The club meets, occurring twice a week from September till



MONTBRAI, FROM THE MONTAIN



BONSECOURS MARKET.

snow falls, present one of the most picturesque sights about the city, with fine horses, fine riders, the scarlet coats, and the eager hounds bursting across the country after the wily fox.

Athletics are the chief amusement and the keenest interest of a large part of the well-to-do men and women of Montreal. This life centres, perhaps, about the large gymnasium which is the head-quarters of various branches of the Athletic Association; but physical well-being is secured by many other means—a most enthusiastic yet reasonable practice of many out-of-door pastimes: lacrosse, foot-ball, boating, bicycling, hunting, golf, racket, tennis, racing, skating, tobogganing, curling, snow-shoeing, fishing, shooting, and cricket create in the city an unusual number of successful clubs. And as if these were not enough, the English population, not half of the total of about 175,000, support with good attendance quite a complete volunteer military service. It contains one cavalry regiment, one corps of engineers, one battery of field artillery, one of

garrison artillery, two rifle regiments, one of Highlanders, one of Fusiliers. The French Canadians furnish only a rifle regiment. As has already been intimated, besides gayeties and athletics, church going and works of piety are a prominent element in social occupations. The city is remarkably full of examples of both religious and charitable institutions carried to an unusual extent.

Intellectual interests are not a prominent element of Montreal life. The literary life of the city has but just begun to shine, beyond a very small circle of local writers into the outside world. But that literary interests are awakening in society is shown by an increase of study if not yet by many notable productions. There are now the usual clubs for the reading of Shakspeare and Browning and many other societies looking to social improvement through the cultivation of letters. Montreal is said to be the chief book centre of Canada, but the city does not possess a public general library, excepting the Fraser Institute, just struggling into existence; the libraries of individual institutions do not cover well any other topics than theology and civil law, and the six chief libraries together, of both languages, contain only about 100,000 volumes. The press of Montreal is very much hampered by the constant necessity of being politic in a sharply divided community. Music suffers from the disfavor with which the churches regard the drama; for without a successful theatre or an opera an orchestra cannot be maintained, and the art thus lacks its chief means of expression. There are however some amateur organizations of public use, the Mendelssohn Choir, which treats the public now and then to part songs and light choral works; the Philharmonic Society, but lately formed, which gives two or three concerts each winter, with full bands and a number of [illegible] in the city. But it is generally supposed that the study of music is quite lukewarm, and this seems to be an important fact of social life; the choirs of the city inevitably reflect the [illegible] of Montreal is but just beginning also to adorn itself with painting and sculpture. The Art Exhibition now open in Mills is doing much to cultivate the public taste by exhibitions and instruction, and schools are now [illegible] more or less study of technical art. The pictures in the French Catholic churches are magnificent, but a few good canvases are to be seen in two or three reading houses. The chief [illegible] in Montreal are not intellectual and artistic gratifications, but [illegible] out door sports, and a conservative piety. Living costs much less than it does in the chief cities of the United States. Social entertainments are not led by rival ex[illegible] the moderate pace of life al[illegible]



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL



BONSECOURS CHURCH.

lows men of business to take some leisure without dropping out of the race. The dominant qualities of this English colonial community are comfort, cheerfulness, and solidity.

The French Canadian upper classes are in a singular social condition. They form a society that is mature, being the product of an old and complete system of education, laws, language, customs, and religion. They are gregarious by nature, and given to social enjoyments; they are nat-

urally a capable race; they have always been most closely united in national interests and sympathy, and opposed to internal variations in culture as well as to external influences; and they have, relatively to the cost of their education and their living, always been sufficiently well-to-do to command what education their Church chose to give. It is true that the conquest deprived the national life of most of its seigneurs and leaders of society, and that the old families since then have died out or sunk into the ranks. But these misfortunes merely changed the *personnel* of society from the titled to the professional class, which, if more democratic, is also more numerous and more active. Courtliness of manners undoubtedly declined; but the institutions of learning were in no way disturbed; the religious, moral, and intellectual forces and interests and tendencies were not changed. The race has increased wonderfully in numbers and power and means of culture; and it seems probable that society has grown with the growth of the country to be both larger and more cultivated than it was before the conquest. And as to keeping steadfastly to its characteristics, so faithfully have the French Canadian Roman Catholic manners, customs, traditions, education, language, laws, domestic life, social unity, been preserved that the race is a marvel to all visitors. It seems, then, not unjust to say that French Canadian society is quite mature, sufficiently numerous, and in native capacity able to sustain a social life of varied interests and elevating efforts. The surprise is therefore great to find the society of this largest and most wealthy of French Canadian communities almost without social organization, lacking social leaders, amusements of worth, intellectual, scientific, and artistic centres and activities. Doubtless the lack of large fortunes and some other material circumstances may have contributed somewhat to this result; but it cannot be doubted that the chief cause is the fact that the civilization of the French Canadian people is to such an extent moulded and restricted by its religious guardians.

The chief beauty of Montreal is the vastness of its surroundings. From the mountain you look upon a view of almost limitless expanse, and of singular nobility and simplicity. You stand high above an immense plain; its monuments are a group of isolated mountain cones; you salute in the distance the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks, for these are outposts of our republic. The St. Lawrence, joined by the Ottawa near by, flows straight on through the plain; you feel the might of its rush, and you almost hear the roar of its gleaming and enormous rapids. The vast expanse of sky, the majestic pageantry of clouds, the clear sunlight all about and so far away, the generous wind of this pure Northern air—all of it is broad and full of nobility. Then the city at your feet has but little that bemeans this magnificence. It stretches about five miles along the river, and runs about two miles back, over a series of terraces rising to the mountain; factories, mills, and the homes of workmen are at each end, and the central portion is occupied by the shipping, the public buildings, the business thoroughfares; near the mountain, along wide shady streets, are the houses of the middle and upper classes. Victoria Bridge, markets, elevators, spires, domes, and huge monasteries rise above the common level of roofs. The green plain lies all about it, and the forest runs down the streets and stretches its arms over the homes of men. As you descend for a walk about town you pass many delightful views, nooks, gullies, lanes, and turns of road and path in this Mount Royal park. In architecture the city disappoints any one looking for artistic and picturesque features. An old church or two and a château or two of the French régime awaken your expectations, but lead to no satisfaction. And yet the general impression it gives is decidedly one of beauty and brightness.

Montreal presents a seaport 250 miles inland from salt-water, 1000 miles from the Atlantic. It is also singular as a seaport without the usual forest of masts. Black ocean steam-ships, white compact lake steamers, canal-boats, and river steam-boats are almost the only craft to be seen. There is, however, one sailing vessel, the quaint *pinplat*, square-bowed, square-sterned, flat-bottomed, with one tall mast covered with square sails. Manned by the primitive French Canadian habitants, it comes to town with wood or hay, and forms the most picturesque element of the port. The river-front is fine. The wharves at the water level are provided



BONSECOURS MARKET—MARKET DAY, JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE

with a railroad and with removable freight sheds for the ice sweeps away everything that is perishable—and the Lachine Canal continues the frontage around large basins. Back of all this rises a stone revetement wall supporting the river street, and above this again stands a long line of massive warehouses, the Bonsecours Market and Church, and the Custom-house. In its general plan, solidity, and unity it reminds one of the quais of Paris. But it presents a sight in the spring impossible to that brilliant capital. When the St. Lawrence awakens after his long sleep, the ice collects, *shoves* over the wharves and even over the high wall, and presents a chaos of blocks, a veritable *mer de glace*. The spring freshet is an event of anxiety and very often of loss to the city. The water-side seems to be without the usual seaport slums; its massive business front is clean, sedate, and very proper.

The unfailing attraction of a market scene will draw you to Bonsecours. The old church has fallen a prey to the lack of veneration, so strange and yet so common in this Roman Catholic community the very champion of tradition. Before recent repairs were done it was picturesque with its line of shops backed up along the foot of its plain high wall. Within the church is a statue of the Virgin which was carried through the streets in religious procession to stop the cholera many years ago; and again in 1885, to destroy the small-pox. The market-place offers a quaint lot of people, generally dull, heavy, material, but kindly. On one side of the walk rise the Hall and the line of little booths, selling the small wares of an economical people; on the other is a line of one-horse carts loaded with small lots of farm and garden produce. The scene is singularly devoid of color or oth-



NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

er beauty. The customers are generally of the middle and the lower classes, dressed very plainly, even with a sombre effect, in black or dark stuffs without ornaments. The peasant has abandoned his homespun, but he is still an elementary man. The dealing is done in a quiet way, with low voices and a decorous spirit; no one is hurried. As a rule there is no market price; a vender, either on the market or in the French Canadian retail shops of the city, asks generally at least double what he expects to get; and the buyer always offers about half what is asked. The French Canadian is by nature so litigious and intriguing that a prompt bargain is distasteful to him; he desires the disputation of dickering and



CLOCK AND GATEWAY OF ST. SULPICE

the excitement. After an endless amount of fencing and changing of prices the habitant will leave the store, and the shopkeeper will complacently call him back; and when the customer gets home and finds that his purchase is dear, he justifies it by saying that he got a lot of dickering thrown in for nothing.

Montreal is divided sharply into two parts, the French and the English, the East and the West ends. In each part the business portion lies near the river, the wealthier homes near the mountain. In the poorer French region the signs, the trades, the domestic life, the houses, are all distinctly French and quite Continental in character. The streets have lines of small houses of one or one and a half stories, with dormer-windows peeping out of steep roofs, and here and there a little niche of a piazza; a lane now and then gives some shadowy and broken forms and quiet nooks. But all unity and effectiveness are lost by the presence of many modern houses utterly plain and ungracious.

The chief business streets of the city—St. James, Notre Dame, McGill—give a good impression by their massive limestone buildings, both public and commercial. Here and there in the town is met a touch of grace and beauty, as in the English cathedral and the Chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes. The cut-stone residences along Sherbrooke and other streets at the foot of the mountain embody well the leading tones of the English life here—solidity, comfort, and cheerfulness. But you feel everywhere that Montreal is distinctly a Northern city: the winter predominates; the best life is within, both in character and in architecture.

Naturally enough the most interesting features of the city to an American visitor thus strolling about are those connected with the leading element of the French Canadian life—those of the Roman Catholic religion. Here, among a Roman Catholic population noted chiefly for their lack of wealth, is building a cathedral one-third the size of St. Peter's, and of the same shape, excepting that this one has a pointed roof to shed snow. They have already, besides many other churches, the great Notre Dame, the largest in America excepting the cathedral of Mexico. It seats 10,000 people, and will hold 15,000. The official poster at the door asserts that the great bell in the tower is the largest in the world. It is the eighth bell in size, weighing only 24,780 pounds. In the interior, vast but somewhat harsh and gaudy, you may see an ornate spiral pulpit and a bronze statue of St. Peter, of which the toes are well polished. You can continue visiting churches and chapels all day. None of them contain any art of importance, but they reveal a religious life of the Middle Ages kept up with marvellous force in this nineteenth century. One of the pleasantest scenes of this religious life may be witnessed in the city of the dead. In the cemetery on the mountain, along the streets of tombs, are erected little grottoes, each having in colored alto-rilievo a tableau of the stations of the cross. A priest leads slowly the flock from station to station, and explains to the kneeling people the dogmatic value of the sufferings portrayed. The trees, birds, chants, sunshine, and the murmuring winds all combine to make the ceremony touching. The route ends on a

knoll where three huge crosses and figures represent most realistically the final agony. When I visited the place, of a fine June day, a company of convent girls and nuns were holding a merry picnic at this place. After their picnic they knelt for prayer, and then drove away rejoicing. On many of the graves are evidences of tender regard for the departed—little plaster statues of saints, photographs



THE WAY OF THE CROSS IN THE CEMETERY.

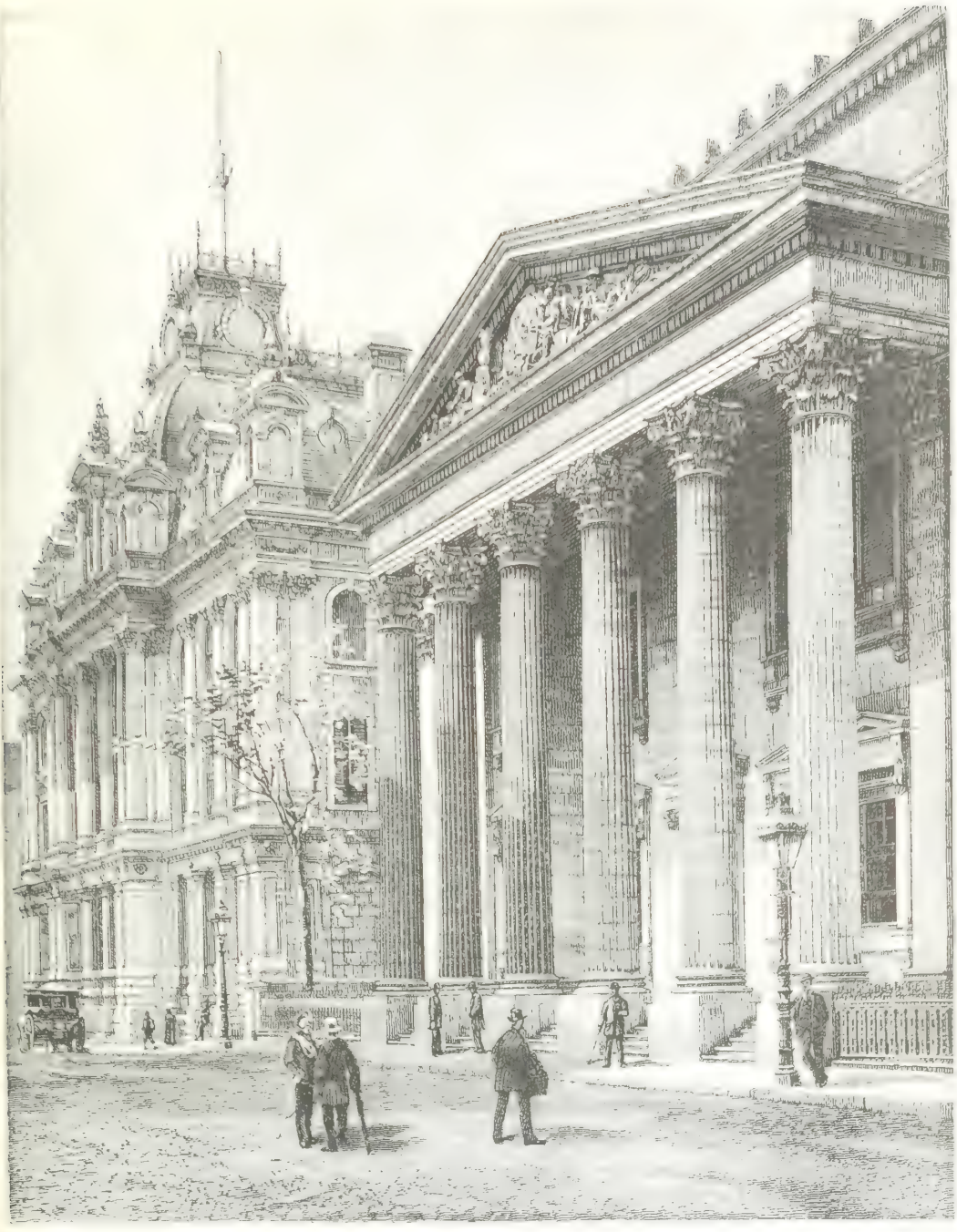
of the deceased, or little altars with candles and crucifixes, set up in glass-covered little boxes or toy chapels. The most noted grave of the place is undoubtedly that of Guibord, buried at the point of English bayonets after years of opposition and even riotous commotion over his interment. His rest was secured by filling his grave with cement strengthened by hoops and scraps of iron, and on top was laid a huge stone block, rough, obdurate, immovable. The inscription, however, was not so enduring. It has been entirely erased.

Montreal seems to be full of gigantic monasteries. Indeed the city was founded by building first of all a monastery big enough to contain the entire community; and to day the same ratio holds, for the largest edifices of the city are convents. And as the population of the city is divided as to religion, the place has a duplicate of nearly every kind of charitable institution, besides a great number of churches. Probably the chief obstruction to the city's growth is this ecclesiastic element. I was told that about twenty per cent. of the property pays no taxes; many religious corporations manufacture various articles and make a ruinous competition with the working classes; and much of the land is locked up in religious orders that will neither sell nor improve it.

Montreal has always been the metropolis of Canada, in being from the earliest days of the colony the central starting-point for the fur-trader, the missionary, and the explorer. Its picturesque epoch is that of the French régime, so admirably described by Mr. Parkman; and it preserved for nearly a century after the conquest at least an after-glow of romance in the Hudson Bay Company's operations at

Lachine. But the railroads and canals have at last banished the bark canoe, the Indian, the voyageur, and the missionary to more remote posts of the interior. Missions and the fur trade proved to be very unproductive elements for the growth of a colony; the city grew with amazing slowness. In 1765, after nearly a century and a quarter of existence, the city had but 5733 souls. The English brought new forces and elements, but still it moved slowly, and did not reach 15,000 till 1819, and 59,000 till 1852. The disadvantages that the St. Lawrence and the climate imposed on trade even as lately as fifty years ago had much to do with this backwardness. Navigation was difficult in summer and impossible in winter. No ocean vessel larger than 300 tons could come up the St. Lawrence above Lake St. Peter, because of the shallowness of the river in that expansion. And the St. Mary current just along the city front is so strong that vessels used to lie below it for days or even weeks awaiting a fair wind, and even the steam-boats of early times had to add many yokes of oxen to their power. Such obstructions naturally enough deprived Montreal of the clipper ships that helped so powerfully to develop American trade; but the city had a fair share of the commerce of the continent, done in smaller vessels. Of course the winter closed the port for five or six long months. Inland navigation was even more difficult, for the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa present at once impassable rapids. The slow growth of Montreal for two centuries was therefore inevitable.

The chief elements of its trade were the importation of goods from Europe, the selling and forwarding of them to western towns, the sending of supplies to the lumbermen of the Ottawa, the exportation of grain, and the fur trade. It was nearly all a carrying trade; and this was precisely what was most difficult in those days. The building of steam-boats and the opening of the Lachine and Ottawa and Rideau canals had improved matters very much by 1830–40. But the active growth of Montreal dates from 1850 to 1860, in answer to the opening of the St. Lawrence system of canals, the completion of the Victoria Bridge, the deepening of Lake St. Peter, the building of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the formation of ocean steam-ship lines. Such a number of great commercial advantages rarely falls upon a city in a period of ten or fifteen years. The canals of the St. Lawrence are the greatest achievements of the kind in the world, considering the small population of the two provinces that built them—about 400,000. They are much larger than those of the United States; indeed some men consider them to be too costly for the best results, since they have not paid the dividends expected. If a part of their cost had been invested in other ways, the country perhaps would have benefited more. Montreal now possesses many advantages, giving it good prospects of an indefinite expansion. At the head of ocean navigation and the beginning of inland navigation, it is naturally the most central port for importation, distribution, and exportation. Thus far it has been this natural key of the great St. Lawrence highway to the centre of the continent. If, however, the canal system of the St. Lawrence should be enlarged to pass ocean vessels directly to the lakes, some elements of her importance will probably wane. The ocean fleet of Montreal consists of five weekly lines of steamers to Liverpool and Glasgow, eight fortnightly lines to London, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hamburg, Antwerp, the lower St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, and Cape Breton; there are also many independent steamers. The inland fleet, while of smaller vessels, aggregates a little more tonnage than the ocean fleet. The business of the port in 1887 reveals these totals: value of exports, $29,391,798; value of imports, $43,100,183; customs duties collected, $8,745,526; number of sea-going vessels, 767; tonnage of sea-going vessels, 870,773. Four lines of railways enter the city—the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Central Vermont, and the Southeastern. The railways take nearly all the west-bound traffic, and the water brings nearly all the east-bound, which is composed mainly of grain, lumber, and minerals. A great quantity of American grain passes in bond through the port bound for European markets. Although Montreal is the most important port of Canada, and Canada is the fourth maritime country of the world, yet the imports of the city do not represent by any means the total of the imports of the St. Lawrence bound for upper Canadian towns. Importation in Canada has always been more diffused than it is in the United States, where the



BANK OF MONTREAL AND POST-OFFICE.

seaports do almost all of that business. In Canada many merchants of smaller inland cities import directly a great part of their goods. Although the traffic of Montreal has increased at a more rapid ratio than that of New York, or perhaps that of any other port of this continent, yet this showing is somewhat deceptive as an indication of the general prosperity of the Dominion; for Montreal is the only port for all western Canada, while no city in the United States enjoys such a monopoly. Of the traffic of the continent Montreal has not attracted quite its share of increase, but the growth of its trade is nevertheless very satisfactory.

A great deal of the wealth of Montreal is in bank stock, and it is said that about

$15,000,000 of it goes and comes between Montreal, New York, and Chicago in obedience to the stock market. The state of trade is not a healthy one; long credits prevail, and the attendant evils are common. Manufactures have been added only since about 1875 to the other commercial elements of Montreal, and the city offers some advantages in this line by its cheap fuel brought from England as ballast or from Nova Scotia, by its central position, and by the cheap labor drawn from the contented, docile, unambitious French Canadians. The city is by far the chief manufacturing centre of Canada; it turns out now almost anything from a locomotive to a cigar. And as her markets are extended in the west indefinitely by the commercial traveller and the railway, the city must grow rapidly in this department of civilization. Montreal's relations to the lake States and to New England were formerly much more intimate than they are now. Before the telegraph and railroad brought the farmer's market to his door the commercial traveller was more often a buyer than a seller. Montreal merchants used to travel in the lake States to buy produce more than to sell; but they also sold goods in the lake cities, and did a large share of the carrying trade. The most of the grain they brought went *viâ* Montreal to Europe, and, on the other hand, some of the Ontario grain crossed the lakes to American mills. In New England Montreal found a considerable market for agricultural products and for lumber if reciprocity existed for anything besides defaulters. Americans were then a prominent element in Montreal. Several Boston hardware firms founded branches there, and did the most of that business; the hotels and inns were all in the hands of Americans; most of the jewelry stores and hat stores also. They were prominent in the movement to make Hochelaga the commercial part of the city, whereby quiet water would have given better facilities to shipping, and level land would have offered space for the commerce of the town. But only two or three names of that colony now remain. The Americans now in Montreal are not at the head of very important branches of trade. They do something in coal and in small manufactures for the Canadian market, and a few have sunk money in lumber and in mines.

The French Canadian merchant does not hold a commanding position commercially. French Canadians themselves prefer to deal with English houses and to work for English employers. In the entire province scarcely a French Canadian has ever organized an important successful enterprise; lumbering, wholesale trade, public works, are almost invariably in other hands.



VIEW FROM THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

FRIENDLY RIVALRY.

A STORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JAMES SELLY.

IT was a windy day in the month of Marx, year 48 of the Commune (March, 1950, according to old chronology). In spite of the cutting east wind a considerable crowd was gathered as early as seven o'clock before the doors of the Cambridge Examination Hall. It was made up pretty equally of young men and maidens, both alike dressed in blouse, ample corduroy pantaloons, and wide-brimmed felt hats, much after the fashion of the Savoyards of the nineteenth century, the only noticeable difference being the greater length of the woman's blouse. They were talking together rapidly and excitedly, and from the eager, impatient manner in which they now and again turned to the closed door it was evident that something of unusual interest was going on inside.

To understand this matutinal and self-forgetful curiosity, we must recall one or two events. When the new Socialism began to take definite practical shape at the close of the nineteenth century, the University of Cambridge shrewdly resolved to give the movement academic authority and guidance. It accordingly proceeded to construct a new and exact science of society on a Communistic base, under the name of Demics. A new Demic Tripos was founded, which very soon, from its exceptional difficulty and supreme interest, became the favorite with the most ambitious undergraduates. After Communism took actual shape at the beginning of the century, a high place in the Demic Tripos came to be recognized as a sure stepping-stone to the much coveted office of Scientific Adviser to one of the great Communal Councils. In order to secure fairness in this examination the Central Educational Board of Whitechapel sent down two Scrutators, who were required to affirm that they did not know any of the candidates even by name, and whose business it was to make an exact comparative measurement of the scientific competence and degree of altruistic development of the several candidates, partly by an estimate of their theses, partly by careful cranioscopic experiments carried out on the candidates after being *hypnotized*.

In the year of our story there was unusual curiosity respecting the result of the examinations. Two candidates were popularly regarded at Cambridge as having brains of maximum development. These were Sylvia Harwood, a dainty-looking little blonde of eighteen, and Frank Simes, a big awkwardly built youth, with a large untidy head, and of about the same age as Sylvia. This gifted young woman had not only carried everything before her in the matter of examinations, but had shown herself the most efficient debater at the new Union. Frank had proved himself a mathematician and logician of the third degree of eminence, and his admirers predicted the highest things of him, if only he would master one weakness—a sort of atavistic fondness for the sentimental poetry of an earlier age. The testing, which was carried out in a thoroughly scientific way, was as 1000 to 999.66 in favor of Sylvia. This might seem to ordinary minds to point to an inappreciable difference between the two, but to the nicely discriminative Cambridge intellect it was exceedingly important.

Punctually on the last stroke of eight o'clock the doors opened, and two men, distinguished by blouses on which were embroidered in white various educational symbols, proceeded to read from documents in strict simultaneity the following award:

"We, the duly deputed Scrutators of the Educational Board, declare Sylvia Harwood to be First, and Frank Simes Second, Demic of the year. To the former is awarded the Shepherd's Crook, now the symbol of freely accepted Social guidance; and to the latter, sent to Cambridge from the poor Commune of Mayfair, we decree a sum sufficient to remunerate his Commune for the loss of his services." The announcement was greeted by a volley of plaudits, among which one could recognize the cries "Long live the Commune!" "Honor the women!" and so forth.

Odd as it may seem, Sylvia and Frank had never met. It seems that when Socialism came in, it got to be a rule at Cambridge that, with a view to exclude all

possibility of the old anti-social feeling of rivalry, competitors for distinction should remain strangers to one another. This rule had been severely criticised: on the side of its ineffectiveness by some, who said that if a person were unevolved enough to wish to fight, he could just as readily make a foe of an unknown quantity as of a familiar concrete personality; and on the side of its needlessness by others, who thought it an insult to the highly socialized Cambridge type of man to suppose him capable of anything but the most amicable contest. The eminent lady mathematician with whom each of the two aspirants had read shared in this feeling, and but for an almost heroic effort of self-control she might have lapsed more than once into petulant complaint at the endless trouble to which she was put avoiding a rencontre between her two gifted pupils. So, on the very day the result of the examination was made known, she proceeded with something dangerously near a feeling of malicious satisfaction to invite her pupils to dine with her. Both accepted the invitation, but with unequal degrees of eagerness. Sylvia, absorbed in the problems of abstract science, set little store by concrete personality, and she looked forward to meeting her competitor with a feeling approximating to indifference. Far otherwise with Frank. His sentimental nature had already invested his fellow-Demic with the charm of mystery, and he felt something bordering on trepidation at the thought of the uplifting of the veil.

At five o'clock the little company assembled in division A, compartment 28, of the University Prytaneion. The scene contrasted strongly with the gorgeous displays of Hall and Common-Room of the past century. No silver or cut glass adorned the board, which was of the plainest. The simple blouse costume of the guests lent the scene a further homeliness. The repast consisted of three courses, viz., meat, rice and butter, and fruit, all divided beforehand in proportions accurately measured according to the latest results of the Science of Dietetics. Learned discussion on knotty points in pure mathematics, psychics, and demics supplied a pleasing diversion in the intervals of the meal. Sylvia was at her best; she felt she had an appreciative audience, and her swiftly moving brain threw off quite a shower of brilliant and, to her less advanced audience, startling suggestions. Frank gave himself up to intemperate admiration, and, as a consequence, was even less talkative than usual. He just sat and drank in with eye and ear every movement of the glistening gray eyes, every modulation of the clear, emphatic voice. He felt himself in presence of a perfect mind, a brain the action of which combined the swiftness of the woman's with the certainty of the man's, and which was motived by the intensest devotion to truth and humanity. He accepted the Scrutators' award not only with resignation, but with enthusiastic approval. He felt all personal emotion submerged in joyous admiration of a perfect cerebral organization. As, however, he laid his own hemispheres on the pillow that night he dreamed not of Sylvia's perfectly evolved convolutions, but of things not so far off, it is true, but yet widely different—the lovely curve of a black eyebrow, the exquisite modelling of a dainty ear. He laughed at himself next morning. Could he, a newly declared Demic, be already falling back into the egotistic fancies of a pre-scientific age?

The Cambridge Demics were expected, after serving awhile as Scientific Advisers—an office supposed to be specially befitting adolescence, with its prodigality of new ideas—to take part in the more mature and responsible functions of the Legislative Body, which was now known as the Silent Chamber, and in order to prepare for this they were required to undergo two years' legal training. In the course of their study of the law, Sylvia and Frank frequently met in lecture-room and dining-hall. In the latter the Spartan simplicity of the age reflected itself in the severe limitations of the repast. The only feature of the proceedings which savored of an old-fashioned indulgence was the allowance of a single pipe of tobacco to each student, male and female, at the close of the meal. Perhaps Sylvia might have struck an observer of the nineteenth century as a little unfeminine as she sat in the cloudy atmosphere of the smoking-room, in a company predominantly male, puffing away vigorously at the long "people's pipe." To Frank, however, she never seemed so delightful as when she figured as the centre of a group of ruminating jurists, supplying them in the shape of new and unexpected queries with ample

material for reflection. Sometimes there was given him the rarer happiness of Sylvia's undivided companionship in a stroll homeward across the Central People's Park, around which the new London, reduced to a reasonable size, was built. At such a time they were apt to loiter and watch the citizen families, knowing no difference of costume or manner, sipping the gooseberry wine supplied by the Agricultural Board in quantities nicely proportioned to ages. Sylvia would try to improve such an occasion by indoctrinating Frank in the higher truths of Socialism, of which she suspected he had not a sufficiently firm grasp.

"How beautiful," she remarked, during one of their halts, "this perfect regularity of life! Isn't this infinitely preferable to the so-called 'picturesque variety' of the past, with its cruel juxtapositions of bloated satiety and crime-urging want?"

"But surely," replied Frank, "you can have variety without such harsh contrasts as those. I confess I find this everlasting blouse, for example, a little monotonous. Would it be a dreadful heresy to suggest a minimum of variety in the shape of a colored sash, or even a bow?"

"Oh, Frank!" she replied, earnestly, "don't you know color has something distinctly invidious in it? You cannot introduce difference of color without making some citizens more conspicuous than others."

"But I suppose we can still admire color in nature?" he went on, rather gloomily.

"Certainly not. The perfect Socialist sees no beauty in nature, where, as Darwin long ago showed, there is so much of the accidental and 'fluky.' The truly beautiful is that which embodies a perfectly thought plan, and this is only to be found in our new social organization."

"But isn't it a bit hard to have to give up so much of the picturesque in life?"

"Picturesque?" she retorted, a little impatiently. "Just look at that citizen group, and note with what a tender grace the elders rise from their seats in order to offer respectful salutation to the bevy of children that has just approached them. Is there not something more truly beautiful in this recognition by the present of the superior claim of the future than in any feature of nature's unmeaning show?"

"Perhaps you are right. But I am ashamed to say I find it a little awkward trying to live for posterity. There seems a want of reality about beings who, after all, you know, may never be at all."

"But surely you know that Socialism takes care to provide a posterity to benefit by our efforts?"

"Oh yes, of course, but many things might happen to frustrate its intention. Science cannot as yet assign the exact date to the extermination of our species. So there is a little uncertainty about the matter, after all."

"Why, Frank, you are somewhat unjust to Socialism. It does not bid us overlook the living. See there"—pointing to a sort of announcement board, before which a throng of citizens was gathering; "the Intelligence Board has just signalled some news. Wait; I can just decipher the words: 'The day's record of altruistic services,' 'Singular devotion to the People of a man of science.' Does not this illustrate what I was saying? Try to imagine a newspaper reader of the nineteenth century, accustomed to his savory dish of murders, divorces, and so forth, taken by an eager curiosity to hear of the latest instance of philanthropy. It is just here, in this wonderful vital union of all parts of our social organism, which makes it impossible for anything to happen at this point without exciting sympathetic tremors at all other points—it is in these fine nerve-like bonds of attachment that I find a really worthy and perpetually delightful object of contemplation."

In spite of the rôle of objector which Frank was fond of playing at such times, he was really finding himself more and more in accord with her views. The new faith lost all trace of extravagance and "preciousness" when it was professed by that clear-sighted mind. The process of education was taking effect, and Frank tried hard to live up to Sylvia's doctrine, and began to indulge less and less in his favorite pastime—dreaming, over a volume of Shakespeare or Goethe, of a vanished type of woman.

One evening they went together to the new Hall of Harmony. This building had been erected by the Board of Ethico-Æsthetes, not to supply entertainment to the citizens, but to develop and regulate their emotions. The music, in which the instrumental was strictly subordinate to the vocal, and in which all citizens were expected to exercise themselves, was marked neither by the pretty tunefulness of Mozart and the Italians nor by the rich har-

monic complexities of Wagner. It was simple and regular in form, and having no leading melodic part, it resembled somewhat the polyphonic composition of an earlier age. It was thus excellently adapted for its purpose, viz., the excitation of a proper admiration for that perfect harmony of various yet equal parts which only fully reveals itself in right social organization. The hymns sung all illustrated one theme, the surpassing loveliness of civic co-operation.

After joining in a number of hymns, Sylvia and Frank left the hall, and took the aerial electric car that went in the direction of Sylvia's lodgings. Frank's spirit had been put in excellent tune by the hymnal exercise, and he was just in the mood to enjoy the scene below them. There lay the white city about its spacious green park, the whole bathed in the light of the great electric sun—a recent contrivance of the Board of Engineers, which by means of an elaborate system of reflectors diffused its light equally in all directions. No trace of smoke or mist thickened the air: science had made an end of these. Every detail of the scene was clearly defined.

Sylvia, recognizing his complacent mood, thought she would leave it with him this time to take up the burden of Socialistic praise, and her expectation was not disappointed. "How delightful," he presently began, in awe-subdued tones, "this absolute expulsion of darkness and fog from our towns! If our ancestors had only fully understood the action of the physical on man's *morale*, and the way in which darkness isolates and desocializes the citizen, there would have been fewer Thames and other mysteries, I fancy."

He then proceeded, to Sylvia's great satisfaction, to extol the new social order, with its firm cement of brotherly affection.

From the subject of civic brotherhood to that of human affection in the abstract the leap is not a wide one, and a conversation about affection in the abstract between a youth and a maiden sympathetically attuned, and amid exhilarating physical surroundings, is apt to resolve itself into a more confidential talk about one particular concrete instance. And this Frank discovered as, after one of those sympathetic responses of Sylvia's eyes, he exclaimed: "I feel, Sylvia, as if you and I up here were the perfect embodiment of the new spirit of fraternity. Why should we not make the bond yet closer?"

A quick observer might have detected something like a fugitive blush on Sylvia's cheek at this sudden turn in the conversation. But she instantly recovered herself, and in a light, playful tone replied: "What, Frank, you, a Cambridge Demic, affected by a passion for the concrete? You know that you and I are pledged to reach the fifth degree of altruism."

But for once Frank did not give way to Sylvia's commanding speech. He grew more daring, and actually broached the idea of Pædotrophic Partnership, the term by which the new Socialism designated a particular and relatively permanent variety of sexual attachment. His evident earnestness compelled her to drop the playful bantering tone; so she grew serious also, and urged that a closer union would be unfavorable to the fullest discharge of their high social functions. "You would," she observed, "be troubling about my pale face when you ought to be absorbed in public service. And," she added, with a smile, "I might be corrupted by your example."

As she saw he was still unconvinced, she brought forward new objections:

"Have you considered, Frank, that any closening of the tie between us would almost certainly be fatal to our amicable, ungrudging rivalry? I know you, I fancy, better than you know yourself. You admire me now just because I am not bound to you save by a free act of friendly collaboration. Were you to bind me more closely, so as to look on me in a sense as belonging to you, you would begin to dislike my competing with you as your equal. Yes, Frank, you are an excellent citizen, but I strongly suspect that you have a vein of the old Adam in you. I have more than once detected in you a lingering trace of that strange conception of woman, evidently the product of man's brain, according to which she is just to be a perfect æsthetic object for his delightful contemplation, and consequently to be shielded from all damaging contact with the rough usage of the world. In brief, Frank, you would soon grow jealous—of my work, I mean, of course."

This was too much for Frank. "How can you so misconceive my feeling for you?" he retorted, in something of an injured tone. "You surely know that

my affection is based on admiration of qualities which can only fully disclose themselves in a larger field of public service, and this being so, I should be cutting away the roots of my affection were I to attempt to interfere in the slightest with your perfect liberty of action."

"Are you so sure of yourself, Frank? Well, I will put you to the test. Let us go on as we are to the end of the first year of our practice in the courts. There, as you know, you will again and again have to face me as your forensic antagonist. If we find that we can bear these rough collisions with perfect good temper and without the least tarnishing of our present feeling of cordial comradeship, we may, I think, feel quite sure of one another."

Frank, lifted out of the slough of dejection by these magic words, gratefully accepted the proposal. When it was a question of winning such a prize as Sylvia, a year's probation seemed a trifle. He rather looked forward to the period of friendly contest as bringing him into more continual contact with that stimulating spirit, and as he returned to his lodgings that evening his face radiated an almost superhuman good-will on all citizens who were so fortunate as to cross his path.

The year of trial commenced. As everybody predicted, Sylvia soon came to the front. One hardly knew which to admire most, her perfect grasp of principles, her luminous insight into the complexity of her case, or her persuasive tact, which adapted itself, with no trace of conscious intention, to the type of mind she had to influence. She got to be recognized by judges and advocates as the ablest pleader of the court, and when the highly esteemed post of People's Defender became vacant, the agreeable duty of which was to represent individual citizens in all actions brought against them by Communal Bodies, Sylvia was at once appointed to the office.

It soon became evident that Sylvia was very much in earnest in enforcing her test. She tried Frank to the utmost. Never was she so scathingly brilliant, so remorselessly crushing, as when called on to meet the arguments of her learned "brother," as advocates now called one another. This came to be so well known that the appearance of the two in the same case was looked forward to as one of the great forensic sights. On the eve of such a display a disengaged advocate would ask his friend, "Are you going to see the Demic Throw to-morrow?" meaning by this figurative expression, borrowed from the people's favorite game of wrestling, a peculiar art of refutation which Sylvia had developed to a high degree of perfection. It was even whispered that the judges were in the habit of hurrying over cases which stood in the way of one of these Demic Duels.

For a time Frank bore this fierce baptism heroically. At first, indeed, he felt nothing but keen delight in watching Sylvia's continuous triumph. It was an exquisite pleasure to him to see the sombre face of some veteran judge light up with an expression of vivid interest at contact with the electric current of Sylvia's eloquence. So little did he think of his own personal interest in this performance that more than once he surprised himself half unconsciously selecting his objection for the very purpose of displaying her powers more fully.

Then followed a stage in which he grew indistinctly aware that Sylvia's brilliant triumphs were his own defeats. At first, however, the recognition of this, so far from vexing him, intensified his joy. He knew the supreme delight of perfect self-abnegation, and thought he could understand, better than before, the state of ecstasy of the old martyrs. This stage lasted a couple of months or so. Then a new feeling arose, similar to the sense of sufficiency which prompted the martyrs to cry for a moment's relief. Frank had had as much of altruistic bliss as he was just now capable of. The expelled Ego returned more insistent for his temporary exile. He sometimes caught himself saying, half audibly, "I wish she weren't so confoundedly brilliant," or, "Why doesn't she sometimes level her fierce satire at others, by way of a change?" And although he fought valiantly against these uprisings of the natural unevolved man, he fought in vain. The feeling of personal pique, though never allowed to rise into clear utterance now, lurked in the dark depths below, and developed a chronic irritability. He felt that the best in him had been tarnished; that he was unequal to the task that had been laid on him; nay, more, when he had to encounter Sylvia's reassuring smile in private, he felt convicted of the traitor's meanness.

So things went on till the last quarter of the probationary year was reached. At this moment a case of exceptional interest arose.

It seems that upon the establishment of Socialism the ancient form of marriage had been completely abrogated; that is to say, it was no longer possible for a man and woman to contract themselves into a partnership for life. To suit the diversities of tastes of candidates, a number of easier forms of alliance were made legitimate. Of these the most solemn, and that bearing the closest resemblance to the ancient institution of marriage, was that already alluded to, and known as the Pædotrophic Partnership, or, colloquially, as the P. P. Those entering into this union had to affirm that their sole motive in combining was pædagogic zeal, and that with a view to realizing their object they were willing to continue the domestic partnership till their children had reached the age of fifteen, by which time it was supposed the beneficial influence of the parents exhausts itself.

Owing to the special gravity of this mode of domestic association, it was held that all the laws of marriage, in so far as they were not expressly repealed, continued to be valid for the new form. Now it so happened that among the laws not thus expressly abrogated were those relating to breach of promise. The probable explanation of this curious omission is as follows: At the close of the nineteenth century the rapid opening up of industrial competition to women led to a sudden revolution in the feeling of the sex toward marriage. Instead of being ardently desired as the consummation of woman's mission, it was regarded as desirable only for those unfortunates who could not of their own unaided powers maintain their place in the industrial struggle. Hence no action for breach of promise occurred after 1895, and so it came to pass that when the framers of the new Socialistic Constitution came to recast the marriage laws this ancient redress of aggrieved women got to be overlooked.

It may easily be imagined, then, what astonishment was excited by the announcement in the year 51 (O.C. 1953) that a woman was going to bring an action of breach of promise against a man who had proposed P. P. The idea was ridiculed by the laity, but the lawyers held that the point was a nice and debatable one.

The court was thronged on the day when application was to be made. Five judges presided. Frank appeared for the plaintiff and Sylvia for the defendant. Frank, in opening the case, argued learnedly that Pædotrophic Partnership was the direct historical descendant of the ancient institution of marriage. Thus, while all lighter forms of association might be entered upon without formal notice, the notice of intention to proceed to P. P. had to be posted up in the Temple of Humanity three months beforehand—a provision evidently borrowed from the ancient custom of publishing the banns. This being so, the wise framers of their new constitution had rightly laid down that where a law of marriage was not formally repealed, it should continue to apply to its successor. He was confident that his learned sister—and here Frank turned to Sylvia with as courteous a bend as his awkward frame was capable of—in spite of her almost clairvoyant gift of research, would be unable to make out that any portion of the laws relating to breach of promise had been expressly set aside. He contended, therefore, that his client, who would affirm that the defendant had made her a serious proposal of Pædotrophic Partnership, was entitled to bring the present action.

As Sylvia rose to reply, it was evident that she was more than usually excited. The deeper flush on her cheek, the accelerated phonation, the dilatation of the prettily turned nostrils, all indicated that to the serene gladness of the combatant who knows no hostility, but loves contest for the sake of its strenuous exercise, was now added something of the wild, agitating joy of the emancipated woman. She did not dispute the fact that the law under which the present action was brought was unrepealed, and *prima facie* therefore still operative. She concentrated her dialectic force on refuting Frank's proposition that Pædotrophic Partnership was historically continuous with marriage. By a learned comparative examination of the laws expressly repealed and those left standing, she endeavored to show that the whole conception of union with man as a thing of substantive advantage to woman, to which in certain cases she might claim a tangible right, and for the loss of which she might demand compensation, had vanished with the social systems of the past.

"To the large yet discriminating vision of Socialism," she went on, "the pædagogic function of woman, though undoubtedly an important one, was not the sole one, nor necessarily even the highest one. A truly evolved woman, at once capable and desirous of serving the community, would always find other, and possibly nobler, altars than that of Hymen."

She concluded by urging that since the very notion of suing for breach of promise was so foreign to the Socialistic idea of sexual alliance, the non-repeal of the laws relating thereto should be viewed as an accident, and the present suit dismissed as frivolous.

The judges retired, and spent four hours in considering the legal point. They then returned, and announced that *prima facie* an action lay, and that they were prepared to hear the suit. "Only too well prepared," whispered a member of the advocate crowd to his neighbor, "to judge by the merry twinkle in their lordships' eyes."

A jury of twenty-four, twelve men and twelve women, was then collected from among the eager aspirants to the office that frequented the court. These having been craniometrically examined by the Court Anthropometrists, and pronounced competent in the first or second degree, were accommodated with easy-chairs placed as far from one another as possible in a circular gallery running round the hall. The object of this sequestration, it was said, was partly to promote independent judgment, and partly to insure that no aspect of the case should be lost sight of.

Frank then rose, and with unmistakable signs of nervousness proceeded to open the case. He admitted that women in general did not attach the old, and he was ready to concede the extravagant, importance to alliance with man. There were some—and here he turned significantly toward Sylvia—who were disposed to look on any form of such partnership as an insufferable restraint on their liberty. But, fortunately for the community, there were still women, competent citizens too, who saw in the pædotrophic life one of the highest forms of service. They agreed with the words put by a once famous writer, Oliver Goldsmith, into the mouth of the hero of his story: "I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." No doubt it was easy to smile (and here Frank turned almost fiercely on a group of titterers behind him) at the unscientific state of mind indicated by the words "a large family." He contended, however, that this maxim, though crudely expressed, contained a valuable germ of truth. His client was one of those who by instinct and taste were clearly marked out for the pædotrophic life. To such a woman the deliberate disappointment of a hope such as he was prepared to show the defendant had inflicted on her was a real and substantial wrong. But she did not appeal to this court, like women of an earlier age, for pecuniary satisfaction. She had brought the action because she believed the community would be the loser through non-fulfilment of her right function. And she would be satisfied by a bare verdict, carrying with it, as it would, an emphatic condemnation of the defendant's conduct.

The plaintiff, a fair, blue-eyed, and somewhat pensive-looking young woman, was then called, and after being put through the new form of affirmation by the presiding judge, was examined by Frank as to her dealings with the defendant. She related that they had met as pædagogues in the same Communal School, and had studied together the Science of Pædagogics. After two years' acquaintance the defendant informed her that he wished to proceed to P. P., and that on the whole he considered her a fit and proper person to be his ally. She had great respect for the defendant's judgment, and on the ground of their long and harmonious intimacy at once consented to the proposal. A day or two after, she was a little taken aback at receiving a letter from the defendant in which he told her that he had acted impetuously in proposing P. P., and that he had since thought of another woman with distinctly higher pædagogic qualifications than her own. If she doubted his estimate, he invited her to a comparative measurement by the authorized craniometrists, by the result of which he would feel bound. She declined his proposal, considering that the defendant ought not to have proposed P. P. to her unless he was clearly of opinion that she was most fitted for the alliance. His vacillation had been peculiarly annoying to her, since she had felt jus-

tified in telling her friends of her new plans; and even her pupils had heard of them, and were, she had reason to know, actually engaged in drawing up a congratulatory address to her. Under the advice of more than one legal friend she had determined to bring the present action.

A perceptible wave of excitement passed over the well-packed court when Sylvia rose to cross-examine the plaintiff. One could see that she was making a special effort at self-control as she proceeded to ask the witness, in the pleasantest and most reassuring manner:

"Were you much taken aback by the defendant's proposal?"

"I think not."

"Could you without serious inconvenience tell the Court why not?"

No answer.

"Have you ever happened to remark to other female pædagogues that the defendant was the handsomest man on the staff?"

"I may have done so."

"Have you ever placed, or caused to be placed, a vase of flowers on the defendant's desk?"

"Oh dear yes; why, that was quite a common custom in our school."

"Possibly. Now as to the conjoint pædagogic studies. Who first suggested them, should you say?"

"I did."

"Did you find yourselves in close agreement on pædagogic questions?"

"Fairly so."

"Fairly so. Now pray be more than usually thoughtful. Do you remember a conversation on the exploded dictum of Herbert Spencer that a child should retraverse the stages of intellectual development traversed by the race?"

"Oh yes, very well."

"Kindly give us a short account of your discussion."

"The defendant was one day attacking the maxim, as I thought, rather savagely, urging that it had led to pernicious practices; for example, allowing children's fancies to feed on ridiculous fairy stories, such as 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' which plainly set at naught the most fundamental laws of the physical world—a practice which, as we can see from the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century, led to the indulgence of a vicious taste for the supernatural in later life."

"And what view did you take of Spencer's maxim?"

"I think I rather defended it, urging that it was a pity to rob infancy of all its illusions, and to transform children of four or five into exact scientific reasoners."

"Quite so. And you are still of opinion that you and the defendant were in substantial agreement?"

No answer.

Sylvia then courteously motioned the witness to retire.

This being the plaintiff's case, Sylvia opened for the defence. She said she thought it would be fairer to the plaintiff not to indicate the line of defence she intended taking till after she had called her witnesses. They would consist of two only, the defendant, and one of the plaintiff's most intelligent pupils. Their lordships having approved, the defendant, a decidedly good-looking man of about thirty, stepped into the box. He said it was quite true that he and the plaintiff had seen a good deal of one another, and had studied pædagogics together. She was undoubtedly philanthropic in the second degree, and it was this trait which had first attracted him to her. A closer study, however, taught him that her mind was essentially unscientific and inexact. She had a latent fondness for the sentimentalities of Rousseau, which he, the defendant, abhorred.

The defendant in an apologetic tone explained that he had impulsively pledged himself to the plaintiff, as they met in the nineteenth-century section of the National Picture-Gallery, near a lovely study of childhood by Millais. "That same night I saw what a social blunder I had committed. I was tormented by the reflection that the plaintiff was unscientific, sentimental, and retrograde. I then bethought me of another female pædagogue whose mind contrasted strongly with the plaintiff's. The recollection served still further to show me the unhappy consequences of my conduct, and I resolved to advise the plaintiff on the desirability of letting the matter drop. I wrote the letter to which the plaintiff has alluded with the firm conviction that I was acting for the highest good of the community. And not hearing from her in reply, I was beginning to hope that she saw matters in the same light, when notice of the present suit reached me."

Frank having declined to cross-examine the witness, Sylvia bade him retire, and then proceeded to call, in a clear, silvery tone, "Bridget Trapnell."

For nearly a minute there seemed to be no response to this siren call; then a slight commotion was observable in the vicinity of the affirmation stand, and a downward inclination of heads on the part of some of the closely packed bystanders, and finally there emerged from the throng and mounted the steps of the stand a small maiden of a height that seemed to register six years or so, but with a queer, old-fashioned, solemn little face that might properly belong to an experienced middle-aged dwarf. She wore a kind of pinafore modification of the citizen blouse, and had her bright flaxen hair cropped in a way that would have shocked the feelings of an earlier age.

Having repeated the affirmation form with something of childish deliberation and emphasis, she directed her glances to the plaintiff, who was sitting nearly opposite her, apparently waiting for instructions as to how to proceed. A titter went through the court at this quaint revival of school habits. Sylvia at once set her right by bidding her attend to herself and answer her questions.

"Your name," she began, "is Bridget Trapnell, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

"Section B, Block 5, Printers' Quarter."

"What is your exact age?"

"Eight and five-sixths years to-morrow."

"Then you have been just four and five-sixths years at school?"

"Yes, deducting three months of illness."

"Tell me how far on you are with your studies."

"I was put in the grade of sub-evolved minors last term."

"Then you have made a serious study of Social Science and History?"

"Yes; very serious, I should say; that is, I have heard three courses of lectures on these subjects."

"Who is your lecturer?"

"Pædagogue Kidner"—pointing to the plaintiff.

"How would you estimate her teaching?"

"It shows interest in the subject and a praiseworthy wish to inform our minds, but is lacking in Scientific Grasp."

"Can you illustrate what you mean by this?"

"Well, when lecturing on the Victorian era it seemed to me that her critical judgment was obscured by admiration of what she called the splendors of that period."

"Try, if you can, to recall some particular instance."

"I remember one very well. It was an unusually hot day in June, and we were feeling a little languid. Our lecturer, perceiving a slight falling off in our inquisitiveness, suddenly broke off the thread of her exposition—I forget the exact subject—and exclaimed, 'Do you know, little Evolutes' (she always used this pet name when she was particularly amiable), 'exactly sixty-four years ago there was a summer as hot as this—a summer made memorable by a glorious event, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria, under the name of the Jubilee?' She then proceeded to give us a graphic description of the pageant. She seemed to attach great importance to the number of persons of royal or sub-royal rank who took part in the ceremony. She asked us whether we should not have liked to see the sight. One of the younger girls asked her whether it was not rather babyish of the Queen to care about so many flags and brass bands and bonfires, and she resented the interruption. She said the observation lacked penetration, and told us that what the Queen cared for was not so much the show itself as the feeling which prompted it."

"Did she characterize this feeling?"

"Yes; I remember distinctly she called it a chivalrous feeling toward a lady."

"Did she say anything about the cost of the show, or about the wicked extravagance of spending money in this wasteful way, when there was such a mass of suffering poverty in the metropolis?"

"No."

"In fact she left on your opening minds the impression that it was altogether a worthy and highly commendable performance?"

"Certainly."

"That will do, Bridget. But stay; one more question before you retire. In treating of the writers of the period, what name did she praise most highly?"

"Did she always speak of him as *Lord* Tennyson?"

"The Court is exceedingly obliged to

Bridget was about to retire in the best of spirits, when Frank gently detained

said, "but I see that you have made a strong impression on the Court distinctly my client. It becomes my duty, therefore, to put one or two additional questions to you. But pray be assured that I shall make my interrogations as pleasant as possible. Happily it is the exception in our age" (and here he half turned toward Sylvia) "to resort to the disagreeable style of cross-examination which was once tolerated and even admired."

He then proceeded to question Bridget with the view of drawing out other features of the plaintiff's teaching. But his

vergence

of the plaintiff's mind from the properly evolved type. And at the end he committed a decided blunder, when he asked Bridget, with exquisite gravity of manner, whether she might not have been mistaken in supposing that her lecturer described the feeling the Jubilists entertained toward their sovereign as "chivalrous." "She might, you know, have said

the truth." Bridget met this insinuation

tl is, she was pre-

nstitution of P. P. was designed to secure the perfect discharge of one of the most important civil functions. By this arrangement the rearing of the infant

And what did this solemn trust presuppose? Obviously, perfect pædagogic competence in the prospective parents. Now she asked them, as citizens trained in exact psychological intuition, whether they could, with the most generous intentions pronounce the plaintiff a properly qualified pædotrophist. Did not her very ap

would leave them to discover more exact

of the self-regarding sentiments? And as to her scientific competence, surely they had been able to collect sufficient data to form a judgment on the point from the evidence of the defendant, and of that diminutive but exceedingly valuable witness Bridget Trapnell. What, citizen brothers and sisters, is to be thought of the pædagogic competence of a woman who reckons among the great theorists Rousseau the Sentimentalist, who held that a child, instead of being shaped as soon as possible into a good citizen, was best brought up as a healthy young savage, as far away from society as possible, and who somewhat oddly illustrated his theory in his own practice by roughly tossing his offspring, as soon as they were born, into the arms of the community. And then how could a woman be said to be qualified to rear truly socialized citizens who, as was plain from her own pupil's evidence, still bowed down in her heart to the idols of royalty and rank? Coming to the relations of the plaintiff to the defendant, she contended that, in the language of another age, which happily was becoming strange and unintelligible to their ears, she had made a "dead set" at him. What did those flowers mean renewed each morning with such fond solicitude? Was this not a feminine device admirably suited to awaken in a man like the defendant (who she was compelled to admit did not belong to the highest social stratum of completely evolved) that ridiculous romantic sentiment, misnamed love, which used to be regarded as the proper attendant of alliances between man and

The old right of reply having been done away with, it rested with the learned judges to sum up. They proceeded to do so *seriatim*, and in the ascending order of age, so as to give the oldest the last word.

The following points were then submitted to the jury:

1. Did the defendant propose *bona fide* and with plenary volition, Pædotrophic Partnership to the plaintiff?

2. Did the plaintiff prove herself in an

request disqualified for the pædagogic function in general.

3. Did the plaintiff prove herself to be maladjusted in the defendant?

The jury then retired to the smoking room, where was served out to them a species of tobacco known to have a peculiarly calming influence on the emotions. After an hour's quiet and perfectly amicable deliberation they returned with their verdict.

To questions 2 and 3 they gave a categorical "Yes." With regard to question 1 they held that there had been a slight discrepancy in the evidence of the plaintiff and the defendant, and with a view to eliminate the effect of this, and reach scientific certainty of conclusion, they requested an official examination into the numerical values of the moral capacities of the two.

This request was at once acceded to, and the plaintiff and defendant then retired in the charge of the Court Anthropometrists. After applying their most searching and trustworthy tests, they reported that the trustworthiness of the defendant was slightly in excess of that of the plaintiff, the ratio being 45 to 44.

With this new datum to guide them, the jury again retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the court, and gave in the following answer: "In view of the agitating surroundings of the picture-gallery and of the speedy retractation, the defendant's offer, though made *bona fide*, cannot be regarded as an act of plenary volition."

It remained with the judges to proportion the amount of correctional discipline necessitated by the verdict. They decreed, first of all, that the plaintiff be sent back to the category of semi-evolved for a period of five years, during which time she would be expected to suspend pædagogic service, and frequent the Social Science Lectures and the courses of moral gymnastics at the Correctional College. The defendant would also be suspended from his office a year, and spend that time in strengthening his moral nerve-centres by practising such exercises in the control of impulse as the Moral Therapeutists might prescribe for him.

The two advocates were then asked whether, on behalf of their clients, they entirely approved of the result of the trial as furthering the common good. After a brief consultation with their clients they responded. Sylvia said the defendant was in complete accord with jury and judges alike. Frank added that the plaintiff was equally satisfied with the result in respect of one of its features. She wished to inform the judges that by the time her correctional discipline was over she would only have remaining one month's eligibility for P. P. And she wished to suggest that, supposing, as they all hoped, the reformatory studies to be successful, this might prove to be to the detriment of the community.

The judges held the contention to be a sound one, and consequently reduced the period to four and a half years.

At the rising of the Court little jets of talk and laughter gushed forth at all points, making a pleasant contrast to the ponderous tones of the judges. Sylvia was copiously congratulated on her success in having extricated her client from the quagmire into which he had so awkwardly fallen. And the heightened flush on her cheek and her witty rejoinders might have led one to suppose that she was enjoying to the full the delights of well-earned success.

A close observer, however, would have noticed that she glanced swiftly and anxiously in the direction of Frank, who sat conversing with his client. The object of these inquiring looks did not or would not perceive them, so that she had at last to retire without the customary exchange of friendly glances.

The fact was that Frank was out of tune by a good semitone at least. The trial had brought his disaffection to a head. He had taken up his client's cause *con amore*, for he thought he recognized in her that historical type of woman whom he had always secretly preferred. During the progress of the case he could not but contrast her and Sylvia, whose perfect self-sufficiency now seemed unfeminine and repellent. Sylvia's tone of conscious superiority, too, in addressing the plaintiff had irritated him exceedingly, and had driven him to identify himself still more completely with this unfortunate young woman.

It was very natural, therefore, that during the next few weeks Frank often found himself in the company of his client. He wanted to understand more of this archaic but, as he thought, very feminine variety of woman. One evening they had been sitting in the People's Botanic Gardens listening to a lecture on the domestic cul-

ture of the cowslip. The audience had dispersed, but Frank and his companion sat on in the pleasant summer twilight. Frank suddenly diverted the talk to the cultivation of the human flower, and asked his companion what she thought of Wordsworth's view of childhood. She gave him so very appreciative an answer that Frank, carried away by excitement, quite turned on his seat, and was in the very act of taking her hand and thanking her, when he encountered the eyes of Sylvia, who had been listening to the lecture also, some little distance off. Frank looked extremely awkward for a moment, but, recovering himself, tried to respond cordially to the greeting she sent him as he moved away.

This rencontre upset him a good deal. He thought he had surprised a new look on Sylvia's face—a look he could not well interpret. It seemed to speak of so many things: anxious curiosity, longing, and something very like regret. It looked strange enough on that usually bright, serene face, and he was puzzled by it.

The next morning he received a note from Sylvia, asking him to row her that evening on the Elliptical Lake. This puzzled him still more, for he well knew that Sylvia, who was an uncommonly good oar, usually disliked to be rowed sitting in the stern, as she somewhat caustically put it, with nothing better to do than admire the male biceps. The phrasing of her letter too was new, less piquant and more gentle in tone. And what was stranger still, the very handwriting seemed changed, being less large and assertive-looking than usual. What did it all mean?

Frank tried desperately hard to look at his ease as he went to meet Sylvia that evening, but those experienced eyes instantly spied the extra shade of shyness. The evening was all that a pair of old-fashioned lovers could have desired. The lake was lively with moving craft, and the freshest of breezes, perfumed only by the sweet metropolitan gardens, blew across the waters. A month ago Frank would have been in his happiest humor, but now he sat and rowed, sombre and sunk in himself, as if rowing were a sort of absorbing penance.

Sylvia, whose duties as steerer sat lightly on her, looked at him from time to time with a curious changeful expression, now keenly quizzing, now harmoniously smiling, and now quieting down to a half-sad look of pity. By-and-by she said, very softly, "Frank, I want to tell you I have decided to resign the post of People's Defender." This announcement brought up Frank from the gloomy depths in an instant.

"Resign, Sylvia? Why, you know you cannot. You have no valid grounds to allege."

"Yes, I have, though. You must know that I didn't really believe that your fair client placed herself before that picture on purpose; but I saw the idea would tell, and it was too tempting."

"But, after all, you did not say you believed it."

"No; but I suggested it, and you know that *suggestio falsi* is as bad as a complete misstatement. I shall confess to mendacity of the second degree, and that, you know, is a sufficient disqualification."

"By George, Sylvia, you are too scrupulous. As if every advocate did not occasionally do that sort of thing! Why, you didn't really suppose that I believed my client had characterized the Jubilee enthusiasm as frivolous?"

"Of course not. But then it was so evident that you had been driven to the fanciful supposition in despair; and you looked so very guilty when you brought it out that it could not have imposed on the most simple-minded of juries."

Frank was obliged to laugh at this. There was something, too, of the dear, clever, good-natured Sylvia of other days in the words, and he felt that the mists of melancholy were rapidly lifting.

Meanwhile the boat had approached one of the two islands placed exactly at the foci of the ellipse. From this point the lake and its surroundings looked particularly well. The observer could here appreciate the beautiful geometric pattern formed by a system of narrow elliptical paths parallel to the circumference of the lake intersected by a system of broader footways radiating from the foci. Frank felt the moral effect of the scene where all was regularity and conformity to law. He grew calmer. In spite of his first impulse to champion the brilliant forensic Sylvia against the gentler and more womanly Sylvia, who he saw was bent on displacing her, he was in his heart more than content with the revolution. In truth it brought to his long-troubled spirit a large, pervading peace.

"But, Sylvia," he suddenly asked, startling her out of the reverie into which the silence had thrown her, "if you resign, what are you going to do afterward?"

"Oh, there is more than one thing to fall back upon," she replied, cheerfully. "One of my friends offered me one alternative some months ago."

Frank tried hard to look as if he didn't understand—an effort which produced on his strong, honest face a decidedly comical effect.

"Frank," she continued, with just a trace of a spasm in her voice, indicative of strenuous moral effort, "I will be quite open with you. I have come to think of late that I was unnecessarily hard in imposing such a long period of probation: I have learned that you men, even the most evolved of you, do not understand friendly rivalry as we women do. I suppose evolution hasn't had time to purify your blood of the old killing instinct. Anyhow I can see that you are like children, and can't play at fighting without wanting to fight in earnest. So that I feel as if I owed you some compensation. Would you think me miserably weak if I were to propose to dispense with the last few months?"

Frank was electrified. He shouted, "*Weak*, Sylvia?" and made so sudden a lunge forward that he threatened to upset the boat.

Sylvia, instantly divining his object, gently drew her hand out of his reach, and trying hard to look shocked, rejoined, "Pray remember, Frank, that we are Demics of the year 48, and not a conceited redcoat and his silly girl admirer of the last century."

Frank took the check to his demonstrativeness quite seriously, and once more lapsed into silence.

In a minute or so Sylvia went on: "You must not think, Frank, I am proposing this reduction out of pure altruism. I have something to confess to you. You know how I used to congratulate myself that I had nothing of the small vices of the unevolved woman in me? But I have recently made the humiliating discovery that I can be jealous just like any ordinary woman. I took a positive dislike to that client of yours from the first, because—because" (and here occurred something suspiciously like a feminine sob) "I saw she answered better than I to your ideal of woman. It was this, I must tell you, that made me so hard on her. I was bent on defeating *her*, not *you*, and when you took up her cause so warmly I grew downright envious of her; and then, seeing you together last evening—" Here the thread of speech suddenly broke off, cut across by a genuine sob, and the proud favorite of college and law court turned away her tear-blinded eyes just like the weakest of sorrowful maidens.

This was too much for Frank. Before she could think of stopping him he had somehow managed safely to couch his big frame at her feet and to gain possession of both her hands. She no longer wished to withdraw them. She was tired of acting, and, as if mastered by some superior force, she bowed her head toward him and let him press his lips against her brow in a kiss in which all the man's suppressed love seemed to find a grateful outlet.

Then she suddenly sat up, and looking at him with eyes which vainly tried to hide the tears under a roguish twinkle, said, "Isn't all this a terrible lapse into pre-scientific habits, and by you and me, Frank, of all people, who thought ourselves most evolved?"

"It doesn't matter, Sylvia. I have long been coming to see that it is only too easy to get over-evolved in these days."

He said this with a new authoritative emphasis. He was beginning to enjoy the man's proud consciousness of being able to set the woman right.

"But, Frank," she began again, "you must not let our partnership cut you off from other and larger service."

"Don't be solicitous about that. I love you too well to run the risk of hurting you by want of zeal for the Commonwealth. And you? What will citizens say if you wholly withdraw your great gifts from public affairs?"

"Leave that to me, Frank. I may perchance find other forms of service no less precious."

Frank blessed her for this. These were the very words he had used in court when alluding to the pædotrophic life.

The news that Sylvia and Frank were going to embark on P. P. excited a good deal of wonder, not a little merriment, and some indignation. One of the wags that frequented the court remarked, "It reminds one of what used to happen among tradesmen: fierce opposition at first; a

dogged determination on each side to drive the hated rival out of the industrial field suddenly giving place to partnership and amity." "Exactly so," replied one of his hearers, who rather liked the idea of the partnership—"co-operation in place of individual competition; that's quite in the order of evolution, you know."

The ceremony took place in one of the Temples of Humanity set aside for social rites. It was a circular building lit by a dome, the walls of which were covered with designs in fresco, emblematic of the course of human evolution, such as the first discovery of the uses of the flint. Just opposite the main entrance hung the new Decalogue. Immediately in front of this stood a small rostrum. This constituted the whole furniture of the temple. The floor was paved with square tiles, each bearing a number, and arranged apparently in some kind of gradation.

At 7.45 A.M. the temple began to fill, the citizens, mostly men, taking up standing position on tiles according to their altruistic rank. It was noticeable that the most perfect altruists were all rather young. Soon after, Frank and Sylvia entered and passed through the congregation, hand in hand, to a position just in front of the rostrum. Their blouses were distinguished by a curious ornamentation along the borders, setting forth in symbols the dignity of the pædotrophic office. They looked neither excited nor dejected, as ancient brides and bridegrooms are said to have looked, but merely a shade more thoughtful than usual. Sylvia answered a number of friendly greetings, and then her eyes rested on the Decalogue. As she looked, her expression perceptibly saddened. She had by accident lit on the fourth prohibition, which ran as follows: "Thou shalt not measure thyself against another, whether to despise him as thy inferior or to envy him as thy superior, for such measurement of self with others surely hindereth highest service."

Her eyes moistened as she read. She recalled with a penitential pang her feeling for the plaintiff when she rose to cross-examine her. She was presently roused from her musings by the entrance of the Priest of Humanity, a man of about thirty, with something of the look of a recluse in his pale thought-lined face, but of a strikingly benevolent expression. He wore a white robe on which was woven an intricate device, illustrating the convergence of all the virtues in the love of humanity. As he took his seat on the rostrum a choir of boys in a recess behind chanted in the new polyphonic manner a hymn opening with the lines:

STROPHE.

Not to indulge a paltry whim of self,
That cries forever "Give me this one wight;"
Not to appease the lonesome egoist's wish
For word and glance and touch to soothe or cheer;

ANTISTROPHE.

But all for love of great humanity
Would we, evolved man and woman, pair.

Sylvia and Frank had to repeat each verse after the choir. Frank seemed to find this fairly easy, but Sylvia evidently had to rouse herself to an extraordinary exertion, as if she were half conscious of falling short of the lofty standard of the hymn, but at the same time passionately resolved to reach it.

The young priest then catechised the pair thoroughly as to their object in entering the Partners' Path, and probed their ideas on the true method of training small citizens. He then turned to the congregation and said: "I find Sylvia Harwood and Frank Simes duly qualified for Pædotrophic Partnership. If any citizen knows an obstacle to the union, let him now declare it."

An awkward silence followed this question. Then a curious noise as of a scuffle and a medley of whispering voices was heard proceeding from a spot at the back of the hall. Frank turned and recognized the plaintiff in the late suit making violent efforts to raise her arm in order to catch the priest's eye, while a number of women about her were trying to restrain her. The priest, remarking the commotion, asked whether this woman had aught to object. One of her companions then raising her arm addressed him thus: "The citizen is disqualified to object. I subjected her to a medical examination this morning, and found her cerebral capillaries distended by about one-tenth of their normal calibre." Frank heaved a sigh of relief. The citizen partners then duly registered their contract in a book supplied by the priest, and the ceremony terminated with another hymn, sung only by the choir, and addressed to the newly constituted partners by way of a "counsel of perfection."

It was a lovely afternoon in the spring

of 55 (1957). Sylvia and Frank had been model partners for nearly five years. Two healthy and comely boys supplied material for their pædotrophic zeal. Sylvia had fatigued herself and them in the morning by a visit to the Bakeries, where for the first time the staple article of diet was manufactured on strictly scientific principles. She had meant it as an object-lesson to impress on her boys the dependence of the individual citizen on the community. So in the afternoon she had thought herself justified in giving them a little relaxation in the garden. She was just helping them make a daisy chain when Frank entered the garden. He stopped for a moment and, unobserved, looked down with a queer smile on the pretty citizen group. Then, stepping forward and touching Sylvia's shoulder, he said, gayly:

"That's right, Mütterchen—not too much of the citizen just at first. Besides, a temperate love of flowers is permitted to children. So says the last edict of the Educational Board—though I'm not quite sure that they would approve the daisy chain. Doesn't that savor somewhat of old-fashioned sentiment, self-regarding May-queens, shepherdesses, and that sort of thing—eh, most enlightened of ex-Demies!"

Sylvia smiled contentedly. She recognized the tone of triumphant banter which he always adopted when he was particularly well pleased at finding her coming round to his view of things.

He then put a question or two to the children on the morning's object-lesson, and endeavored to rouse in their youthful breasts an enthusiastic admiration for their great benefactor, Evolution, by giving them a description of the horrible mixtures that used to pass for bread in London toward the end of the nineteenth century.

Then he turned to Sylvia again, and with a merry laugh told her he had just heard a most comical piece of news. "Our old clients in the *cause célèbre* have patched up matters, and are going in for P. P. after all."

"You don't mean it! Why, I thought my client had thrown over yours in favor of a more evolved woman."

"That was so. But it seems that she, being so very evolved, rather objected to pairing with a man who might every now and again have to retire and undergo therapeutic exercises. So when my client's term was up, and your client found himself still precluded from pædotrophic functioning, he renewed his proposals. It is said that she treated them with scant courtesy at first. But when months passed, and she saw he really knew his own mind this time, when, too the term of her eligibility was drawing to a close, she gave the proposal a fair hearing. And the upshot of the matter is that their names are duly posted up on the door of the temple."

Frank was more than half prepared for a slight eruption of Sylvia's old caustic humor on hearing of this *dénouement* of the little tragi-comedy. But she merely remarked:

"I'm very glad to hear it, Frank. You know some of us did treat her rather roughly at that trial. I dare say she is not such a lukewarm citizen after all."

Frank thought he detected in her tone a touch of that subdued and chastened mood which, man-like, he had come to prefer to all her others. So he just pressed her hand gratefully and said nothing.

TWO SONGS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

I.

SO sweet, so sweet, she sang, is love,
Lifting the cup to lips that laughed,
Drinking the deep enchantment off.
Fire, spice, and honey in the draught.

II.

So sad, so sad, she sighed, is love,
Bitter the lees, and black the art
That from the deep enchantment wrings
A spell to break a woman's heart!

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XIX.

THEY walked for some distance without speaking. "I have just been writing to Ferdie," Paul said at last.

The gray-green wood had seemed to Eve like another world, an enchanted land. Now she was forced back to real life. "Must I take up all that again?" something within her protested. "Can't I have just a little moment of life for myself alone? How selfish I am! But I don't care if I am selfish. I want some happiness; only a little—like this walk. Oh, if he would say nothing—just go on without speaking. It's all I ask."

"I shall go down there in ten days or so," Paul went on. "Ferdie will be up then—in all probability well. I shall take him to Savannah, and from there we shall sail."

"Sail?"

"To Norway."

"Norway?"

"Didn't I tell you? I have made up my mind that a good long voyage in a sailing vessel will be the best thing just now."

"And you go too?"

"Of course."

"Four or five weeks, perhaps?"

"Four or five months; as it grows colder, we can come down to the Mediterranean."

A chill crept slowly over Eve. "Was it—wasn't it difficult to arrange for so long an absence?"

"As Hollis would phrase it, 'You bet it was!'" answered Paul, laughing. "I shall come back without a cent in either pocket. But I've been centless before; I'm not terrified."

"If you would only take some of mine——"

"You will have Cicely: we shall both have our hands full."

She looked up at him more happily. They were to be associated together in one way, then, after all. But a vision followed, a realization of the blankness that was to come. Less than two weeks and he would be gone. How the hours would drag; how empty the days would be, with nothing to think of or to plan for—nothing to look forward to, pleasant or unpleasant, from morning to night! The cottage would protrude all its bare dreariness again; and going out would be even worse, with the clattering Main Street, the public square with its ragged neglected grass strewn with bits of paper, the mud, the half-built houses with their scaffolding, the smell of green lumber, the whistles of the boats, all these, half forgotten when there was anybody to meet, or hope of meeting—these would stand forth in freshened ugliness and create a deadly depression. The hideous Park, could she ever walk there again? Could she keep on the mask of words, of conversation? The days would be like a taste of copper in the mouth, like a drink of flat water that had been standing in a close room.

"When the journey is over, shall you come back to Bois Blanc?" she asked aloud.

"Yes; I must."

"Shall you bring them—shall you bring your brother with you?"

"That depends. On the whole, I think not. Ferdie would hate the place; he would hate the snow and the stumps. It's comical what tastes he has, that boy; he ought to have been born a mediæval Italian prince. My idea is that he will do better in South America; he has already made a beginning there, and likes the life. This time he will take Cicely, and that will help to steady him. He will go to house-keeping; he will be a model family man." And Paul smiled: to him Ferdie was still the lad of fifteen years before.

But in Eve's mind rose a recollection of the yellow light of a candle far down a forest road. "Oh, don't let her go with him! Don't!"

Paul stopped. "You are sometimes so frightened! I have noticed that. And yet you are no coward. What happened—really? What did you do?"

What did you do! She could not speak.

"I'm a brute to bother you about it," Paul went on. "But I have always felt sure that you did more that night than you have ever acknowledged. Cicely couldn't tell us, you see, because she had

fainted. How strange you look! Are you ill?"

"It is nothing. Let us walk on."

"As you please."

"If they go to South America, why shouldn't you go with them?" he said, after a while, returning to his first topic. "You will have to go if you want to keep a hold on Jack, for Cicely will never give him up to you for good and all, as you have hoped."

"Norway. And I to South America!" So ran her thoughts.

"If you were with them, I, up here, should feel a great deal safer."

Well, that was something. Was this, then, to be her occupation for the future—by a watch over Ferdie, to make his brother more comfortable? She tried to give a sarcastic turn to this idea. But again the crushed feeling swept over her: Oh, if it had only been any one but Ferdinand Morrison!—Ferdinand Morrison!

"How you shuddered!" said Paul. Walking beside her, he had felt her tremble. "You certainly are ill."

"No. But don't let us talk of any of those things to-day; let us forget them."

"How can we?"

"I can. And you must." The color rose suddenly in her cheeks, a contrast to her former pallor; her blue eyes had a deep light. For the moment she was wonderfully beautiful. "My last walk with him! When he is gone, the days will be a blank, and the people; I sha'n't care for anything." Her brother's name came to her, as though some one had spoken it. "Well, you had what you wanted, Jack; you had Cicely. Am I to have nothing at all?—nothing all my life?"

"It is my last walk with you!" she said aloud, pursuing the current of her thoughts.

He looked at her askance.

She turned and left him; she walked rapidly toward the lake, coming out on the beach beyond Eagle Point.

He followed her, and as he came up his eyes took possession of and held hers, as they had done before. Then, after a moment, he put his arm round her, drew her to him, and bent his face to hers.

She tried to spring from him. But he still held her. "What shall I say to excuse myself, Eve?"

The tones of his voice were very sweet. But he was smiling a little too. She saw it. She broke from his grasp.

"You look as though you could kill me!" he said.

(And she did look so.)

"Forgive me," he went on; "tell me you don't mind."

"I should have thought—that what I confessed to you—you know, that day—"

But there were no subtleties in Paul. "Why, that was the very reason," he said. "What did you tell me for, if you didn't want me to think of it?" Then he took a lighter tone. "Come, forget it. It was nothing. What's one kiss?"

Eve colored deeply.

And then, suddenly, Paul Tennant colored too. He turned his head away, and his glance, resting on the water, was stopped by something—a dark object floating. He put up a hand on each side of his face and looked more steadily. "Yes. No. *Yes!* There's a woman out there—lashed to something. She is probably drowned. I must go out and see." He had thrown his hat down upon the sand as he spoke; he was hastily taking off his coat and waistcoat, his shoes and stockings; then he waded out rapidly, and when the rock shelved off, he began to swim.

Eve stood watching him mechanically. "He has already forgotten it!" Then a new thought came to her. "The water of Lake Superior is icy cold"—she had heard somebody say this. "It will chill him, numb him; he will sink, and I shall not be able to help him! Oh, how far is it round that point? If I should go out to the end, could I see down the other side, and wave to the others to come?"

But the end of the point was far away, and Paul was swimming in exactly the opposite direction; she could not bring herself to leave him, even in search of aid.

He reached the dark object. Then, after a short delay, she could see that he was trying to bring it in.

But his progress was slow.

"The water is icy cold!" she kept repeating to herself. "The water is icy cold!"

"Oh, there must be something the matter! Perhaps a cramp has seized him." A terrible impatience took possession of her; it was impossible for him to hear her, yet she cried to him at the top of her voice, and fiercely: "Let it go! Let it go, I say! Come in alone. Who cares for it, whatever it is? Save yourself!" It was not until his burden lay at her feet that she could turn her mind from him in the

least, or think of what he had brought, or care.

The burden was a girl of ten, a fair child with golden curls, now heavy with water; she was prettily dressed, and her face was calm, the eyes peacefully closed. She had been lashed to a long plank by somebody's hand—whose? Her father's? Or had it been done by a sobbing mother, praying, while she worked, that she and her little daughter might be kept from death, when they reached the deep cold lake?

"It's dreadful, when they're so young," said big Paul, bending over the body reverently to loosen the ropes. He finished his task, and straightened himself, with wet eyes. "A collision or a fire. If it was a fire, they must have seen it from Jupiter Light." He scanned the lake. "Perhaps there are others who are not dead; I must have one of the canoes at once. I'll go by the beach. You had better follow me." He put on his shoes and was off again like a flash, running beside the water toward the west at a vigorous speed.

Eve watched him until he was out of sight. Then she sat down beside the little girl and began to dry her pretty curls [illegible] one, smoothing them with her handkerchief. Even then she thought, "He has forgotten it!"

By-and-by—it seemed to her a long time—she saw a canoe coming round the point. It held but one person—Paul. He paddled rapidly toward her. "Why didn't you follow me, as I told you to?" he said, almost angrily. "Hollis has gone back to the camp for more canoes and the Indians; he took Cicely, of course. And he ought to have taken you."

"I wanted to stay here."

"You will be in the way; drowned people are not always a pleasant sight. Sit where you are, then, since you are here. If I come across anything I shall row in at a distance from you."

He paddled off again.

But before very long she saw him returning. "Are you really not afraid?" he asked, as his canoe grated on the beach.

"No."

"There [illegible] one out there. But I find I can't lift anything into this canoe alone—it's so tottlish; I could swim and tow, though, if I had the canoe as a help. Can you paddle?"

"Yes."

"Get in, then." He stepped out of the boat, and she took his place. He pushed it off and waded beside her until the water came to his chin; then he began to swim, directing her course by a movement of his head. She used her paddle very cautiously, now on one side, now on the other, the whole force of her will bent upon keeping the little craft steady; for she did not know how to paddle; she had only seen it done; her "yes" meant that she would do it; not, certainly, that she could. After a while, chancing to raise her eyes, she saw something dark ahead, and fear seized her. She could not look at it. She felt sick. "Oh, I must not stop now; I must not lose my self-control. Fool, hypocrite, why should *you* be afraid, when you have seen a man drop and throw out his arms in that awful way, when your own hand shot him down!" Thus governing herself by terror, with a determined effort of will she succeeded in turning the canoe without upsetting it, and then waited steadily until Paul gave the sign. Keeping her eyes carefully away from that side, she started back toward the shore, Paul convoying his floating freight. As they approached the beach he made a motion signifying that she should take the canoe farther down. When she was safely at a distance he brought his tow ashore. It was the body of a sailor. The fragment of deck planking to which he was tied had one end charred; this told the dreadful tale: fire at sea.

The sailor was dead, though it was some time before Paul would acknowledge it. At length he desisted from his efforts. He came down the beach to Eve, wiping his forehead with his wet sleeve. "No use. He's dead. I am going out again."

"I will go with you, then."

"If you are not too tired?"

They went out a second time. They saw another dark object half under water. Again the sick feeling seized her. But she turned the canoe safely, and they came in with their load. This time when he dismissed her, as though it were a place of refuge, she went back to the little girl, and landing, sat down. She was very tired.

After a while she heard sounds—four canoes coming rapidly round the point, the Indians using their utmost speed. She rose. Hollis, who was in the first canoe,

saw her, and directed his canoe toward her. "Why did you stay here?" he demanded, sternly, as he saw the desolate little figure of the child.

Eve began to excuse herself. "I was of use before you came. I went out; I helped."

"Paul shouldn't have asked you."

"He had to; he couldn't do it alone."

"He shouldn't have asked you." He went off to Paul, and she sat down again. She took up her task of drying the pretty curls. After a while the sound of voices and of paddles ceased altogether, and she knew that the work of restoration had again proved unavailing, and that they had all gone far out on the lake for further search. She went on with what she was doing. But presently, in the stillness, she began to feel that she must turn and look; if she did not she should be haunted by the idea that some one—one of the men who had been supposed to be drowned, perhaps—was stealing up noiselessly to look over her shoulder. She turned. And then she saw Hollis sitting not far away.

"Oh, I am so glad you are there!"

Hollis rose and came nearer, seating himself again quietly. "I thought I wouldn't leave you all alone."

She scanned the water. The five canoes were clustered together far out; presently, still together, they moved in toward the shore.

"They are bringing in some one else."

"Sha'n't we go farther away?" suggested Hollis—"farther toward the point? I'll go with you."

"No; I shall stay with this little girl. I want to be able to tell her mother, or whoever comes to visit her poor little grave—I want to be able to tell them that I did not leave her, that I staid with her to the last. You won't understand this, of course; only a woman would understand it."

"Oh, I understand," said Hollis.

But Eve ignored him. "The canoes are keeping all together in a way they haven't done before. Do you think—oh, it must be that they have got some one who is *living!*"

"It's possible."

"They are holding something up so carefully." She sprang to her feet. "I am sure I saw it move! Paul has saved a life! How *can* you sit there, Mr. Hollis? Go. Go and find out!"

Hollis went. In twenty minutes he came back.

"Well?" said Eve, breathlessly.

"Yes, there's a chance for this one. He'll come around, I guess."

"Paul has saved him."

"I don't know that he's much worth the saving. He looks a regular scalawag."

"How can you say that—a human life!"

Hollis looked down at the sand, abashed.

"Couldn't I go over there for a moment?" Eve said, watching excitedly the distant group.

"Better not."

"Tell me just how Paul did it, then?" she asked, light-heartedly. "For of course it was he; the Indians don't know anything."

"Well, I can't say how exactly. He brought him in."

"Isn't he wonderful!"

"I have always thought him the cleverest fellow I have ever known in all my life," responded poor Hollis, stoutly.

The next day the little girl, freshly robed and fair, her small hands full of flowers, was laid to rest in the forest burying-ground belonging to Jupiter Light. Eve had not left her. There were thirty new mounds there before the record was finished.

"Steamer *Mayhew* burned, Tuesday night, ten miles east Jupiter Light. Fifteen persons known to be saved. *Mayhew* carried thirty cabin passengers, a hundred emigrants, besides crew. Total loss." (*Bois Blanc despatch to the Associated Press.*)

The camp was abandoned. Reaching the muddy streets of Bois Blanc again, with the near proximity of pressing, clattering, breathless business, and the near departure for the South hovering before her, with the memory too of those stiff dead forms left behind at the Light, Eve said to herself: "He has forgotten. It is natural that he should forget."

XX.

Fourth of July. A brilliant morning, with the warm sun tempering the cool air, and shining with glittering radiance on the pure cold lake.

At ten o'clock precisely the cannon began to boom; it looked as though the town had undertaken a siege of the water,

for the guns were planted at the ends of the piers, their muzzles pointing seaward. Each cannon was to be fired thirteen times, in honor, of course, of the immortal Colonies; and the Bois Blanc Light Artillery held themselves sternly erect, trying to appear unconscious of the near presence of all Bois Blanc, sitting close behind with pea-nuts, and criticising them.

The salute over, the piers were deserted. The procession was formed. The following was the order:

"The Marshal of the Day.

"The Goddess of Liberty" (Parthenia Drone) "on her car."

"The Clergy." (In carriages.)

"Fire-Engine E. P. Snow." (Trimmed with smilax.)

"The Mayor and Common Council." (In carriages.)

"Hook and Ladder Company No. 1." (With angel on the ladder.)

"The Immortal Thirteen." (Thirteen little girls in a lumber wagon, singing "The Red, White, and Blue.")

"Fire-Engine Leander Braddock." (With streamers of pink tarlatan.)

"The Carnival of Venice. A Tableau." (This tableau represented the façade of a Venetian palace, skilfully constructed upon the model of the Parthenon, with Wolf Roth, in an Indian canoe below, playing upon his guitar. Wolf was attired as a Venetian, in a turban, Cardigan jacket, high boots with spurs, and powdered hair. The second Miss Drone, as Ceres, looked down upon him from the palace balcony.)

"Fire-Engine Conqueror." (With a performing dog.)

"Reader of the Declaration of Independence and Orator of the Day." (In carriages.)

"Hook and Ladder Company No. 2." (With a Cupid.)

"The Survivors of the War." (On foot, with banners.)

"Fire-Engine Senator M. P. Hagan." (With an oil-portrait of the Senator.)

"Model of the Bois Blanc Monument to our Fallen Heroes." (Crowned with laurel.)

"Hook and Ladder Company No. 3." (With a cornet playing "The Sweet By-and-By.")

"Widows of our Fallen Heroes." (In carriages.)

"Fire-Engine Excelsior." (Carrying the drum corps, drumming.)

"The Arts and Sciences." (Represented by the drays of Bois Blanc, the portable printing-press of the Bois Blanc *Courier*, and the coal wagons.)

"Citizens." (Boys hooting and whistling; little girls pushing baby wagons; Indians.)

Cicely watched the procession from the windows of Paul's office, laughing constantly with wild little outbursts of glee; the expression of her face reminded Eve of her moonlit dance at Romney, seven months before. When Hollis passed, sitting stiffly erect in his carriage—he was the "Reader of the Declaration of Independence"—she threw a bouquet at him, and compelled him to bow. Hollis was adorned with a broad stiff scarf of white satin, fastened on the right shoulder by an immense rosette of the national colors.

"I am going to the public square to hear him," Cicely announced suddenly. "Come, Paul."

"You couldn't see anything; you're too little," answered Paul.

"You can put me on the fence. Eve, you must go too, and grandpa. Come, grandpa."

"I will keep out of the rabble, I think; it appears indiscriminate," said the Judge. (He had observed the negro barber of Bois Blanc among the "Survivors of the War," with a star-spangled helmet.)

"Oh, come on; I dare say you have never heard the thing read through in your life," suggested Paul, laughing.

"Thomas Jefferson, sir, was my great-uncle. My grandfather, one of the representatives from Georgia, was a Signer."

"Sign a treaty of peace now, grandpa. And take Eve."

The Judge offered his arm.

The one church bell (Baptist) and the two little fire bells were jangling merrily when they reached the street. People were hurrying toward the square. Many of them were delegates from neighboring towns; they had accompanied their fire-engines to Bois Blanc, and were proud of their appearance. White dresses were abundant. The favorite refreshment was a lemon partially scooped out, the hollow filled with lemon candy. When they reached the square, Paul established Cicely on the top of a fence, standing behind to steady her; and presently the procession appeared, wheeling slowly in, and falling into position in a half-circle before the main stand, the fire-engines in front, the

hook and ladders behind, with the Carnival of Venice and the Goddess of Liberty as the keystone of the arch. The Clergy, the Mayor and Common Council, the Orator of the Day, were escorted to their places on the stand, and the ceremonies opened. By-and-by came the turn of Hollis. In a high, chanting voice he began:

"When in the *course* of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with *another*—"

"Cheer," whispered Cicely to Paul.

Paul, entering into it, set up a mighty hurrah with so much vigor that all the people near him joined in patriotically, to the confusion of the Reader, who went on, however, as well as he could, and in a higher key than ever:

"We *hold*—these *truths*—to be self-evident, that *all*—*men* are created equal—"

"Again," murmured Cicely.

And again Paul's corner burst forth irrepressibly, followed after a moment by the entire assemblage, glad to be doing something in a vocal way on their own account after so much pious silence, and determined to have their money's worth of jollity if of nothing else.

And so, from "the present King of Great Britain" to "our lives, our forrchuns, and our sacrred *honor*," on it went, a chorus of hurrahs growing louder and louder until they became roars—"genuyne Lake Superior smiles," as Hollis called them later, when, his official duties over and his glaring satin scarf removed, he appeared at the cottage to talk it over.

"I knew it was you," he said to Paul, with one of his grins, as he seated himself in the elaborate extension-chair which Paul had (mistakenly) bought for the shrunken little figure of the Judge. "But say, did you notice the Widows of our Fallen Heroes, now? To me they looked scared; they had a sort of glare under their crape. You see, once we had eight of 'em; but this year there is only one left; all the rest have married again. Now it happens that this very year the Soldiers' Monument is done at last, and naturally the committee wanted the Widows of the Fallen to ride in the procession as a sort of souvenir. The one Widow who was left declared that she would not ride all alone; she said it would look as though no one had asked her, whereas she had had at least three good offers. So the committee went to the others and asked them to dress up as former Widows just for to-day. Lots of people cried when they came along, two and two, all in black, so pathetic." He sprang up to greet Eve, who was entering, and the foot-board entangled itself with his feet, after the peculiarly insidious fashion of extension-chairs. "Hang it all! Instrument of torture!" he said, crossly.

"I will leave it to you in my will," declared Paul. "And perhaps it is just as well to say it now, before witnesses, because to-morrow I am going away."

Cicely stopped laughing. "Going away? What for?"

"Business. I shall be back in plenty of time—two or three days before I start South."

"There go half of the last few hours," thought Eve.

The second evening after, Hollis came up the path to Paul's door. The Judge, Eve, Cicely, and Porley with Jack, were sitting on the steps, after the Bois Blanc fashion; they had all been using their best blandishments to induce Master Jack to go to bed. But that young gentleman refused; he played patty-cake steadily with Porley, looking at the others out of the corner of his eye; and if Porley made the least attempt to rise, he began what Cicely called his Ulalume—loud bewailings, with his face screwed up, but without a tear. It was suspected that these were pure artifice, and not one of his worshippers could help admiring his sagacity. They altogether refrained from punishing it.

"I was at the post-office; so I thought I'd just inquire for you," said Hollis. "There was only one letter. It's for Miss Bruce."

Eve took the letter and put it in her pocket. She had recognized the handwriting instantly.

Hollis, who also knew the handwriting, began to praise himself up in his own mind as rapidly as he could for bringing it. "It was a good thing to do. And a kind thing. You must manage jobs like that for her often, C. Hollis; then you'll be sure that you ain't, yourself, a plumb fool. She doesn't open it? Of course she doesn't, Tom Noddy! Go and sit down, and stop your jawing."

Eve did not open her letter until she reached her own room at eleven o'clock. When she was safely behind her bolted door she took it from its envelope and

read it. She read it and re-read it. Holding it in her hand, she pondered over it. She was standing by the mantel-piece because her lamp was there.

The soles of her feet began to ache, and she sat down. This was at one o'clock. The letter was as follows:

"DEAR EVE,—Now that I am away from her, I can see that Cicely is not so well as we have thought. All that laughing yesterday morning was too much. I am afraid that she will break down when I go away—I mean when I start South. So I write to suggest that you take her off for a trip of ten days or so. You might go up to St. Paul. Then I needn't see her at all, and it really would be better.

"As to seeing you again

"Yours sincerely,

"PAUL TENNANT."

"Why did he write, 'As to seeing you again,' and then stop? What was it that he had intended to say, and why did he leave it unfinished? 'As to seeing you again—' Supposing it had been, 'As to seeing you again, I dread it!' But no; he would never say that; he doesn't dread anything—me least of all! Probably it was only, 'As to seeing you again, there would be nothing gained by it; it would be for such a short time."

But imagination soon took flight anew. "Possibly, remembering that day in the wood, he was going to write, 'As to seeing you again, do you *wish* to see me? Is it really true that you care about me a little? It was so brave to tell it! A weak woman, a petty spirit, could never have done it.' But no, that is not what he would have thought. He likes the other kind of women—those who do not tell." She laid her head down upon her arms. "I wish I could make myself over!"

Presently she began to ponder again: "He had certainly intended to write something which he found himself unable to finish; the broken sentence tells that. What idea, what thought, could it have been? Any ordinary sentence, like, 'As to seeing you again, it is not necessary, as you know already my plans about Cicely'—if it had been anything like that, he *would* have finished it. It would have been easy to do so. No; it was something different. Oh, if it could only have been, 'As to seeing you again, I *must* see you; it must be managed in some way. I cannot go without a leave-taking!'" Her eyes were now radiant and sweet. Their glance happened to fall upon her watch, which was lying, case open, upon the table. Three o'clock. "And I have sat here since eleven! I am losing my wits." She undressed rapidly, angrily. Clad in white, she stood brushing her hair, her supple figure taking, all unconsciously, enchanting postures as she now held a long lock at arm's-length to let the comb pass through it, and now, putting her right hand over her shoulder, brushed out part of the golden mass that fell from the back of her head to her knees. "But he must have intended to write something unusual, even if not of any of the things I have been thinking of—something unusual and important; then he changed his mind. That is the only solution of his leaving it unfinished—the only possible solution." And it was dawn before she fell asleep.

The evening before, sitting in the bar-room of the Star Hotel, Lakeville, Paul had written his letter. He had got as far as, "Then I needn't see her at all, and it really would be better. As to seeing you again," when a voice said, "Hello, Tennant! —busy?"

"Nothing important," replied Paul, pushing back the sheet of paper.

The visitor shook hands; then he seated himself, astride, on one of the bar-room chairs, facing the wooden back, which he hugged tightly. He had come to talk about Paul's Clay County iron. He had one or two ideas about it which he thought might come to something.

Paul, too, thought that they might come to something when he heard what they were. He was excited. He began to jot down figures on the envelope which he had intended for Eve. Finally he and the new-comer went out together. Before going he put the letter in his pocket.

When he came in, it was late. "First mail to Bois Blanc?" he inquired.

"Five o'clock to-morrow morning," replied the drowsy waiter.

"Must finish it to-night, then," he thought. He took out the sheet, and opening it, read through what he had written. "What was it I was going to add?" He tried to recall the train of thought. But he was very sleepy (as Hollis said, Paul had a genius for sleep). Besides, his mind was occupied by the new business plan. "I haven't the slightest idea what

I was going to say. A clear profit of fifty thousand in two years; that isn't bad. Ferdie will need a good deal of it. Ye-ough!" (a yawn). "What *was* it I was going to say? I can't imagine. Well, it wasn't important in any case; I'll just sign it, and let it go." So he wrote, "Yours sincerely, Paul Tennant," and went to bed.

XXI.

"We had better spend the night at the butter woman's, then," suggested Paul.

"What fun! If there aren't beds enough, we can sleep on the hay," said Cicely.

Paul had returned, and had found her still at Bois Blanc. She had refused to go to St. Paul. "The only Paul I care for is the one we have here. What an *i*-dea, Eve, that I should choose just this moment for a trip, Heaven knows where—Paul's last days! And you've urged it so that it looks as though you were trying to keep me away from him."

"I'm not trying; it's Paul," Eve might have answered; but she did not.

"It must be curious to be such a sort of person as you are," Cicely went on, looking at her. "You have only one feeling that ever gives you any trouble, haven't you? That's anger."

"I am never angry with you," Eve answered, with the humility which she always showed when Cicely made her cutting little speeches.

But Paul had been right. As the time of his departure for Romney drew near, Cicely grew restless. She was seized with fits of weeping. Then, dashing away the tears, she would go to the woods, and run through the green aisles like a wild creature, run so far, and for so many minutes at a time—ten, fifteen, twenty—that Eve remonstrated. At last, one evening, when there were only two days left, her little face looked so drawn and white that Paul proposed a drive—anything to change, even if only upon the surface, the current of her thoughts. "We will go to Betsy Lake, and pay a visit to the antiquities."

The copper mine at Betsy Lake—the Lac aux Becs-Scies of the early Jesuit explorers—had been abandoned. Recently traces of work there in prehistoric times had been discovered, with primitive tools which excited interest in the minds of antiquarians. The citizens of Bois Blanc were not antiquarians; they said "Aztecs," "Mound-builders," and went about their business.

Eve did not go with the little party. They had started at three o'clock, intending to visit a hill from which there was an extensive view, before going on to the butter woman's farm-house. At four she herself went out for a solitary walk.

As she was passing a group of wretched half-built shanties, beyond the outskirts of the town, a frightened woman came out of one of them, calling loudly, "Mrs. Halley! oh, Mrs. *Halley*, your *Lyddy* is *dying!*"

A second woman, who was hanging out clothes, dropped the garment she had in her hand and ran within. Eve followed her. A young girl, who appeared to be in a spasm, occupied the one bed, a poor one. The mother rushed to her. But in a few seconds the danger was over, and the girl fell into a heavy sleep.

"That Mrs. Sullivan—she's too intentional," said Mrs. Halley, after she had dismissed her frightened neighbor. "I just invited her to sit here *tranquilly* while I put out me clothes, when lo! she begins and screams like mad. She's had no education; that's very plain. There's nothing the matter with my Lyddy except that she's delicate, and as soon as she's a little better I'm going to have her take music lessons on the peanner."

Eve looked at Mrs. Halley's ragged wet dress and at the wan, pinched face of the sleeping girl. "It is a pity you have to leave her," she said. "Couldn't you get somebody to do your washing?"

"I take in washing, miss; I'm a lady-laundress. Only the best; I never wash for the boats."

"How much do you earn a week?"

"Oh, a tidy sum," answered Mrs. Halley. Then, seeing that Eve had taken out her purse, her misery overcame her pride, and she burst forth, suddenly: "Never more than three dollars, miss, with me slaving from morning to night. And I've five children besides poor Lyddy there. Oh, may the Lorrd bless you! Oh, what luck the day!" She began to cry. "And me with my skirt all wet and the house not clean when the chariot of the Lord descended upon me!" She sank into a chair, her toil-worn hands over her face, her tired back bent forward, relaxed at last, and resting.

Eve pursued her investigations. She sent a boy to town for provisions, and

waited to see a meal prepared. Mrs. Halley, still wet and ragged, but now refreshed by joy, moved about rapidly; at last there was nothing more to do but to sit down and wait. "She was the prettiest of all my children," she remarked, indicating the sleeping girl with a motion of her head.

"She is still pretty," Eve answered.

"Yet you never saw *her* making eyes at gentlemen like some. There's a great deal of making eyes in Boblar. Rose Bonham, now—she got a silk dress out of Mr. Tennant no longer ago as last March."

"Mr. Tennant?"

"Yes; the gentleman who superintends the mine. Not that I have anything to say against him. Gentlemen has their priviluges. All I say is—*girls* haven't!"

Eve had risen. "I must go now; I will come again soon."

"Oh, miss," said the woman, dropping her gossip, and returning to her gratitude (which was genuine)—"oh, miss, mayn't I know your name? I want to put it in my prayers. There was just three cents in the house, miss, when you came; and Lyddy she couldn't eat the last meal I got for her—a cracker and a piece of mackerel."

"You can pray for me without a name," said Eve, going out.

She felt as though there were hot coals in her throat. She could scarcely breathe. She went toward the forest, and entering it by a cart track, walked rapidly on. Rose Bonham was the daughter of the butter woman. Bonham had a rough forest farm about five miles from Bois Blanc, on the road to Betsy Lake, and his wife kept Paul's cottage supplied with butter. Eve had seen the daughter several times. She was a very beautiful girl. Eve and Cicely thought her bold. But the women who eat the butter are apt to think so of those who bring it, if the bringers have sparkling eyes, peach-like complexions, curling hair, and the gait of Hebe.

And Paul himself had suggested the spending the night there—an entirely unnecessary thing—under the pretence of gaining thereby an earlier start in the morning.

She came to a little pool of clear water. Pausing beside it, half unconsciously, she beheld the reflection of her face in its mirror. Something seemed to say to her, "And what is your education, your culture, in short all your ladyhood, worth when compared with the peach-like face of that young girl?" Her own image looked up at her, pale and cold, pale and stern; it did not seem to her to have a trace of beauty. She took a stone, and casting it in the pool, shattered the picture. "I wish I were beautiful beyond words! I wish I had everything! I *could* be beautiful if I had everything. If nothing but the finest lace and velvet touched me, if I never raised my hand to do anything for myself, if I had only dainty and delicate and beautiful things about me, I should be beautiful—I know I should. Bad women have those things, they say. Why haven't they the best of it?"

She began to walk on again. She had not as yet given much thought to the direction her steps were taking. Now it came to her that the road to Lake Betsy, and therefore to Bonham's, was not far away, and she crossed the wood toward it. When she reached it, she turned toward Bonham's. Five miles. And it was now after five o'clock.

When she came in sight of the low roof and scattered out-buildings a sudden realization came to her, and she stopped. What was she doing there? If they should see her, any of them, what would they think? What could she say? And as though they were already upon her, she took refuge hastily behind the high bushes with which the road was bordered. "What have I come here for? It is humiliating. Oh, let me get back home!—let me get back home!" She returned toward Bois Blanc by the fields and the woods, avoiding the road. The shadows were dense now; it was almost night.

She had gone more than a mile when she stopped and retraced her steps. When she reached Bonham's the second time, lights were shining from the windows. "I had to come! I had to come!"

The roughly built house rose directly from the road. Blinds and curtains were evidently considered superfluous. With breathless eagerness she drew near. The evening was cool, and the windows were closed. Through the small wrinkled panes she could distinguish a wrinkled Cicely, a wrinkled Judge, a Hollis much askew, and a Paul Tennant with a dislocated jaw. They were playing a game. After some moments she recognized that

it was bézique. She almost laughed aloud, a bitter laugh at herself: she had walked five miles to see a game of bézique.

A dog barked: she turned away and began her long journey homeward.

Presently the thought came to her, and would not leave her, "After the game is over, and the others have gone to bed, he will see that girl somehow, somewhere."

She did not find the road a long one. Passion made it short, a passion of despair.

Reaching the town at last, she passed an ice-cream saloon with a large window. Seated within, accompanied by a Bois Blanc youth of the hobbledehoy species, was Rose Bonham, eating pink ice-cream.

"I 'lowed, miss, dat yer mus' have gone out dair yousef on foot, to dat dair butter woman's, you's been gone so *turrible* long," said Porley, by way of an immense joke.

The next evening at six the excursion party returned. At seven they were seated at the tea-table. The little door-bell jangled loudly in the near hall. There was a sound of voices. Paul, who was nearest the door, rose and went to see what it was.

After a long delay he came back and looked in. They had all left the table, and Cicely had gone to her room. Paul beckoned Eve out silently. His face had a look that made her heart stop beating. In the narrow hall, under the small lamp, he gave her, one by one, three telegraphic despatches, open.

The first: "*Monday.*

"Break it to Cicely. Dear Ferdie died at dawn. SABRINA ABERCROMBIE."

The second: "*Monday.*

"Morrison died this morning. Telegraph your wishes.

"EDWARD KNOX, M.D."

The third: "*Wednesday.*

"Morrison buried this afternoon. Address me, Pulaski House, Savannah.

"EDWARD KNOX, M.D."

"I ought to have had them two days ago," said Paul. He stood with his lips slightly apart looking at her, but without seeing her or seeing anything.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"TOTHER MISS MANDY."

BY NANNIE MAYO FITZHUGH.

"WHER'S pap, Aun' Drusy?"

"Fur the lan's sake, Malviny, don' ast me nothin' 'bout yo' pap. His goin's an' doin's is mo'n he can keep the straight of hisse'f, let alone other folks. Ef I knowed where he was, dinner wouldn' be a-settin' here sp'ilin', after me gittin' roun' so peart to have it on time, an' me with the misery in my head that bad I can't hardly live right now. I don' know nothin' 'bout him, 'thout he's in the horse lot. What you want of yo' pap anyways?" But there was none to answer. Through the open door Aunt Drusy could see, when, startled at the silence, she turned round, a pair of brown thin legs scampering as fast as their scantiness of dimension would allow in the direction of the horse lot. Malviny, wise from experience, never waited the end of her aunt Drusy's harangues if she could elude observation long enough to gain the door. Across the road and down the stony hill she sped, wholly unbeautiful, with her little seven-year-old figure all bones and angles, and hair, skin, and eyes sun-washed to one monotonous sickly drab.

In the horse lot she found her father putting on his coat preparatory to going to dinner.

"Pap," she said, "t'other Miss Mandy done come." As she spoke she peered with eyes full of anxiety into his face. He had not even turned to see who it was when he heard her coming, and now neither his attitude nor his stolid, impenetrable face showed any interest in the announcement.

"I don' keer," he said, indifferently.

"She don' look contrairy, neither," continued the child, undaunted by this discouraging reception of news whose importance seemed consuming her; "like them other school-teachers what gits up schools roun' here; she's powerful kin'-spoken, an'— Oh, pap, air you goin' to sign me?"

She hardly expected an answer, and she received none. Except when some neighbor's sturdy son by chance would

recall the old disappointment, Lije Meeks seemed absolutely to forget the existence of the motherless child whose birth had been the occasion of his keenest sorrow, by reason of her sex. Malviny was not a being constituted to reconcile her father.

He was a man subject to bursts of lofty, ungoverned anger, and at such times he would whip her cruelly, though less brutally than if she had been the boy he longed for, yet his nature was affectionate and home-loving, and a union of feminine and childish graces would have availed completely to win for Malviny all her sex had lost her in his heart. But acute natural sensitiveness produced a repellent, unchildlike reserve that took away all hope her unlovely little person had left her. She lived always under a sort of conviction of sin.

They had reached the corner of the old worm-fence where the new school-mistress had reined her horse. The man dreaded the interview, and embarrassment and defiance modified the greeting he wished to make entirely cordial.

"You the school-mistis I heerd um say was going round gittin' up signers, I reckon," he said, after she had been pressed and had refused to dismount.

"Yes," she answered; "I suppose my little friend here told you I'm going to take possession of her." She smiled at the child, who stood shy and silent behind her father, watching the visitor with furtive steadiness. "I've already been promised most of her friends. Of course you will want the little girl in school this session."

A pair of self-expressing, self-unconscious eyes were raised in abandonment of entreaty to him who seemed to Malviny's mind to hold the very keys of destiny. "Pap," she whispered, trusting the hope she held most dear to the force of that one appeal, "ef you sign me, I'll git up 'rithmetic uvva night same as I was a boy."

She caught the intent gaze of the young school-mistress, and a tide of agonizing self-consciousness seemed to drown her faculties. The next instant her eyes met Mildred's in a flash of that mutual recognition which, while it lasts, precludes all possibility of shyness between those who share it.

"Mr. Meeks," said the new teacher, impetuously, "does it seem to you that you have the *right* to keep that child out of school?"

He did not resent this—a fact at which Mildred wondered upon subsequent reflection—but put himself instantly on the defensive. "I don' know as I ever said I wouldn' sign, though I 'low to not bein' no gret han' fur women teachers. Miss Mandy now, she was one o' them kin', co'se, an' that school o' hern was jes natu'ally the no-counter' place. Anyways, I don' know but what I will sign some. Bill Murphy now, I 'low he signed a right smart. My lor! ef I had half that there tobacco land of Bill's, I wouldn't stan' back fur a little money when it come to schoolin'."

Miss Owen silently handed him the list of signatures and amounts. He studied it critically for a few moments, trying to calculate the amount due from him in order to preserve the proportion between the sum subscribed and the subscriber's property and social standing which the previous signers had established. Presently he laid the "ar-tick-le" on his carefully poised knee, and wrote his name with grave and laborious precision, holding his tongue between his teeth the while. Miss Owen replaced the paper without looking at it, and made a second movement toward starting. But Mr. Meeks, after the manner of those conquered unconsciously to themselves, was disposed to be gracious, and insisted on detaining her as his guest at dinner.

Mildred's first impulse was to seal her conquest over masculine prejudice by accepting this invitation, but a vision of the unknown "Drusy" in housewifely discomfiture at the thought of entertaining a distinguished guest without the red cloth on the table, or time to beat up a bowl of float, chose for her the part of discretion, and made her plead her promise to dine at her boarding-house.

And Malviny watched, till she lost them in the shadow of the woods, the white horse and the gleam of his rider's hair on her dark habit, with the spell upon her of that divine, half-fearful glimpse that sometimes startles every life—the dim awakening of a human soul to its own beauty.

The school was having recess. Through the open windows, from the dense netting of green boughs that crowded the very eaves and shut off the mid-day rays of the hot June sun, came a faint delicious emanation that was not fragrance, but

seemed the woods' own consciousness of their glad, mute, mysterious life.

Before the stove that served her for a desk, in default of anything better, Mildred sat correcting various documents of remarkable appearance which had been presented for her inspection as "compositions." Presently her attention was arrested by a dispute that was going on in stage-whispers at the other end of the room.

"You ast her."

"I won't ast her; y'all make me ast her uvva thing."

The large girls were intrenched, according to custom, behind the tall benches of the corner, from which stronghold Miss Owen had tried at every intermission to eject them by strategy.

The dispute in the corner grew louder, emphasized by sundry sibilant ejaculations of "'sh, 'sh," and "shet up," the school-mistress being well aware that these demonstrations of concern lest her peace should be disturbed were exaggerated in order to attract her attention, and draw from her some question that might open the subject on which it was evident they desired an interview.

"Malviny oughter ast her; she looks like she could eat her up with them starin' eyes o' hern. Ef I sot as much sto' by anybody as Malviny do by teacher, I'd uppen ast her uvva thing come into my head."

The child shrank back with a flush of embarrassment at the giggle of appreciation that followed this display of wit at her expense. To her the teacher was a sacred being, of whom to speak lightly was profanation.

"Ef Malviny won't, I will," proceeded the speaker. Then raising her voice, which the hush of expectation made unnaturally distinct, she said, in an apologetic drawl, "Miss Mildred."

"Well?"

"Air you engaged to marry?"

The unlooked-for nature of this inquiry threw her off her guard so completely that she forgot the impropriety of the question, and only answered "No," with a face of expectant surprise.

"Lawsy me!" replied the questioner, "I'm 'most always engaged to three. Wasn't you never engaged to three?"

Miss Owen's conversational powers seemed paralyzed to a condition of monosyllabic uniformity. "No," she said, still expectantly.

"You wasn't! Well, I declare! It's a sight of fun. Th' ain't hardly a one of us Fif' Reader girls what ain't engaged; but I jes as live not be engaged at all as to jes have one feller."

Mildred felt her face crimson. She was silent a moment, overcome by a sense of the disproportion between the wisdom required to deal helpfully with her girls and her own power to supply that wisdom. When she spoke, it was in decided but earnest, sympathetic language that was so much good seed in the fertile soil of their fresh, receptive minds, though the immediate result of her words would have discouraged her.

She had risen as she spoke, and taking her hat and the dipper from their nails, went through the open door, looking back over her shoulder with a smile as she said the last words.

"Well, that do beat all!" ejaculated the girl, in slow bewilderment. "Sech talkin's that air p'intedly a new word to me. She went out powerful suddent, 'fo' anybody could ast her nothin'. It's droll 'at ain't nobody settin' up to her—good-lookin' woman like teacher. She war right smart plegged—in reason."

"I heerd some person say 'at they was a min' to spark school-mistis," put in another girl, "and that's Teed Cribbins."

She glanced across the room to see the effect of the name on a girl who sat absorbed in her arithmetic, and was at this moment engaged in proving the correctness of her multiplication by going over the operation on her fingers. Every eye of the group in the corner instinctively followed the speaker's. The faint pink of the mathematician's cheek deepened and crept over brow and neck, but the bent head did not move, and the accurate, slow movement of her fingers was unbroken.

"Teed 'lowed they couldn't nobody hender him from goin' to see school-mistis, ef she did boa'd at ole Mis' Hall's," continued the last informant, ostensibly for the benefit of her immediate neighbors. A half-uneasy, wholly appreciative giggle followed this. "Shet up, Emmy," said one. "You done got Barb'ry that plegged she can't get her 'rithmetic."

The object of this consideration did not notice it. A little lower she bent over the obdurate figures on the slate, but only the varying crimson of her half-turned cheek betokened that she heard. She could not help listening with painful in-

tentness at every mention of Teed Cribbins's name any more than she could restrain the vexatious scarlet waves that told her secret; but a year of continual vain attempts at defending herself from her school-mates' friendly curiosity and her mother's reproaches convinced her of the greater wisdom of ignoring both. There was, truly, either in words or silence, very little hope for the mutual love of Teed and Barb'ry. Teed, otherwise Stephen Cribbins, was the son of a farmer, respectable but notoriously devoid of capacity for managing his farm, who, dying and leaving his son penniless, had just before death bound him to Lije Meeks. In return for his labor he was to get his support, and when at twenty-one he became free, a horse and saddle.

When it first dawned upon old Mrs. Hall's mind that his regard for her daughter was something deeper than a praiseworthy appreciation of the charms of a social superior, she was conscious only of a passing indignation at his presumption. But when Teed, made bold by love, plainly asked her to let Barb'ry wait for him, she received him with a perfectly sincere dramatic scorn that gave him no chance to explain his audacity by bringing forward the girl's confessed preference for him above all her other admirers. This perversity of affection on her daughter's part the old woman soon discovered for herself; and until the time when the teacher had taken up her board with them, Barb'ry had lived in an atmosphere of persecution as thoroughly uncomfortable as disappointed maternal pride and an unwise use of maternal authority could make it. Outwardly she accomplished her designs. Barb'ry esteemed obedience her highest duty, and her relations with Teed relapsed into the most formal "speakin' 'quaintance"; but she knew and he knew that in spite of her apparent victory, the old woman's cause was losing ground all the time.

"Whose house is a-burnin', Viny? Can't you hold on ther long enough to listen at a feller 'at's bu'stin' his throat a-hollerin' at you?"

The child stopped reluctantly and stared up into the good-humored face that belied the roughness of its owner's address, in disconsolate appeal. "Oh, Teed!" she said, despairingly, as if recognizing certain detention, "quit a-foolin' wid me. T'other Miss Mandy 'll be done gone an' lef' me." To her this was a far more reasonable explanation of her haste than somebody's house being on fire. She was the only pupil whose way lay with the teacher's, and the daily walk was her chief joy and pride. In school, where, with her natural quickness of comprehension, she would do her appointed tasks in half the allotted time, there were others whose presence put restraint on the dumb worship of her eyes. But here the privilege was hers alone. The constant flow of talk in which Miss Mildred told her wonderful things about the very weeds they passed, or the far-off places she had seen, or, stranger still, about the Jesus whom Malviny had always thought of as a ghostly being, much to be avoided as a subject of conversation, and dimly connected with hell—all was for her.

"Ef that's what all this gittin' up an' gittin's fur," replied Teed, deliberately feeling in his pocket as he spoke, "it's lucky you come upon me 'fo' you run them skeeter legs o' yourn plum' off. I seen school-mistis half-way to them sugar-maples when I was 'longside yo' pap's new barn." He drew a much-folded sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and stood regarding it with a sort of tender anxiety. "I got sump'n here 'at I want to git you to 'ten' to, an' firs' thing you know you'll be a-gittin' to ride behin' me on that ther high-steppin' nag o' mine. I'm a-goin' to put this 'ere letter in yo' speller, an' when you git to school you jes sorter slip it in that ther dest in the fur corner where the dinner buckets sets."

"I ain't afeard to walk right up an' give it to teacher," cried Malviny, her eyes sparkling at the thought of being of service to Miss Mandy in her love affairs. She remembered what her school-mates had said of Teed's intentions, and taking it literally, had not now a doubt that she was assisting the aspirant in a preliminary step.

The young fellow half withdrew the paper in his alarm. "Oh, say now, Viny!" he exclaimed, "don't you go to doin' nothin' ficety. You needn' min' 'bout givin' it to nobody; she'll git it, an' no mistake. You jes p'intedly do what you hear me say *fur* you to do, and don' let on to nobody, and some o' these days you'll fin' yo'se'f goin' to meetin' with one o' them new calicoes up at the cross-roads on yo' back."

Malviny's heart was beating with exul-

tation as she trotted through the pasture. She had never forgotten how Mildred had blushed during that memorable conversation in the school-room, nor how the girls had attributed it to mortification. They would not be able to sneak any more with that tone of half wonder, half contempt, of "Miss Mandy's" lack of admirers.

Teed meditatively continued his way, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets as an aid to thought.

"It comes sorter hard to Teed Cribbins," he said, half aloud, "these here sneakin' ways; 'taint hardly to say sneakin' neither. I done fair by ole Mis' Hall, an' now I'm goin' to do fair by Teed awhile. I'm twenty-one, a month come co't day, an' what with my horse, an' croppin' with Lije this year, I don' see but what me 'n' Barb'ry 'll have as good a showin' fur a start as any of um. I ain't good enough for Barb'ry, an' that's so; but ef she's fool enough to think so, why, it suits Teed powerful well, an' I'll be pleggoned ef I don' come as nigh it as these here sto'-clo'es fellers what ole Mis' Hall sets so much sto' by."

He was not apprehensive of wearying Barb'ry with his persistency. She was too true to the line of conduct she had adopted to allow herself to give him so much as one glance of assurance through all those weary months; but at every chance meeting at "play party," "meetin'," or spelling match, there had come to them, with the mere presence of the other, a strong mutual consciousness that was in itself complete assurance of each other's constancy.

Teed was not quite successful in carrying out his plans. There were days when Malviny would be late, and he dared not trust her getting her precious charge deposited unobserved, and sometimes she would join her teacher in the morning before he could see her alone. At the end of two weeks Barb'ry had been the recipient of five brief communications, written with infinite difficulty and the most conscientious attention to the epistolary formalities in which her correspondent had been instructed during his two terms at school. He was bitterly disappointed at receiving no reply, but would not listen to his reason's hint of discontinuance. He determined to try once more—at the same moment that Barb'ry was resolving in her own mind that she would return the next unopened. She had been trying to force herself to this measure ever since the receipt of the second. She told herself that it was unpardonable presumption, a breach of faith with her mother, that she would not read another word, and with these indignant resolutions almost on her lips, she every morning raised the desk lid in a tremor of expectation. When she found nothing there but her books she took up her slate and applied herself unreservedly to her "promiscous examples," without admitting there had been the faintest possibility of there being anything else in the desk. On the five occasions when Malviny succeeded, the teacher was at a loss to account for the suppressed radiance of her cleverest pupil's eyes, and the startled alacrity that replaced her usual serene confidence in recitation. "I ain't goin' to wait na' 'nother time," thought Barb'ry at last, decidedly; "ef Teed 'ain't already quit them fool doin's o' hisn, I'm goin' to jes make Malviny take him uvva las' letter back right to-day!"

School had been in progress some fifteen minutes when Malviny arrived. She was out of breath, and instead of taking her seat, hurried up to Miss Owen, and laid a timid hand in hers. "Hit's your letter," she said, in a shrill undertone of eagerness and diffidence. "Pap hollered at me to come back an' hunt his knife what I los', an' I couldn' git here any quicker."

Barb'ry sat trying to control the agonizing crimson of her cheeks while her teacher read the almost indecipherable scrawl in slow bewilderment. Then she glanced over at the girl in sudden instinctive comprehension, and put the paper in her pocket without a word. When the closing hour had come—already the day had seemed interminable to her impatience—Barb'ry asked for a private talk on their way home, and carried out her resolution to ease her overburdened heart by taking her teacher into her confidence. Mildred was amazed at the strength of the girl's principle, as well as at the violence of her emotions.

She seemed to struggle between respect for her mother and indignation at her treatment of her lover. The young teacher's short experience had taught her that the former feeling had probably not been fostered by her training, while the perfect equality between parent and child in families in which the child's authority was not supreme made her wonder that any spark of feeling of reverence remained.

But Barb'ry did not merit Mildred's respect quite so much when they had gone further. When they reached home she had worked herself up to such a pitch of excitement that her tears blinded her.

"Ma oughter be 'shamed herself, Miss Mildred," she said, passionately—"she ought in reason. It's jes plum' contrairiness in ma, a-sayin' me an' Teed sha'n't talk to one 'nother, nor nothin' like that—like as if Teed wa'n't good enough for anybody—an' him an' her both members down at Bethel"—she choked with a sob of wounded pride.

Mrs. Hall appeared at the door, with a frying-pan in her hand and a stare of astonishment on her face. "I'd say 'Bethel Meetin'-house!'" she exclaimed, in irrelevant repetition of Barb'ry's words. "What in the land o' gracious, Barb'ry, air you up to now?"

Mildred hurried in to escape the scene which she knew would follow. She tried in vain to shut out the sound of Mrs. Hall's high-keyed reproaches and the girl's broken, excited defence. At last she was relieved to hear Barb'ry take up the buckets, and her mother's voice raised as if for a parting thrust.

"'Tain't nothin' to me noways. Lor' knows 'tain't. 'Tain't me a-fixin' to marry somebody's bound-out boy, thank the gracious. Jes go right 'long an' git married; 'twon't be me a-makin' a fool o' myse'f. I 'low you jes as live uppen tell him you're a-lovin' him right this minute. Co'se gals wasn't raised that a-way in my day an' time, but I 'low you jes as live tell him as to not."

Barb'ry stopped in the path outside and turned toward the door with blazing eyes. "I 'ain't got no call to tell him," she said, distinctly; "'tain' no use a-tellin' folks what they know a'ready."

Miss Owen watched the buckets and their bearer out of sight, and then sauntered into the kitchen with the charitable purpose of diverting Mrs. Hall's thoughts to a pleasanter channel. Finding this hopeless, she sat down and encouraged the excited woman to go over the whole ground of her grievance, using her utmost wisdom to drop a word now and then that might help her to see at once the best view of Teed's suit, and the hopelessness of opposing it. Mrs. Hall gradually grew calm and more reasonable, and then Mildred began to work on her affection by some adroit praise of her daughter.

"Barbara is over nineteen," she was saying, in conclusion, "and has only a few months of school life. So, after all, if she does marry Mr. Cribbins, she will not be losing any of her schooling." A shadow darkened the door, and the owner of the name she had just called took off his hat to her with a gravity that almost deceived Mildred into thinking he had not heard.

"Wher's Barb'ry, Mis' Hall?" he asked, with awkward deference, yet as coolly as though he were a constant and welcome guest.

The old woman was secretly willing to yield, yet ashamed of her easy surrender. "She's done gone to the spring; go on an' git her. I 'low you's on the same ole business. I'm done. Jes don't pester me no mo' 'bout it. I got all I can do 'ten'in' to my own business, let alone folks what don' pay no 'tention to ole folks noways."

Teed could hardly wait until the kitchen door was out of sight before he gave vent to his triumph and amusement at the school-mistress's unintentional disclosure. He had fretted under Mrs. Hall's opposition and Barb'ry's compliance with her wishes, but the greatest of his fears for two weeks had been with regard to the state of her own mind. He chuckled and whistled and talked to himself as he went down the hill, out of sheer lightness of heart. At the bottom he met the object of his search resting before she attempted the steep winding path. Teed was seized with sudden gravity. "Gimme them buckets," he said, abruptly. They were the first words he had spoken to her, excepting in salutations, for a year.

Barb'ry took up her burdens without heeding the hands outstretched for them. "I hope I ain't that puny I can't pack a little water," she said, ungraciously. He made no further effort to relieve her, and they walked on silently. Barb'ry's uppermost feeling was a sense of her tear-disfigured face. Teed felt no need of words. He was content for a little while. But it was he that spoke first.

"I heerd 'bout teacher gittin' my letter I sont you," he said, "an' I 'lowed she'd tell yo' ma, an' so I got in the min' to come up an' have it out with your ma right now. She wouldn't gimme no chance, though. I couldn' git nothin' outen her but jes 'Go 'long, git Barb'ry.'"

"Teacher don't tell nothin'," retorted

Barb'ry, choosing the portion of his words for reply with instinctive discretion. "She's jes p'intedly the sweetest woman ever I seen. I jes love Miss Mildred, I do."

"Barb'ry," he said, suddenly, "say sump'n to me. I've been waitin' a year an' mo." She tried to force a reply of light irrelevancy, but her lips trembled. "Them buckets ain't in no hurry," he went on presently; "set down here a spell." She put down the buckets in mechanical obedience to the masterful tone of his words, but did not change her position. Her excitement had worn away, leaving only weariness. She was sick for sympathy and rest, and Teed's manner seemed portentous of another combat.

The young fellow felt his confidence fast ebbing under the discouragement of her persistent silence. "Ef you ain't wantin' to talk to me now," he said, in the low, even tone of suppressed feeling, "you won't never talk to me."

Barb'ry's perversity chose to construe this as a threat. "I'm thinkin', then," she answered, turning to him her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "'at we'll call it never."

Teed looked at her with a long gaze of quiet hopelessness. "I 'lowed all the time 'twould be this a-way," he said, simply. "It didn' hardly seem like it could be so las' year when you told me you thought right smart of me; an' gracious knows you 'ain't had no call to keep on a-lovin' me all these mon's."

He turned abruptly and walked away without looking back. The girl put her arm around the tree under which she stood and leaned her head low against it. She told herself that her mother might be waiting for her, and wondered why she did not move. Then it seemed as if she had been standing there a great while, as if a lifetime had passed since he left her. Presently she fancied she heard a step behind her, and then his voice fell on her ear. "Barb'ry," he was saying, so low and indistinctly that she barely caught the words, "say 'at you didn' mean it when you tole me to go away."

She straightened herself with an effort, and looked at him as she spoke with her brown honest eyes. "I don' remember of nobody sen'in' you away. All I remember of is jes you went 'thout no tellin'. I al'ays thought folks what loved one 'nother didn' pay no 'tention to mon's and years. I don' know nothin' bout this here kind o' lovin' what gits started an' then stops. I 'low that mus' be men folks' way o' doin'."

She bent her head over the buckets she was about to lift. Teed intercepted the hand that was nearest him, and took it in both his own.

"Barb'ry!" came a shrill strong voice from the kitchen door, "make has'e an' come on huh an' he'p git supper."

It was one of the occasions, so appalling to his family, when the whole force of Lije Meek's anger seemed aroused. At the same hour when Teed and Barb'ry sat in Mrs. Hall's porch content in the happiness of reconciliation, Lije Meeks came home wrathful from the exaggerated accounts he had heard of his little daughter's share in the matter. As regarded herself merely she could hardly have been guilty of anything more degrading in his eyes, and Teed's position in her father's house as a favored inmate gave a suspicious look to the affair. The suggestion at least of complicity on his part would cross the minds of all who heard the story. He felt that the suspicion of underhand dealing connected with his name was more than he could bear. The moment he entered the tiny kitchen where Malviny sat disposing of biscuits and "sarghum" the child's heart grew cold with fear. The few times when she had seen him equally incensed had burned the expression of his mouth and brows into her memory. Aunt Drusy saw it too, and instantly put herself on the defensive.

"Leave her alone tell she gets up her kindlin'," she interposed; "I can't go out in the wet with this here misery in my head—go 'long, Malviny."

The child crept through the open door at her side, and once out, sped like a wild thing down the hill. Her aunt turned again to her supper, trusting to Malviny's absence to calm the madness of her father's mood.

The night was just three hours older when Mildred opened the door that overlooked the creek, and soothed her restless mind with drinking in the marvellous still loveliness. There was no moon, and the stars burned as though their fires would meet through the intervening blackness. She heard the last notes of the jubilant whistling that had

followed Teed's reluctant "good-by" die away drearily. There seemed no motion in the stately, shadowed creek, and she felt herself filled with the spirit of the worship-like repose of all about her. The very lack of sympathy with its mood seemed to startle and shame her mind out of its trivial unrest. She stood with upturned face, her clasped hands falling loosely on her white dress. The attitude was that of prayer—and yet no conscious prayer came from her heart, only the sudden, reverent, full conviction of truths far above reason, which surrender of the whole consciousness to nature's influence cannot fail to bring. "Teacher!" cried a little frightened voice. The girl started with alarm, surprised out of power to recognize the direction of the sound. A rustling of the bushes on the opposite side of the narrow creek drew her attention, and in a moment she saw a tiny, hurrying, unsteady form climbing from the top of the low bank. She did not hesitate, but walked swiftly to the stepping-stones below. The child loosened her hold to stretch out her eager arms, and lost her footing. Mildred started forward, but she fell before she could reach her. The fall had been so light that the school-mistress thought she could not be much hurt, and even when she stooped by the creek to bathe the blood from the spot where her head had struck a stone, hoped her unconsciousness was merely a transient swooning from pain. She carried her in her arms and laid her down, and then she woke Mrs. Hall.

"What in the gracious, Viny, was you a-doin' round that ther pasture this time o' night?" cried the old woman, her curiosity overmastering her sympathy. Malviny opened her eyes and looked up at her with a face of drowsy serenity.

"Aun' Drusy was a-waitin' supper fur pap," she said, equably. All trace of her misery and flight seemed gone from her mind forever. Mildred was utterly perplexed, but attributed the incorrectness of Malviny's answer to her dazed condition. There was no other person on the place but Barb'ry, and they could only wait till Lije Meeks should happen to come there during the search, which it was probable he had already begun. This he did, wretched with fear and repentance, long before day; but they gave him such comfort as they could, and would not allow him to disturb her happy sleep.

When she was alone with her charge once more, Mildred knelt on the floor beside the low bed, and laid her head on the pillow, and her arms lightly about the little quiet figure, in an overflow of longing to atone for all who had withheld the tenderness that was her childhood's right.

Once only Malviny stirred; she opened her eyes—which filled suddenly with radiance as they met Mildred's—and whispered, in content unspeakable, "It's t'other Miss Mandy"; and so they found them in the morning—but Mildred they could awaken.

And there were many to condole and much lamenting. But the school-mistress, who loved her best, cannot think of anything so sweet or so to be desired that could have happened to Malviny. And those last words repeat themselves softly over and over in her remembrance—"It's t'other Miss Mandy."

SECOND SONG.

BY A. B. WARD.

HARK! faint and soft the tender trillings come
From tiny throats the summer had made dumb;
Not bubbling forth in glee and roundelay,
To praise the romping pleasures of the May,
But chanting, in a broken undertone,
Of nest forsaken and the nestlings flown.
In May the air would thrill and palpitate
With blissful song of loving mate to mate.
Now only those who listen hear the call
Of heart to heart. For joy declaims to all
With ardent measure and a ringing tone,
But memory sings only to its own.



CHARLES DIBDIN AS MUNGO IN "THE PADLOCK."
From the collection of Charles C. Moreau, Esq.

THE NEGRO ON THE STAGE.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV., Scene 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S Moor of Venice was one of the earliest of the stage negroes, as he is one of the best. If the *Account of the Revels* is not a forgery, he appeared before the court of the first English James in 1604, and he certainly was seen at the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside, on the 30th of April, 1610. Othello is hardly the typical African of the modern drama, although Roderigo speaks of him as having thick lips, and notwithstanding the fact that he himself is made to regret, in the third act of the tragedy, that he is "black, and has not those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have." Shakespeare unquestionably believed that the Moors were negroes; and as he made Verges and Dogberry cockney watchmen, and altered history, geography, and chronology to suit himself and the requirements of the stage, so he meant to invest his Moorish hero with all of the personal attributes, as well as with all of the moral characteristics, of the negroes as they were known to Englishmen in Shakespeare's day.

Othello was followed, in 1696, by *Oroonoko*, a tragedy in five acts, by Thomas Southerne. The real Oroonoko was an African prince stolen from his native kingdom of Angola during the reign of Charles the Second, and sold as a slave in



IRA ALDRIDGE AS "OTHELLO."
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold, Esq.

an English settlement in the West Indies. Aphra Behn saw and became intimate with him at Surinam, when her father was Lieutenant-General of the islands, and made him the hero of the tale upon which the dramatist based his once famous play. With the more humble slaves by whom he is surrounded, the stage Oroonoko speaks in the stilted blank-verse of the dramatic literature of that period, and without any of the accent or phraseology of the original West Indian blacks. Mr. Pope was the creator of Oroonoko; and the part was a favorite one of the elder Kean in England and of the elder Booth in this country. It has not been seen upon either stage in many years. Oroonoko, of course, had a black skin and woolly hair. When Jack Bannister, who began his career as a tragic actor, said to Garrick that he proposed to attempt the hero of Southerne's drama, he was told by the great little man that in view of his extraordinarily thin person, he would "look as much like the character as a chimney-sweeper in consumption." It was to Bannister, on this same occasion, that Garrick uttered the well-known aphorism, "Comedy is a very serious thing!"

Mungo is a stage negro of a very different stamp, and the first of his race. He figures in *The Padlock*, a comic opera, words by Isaac Bickerstaffe, music by Charles Dibdin, first presented at Drury Lane in 1768. Mungo is the slave of Don Diego, a West Indian planter, and was written for, and at the suggestion of, John Moody, who had been in the Barbadoes, where he had studied the dialect and the manners of the blacks. He never played the part, however, which was originally assumed by Dibdin himself. Mungo sings:

"Dear heart, what a terrible life I am led!
A dog has a better, that's sheltered and fed.
Night and day 'tis the same;
My pain is deir game:
Me wish to de Lord me was dead!
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run.
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo everywhere:
Above and below,
Sirrah, come; sirrah, go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh! oh!
Me wish to de Lord me was dead!"

This is a style of ballad which has been very popular with Mungo's descendants ever since. Mungo gets drunk in the second act, and is very profane throughout.

The great and original Mungo in America was Lewis Hallam, the younger, who first played the part in New York, and for his own benefit, on the 29th of May, 1769, at the theatre in John Street. Dunlap says, "In *The Padlock* Mr. Hallam was unrivalled to his death, giving Mungo with a truth, derived from the study of the negro slave character, which Dibdin, the writer, could not have conceived." Mungo is never seen in the present time. Ira Aldridge, the negro tragedian, played Othello and Mungo occasionally on the same night in his natural skin; but Mungo may be said to have died virtually with Hallam.

In 1781 a pantomime entitled *Robinson Crusoe* was presented at Drury Lane. Friday, in coffee-colored tights and blackened face, was naturally a prominent figure. The pantomime was produced at the Theatre Royal, Bath, during the next year, when Mr. Henry Siddons appeared as one of the Savages. This gentleman, who played Othello on the same boards a few seasons later, is only remembered now as having given his name to the greatest actress who ever spoke the English tongue. This same *Robinson Crusoe and Harlequin Friday* was seen at the John Street Theatre, New York, on the 11th of Jan-

uary, 1786, while at the Park Theatre, on the 11th of September, 1817, Mr. Bancker played Friday in *The Bold Buccaneers or the Discovery of Robinson Crusoe*, a melodrama which was very popular in its day.

Mr. Charles C. Moreau, of New York, possesses a very curious and almost unique bill of "The African Company," at "The Theatre in Mercer Street, in the rear of the 1 Mile Stone, Broadway." *Tom and Jerry* was presented by a number of gentlemen and ladies entirely unknown to dramatic fame, and the performance concluded with the pantomime of *Obi: or, Three-fingered Jack*. Unfortunately the bill is not dated. Mr. Ireland believes this to have been a company of negro amateurs who played in New York about 1820 or 1821, but who have left no other mark upon the history of the stage; and the historians know nothing of the "theatre" they occupied. Broadway at Prince Street is one mile from the City Hall, although the stone recording this fact has long since disappeared.

A number of stage negroes will be remembered by habitual theatre-goers and students of the drama—two very different things, by-the-way, for the man who sees plays rarely reads them, and *vice versa:* Zeke, in Mrs. Mowatt's *Fashion;* Pete, in *The Octoroon;* Uncle Tom; Topsy, whom Charles Reade called "idiopathic"; and the delightful band of "Full Moons," led for many seasons by "Johnny" Wild, at Harrigan and Hart's Theatre, who were so absolutely true to the life of Thompson Street and South Fifth Avenue.

In the absence of anything like a complete and satisfactory history of negro minstrelsy, it is not possible to discover its genesis, although it is the only branch of the dramatic art, if properly it can claim to be an art at all, which has had its origin in this country, while the melody it has inspired is certainly our only approach to a national music. Scattered throughout the theatrical literature of the early part of the century are to be found many different accounts of the rise and progress of the African on the stage, each author having his own particular father of negro song. Mr. Charles White, an old Ethiopian comedian and manager, gives the credit to a Mr. Graupner, who appeared in Boston in 1799, basing his statement upon a copy of Russell's

THEATRE,

IN MERCER STREET,
In the rear of the 1 Mile Stone.
Broadway.

African Company.

Saturday Evening, June 7th,

Will be presented with new Scenery prepared expressly for this Piece the Musical Extravaganza of

Tom & Jerry,

Or, Life in London.

Got up under the Direction of Mr, Brown

Scene I.

Life in the Country.

Corinthian Tom,	Mr, Williams
Jerry Hawthorn	Johnson

Life on Foot

Logic,	Mr, Bates
Tommy Green	Mr, Jackson

Life on Horse Back.

Honorable Dick Trifle	Mr. Matthews
Gullem	Mr, Bates

Life in Fancy.

Cap	Mr Duenberry
Primefit	Mr, Jackson
Miss Tartar	Mr, Peterson
Jane	Miss Johnson

Life in the Dark.

Watchman	Mr, Smith
Dusty Bob	Mr, Johnson

Life in Rags,

Crib	Mr, Wilson
African Sal	Mr, Jackson

Life in Bond Street,

Cate	Miss Davis
Sue	Miss Foot

Life in Wapping

Mr, Davis	Miss Johnson

In The course of the Evening a National Scene

Life in Limbo—Life in Love.

VANGO RANGE in Charleston

On the Slave Market.

Slaves	By the Company
Auctioneer	Mr, Smith

In the Course of the Evening a variety of

Songs & Dances.

The whole to conclude with the Pantomime of

OBI:

Or, Three Finger'd Jack.

Obi, Mr. Bates. | Planter, Mr. Johnson.
Planter's Wife, - Miss Hicks.

Box Tickets 75 Cents, Pit, 50, Cents, Gallery 37 1-2.

On MONDAY Evening next,
Tom & Jerry, or, *Life in New-York,*
With an Additional Scene,
Life in Fulton-market!!!
And, FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

Printed by [illegible] Chapel St. Mercer, Bway.

Boston *Gazette* of the 30th of December of that year, which contains an advertisement of a performance to be given on the date of publication at the Federal Street Theatre. At the end of the second act of *Oroonoko*, according to Mr. White, Mr. Graupner, in character, sang "The Gay Negro Boy," accompanying the air with the banjo; and although the house was draped in mourning for General Washington, such was the enthusiasm of the audience that the performer had to bring his little bench from the wings again and again to sing his song. Mr. W. W. Clapp, Jr., in his *History of the Boston Stage*, says that the news of the



ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, OLD COSTUMER OF

death of Washington was received in that

the theatre remained "closed for a week, to be opened with 'A Monody,' in which 'Mrs. Barrett, in the character of the Genius of America, appeared weeping over the Tomb of her Beloved Hero'; but there is no mention, then or later, of Mr. Graupner nor of "The Gay Negro Boy."

Mr. White says further that "the next popular negro song was 'The Battle of Plattsburg,' sung by an actor vulgarly known as 'Pig-Pie Herbert,' at a theatre in Albany, in 1815"; but Mr. H. D. Stone, in a volume called *The Drama*, published

the theatrical company of the name of Hop Robinson" as the singer of the song; while "Sol" Smith, an eye-witness of this performance, gives still another and very different account of it. According to Smith's Autobiography, published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in 1868, Andrew Jackson Allen produced at the Green Street Theatre in Albany in 1815 a drama called *The Battle of Lake Champlain*, the action taking place on real ships floating in real water. "In this piece," says Smith, "Allen played the character of a negro, and sang a song of many verses (the first negro song, I verily believe, ever heard on the American stage)." Two verses of this ballad, quoted by Smith "from memory," will give a very fair idea of its claims to popularity:

Plat-te-burg dar too, close 'pon de main:

Wil de army whose courage nebber fail 'em."

Andrew Allen was a very quaint character, and he deserves a paragraph to himself. Born in the city of New York in 1776, he appeared, according to his own statement, as a page in *Romeo and Juliet* at the theatre in John Street in 1786, on the strength of which, as the oldest living actor, he assumed for a long time the title of "Father of the American Stage." He was more famous as a cook than as a player, however, and he is the subject of innumerable theatrical anecdotes, none of which are greatly to his credit. He was called "Dummy Allen" because he was very deaf and exceedingly loquacious; he adored the hero of New Orleans, whose name he appropriated when Jackson was elected President of the United States; and he was devoted to Edwin Forrest, whose costumer, dresser, and personal slave he was for many years. He invented and patented a silver leather much used in the decoration of stage dresses; and he kept a restaurant in Dean Street, Albany, and later a similar establishment near the Bowery Theatre, New York, being a very familiar figure in the streets of both cities. Mr. Phelps, in his *Players of a Century* (Albany, New York, 1880), describes him in his later years as tall and erect in person, with firmly compressed features, an eye like a hawk's, nose slightly Romanesque, and hair mottled gray.

He wore a fuzzy white hat, a coat of blue with bright brass buttons, and carried a knobby cane. He spoke in a sharp, decisive manner, often giving wrong answers, and invariably mistaking the drift of the person with whom he was conversing. He died in New York in 1853, and Mr. Phelps preserves the inscription upon his monument at Cypress Hills Cemetery, which evidently was his own composition: "From his cradle he was a scholar; exceedingly wise, fair-spoken, and persuading; lofty and sour to them that loved him not, but to those men that sought him sweet as summer."



BARNEY WILLIAMS IN "DANDY JIM"

Apropos of Allen's association with Edwin Forrest, and of Smith's assertion that Allen sang the first negro song ever sung on the American stage, it may not be out of place here to quote W. R. Alger's *Life of Forrest*. Speaking of Forrest's early and checkered experiences as a strolling player in the far West, Mr. Alger says that perhaps the most surprising fact connected with this portion of his career is "that he was the first actor who ever represented on the stage the Southern plantation negro with all his peculiarities of dress, gait, accent, dialect, and manner." In 1823, at the Globe Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, under the management of "Sol" Smith, Forrest did play a negro in a farce by Smith, called *The Tailor in Distress*, singing and dancing, and winning the compliment from a veritable black in his audience that he was "nigger all ober!" Mr. Lawrence Barrett, in his *Life of Forrest*, quotes the bill of this evening, which shows Forrest as a modern dandy in the first play, as Cuffee, a Kentucky negro, in the second, and as Sancho Panza in the pantomime of *Don Quixote*, which closed the evening's entertainment.

Forrest was by no means the only eminent American actor who hid his light behind a black mask. "Sol" Smith himself relates how he became a supernumerary at the Green Street Theatre, in Albany, in his fourteenth year, playing one of the blood-thirsty associates of *Three-fingered Jack*, with a preternaturally smutty face, which he forgot to wash one eventful night, to the astonishment of his own family, who forced him to retire for a time to private life.

At Vauxhall Garden, in the Bowery, a little south of, and nearly opposite, the site of Cooper Institute, a young lad named Bernard Flaherty, born in Cork, Ireland, sang negro songs and danced negro dances in 1838 to help support a widowed mother, who lived to see him carried to an honored grave in 1876, mourned by the theatre-going population of the whole country. In 1840 he made a palpable hit in the character of Pat Rooney, in *The Omnibus*, at the Franklin Theatre, New York, as Barney Williams, and he is perhaps the one man upon the American stage with whom anything like negro minstrelsy will never be associated, not so much because of his high rank in his profession as on account of the Hibernian style of his later-day performances, and of the strong accent which always clung to him, and which suggested his native city rather than the cork he used to burn to color his face.

In 1850, when Mr. Edwin Booth was seventeen, and a year after his début as



RALPH KEELER.

From a Photograph by Bogardus in Possession of Col. Martin, Esq.

Tressel at the Boston Museum, he gave an entertainment with Mr. John S. Clarke, a youth of the same age, at the court-house in Belair, Maryland. They read selections from *Richelieu*, *The Stranger*, and the quarrel scene from *Julius Cæsar*, singing during the evening with blackened faces a number of negro melodies, "using appropriate dialogue," as Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke records in the memoirs of her brother, "and accompanying their vocal attempts with the somewhat inharmonious banjo and bones." Mrs. Clarke reprints the programme of this performance, and pictures the distress of the young tragedians when they discovered, on arriving in the town, that the Simon Pure negro they had employed as an advance agent had in every instance posted their bills upside down.

Among the stage negroes of later years, whom the world is not accustomed to associate with that profession, Ralph Keeler is one of the most prominent. His "Three Years a Negro Minstrel," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1869, and afterward elaborated in his *Vagabond Adventures*, is very entertaining and instructive reading, and gives an excellent idea of the wandering minstrel life of that period. He began his career at Toledo, Ohio, when he was not more than eleven years of age; and under the management of the celebrated Mr. Booker, author of the once famous song "Meet Johnny Booker on the Bowling-Green," he "danced 'Juba'" in small Canton flannel knee-breeches (familiarly known as pants), cheap lace, tarnished gold tinsel, a corked face, and a woolly wig, to the great gratification of the Toledans, who for several months, with pardonable pride, hailed him as their own particular infant phenomenon. At the close of his first engagement he received what was termed a "rousing benefit," the entire proceeds of which, as was the custom of the time, going into the pockets of his enterprising managers. During his short although distinguished professional life he was associated with such artists as "Frank" Lynch, "Mike" Mitchell, "Dave" Reed, and "Professor" Lowe, the balloonist, and he was even offered a position in E. P. Christy's company in New York—the highest compliment which could then be paid to budding talent. Keeler, a brilliant but eccentric writer, whose *Vagabond Adventures* is too good, in its way, to be forgotten so soon, was a man of decided mark as a journalist. He went to Cuba in 1873 as special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and suddenly and absolutely disappeared. He is supposed to have been murdered and thrown into the sea.

Lynch, when Keeler first knew him, had declined into the fat and slippered end man, too gross to dance, who ordinarily played the tambourine and the banjo, but who could, and not infrequently did, perform everything in the orchestra, from a solo on the penny trumpet to an obligato on the double-bass. He had been associated as a boy in 1839 or 1840, under Barnum's management, with "Jack" Diamond, who was the best representative of "Ethiopian break-downs" in his day, and, according to Mr. Barnum, the prototype of the many performers of that sort who have entertained the public ever since. Lynch asserted that he and Barnum had appeared together in black faces; and Barnum, in his *Autobiography*, called Lynch "an orphan vagabond" whom he had picked up on the road, neither statement seeming to be entirely true. Lynch was his own worst enemy, and, like so many of his kind, he died in poverty and obscurity, his most perfect "break-down" being his own!

It is a melancholy fact that George Holland joined Christy and Wood's minstrels in 1857, playing female characters in a blackened face, and dividing with George Christy the honors of a short season. He returned to Wallack's Theatre in 1858.

This is a page in dramatic history which old play-goers do not like to read.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the third and present bearer of that honored name, was unquestionably the youngest actor who ever made his mark with a piece of burnt cork. The story of his first appearance is told by Mr. William Winter in his volume entitled *The Jeffersons*. Coming from a family of actors, the boy, as was natural, was reared amidst theatrical surroundings, and when only four years of age—in 1833—he was brought upon the stage by Thomas D. Rice himself, on a benefit occasion at the Washington theatre. The little Joe, blackened and arrayed precisely like his senior, was carried on to the stage in a bag upon the shoulders of the shambling Ethiopian, and emptied from it with the appropriate couplet,

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

Mrs. John Drew, who was present, says that the boy instantly assumed the exact attitude of Jim Crow Rice, and sang and danced in imitation of his sable companion, a perfect miniature likeness of that long, ungainly, grotesque, and exceedingly droll comedian.

Thomas D. Rice is generally conceded to have been the founder of Ethiopian minstrelsy. Although, as has been seen, it did not originate with him, he made it popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and his image deserves an honored niche in its cathedral. The history of "Jim Crow Rice," as he was affectionately called for many years, has been written by many scribes and in many different ways, the most complete and most truthful account, perhaps, being that of Mr. Edmon S. Conner, who described in the columns of the New York *Times*, June 5, 1881, what he saw and remembered of its conception. Mr. Conner was a member of the company at the Columbia Street Theatre, Cincinnati, in 1828–9, when he first met Rice, "doing little negro bits" between the acts at that house, notably one sketch he had studied from life in Louisville the preceding summer. Back of the Louisville theatre was a livery-stable kept by a man named Crow. The actors could look into the stable-yard from the windows of their dressing-rooms, and were very fond of watching the movements of an old and decrepit slave who was employed by the proprietor to do all sorts of odd jobs. As [illegible] assumed his master's name, and called himself Jim Crow. He [illegible] deformed—the right shoulder was drawn up high, and the left leg was stiff and crooked at the knee, which gave him a painful, but at the same time humorous, limp. He was in the habit of crooning a



THOMAS D. RICE.

queer old tune, to which he had applied words of his own. At the end of each verse he gave a peculiar step, "rocking de heel" in the manner since so general among the long generation of his delineators; and these were the words of his refrain:

"Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis' so,
[illegible]
I jump Jim Crow."

Rice closely watched this unconscious performer, and recognized in him a character entirely new to the stage. He wrote a number of verses, quickened and slightly changed the air, made up exactly like the original, and appeared before a Louisville audience, which, as Mr. Conner says, went mad with delight, recalling him on the first night at least twenty times. And so Jim Crow jumped into fame, and something that looks almost like immortality. "Sol" Smith says that the character was first seen in a piece by Solon Robinson, called *The Rifle*, and that he, Smith, "helped Rice a little in fixing the tune."



T. D. RICE AS THE ORIGINAL "JIM CROW."

queer hat, very much pointed down before and behind, and very much cocked on one [illegible]. He went to England in 1836, where he met with great success, laid the foundation of a very comfortable fortune, and personally and professionally he was the Buffalo Bill of the London of half a century ago. Mr. Ireland, speaking of his popularity in this country, says that he drew more money to the Bowery Theatre than any other performer in the same period of time.

Rice was the author of many of his own farces, notably *Bone Squash* and *The Virginia Mummy*, and he was the veritable originator of the *genus* known to the stage as the "dandy darky," represented particularly in his creations of "Dandy Jim of Caroline" and "Spruce Pink." He died in 1860, never having [illegible] the respect of the public or the good-will of his fellow-men.

There were many lithographed and a few engraved portraits of Rice made during the years of his great popularity, a number of [illegible] are still preserved. In

Other [illegible] Leonard Grimm, Jim Crow Rice, Courtney Weary, in his *Autobiography* [illegible] eye of Pittsburgh, gave name to Jim Crow; while Mr. Robert P. Nevin, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December 1867, declares that the original was a negro stage-driver of Cincinnati, and that Pittsburgh was the scene of Rice's first appearance in the part, a local negro there, whose professional career was confined to holding his mouth open for pennies thrown to him on the [illegible] and the [illegible] furnishing the wardrobe for the initial performance.

Rice was born in the Seventh Ward of New York in 1808. He was a supernumerary at the Park Theatre, where "Sam" Cowell remembered him in *Bombastes Furioso*, attracting so much attention by his eccentricities that Hilson and Barnes, the leading characters in the cast, made a formal complaint, and had him dismissed from the company, Cowell adding that this man, whose name did not even appear in the bills, was the only actor on the stage whom the audience seemed to notice. Cowell also describes him in Cincinnati in 1829 as a very unassuming, modest young man, who wore "a very



[illegible] AS THE NEGRO [illegible]
"[illegible]"
[illegible]



GEORGE WASHINGTON DIXON.
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold, Esq.

Mr. McKee's collection he is to be seen dancing "Jim Crow" in English as well as American prints, as "Gumbo Chaff" on a flat-boat, and in character singing the songs "A Long Time Ago" and "Such a Getting Upstairs." In the same collection is a portrait of Mr. John N. Smith as "Jim Along Josey" on a sheet of music published by Firth and Hall in 1840; and more curious and rare than any of these, upon a musical composition, "on which copyright was secured according to law, October 7, 1824," is a picture of Mr. Roberts singing "Massa George Washington and Massa Lafayette" in a Continental uniform and with a blackened face. This would make Mr. James Roberts, a Scottish vocalist who died in 1833, the senior of Jim Crow by a number of years.

George Washington Dixon, whose very name is now almost forgotten, also preceded Rice in this class of entertainment, but without Rice's talent, and with nothing like Rice's success. He sang "Coal Black Rose" and "The Long-tailed Blue" at the old amphitheatre in North Pearl Street, Albany, as early as 1827, and he claimed to have been the author of "Old Zip Coon," which he sang for Allen's benefit in Philadelphia in 1834. He became notorious as a "filibuster" at the time of the troubles in Yucatan, and made himself particularly offensive to a large portion of the community as the editor of a scurrilous paper called the *Polyanthus*, published in New York. He was caned, shot at, imprisoned for libel, and finally forced to leave the city. He died in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, in 1861.

Mr. White says that in early days negro songs were sung from the backs of horses in the sawdust ring, that Robert Farrell, a circus actor, was the original "Zip Coon," and that the first colored gentleman to wear "The Long-tailed Blue" was Barney Burns, who broke his neck on a vaulting board in Cincinnati in 1838. When the historians disagree in this confusing way who can possibly decide?

Rice naturally had many imitators, and "Jim Crow" wheeled about the country with considerable success, particularly when the original was in other lands. In the collection of Mr. Moreau is a bill of "The Theatre" (the Park), dated May 4, 1833, in which Mr. Blakeley was announced to sing the "Comic Extravaganza of Jim Crow" between the comedy of *Laugh when You Can*, in which he played Costly, and the melodrama of *The Floating Beacon*, and preceded by "Signora Adelaide Ferrero in a new ballet dance



"ZIP COON," POPULAR NEGRO SONG, AS SUNG BY MR. DIXON.
From the collection of Thomas J. McKee, Esq.



"CHARLEY" WHITE.
From the collection of Charles C. Moreau, Esq.

entitled 'The Festival of Bacchus,'" the entertainments in those days being varied and long. Thomas H. Blakeley was a popular representative of what are called "second old men," Mr. Ireland pronouncing him the best Sulky, Rowley, and Humphrey Dobbin ever seen on the New York stage: and the fact that such a man should have appeared at a leading theatre, between the acts, in plantation dress and blackened face, shows perhaps better than anything else the respectable position held by the negro minstrel half a century ago.

Mr. White, so frequently quoted here, is an old minstrel who was part and parcel of what he has more than once described in the public press, and upon his authority the following account of the first *band* of negro minstrels is given. It was organized in the boarding-house of a Mrs. Brooks, in Catherine Street, New York, late in the winter of 1842, and it consisted of "Dan" Emmett, "Frank" Brower, "Billy" Whitlock, and "Dick" Pelham—the name of the really great negro minstrel being always shortened in this familiar way. According to Mr. White, they made their first appearance in public, for Pelham's benefit, at the Chatham Theatre, New York, on the 17th of February, 1843; later they went to other cities, and even to Europe. This statement was verified by a fragment of autobiography of William Whitlock, given to the New York *Clipper* by his daughter, Mrs. Edwin Adams, at the time of Whitlock's death. It is worth quoting here in full, although it contains no dates: "The organization of the minstrels I claim to be my own idea, and it cannot be blotted out. One day I asked Dan Emmett, who was in New York at the time, to practise the fiddle and the banjo with me at his boarding-house in Catherine Street. We went down there, and when we had practised, Frank Brower called in by accident. He listened to our music, charmed to his soul [!]. I told him to join with the bones, which he did. Presently Dick Pelham came in, also by accident, and looked amazed. I asked him to procure a tambourine and make one of the party, and he went out and got one. After practising for a while we



"DAN" EMMETT.
From the collection of Thomas J. McKee, Esq.

went to the old resort of the circus crowd —the 'Branch,' in the Bowery — with our instruments, and in Bartlett's billiard-room performed for the first time as the Virginia Minstrels. A programme was made out, and the first time we appeared upon the stage before an audience was for the benefit of Pelham at the Chatham Theatre. The house was crammed jammed with our friends; and Dick, of course, put ducats in his purse."

Emmett, describing this scene, places the time "in the spring of 1843," and says that they were all of them "end men, and all interlocutors." They sang songs, played their instruments, danced jigs, singly and doubly, and "did 'The Essence of Old Virginia' and the 'Lucy Long Walk Around.'" Emmett remained upon the minstrel stage for many years; he was a member of the Bryant troupe from 1858 to 1865, and he was the composer of many popular songs, including "Old Dan Tucker," "Boatman's Dance," "Walk Along, John," "Early in the Mornin'," and "Dixie," which afterward became the war-song of the South.

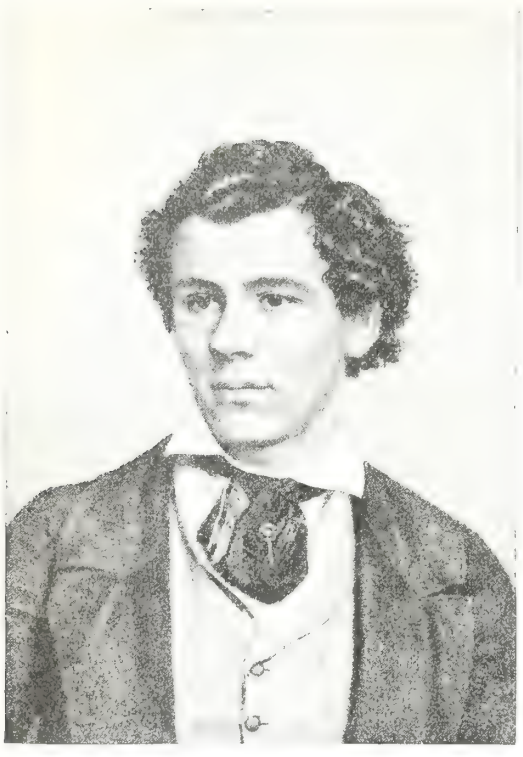
Mr. White, according to a biographical sketch published in the New York *Clipper*, was born in 1821. He played the accordion—when he was too young to be held responsible for the offence—at Thalian Hall, in Grand Street, New York, as long ago as 1843, and the next year organized what he called "'The Kitchen Minstrels' on the second floor of the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. The first floor was occupied by Tiffany, Young, and Ellis, jewellers; the third by the renowned Ottignon as a gymnasium. Here, where the venerable Palmo had introduced to delighted audiences the Italian opera and regaled them with fragrant Mocha coffee handed around by obsequious waiters, he first came most prominently before the public. . . . In 1846 he opened the Melodeon at 53 Bowery." Here, as usual, there is a decided confusion of dates and of facts. "Valentine's Manual" for 1865 says, "Palmo's café, on the corner of Reade Street, was a popular resort from 1835 to 1840, at which later period he abandoned his former occupation and erected the opera-house in Chambers Street, afterward Burton's Theatre." Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, in his *Records of the New York Stage*, published in 1867, says—and Mr. Ireland is usually very correct: "The fourth attempt to introduce the Italian opera in



EDWIN P. CHRISTY
From the collection of Henry J. Mahn, Esq.

New York, and the second to give it an individual local habitation, was this season [1843–4] made by Ferdinand Palmo, on the site long previously occupied by Stoppani's Arcade Baths, in Chambers Street (Nos. 39 and 41), and nearly opposite the centre of the building on the north end of the Park originally erected for the city almshouse, and afterward used for various public offices. . . . Signor Palmo had been a popular and successful *restaurateur* in Broadway between the hospital and Duane Street. . . . Palmo's Opera-house was first opened by its proprietor on the 3d of February, 1844;" while Mr. Charles T. Cook, of Tiffany and Co., who has been connected with that house for over forty years, shows by its records that Tiffany, Young, and Ellis did not move to 271 Broadway, on the southwest corner of Chambers Street, until 1847, when they occupied the second floor as well as the first. That Sir Walter Raleigh, losing all confidence in the infallibility of human testimony, should have thrown the second part of his *History of the World* into the flames is not to be wondered at!

Mr. White, nevertheless, was prominently before the public for many years as manager and performer; he was associated with the "Virginia Serenaders," "The Ethiopian Operatic Brothers"—Operatic Brother Barney Williams playing the tambourine at one end of the line—



G. SWAYNE BUCKLEY.
From the collection of Charles C. Moreau, Esq.

with "The Sable Sisters and Ethiopian Minstrels," with "The New York Minstrels," etc. He introduced "Dan" Bryant to the public, and has done other good services in contributing to the healthful, harmless amusement of his fellow-men.

"Christy's Minstrels, organized in 1842," was the legend for a number of years upon the bills and advertisements of the company of E. P. Christy. This would give it precedence of the "Virginia Minstrels" by a few months at least. When the matter was called to the attention of Mr. Emmett, many years later, he wrote from Chicago on the 1st of May, 1877, that after his own band had gone to Europe, a number of similar entertainments were given in all parts of the country, and that Mr. Enam Dickinson, who had had some experience in that line in other companies, had trained Christy's troupe in Buffalo in all the business of the scenes, Mr. Emmett believing that Mr. Christy simply claimed, and with truth, that he was "the first to harmonize and originate the present style of negro minstrelsy," meaning the singing in concert and the introduction of the various acts, which were universally followed by other bands on both sides of the Atlantic, and which have led our English brethren to give to all Ethiopian entertainments the generic name of "Christy's Minstrels," as they call all top-boots "Wellingtons" and all policemen "Bobbies."

Christy's Minstrels proper began their metropolitan career at the hall of the Mechanics' Society, 472 Broadway, near Grand Street, early in 1846, and remained there until the summer of 1854, when Edwin P. Christy, the leader and founder of the company, retired from business. George Christy, who the year before had joined forces with Henry Wood at 444 Broadway, formerly Mitchell's Olympic, took both halls after the abdication of the elder Christy, and rattled the bones at one establishment, Mr. William Birch, afterward so popular in San Francisco and New York, cutting similar capers at the other, and each performer appearing at both houses on the same evening.

Edwin P. Christy died in May, 1862; George Harrington, known to the stage as George Christy, died in May, 1868; while in April of the latter year Mechanics' Hall, with which in the minds of so many old New-Yorkers they are both so pleasantly associated, was entirely destroyed by fire, never to be rebuilt for minstrel uses.

The contemporaries and successors of the Christys were numerous and various. The air was full of their music, and dozens of halls in the city of New York alone echoed the patter of their clogged soles for years. Among the more famous of them the following may briefly be mentioned: Buckley's "New Orleans Serenaders" were organized in 1843; they consisted of George Swayne, Frederick, and R. Bishop Buckley, and were very popular throughout the country. "White's Serenaders" were at the Melodeon, 53 Bowery, perhaps as early as 1846, and certainly at White's Athenæum, 585 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, as late as 1872. Bryant's Minstrels, as their old play-bills show, were organized in 1857, when they occupied Mechanics' Hall; they went to the Tammany Building on Fourteenth Street in 1868, were at 730 Broadway the next year, and opened the hall on Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue in 1870, where they remained until Dan Bryant, the last of his race, died in 1875. Wood's Minstrels

were at 514 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, in 1862 and later. "Sam" Sharpley's Minstrels were at 201 Bowery in 1864. "Tony" Pastor's troupe were in the same building in 1865, where they remained two years; they were upon the site of the Metropolitan Theatre, later Winter Garden, for a few seasons, and Broadway, opposite the Sturtevant House, in 1874. Budworth's Minstrels opened the Fifth Avenue Hall, where the Madison Square Theatre now stands, in 1866. Kelly and Leon, who were on Broadway on the site of Hope Chapel in 1867, where they were credited with having "Africanized opéra bouffe," followed Budworth to the



GEORGE CHRISTY.—From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold, Esq.

until they removed to their present home near Tammany Hall. The San Francisco Minstrels were at 585 Broadway in 1865, and went to the more familiar hall, on Twenty-fourth Street house. Besides these were the companies of Morris Brothers, of Cotton and Murphy, and Cotton and Reed, of Hooley, of Haverly, of Dock

stader, of Pelham, of Pierce, of Campbell, of Thatcher, Primrose, and West, and very many more, to say nothing of the bands of veritable negroes who have endeavored to imitate themselves in imitation of their white brethren in all parts of the land. Mr. Brander Matthews, in an article on "Negro Minstrelsy" printed in the London *Saturday Review* in 1884, and afterward published as one of the chapters of a volume of *Saturday Review* essays, entitled *The New Book of Sports* (London, 1885), describes a "minstrel show" given by the negro waiters of one of the large summer hotels in Saratoga a few summers before, in which, "when the curtains were drawn aside, discovering a row of sable performers, it was perceived, to the great and abiding joy of the spectators, that the musicians were all of a uniform darkness of hue, and that they, genuine negroes as they were, had 'blackened up,' the more closely to resemble the professional negro minstrel."



"JERRY" BRYANT.

The dignified and imposing Mr. Johnston has sat during all these years in the centre of a long line of black comedians, which includes such "artists" as "Eph" Horn, "Dan," "Neil," and "Jerry" Bryant—whose real name was O'Brien—Charles H. Fox, "Charley" White, George Christy, "Nelse" Seymour—Thomas Nelson Sanderson—the Buckleys, J. W. Raynor, Birch, Bernard, Wambold, Backus, "Pony" Moore, "Dan" Emmett, "Dave" Reed, "Matt" Peel, "Ben" Cotton, "Bob" Hart, "Cool" White, "Dan" Gardner, Luke Schoolcraft, James H. Budworth, Kelly, Leon, "Frank" Brower, S. C. Campbell, "Gus" Howard, "Billy" Newcomb, "Billy" Gray, Aynsley Cooke, "Hughey" Dougherty, "Tony" Hart, Unsworth, W. H. Delehanty, "Sam" Devere, "Add" Ryman, George Thatcher, "Master Eugene," "Ricardo," and "Little Mac."

Nothing like a personal history of any of these men who have been so prominent upon the negro minstrel stage during the half-century of its existence can be given here. They have all done much to make the world happier and brighter for a time by their public careers, and they have left a pleasant and a cheerful memory behind them. Their gibes, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, still linger in our eyes and in our ears; and before many readers scores of quaint figures with blackened faces will no doubt dance to half-forgotten tunes all over these pages, which are too crowded to contain more than the mere mention of their names.

How much of the wonderful success and popularity of the negro minstrel is due to the minstrel, how much to the negro melody he introduced, and how much to the characteristic bones, banjo, and tambourine upon which he accompanied himself, is an open question. It was certainly the song, not the singer, which moved Thackeray to write, many years ago: "I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank-verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."



"NELSE" SEYMOUR.

This ballad perhaps was "Nelly Bly," or "Nelly was a Lady," or "Lucy Long," or "Oh, Susanna," or "Nancy Till," or, better than any of these, Stephen Foster's "'Way Down upon the Swanee River," a song that has touched more hearts than "Annie Laurie" itself; for, after all, "The Girl We Left Behind Us" is not more precious in our eyes than "The Old Folks at Home," and the American has sunk very low indeed of whom it cannot be said that "he never shook his mother." Foster is utterly unappreciated by his fellow-countrymen, who erect all their monuments to the men who make their



"DAN" BRYANT.

laws. He was the author of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Uncle Ned," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Kentucky Home," "Willie, We Have Missed You," and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." He died as he had lived, in poverty and neglect, in 1864, when he was but thirty-seven years of age, and his "Hard Times Will Come Again No More."

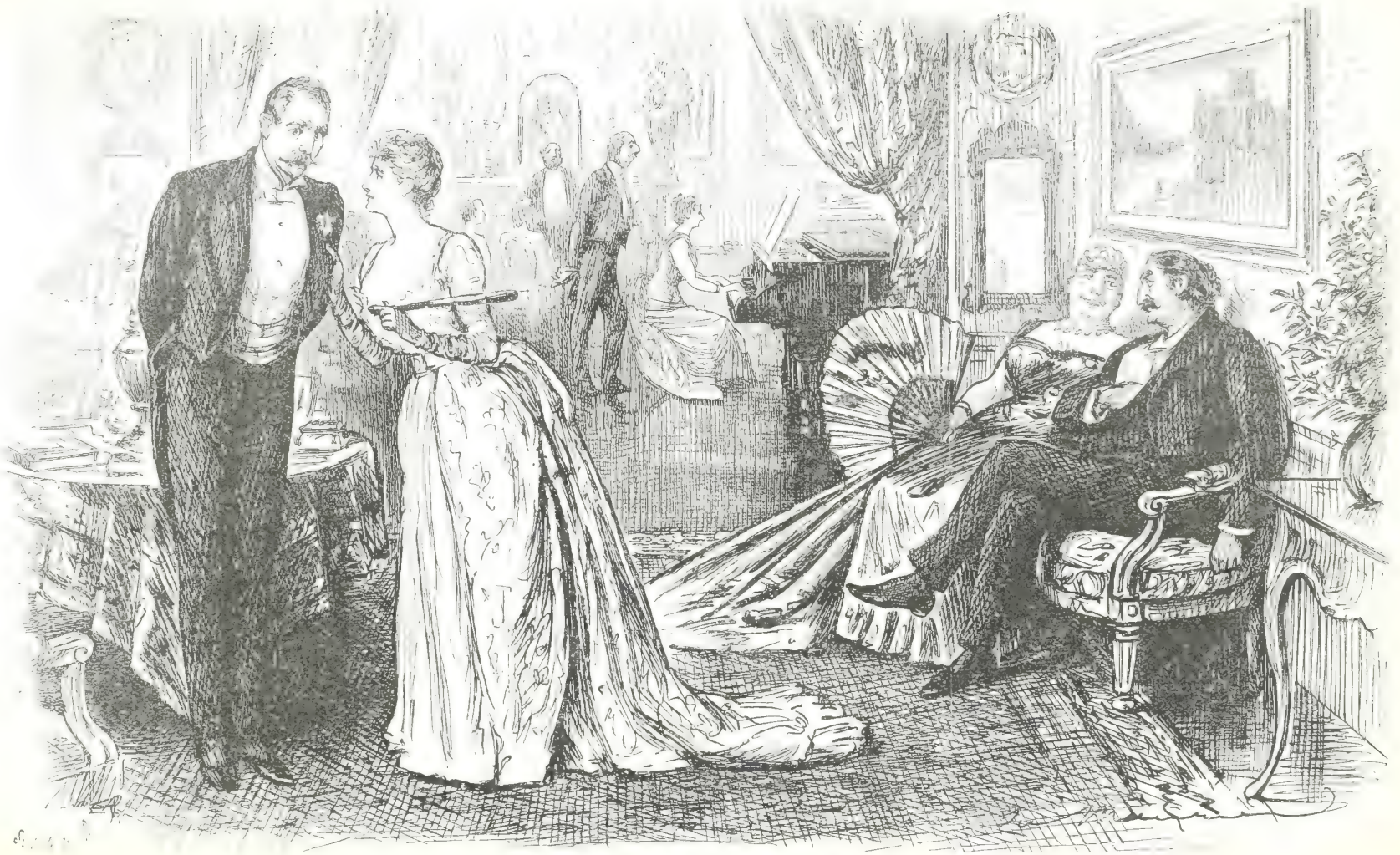
Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who is one of the best friends the plantation negro ever had, and who certainly knows him thoroughly, startled the whole community by writing to the *Critic* in the autumn of 1883 that he had never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of the negroes on any of the plantations of middle Georgia, with which he is familiar; that they made sweet music with the quills, as Pan did; that they played passably well on the fiddle, the fife, the flute, and the bugle; that they beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but that they knew not at all the instruments tradition had given them. That Uncle Remus cannot "pick" the banjo, and never even heard it "picked," seems hardly credible; but Mr. Harris knows. Uncle Remus, however, is not a travelled darky, and the existence of the banjo in other parts of the South has been clearly proved. Mr. Cable quotes a creole negro ditty of before the war, in which "Musieu Bainjo" is mentioned on every line; Mr. Maurice Thompson says the banjo is a common instrument among the field hands in North Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee; and he describes a rude banjo manufactured by its dusky performer out of a flat gourd, strung with horse-hair; while we find in Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, printed in 1784, the following statement: "In music they [the blacks] are more generally gifted than the whites with accurate ears for tune and time, and they have been found capable of imagining a small catch." In a foot-note Jefferson adds, "The instrument proper to them is the banjar, which they brought hither from Africa."

The negro minstrel will give up his tambourine, for it is as old as the days of the Exodus, when Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and he will give up the bones, for Miss Olive Logan, in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1879, traces them back to the reign of Fou Hi, Emperor of China, 3468 B.C., while Shakespeare's King of the Fairies, who made an ass of the hard handed man of Athens, also treated Bottom to the melody of the bones; he will hang up his fiddle and his bow, when the time comes, cheerfully enough, for Nero fiddled for the dancing of the flames that consumed Rome nineteen hundred years ago. None of these are exclusively his own; but it would be very cruel to take from him his banjo, which he evolved if he did not invent, and without which he can be, and can do, nothing.



"EPH" HORN.

From a Photograph by [illegible] from Life.



DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONALS.

Hostess (*to host, after dinner*). "George, dear—how about asking Signor Robsonio and Signora Smithorelli to sing? They'll be mortally *offended* if we *do*—but they'll be *mortally* offended if we *don't*."

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is always a latent controversy in this country between the republican tradition and the American spirit. The American spirit, as is natural in a country of boundless resources and of wealth easily acquired, is liberal, generous, and profuse. The national arms might well be a cornucopia with the legend, "Darn the expense!" But the republican tradition is one of the utmost economy and frugality. It is Cincinnatus at his plough. It is Cato, the type of severe simplicity. The word republicanism, indeed, is coupled with simplicity, to indicate its highest degree, and great expenditure and all pomp of ceremony and circumstance are theoretically regarded as signs of the stealthy approach of monarchy.

Jefferson was a Virginia gentleman with the liberal habits and tastes of a planting aristocracy, but politically, as a republican, he thought fit officially to receive a foreign minister in dressing-gown and slippers; and his followers loved to repeat the pleasant fiction, as an appeal to what was supposed to be the popular heart, that he rode alone to his inauguration, hitched his horse to the fence of the Capitol, and entered the people's legislative palace in his riding-boots to take the oath of office. This tradition of severe simplicity was natural, because we had rejected a crown, and splendor of circumstance was associated with royalty. But as the new sovereign, the people, was saluted with no less adulation than the old sovereign, the king, a certain degree of state might not have seemed unbecoming to the freely chosen representative of that sovereignty.

It was a just instinct which led the First Congress to refuse for the President a lofty title borrowed from monarchical usage, and to designate him alone by the simple constitutional name, The President. To lodge him in a properly spacious but not magnificent house, and to appropriate a moderate sum for his maintenance, were equally fit and fortunate acts. They were in keeping with the moderate social conditions and habits of the country a hundred years ago. But the second century opens upon a country of different conditions and tastes and customs, and the republican tradition of bare simplicity comes into collision with obstinate facts.

This is now a country of great fortunes and of great incomes and of constant demand for executive and administrative ability of every kind at the highest rates of reward. The tendency of industrial enterprises is toward concentration. The control of vast railroad systems requires the same qualities which are sought by the governments of states and nations. New and vast careers are opened to talent and sagacity, and the direction of private material undertakings competes with high and honorable political office for the best ability of American citizens. But the proposal to attract it to the public service by a compensation corresponding to that of important private service is sternly encountered by the republican tradition, and the advocates of the change are reprobated as seeking to corrupt the state by profusion and splendor.

A few years ago, when Congress raised the salary of its members from $5000 to $7500, there arose in the newspapers throughout the country what ex-Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, describes as "a universal howl" so tremendous and persistent that members hastily returned the money to the Treasury, declaring that they never meant to take it, and fled to cover in every direction as if caught in a black conspiracy against the public Treasury and the national honor. To be branded as a salary grabber was to undergo almost as terrible a denunciation as that which attends the memory of Benedict Arnold, and Congress made haste to repeal the law. Yet amid all the tempest of indignation and execration it was remembered that only in the preceding year the salary of the President had been raised from $25,000 to $50,000 without imposing upon him any new expense.

The reason for this increase was obvious and satisfactory. The rate of living had changed since the President's salary was originally determined, and the larger sum was proportioned to the change. The same reasoning would seem to have been valid in the case of the compensation of members of Congress. But it was argued that the President had not himself proposed an increased salary, and that the increase was to take effect, not during his own term, but for that of his successor. This was true. But the President approved the bill knowing that

he would probably be his own successor. The increase was not retroactive, indeed, but as a question of delicate propriety, if there be any force in the argument, it reaches the President who approves the increase of his salary as well as the legislator who votes for a similar increase in his own case. But this was not admitted. If Congress had voted an increase of salary for its successor, it was said, the act would have been seemly, but to vote an increase for itself, and to make it retroactive, was sheer and shameless robbery.

But how, then, asks Mr. Chace—how about those Representatives who were already elected to the next Congress; and how about the Senate, which is a continuing body? Upon this argument a majority of the Senators must always vote against an increase of salary, which can therefore never be made. Moreover, he says, if the vote for an increase justly stigmatizes the voter as a salary grabber, then since 1789 there is a long list of illustrious and patriotic men who have been shameless robbers of the public Treasury. Seven times by act of Congress the compensation of its members has been increased, and each time the act was retroactive. Mr. Chace is evidently of opinion that the outcry about the salary grab was an explosion of cant, and by no means proof of a high regard for public virtue.

He proceeds to the *argumentum ad rem*, and stating the amount of salaries received by certain other dignified public officers, he asks, "What is there in the service of a cabinet officer, a circuit judge, a commerce commissioner, a second or third class minister, a major-general, a vice-admiral, or a solicitor-general which calls for higher qualifications or larger compensation than a Senator receives?" Having resigned his seat in the Senate, Mr. Chace ventures bravely to ask, "What in connection with the Presidential office calls for ten times the pay of a Senator?" And after a brisk panegyric of the character and assiduity of members of Congress in both Houses, he says, "They are, as a body, not only among the ablest but the best men in the country, and have been so Congress after Congress."

The compensation of members of Congress was placed at a very moderate sum because the republican tradition holds all citizens to be intelligent patriots, and as it also holds both legislative and executive duties in a popular system to be very simple, it assumes that no especial knowledge or training is necessary for their performance, and that all citizens are capable of discharging them off-hand, consequently the best citizens will gladly make any sacrifice to public duty which may be required by their fellows. The republican tradition protests against an increase of salary as a movement toward political corruption by causing offices to be sought for their emoluments. But there is much human nature even in a republic, and a shrewd observer might perhaps suspect that the pressure for place to which the President and every appointing officer is subjected after an election is not wholly regardless of the official emolument.

Experience replies to the republican tradition that private employment competes strongly with public employment, and that there must be a reasonable proportion observed between public salaries and the social exactions of the time. The honor of high office, the ambition and satisfaction of conspicuous public service, are all to be duly weighed in the estimate. But the fact that there are persons who would accept, as Representatives in Congress, a salary of four or three thousand dollars, instead of five thousand, must not be considered an argument against increasing the salary to seven or eight thousand. It is not by ascertaining for how small a sum a man will consent to serve in Congress, nor by knowing upon how little many good men contrive to live honestly, that the question can be decided. It is common-sense, and not the precedent of a hundred years or fifty years ago, that should determine the salary, and since Congress alone can decide, no member who votes to adjust the salary to the reasonable demand of the actual situation need now fear injurious denunciation as a salary grabber. Noisy demagogues may raise a loud uproar, but sensible men will not confound their clamor with public opinion.

THOSE who take a desponding view of the world, and who cite the oldest cry of discontent that it is sinking from a golden to an iron age, cannot deny the occasional signs of a better fate than they admit. One such sign is suggested by the late speech of Mr. Gladstone in Parliament

upon his friend John Bright. They are by far the most eminent of English statesmen of their time. In genius, in ability, in comprehensive grasp, in oratorical power, none of the greater modern English figures, Sir Robert Peel, Canning, Pitt, Fox, surpassed them. In purity of character and loftiness of life no Englishmen have been greater.

Pitt died broken-hearted after Austerlitz; Fox was a great leader of opposition rather than a constructive statesman; Canning but fancifully "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old"; Sir Robert Peel proved his own greatness by accepting Bright's and Cobden's national policy and nobly enforcing it. But of John Bright, Gladstone said truly, "He lived to see the triumph of [illegible] to which he specially devoted his heart and mind." He illustrated noble citizenship. He showed the profound difference between a public man and a politician—and it is the difference between a lion and a mouse. His signal and unique service lay in the demonstration of his life that the loftiest influence, the surest power, and the purest renown in public life belong to qualities which politicians do not necessarily possess.

Such a life and career are of the utmost service to young men of the English-speaking race both in England and America, by reminding them that meanness and trickery and littleness of every kind are not essential to the highest success. The runners with what is known in this country as the party machine sneer complacently at Sunday-school politics, and assure us that saloon politics are unavoidable in a wicked world. But the facts are against them. There was never a great result achieved in our history which did not spring from Sunday-school politics. America is the child of the Sunday-school, not of the saloon. Our independence, the formation and preservation of the Union, and emancipation, were not the fruit of saloon or machine politics. They were the result of honest conviction and of sincere moral effort and devotion. The saloon follows majorities, but the Sunday-school makes majorities.

Bright and Cobden were as savagely denounced in England when they began the Corn Law agitation as Garrison and Phillips in this country when they raised the cry of abolition. The dependence of all of them was the popular conscience and good sense. They invoked the moral sentiment in public affairs, and there is a constant effort in all great public discussion to plant the question upon that ground, because of the instinctive confidence that it is immutable. Even the liquor interest, the saloon itself, seeks this security. To close the saloon, says its advocate, is to shut up the poor man's club, which means that it would be inequitable, it would result in injustice.

It is sometimes urged that it is absurd to deride politicians in a country where politics are a chief and fundamental interest, and where it is a primary duty of the citizen to be interested in politics. Without reflection this appears to be a not unreasonable remark. But it would be as wise to say that in a commercial and trading country, where the great mass of people are engaged in business, it is absurd to object to dealers in wooden nutmegs and sanded sugar. If a primary and vital condition of business be dishonesty, a community which is characteristically a business community is a nest of sharpers. If we cannot denounce confidence men without maligning merchants, it is because merchants are swindlers.

This is equally true of the sphere of politics. In our current nomenclature the word politician has come to describe a person who devotes himself to politics for his selfish advantage. This, however, is really treachery to politics, which, truly understood, are concerned with the public welfare and not with private gain. Undoubtedly in a just and comprehensive sense a statesman is a politician, because he deals with the polity of the state. But the word is not currently used in that sense. Indeed so distinctively has the word politician become the description of a self-seeker that it is used as the antithesis of statesman, and to say that a man is a statesman but not a politician is to say that he makes politics a service to the commonwealth and not a trade for his own benefit. For the very reason, therefore, that in a republic politics should be the active concern of every citizen, the politician, or the man who seeks his own personal advantage under the false pretence of the public welfare, ought to be branded as an enemy of the state.

All the trickery and meanness and corruption of politics belong to the sphere of the politician in this sense, and for the

public benefit the distinction should be constantly emphasized. The public man whose conduct and career illustrate the difference between the statesman and the politician is a national benefactor. He sweeps away the cobwebs of sophistry which gather about the conceptions of ardent and ambitious youth, who, hearing with doubt and credulity the plausible saying that we must fight the devil with fire, forgets that the spirit which alone effectually overcomes the devil says, simply, Get thee behind me! The power of the politician, however, is as undeniable as that of the saloon, which is one of his chief allies; and his power is never more insidious and dangerous than when he attempts to laugh away the convictions and instincts of youth, or to bribe it with its own generous ambition.

All this seductive endeavor is brought to shame by a life like that of John Bright, and this, more than any particular policy or measure which he advocated, is his inestimable service. It is the influence of his character rather than the special achievements of his advocacy which is the true title of his renown. All the causes that he advocated, as Mr. Gladstone said, made distinct advances in the estimation of the world. "But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described, or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that he elevated political life to the highest point, to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that can not only be made a subject of admiration and gratitude, but—and I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation."

This is the substance of what this whole country has just said of Washington, on the centennial of his inauguration. Happily such men continually confront the pessimist, and reassure the faith which sees the golden age before us and not behind.

THE recently published letters of Motley the historian show that he was essentially a gentleman. This has been singularly true of all the eminent figures in the group of American authors to which he belongs. It is shown in nothing more pleasantly than in their ready sympathy with younger literary aspirants, and in their kindly response to the requests of these aspirants for literary counsel. Many a man and woman cherish letters of this kind which they have received from Irving and Emerson and Longfellow and Prescott and Bancroft and Whittier and Holmes and Lowell. A gentleman who received such a letter from Mr. Motley a quarter of a century ago sends it to the Easy Chair with permission to print it; and he says of it, truly, "It is interesting both as the expression of a successful historian's views on the writing of history, and as showing Mr. Motley's great kindness of heart; for the presumptuous youth to whom the letter was addressed was a stranger, and had no claim whatever on his time and attention."

"VIENNA, *April* 4, 1864.

"DEAR SIR,—Your favor of 26th Feb. reached me but recently, and I have read with much interest the account which you give of yourself and of your desire to become a writer of history. I cannot doubt that one who at so early an age feels so strong an inclination to adopt this particular department of literature as a profession is destined, with perseverance and determination, to achieve success.

"I don't warn you against the danger of mistaking what might be a casual impulse for a fixed purpose, because I observe that you are disposed to censure yourself severely. I am the more inclined therefore to believe that your present resolution will be an abiding one.

"It is a pleasure to me to answer your questions in regard to the preparations proper for you to make, although I have really very little to communicate.

"You state your age to be twenty, so that you have a whole lifetime before you, for I earnestly recommend you not to begin to write any serious historical work before you have attained the age of thirty.

"As you are a graduate of a university, I assume that you are sufficiently familiar with Latin to read it without difficulty. I would advise you, however, to read the Latin historians, especially Livy and Tacitus, with whom you should make yourself familiar in the original. Without facility in Latin it would be impossible to study thoroughly any branch of history, ancient or modern. You say that you are studying German, in which you are quite right. I consider the knowledge of that language, as well as of French and Italian, to be indispensable in the profession which you have chosen. It would depend upon the subject that you might ultimately select whether other modern languages might not become necessary, but those three are necessaries of life. You say that you have 'read a good deal of general and special history, but in a desultory and consequently useless manner.' You add that your 'idea has been to get a good knowledge of general history, and then, deciding upon some particular subject, give that special attention.'

"I don't know that you could have marked out a better path for yourself. Your reading will cease to be desultory if you pursue the plan thus indicated by yourself. In reading general history I would ad-

vise the study of such works as John von Müller's *Universal History* in 7 volumes, Carl von Rotteck's *World History* in 9 volumes; Herder's *Philosophy of Human History*, Pritchard's *Natural History of Man*; Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Guizot's *History of Civilization*.

"As to special history, I should be inclined rather to direct your attention to that of the last three and a half centuries. The events and the characters of the period since the rediscovery of America may be studied with more minuteness and exactness than those of more distant epochs can be, and their bearing on our own times is more direct and apparent.

"I would advise you from time to time to try your hand at historical and biographical essays, resuming the philosophy of some particular period or painting some prominent individualities. Such papers might be published in the reviews and magazines of the day, and would be good practice for you in study and in style.

"You ask me to suggest a subject for a historical work, but this is an impossibility. The subject *must* suggest itself to the author. Unless after much pondering and hard study you find your mind strongly drawn to some special epoch or train of events, you could hardly expect to be guided anywhere by an external impulse.

"You ask, further, if there is in European history any subject yet public property [illegible] an appropriate and interesting theme. I should answer that all history is public property. All history may be rewritten, and it is impossible that with extensive research and deep reflection you should not be able to produce something new and valuable on almost any of them. For instance, I am myself about to engage in the history of the 30 years' war of Germany, on which whole libraries have been written, and I hope to find out something new as to facts and something fresh in portraiture and in moral worthy of the public attention.

"It should never be forgotten, moreover, that we are Americans, and that European history for Americans has to be almost entirely rewritten. Hitherto it has been the task of historians to write the eulogy of kings and princes and to make them the prominent objects in human history. This is not our task, and the monarchical creed is not ours either in literature or politics.

"With my best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"J. L. Motley."

Editor's Study.

I.

ONE of the great newspapers the other day invited the prominent American authors to speak their minds upon a point in the theory and practice of fiction which had already vexed some of them. It was the question of how much or how little the American novel ought to deal with certain facts of life which are not usually talked of before young people, and especially young ladies. Of course the question was not decided, and we forget just how far the balance inclined in favor of a larger freedom in the matter. But it certainly inclined that way; one or two writers of the sex which is somehow supposed to have purity in its keeping (as if purity were a thing that did not practically concern the other sex, preoccupied with serious affairs) gave it a rather vigorous tilt to that side. In view of this fact it would not be the part of prudence to make an effort to dress the balance; and indeed we do not know that we were going to make any such effort. But there are some things to say, around and about the subject, which we should like to have some one else say, and which we may ourselves possibly be safe in suggesting.

II.

One of the first of these is the fact, generally lost sight of by those who censure the Anglo-Saxon novel for its prudishness, that it is really not such a prude after all; and that if it is sometimes apparently anxious to avoid those experiences of life not spoken of before young people, this may be an appearance only. Sometimes a novel which has this shuffling air, this effect of truckling to propriety, might defend itself, if it could speak for itself, by saying that such experiences happened not to come within its scheme, and that, so far from maiming or mutilating itself in ignoring them, it was all the more faithfully representative of the tone of modern life in dealing with love that was chaste, and with passion so honest that it could be openly spoken of before the tenderest bud at dinner. It might say that the guilty intrigue, the betrayal, the extreme flirtation even, was the exceptional thing in life, and unless the scheme of the story necessarily involved it, that it would be bad art to lug it in, and as bad taste as to introduce such topics in a mixed company. It could say very justly that the novel in our civilization now always addresses a mixed company, and that the vast ma-

jority of the company are ladies, and that very many, if not most, of these ladies are young girls. If the novel were written for men and for married women alone, as in continental Europe, it might be altogether different. But the simple fact is that it is not written for them alone among us, and it is a question of writing, under cover of our universal acceptance, things for young girls to read which you would be put out-of-doors for saying to them, or of frankly giving notice of your intention, and so cutting yourself off from the pleasure—and it is a very high and sweet one—of appealing to these vivid, responsive intelligences, which are none the less brilliant and admirable because they are innocent.

III.

One day a novelist who liked, after the manner of other men, to repine at his hard fate, complained to his friend, a critic, that he was tired of the restriction he had put upon himself in this regard; for it is a mistake, as can be readily shown, to suppose that others impose it. "See how free those French fellows are!" he rebelled. "Shall we always be shut up to our tradition of decency?"

"Do you think it's much worse than being shut up to their tradition of indecency?" said his friend.

Then that novelist began to reflect, and he remembered how sick the invariable motive of the French novel made him. He perceived finally that, convention for convention, ours was not only more tolerable, but on the whole was truer to life, not only to its complexion, but also to its texture. No one will pretend that there is not vicious love beneath the surface of our society; if he did, the fetid explosions of the divorce trials would refute him; but if he pretended that it was in any just sense characteristic of our society, he could be still more easily refuted. Yet it exists, and it is unquestionably the material of tragedy, the stuff from which intense effects are wrought. The question, after owning this fact, is whether these intense effects are not rather cheap effects. We incline to think they are, and we will try to say why we think so, if we may do so without offence. The material itself, the mere mention of it, has an instant fascination; it arrests, it detains, till the last word is said, and while there is anything to be hinted. This is what makes a love intrigue of some sort all but essential to the popularity of any fiction. Without such an intrigue the intellectual equipment of the author must be of the highest, and then he will succeed only with the highest class of readers. But any author who will deal with a guilty love intrigue holds all readers in his hand, the highest with the lowest, as long as he hints the slightest hope of the smallest potential naughtiness. He need not at all be a great author; he may be a very shabby wretch, if he has but the courage or the trick of that sort of thing. The critics will call him "virile" and "passionate"; decent people will be ashamed to have been limed by him; but the low average will only ask another chance of flocking into his net. If he happens to be an able writer, his really fine and costly work will be unheeded, and the lure to the appetite will be chiefly remembered. There may be other qualities which make reputations for other men, but in his case they will count for nothing. He pays this penalty for his success in that kind; and every one pays some such penalty who deals with some such material. It attaches in like manner to the triumphs of the writers who now almost form a school among us, and who may be said to have established themselves in an easy popularity simply by the study of exotic shivers and fervors. They may find their account in the popularity, or they may not; there is no question of the popularity.

IV.

But we do not mean to imply that their case covers the whole ground. So far as it goes, though, it ought to stop the mouths of those who complain that fiction is enslaved to propriety among us. It appears that of a certain kind of impropriety it is free to give us all it will, and more. But this is not what serious men and women writing fiction mean when they rebel against the limitations of their art in our civilization. They have no desire to deal with nakedness, as painters and sculptors freely do in the worship of beauty; or with certain facts of life, as the stage does, in the service of sensation. But they ask why, when the conventions of the plastic and histrionic arts liberate their followers to the portrayal of almost any phase of the physical or of the emotional nature, an American novelist may not write a story on the lines of *Anna Karenina* or *Madame Bovary*. *Sappho*

they put aside, and from Zola's work they avert their eyes. They do not condemn him or Daudet, necessarily, or accuse their motives; they leave them out of the question; they do not want to do that kind of thing. But they do sometimes wish to do another kind, to touch one of the most serious and sorrowful problems of life in the spirit of Tolstoï and Flaubert, and they ask why they may not. At one time, they remind us, the Anglo-Saxon novelist did deal with such problems—De Foe in his spirit, Richardson in his, Goldsmith in his. At what moment did our fiction lose this privilege? In what fatal hour did the Young Girl arise and seal the lips of Fiction, with a touch of her finger, to some of the most vital interests of life?

Whether we wished to oppose them in their aspiration for greater freedom, or whether we wished to encourage them, we should begin to answer them by saying that the Young Girl had never done anything of the kind. The manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers; that is all. Gentlemen no longer swear or lie drunk under the table, or abduct young ladies and shut them up in lonely country houses, or so habitually set about the ruin of their neighbors' wives, as they once did. Generally, people now call a spade an agricultural implement; they have not grown decent without having also grown a little squeamish, but they have grown comparatively decent; there is no doubt about that. They require of a novelist whom they respect unquestionable proof of his seriousness, if he proposes to deal with certain phases of life; they require a sort of scientific decorum. He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and they expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence. If he will accept the conditions, they give him their confidence, and he may then treat to his greater honor, and not at all to his disadvantage, of such experiences, such relations of men and women as George Eliot treats in *Adam Bede*, in *Daniel Deronda*, in *Romola*, in almost all her books; such as Hawthorne treats in the *Scarlet Letter;* such as Dickens treats in *David Copperfield;* such as Thackeray treats in *Pendennis*, and glances at in every one of his fictions; such as Mrs. Gaskell treats in *Ruth Barton;* such as most of the masters of English fiction have at some time treated more or less openly. It is quite false or quite mistaken to suppose that our novels have left untouched these most important realities of life. They have only not made them their stock in trade; they have kept a true perspective in regard to them; they have relegated them in their pictures of life to the space and place they occupy in life itself, as we know it in England and America. They have kept a correct proportion, knowing perfectly well that unless the novel is to be a map, with everything scrupulously laid down in it, a faithful record of life in far the greater extent could be made to the exclusion of guilty love and all its circumstances and consequences.

We justify them in this view not only because we hate what is cheap and meretricious, and hold in peculiar loathing the cant of the critics who require "passion" as something in itself admirable and desirable in a novel, but because we prize fidelity in the historian of feeling and character. Most of these critics who demand "passion" would seem to have no conception of any passion but one. Yet there are several other passions: the passion of grief, the passion of avarice, the passion of pity, the passion of ambition, the passion of hate, the passion of envy, the passion of devotion, the passion of friendship; and all these have a greater part in the drama of life than the passion of love, and infinitely greater than the passion of guilty love. Wittingly or unwittingly, English fiction and American fiction have recognized this truth, not fully, not in the measure it merits, but in greater degree than most other fiction.

V.

Who can deny that it would be incomparably stronger, incomparably truer, if once it could tear off the habit which enslaves it to the celebration chiefly of a single passion, in one phase or another, and could frankly dedicate itself to the service of all the passions, all the interests, all the facts? Every novelist who has thought about his art knows that it would, and we think that upon reflection he must doubt whether his sphere would be greatly enlarged if he were allowed to

treat freely the darker aspects of the favorite passion. But, as we have shown, the privilege, the right to do this is already perfectly recognized. This is proved again by the fact that serious criticism recognizes as master-works (we will not push the question of supremacy) the two great novels which above all others have moved the world by their study of guilty love. If by any chance, if by some prodigious miracle, any American should now arise to treat it on the level of *Anna Karenina* and *Madame Bovary*, he would be absolutely sure of success, and of fame and gratitude as great as those books have won for their authors.

But what editor of what American magazine would print such a story?

Certainly we do not think any one would; and here our novelist must again submit to conditions. If he wishes to publish such a story (supposing him to have once written it), he must publish it as a book. A book is something by itself, responsible for its character, which becomes quickly known, and it does not necessarily penetrate to every member of the household. The father or the mother may say to the child, "I would rather you wouldn't read that book"; if the child cannot be trusted, the book may be locked up. But with the magazine and its serial the affair is different. Between the editor of a reputable English or American magazine and the families which receive it there is a tacit agreement that he will print nothing which a father may not read to his daughter, or safely leave her to read herself. After all, it is a matter of business; and the insurgent novelist should consider the situation with coolness and common-sense. The editor did not create the situation; but it exists, and he could not even attempt to change it without many sorts of disaster. He respects it, therefore, with the good faith of an honest man. Even when he is himself a novelist, with ardor for his art and impatience of the limitations put upon it, he interposes his veto, as Thackeray did in the case of Trollope when Trollope approached the forbidden ground.

It does not avail to say that the daily papers teem with facts far fouler and deadlier than any which fiction could imagine. That is true, but it is true also that the sex which reads the most novels reads the fewest newspapers; and, besides, the reporter does not command the novelist's skill to fix impressions in a young girl's mind or to suggest conjecture. All this is very trite; it seems scarcely worth saying; and it appears pathetically useless to answer in the only possible way the complaint of the novelist that in the present state of the book trade it is almost impossible to get an audience for an American novel. That seems very likely, but, dear friend, your misfortune begins far back of the magazine editor. If you did not belong to a nation which would rather steal its reading than buy it, you would be protected by an international copyright law, and then you might defy the magazines and appeal to the public in a book with a fair hope of getting some return for your labor on it. But you *do* belong to a nation that would rather steal its reading than buy it, and so you must meet the conditions of the only literary form with which stolen literature cannot compete. The American magazine much more than holds its own against anything we can rob the English of. Perhaps it is a little despotic, a little arbitrary; but unquestionably its favor is essential to success, and its conditions are not such narrow ones. You cannot deal with Tolstoï's and Flaubert's subjects in the absolute artistic freedom of Tolstoï and Flaubert; since De Foe, that is unknown among us; but if you deal with them in the manner of George Eliot, of Thackeray, of Dickens, of society, you may deal with them even in the magazines. There is no other restriction upon you. All the horrors and miseries and tortures are open to you; your pages may drop blood; sometimes it may happen that the editor will even exact such strong material from you. But probably he will require nothing but the observance of the convention in question; and if you do not yourself prefer bloodshed he will leave you free to use all sweet and peaceable means of interesting his readers.

Believe us, it is no narrow field he throws open to you, with that little sign to keep off the grass up at one point only. Its vastness is still almost unexplored, and whole regions in it are unknown to the fictionist. Dig anywhere, and do but dig deep enough, and you strike riches; or, if you are of the mind to range, the gentler climes, the softer temperatures, the serener skies, are all free to you, and are so little visited that the chance of novelty is greater among them.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of April. President Harrison [illegible] following nominations, which were confirmed by the Senate: Ministers (March 18th,) William W. Thomas, Sweden and Norway; Samuel R. Thayer, Netherlands; (March 19th,) Whitelaw Reid, France; (March 20th,) Frederick D. Grant, Austria-Hungary; (March 27th,) Robert Lincoln, Great Britain; Allen Thorndike Rice, Russia; Patrick Egan, Chili; Thomas Ryan, Mexico; John Hicks, Peru; George B. Loring, Portugal; (March 29th,) Albert Adams, Jun., Brazil; Lansing B. Mizner, Central American States; W. L. Scruggs, Venezuela; William O. Bradley, Corea; (March 30th,) Edwin H. Terrell, Belgium; John T. Abbott, Republic of Colombia. Other nominations (also confirmed) as follows: March 19th, Julius Goldsmith, Consul-General, Vienna; March 20th, John C. New, Consul-General, London; March 21st, Miles C. Moore, Governor Washington Territory; March 23d, Commodore David B. Harmony, Rear-Admiral; James Tanner, Commissioner of Pensions; March 26th, Francis E. Warren, Governor Wyoming Territory; Benjamin F. White, Governor Montana Territory; George L. Shoup, Governor Idaho Territory; April 1st, William W. Wharton, Assistant Secretary of State; James N. Huston, Treasurer of United States; L. Bradford Prince, Governor of New Mexico; March 30th, John B. Henderson, Cornelius N. Bliss, William Pinkney Whyte, Clement Studebaker, T. Jefferson Coolidge, William Henry Trescott, Andrew Carnegie, John R. G. Pitkin, Morris M. Estee, J. H. Harrison, as delegates to the Congress of American nations, to be held at Washington in 1889; April 5th, Joel B. Erhardt, Collector Port of New York; Cornelius Van Cott, Postmaster of New York.

President Harrison withdrew the nomination of Eugene Schuyler as Assistant Secretary of State March 19th.

The nomination of Murat Halstead as Minister to Germany was rejected by the Senate March 28th.

Lyman E. Knapp was nominated as Governor of Alaska April 12th.

The Senate adjourned *sine die* April 2d.

President Harrison issued a proclamation, March 27th, authorizing the opening of the Oklahoma lands to settlers on April 22d.

The State election of Rhode Island, held on April 4th, resulted in no election of Governor by the people.

The Legislature of Rhode Island elected, April 10th, Nathan F. Dixon as United States Senator.

General Von Verdy du Vernois was appointed German Minister of War, April 10th.

The cabinet of the Netherlands announced, March 26th, that the King, William III., was incapacitated for carrying on the government. A provisional regency was appointed. The Duke of Nassau, April 11th, took the oath of office as Regent of the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg.

The French Chamber decided, April 4th, on the prosecution of General Boulanger for [illegible] the people's choice.

DISASTERS.

March 14th.—Fifteen persons killed by an explosion in a colliery near Nismes, France.

March 20th.—A French torpedo-boat foundered off Cherbourg, and fifteen lives lost.

March 24th.—Report of loss of the Haytian insurgent steamer *Conserva* at sea, with a crew of twenty men.

March 26th.—The Spanish mail steamer *Mindanao* sunk by collision with steamer *Visayas*. Thirty persons drowned.—The excursion steamer *Ocotlan* foundered in Lake Chapala, Mexico. Over fifty lives lost.

March 30th.—The Ostend packet *Countess of Flanders* sunk in the English Channel by the Belgian mail steamer *Princess Henriette*. Fifteen persons drowned.—News of hurricane in Samoa, March 16th and 17th. The American men-of-war *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*, and the German men-of-war *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*, wrecked in the harbor of Apia. Captain C. M. Schoonmaker, of the *Vandalia*, and Captain Lieutenant Wallis, of the *Eber*, together with forty-nine American and [illegible] German officers and sailors, lost.

April 10th.—Coal-pit explosion at Castrop, New South Wales. Twenty-five men killed.

OBITUARY.

March 18th.—In London, Samuel Carter Hall, author, in his eighty-ninth year.

March 20th.—In Fasque, England, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., aged eighty-four years.

March 22d.—In Washington, D. C., Stanley Matthews, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in his sixty-fifth year.

March 27th.—In London, John Bright, statesman, aged seventy-eight years.

April 4th.—News received of the death of King John of Abyssinia.

April 6th.—In London, the Duchess of Cambridge, daughter-in-law of George III., aged ninety-one years.

April 9th.—In Paris, Michel Eugene Chevreul, scientist, aged one hundred and two years.

April 10th.—In Washington, T. N. Patterson, Rear-Admiral U.S.N., aged sixty-nine years.

April 13th.—In Philadelphia, John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, aged seventy-three years.

April 14th.—In Brooklyn, New York, Hon. Simeon Baldwin Chittenden, ex-Congressman of the United States, aged seventy-five years.

April 15th.—In Lakewood, New Jersey, General Charles Kinnaird Graham, ex-Surveyor of the Port of New York, aged sixty-four years.



OF all the contrivances for amusement in this agreeable world the "Reception" is the most ingenious, and would probably most excite the wonder of an angel sent down to inspect our social life. If he should pause at the entrance of the house where one is in progress, he would be puzzled. The noise that would greet his ears is different from the deep continuous roar in the streets, it is unlike the hum of millions of seventeen-year locusts, it wants the musical quality of the spring conventions of the blackbirds in the chestnuts, and he could not compare it to the vociferation in a lunatic asylum, for that is really subdued and infrequent. He might be incapable of analyzing this, but when he caught sight of the company he would be compelled to recognize it as the noise of our highest civilization. It may not be perfect, for there are limits to human powers of endurance, but it is the best we can do. It is not a chance affair. Here are selected, picked out by special invitation, the best that society can show, the most intelligent, the most accomplished, the most beautiful, the best dressed persons in the community—all receptions have this character. The angel would notice this at once, and he would be astonished at the number of such persons, for the rooms would be so crowded that he would see the hopelessness of attempting to edge or wedge his way through the throng without tearing off his wings. An angel, in short, would stand no chance in one of these brilliant assemblies on account of his wings, and probably would be ejected on account of his heavenly purity of his voice. His inference would be that these people had been selected to come together by reason of their superior power of screaming. He would be wrong. They are selected on account of their intelligence, agreeableness, and power of entertaining each other. They come together, not for exercise, but for pleasure, and the more they crowd and jam and struggle, and the louder they scream, the greater the pleasure. It is a kind of contest, full of good-humor and excitement. The one that has the shrillest voice and can scream the loudest is most successful. It would seem at first that they are under a singular hallucination, imagining that the more noise there is in the room the better each one can be heard, and so each one continues to raise his or her voice in order to drown the other voices. The secret of the game is to pitch the voice one or two octaves above the ordinary tone. Some throats cannot stand this strain long; they become rasped and sore, and the voices break; but this adds to the excitement and enjoyment of those who can scream with less inconvenience. The angel would notice that if at any time silence was called, in order that an announcement of music could be made, in the awful hush that followed people spoke to each other in their natural voices, and everybody could be heard without effort. But this was not the object of the Reception, and in a moment more the screaming would begin again, the voices going higher and higher, until, if the roof were taken off, one vast shriek would go up to heaven.

This is not only a fashion, it is an art. People have to train for it, and as it is a unique amusement, it is worth some trouble to be able to succeed in it. Men, by reason of their stolidity and deeper voices, can never be proficients in it; and they do not have so much practice unless they are stock-brokers. Ladies keep themselves in training in their ordinary calls. If three or four meet in a drawing-room they all begin to scream, not that they may be heard—for the higher they go the less they understand each other—but simply to acquire the art of screaming at receptions. If half a dozen ladies meeting by chance in a parlor should converse quietly in their sweet ordinary home tones, it might be in a certain

own powers. The same experiment might be tried at a dinner party, namely, to ascertain if the most fluent of loud voices be the surest. Eve would not be less for the multitudinous voices to overcome than the total scream of all the voices raised to a shriek. If scientific research demonstrated the feasibility of speaking in an ordinary voice at receptions, dinner parties, and in "calls," then the Drawer is of opinion that intelligible and enjoyable conversation would be possible on these occasions, if it becomes fashionable not to scream.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



DRAWING HIS SALARY.

ADVICE TO BRUTUS.

IT is related of Brutus that when he read Mark Antony's funeral oration over the body of Cæsar he remarked contemptuously: "Humph! stolen from Shakespeare every word of it."

A QUESTIONABLE SUCCESS.

ANGELINA. "And now that you have established your school, Edwin, what is your decision regarding Madame François for our children? As to discipline, does she give that proper attention?"

EDWIN. "Indeed she does, my dear. I was there the whole morning, and she seemed to devote the entire time to preserving order."

A SYLLABIC SLIP.

DR. CARPENTER was noted for the quickness of his wit, and it was a common saying in the town in which he lived that he always had an answer ready when it was required. He was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately his friend saw his error, and corrected himself.

"Never mind," said the doctor; "it's only a slip of the pen."

THE DIALECTRICIAN.

He wrote his poems according to his light,
And as his light was light, they seemed most airy—
Too airy sometimes to last e'en over night—
As tenuously slim as any fairy.

The critics cut him right and left severely;
They said his work was lacking in felicity;
No more a poet was this person, clearly,
Than light of sun was that of electricity.

To dialect he turned his whole attention:
'Twas then the critics called his promise bright,
And of his "genius rare" made constant mention,
And dubbed him, too, the "Dialectric Light."

So now he writes his poems day by day,
And whether he doth make them bright or sad,
He's sure to find success. I've heard him say,
"The poems are unchanged; the spelling's bad."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE March wind was swirling and soughing drearily as Sir Walter Raleigh ascended the steps to the palace and inquired of the Grand-Duke of the Vestibule if her Majesty was at home. That individual, turning to the Goldstick in Waiting, repeated the question to him, and he in turn interrogated the First Lady of the Front Staircase, who promptly communicated Sir Walter's request for information to the proper authorities, the result being that the courtier was informed that her Majesty was in, and would be pleased to have him call again next week. This Sir Walter, concealing his discomfiture, proceeded to do, remarking to the Queen, when next he met her, that she had treated him in a very wintry manner the last time he called.

"No, my dear Sir Walter," replied her Majesty; "the treatment accorded you was not wintry; it was summary."

"Ha!" smiled the courtier. "You were feeling coolly that morning."

"Wrong again, Sir Walter," was her Majesty's quick retort. "I was not coolly disposed. Indeed, I was much less Raw-ly disposed than usual."

"Were I your enemy, madame," quoth the courtier, "I should inform your Majesty that that jest was good when first 'twas uttered by the third assistant game-keeper on my great-great-grandfather's estates, some two hundred years ago, but as one of your Majesty's devoted slaves I remember what is due your Highness, and observe, 'Ha! ha!' Thy wit wellnigh drives me to the verge of lunacy. Again your Majesty will permit me to observe, 'Ha! ha!'"

"Laugh away, my dear Sir Walter," replied the Queen, somewhat piqued; "but do not laugh too hard. Men have been known to laugh their heads off."

This story is interesting as showing Elizabeth's extraordinary ability in the art of repartee.

GEORGIA JUSTICE.

IN Georgia a justice of the peace receives no salary, but is dependent solely upon "costs" for the emoluments of office. Consequently it is a position not sought by the highest order of talent, and instances of "justices' justice" are not of such rare occurrence as might be desired. The following is vouched for as a true story:

Mr. M——, a farmer living near a middle Georgia town, one day found an estray cow in his pasture. Shortly afterward a negro called, and claiming the cow, was told that if he would produce satisfactory proof of ownership he might take her. Next to watermelons and 'possums the Georgia negro is fondest of a lawsuit; to sue and be sued gives him a realizing sense of the dignity of citizenship. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, and so, instead of satisfying M—— that the cow really belonged to him, which he easily could have done, the negro consulted a young attorney in town, and was advised to take out a possessory warrant for the animal. This was accordingly done, and in due time the case came on for trial before the local magistrate. M—— came into court, disclaimed ownership or right of possession, and turned the cow over to the bailiff to be disposed of as the Court should direct.

After a lengthy argument by the "counsel for the plaintiff" (the negro requires that his physician shall administer allopathic doses), the Court announced that as the case was one deserving of careful consideration he would reserve his decision until ten o'clock the following morning.

Promptly at the appointed hour the negro, accompanied by his counsel and a number of interested spectators, entered the court-room. The magistrate ascended the split-bottomed seat of justice, adjusted his spectacles, arranged the Code and Form books in order on his table, and delivered *ex cathedra* the following opinion:

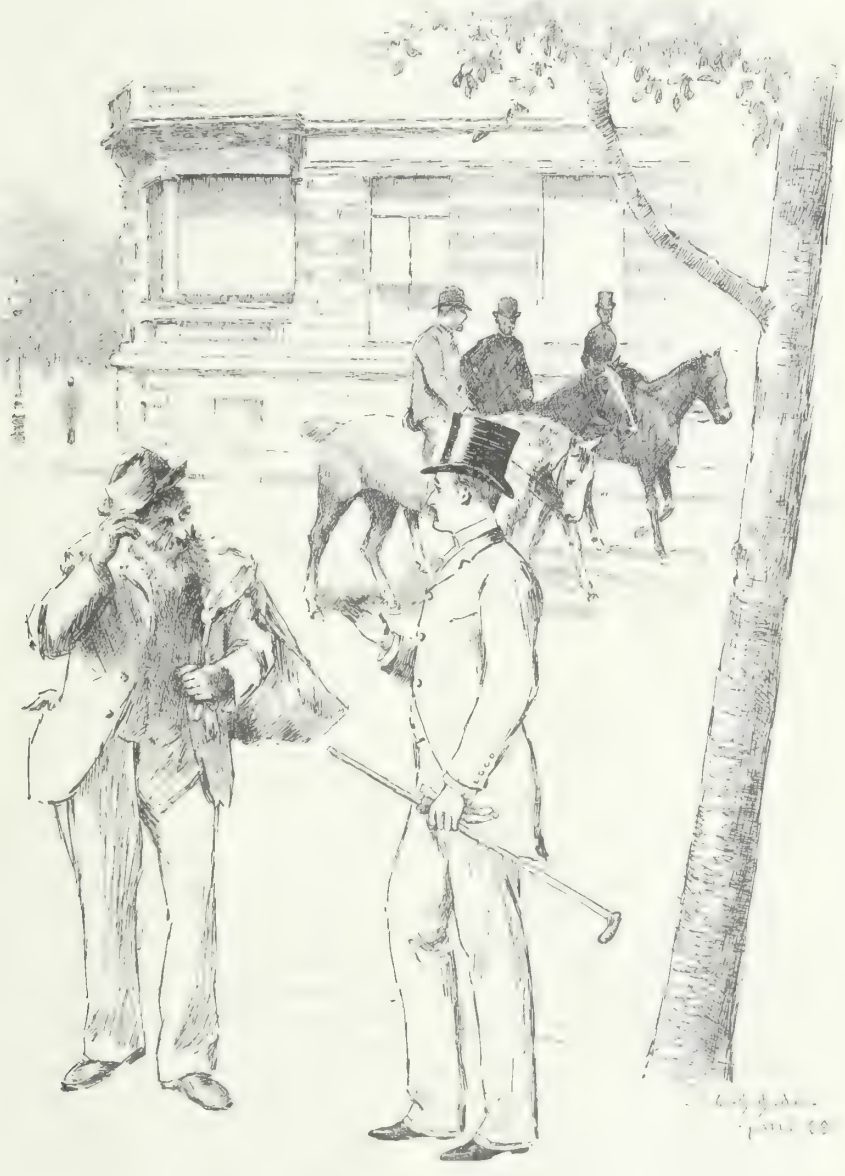
"This case involves a p'int of consider'ble importance, 'bout which the Court don't find nothin' laid down in the Code. Ther' ain't no doubt 'bout the cow belongin' to the nigger, and the Court decides that p'int in his favor. But who's li'ble for the costs? Accordin' to law the party losin' the case must pay the costs. Who air the parties to this suit? In ev'ry case ther' must be two parties—a plaintiff and a defendant. Now it's clare the nigger's the plaintiff, but who's the defendant? Mr. M—— can't be the defendant, because he didn't claim the cow, and didn't make no defense to this suit. This leaves the nigger and the cow as the only rale parties befo' the Court, *and the nigger bein' the plaintiff, the cow must be the defendant.* The plaintiff havin' won the case, the defendant is li'ble for the costs. Mr. Bailiff, I direct you to *hold the cow 'til the costs air paid.*"

W. A. WIMBISH.

A CHANGE OF WEAPON.

LAST winter I climbed Lookout Mountain in company with a veteran of the late war. It was his first visit since the day of the memorable assault, and as we climbed he fought the battle over again for my benefit. As the conflict waxed hotter he grew excited, and on our arrival at the hotel near the summit was at fever-heat. We then passed on through the narrow defile which leads to the pinnacle, where we were confronted by a diminutive specimen of the genus "cracker" with these words, "If you gentlemen wish to go to the top, you must pay twenty-five cents." This was too much for the pent-up feelings of my warlike companion, who, tragically waving his strong right arm, shouted: "I won't pay it. Twenty-five years ago I came up here with a sword in my hand." But the modern Leonidas, moving not otherwise than to display a deputy-sheriff's badge, quietly remarked, "Well, sah, you must come up with a quarter to-day." The money was paid.

C. C. TEALE.



HE INSULTED HIM.

OLD-CLOTHES MAN. "Have you any second-hand clothes?"
ALGERNON. "No; never wear 'em."

DAYBREAK.

SOMETIMES, when the night of woe
So deep on my spirit lies
That I see no gladdening glow
In the whole broad sweep of skies,

A thought of you will gleam
Across my sight like a ray;
And the night has been but a dream,
For, lo! it is dawn and day.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

HER ONE JOKE.

A READER of the Drawer writes:

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke. I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the *other* man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a penny, in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest gotten over his *financial* difficulties yet?'"

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

THEY called him Blossom. Perhaps he was a blossom of the Pacific slope, but in the eyes of the New Jersey traveller in search of—pecuniary—health who found himself shut up one May morning in a little ten-horse-power city among the mountains of Oregon he was decidedly a blighted blossom.

The blossom was unquestionably a man, and perhaps, by a stretch of Darwinian fancy, a brother also: old enough to have already built up a life history in the eventful longitudes of the farthest West, for the incidents of some thirty summers (winter keeps on the heights in western Oregon and has no concern with man) had most outrageously gnarled and twisted him. He was the driver of the stage that once a week bumped over the road leading from the mountain city to the coast, and too modestly claiming only eighty miles of length. The *lex talionis* of the country seemed to have left him but one front tooth. The right eye had vanished, and the observer guessed that all the hair of his head had followed it, perhaps with the design of beginning a cometary existence in starry space, with the vagrant eye as a nucleus. He wore a faded kerchief wound beneath a hat dyed in the mezzotints which sober the ancient things of earth. Moss grew on the backs of his hands. His coat and trousers continued downward the rusty lights of a beard just thick enough to hide the scars on a face which wore a look of conviction that nothing new could ever happen to it.

"Mr. Blossom," said the tavern-keeper, "here is the newspaper party from the States that wants a seat."

"With the driver," added New Jersey.

"Got two pigtails there," said the blossom.

"Put them behind," said N. J.

"Women behind?"

"Load them backward on the front inside seat."

"They've paid for fronts," said the blossom.

"Do your bronchos kick?" asked Jersey.

"One of 'em," was the reply.

"Tell the Johnnies that," insinuated the other, tendering a twenty-five-cent Frisco cigar—the worst in the world. The blossom floated out on the May morning air, bearing on his mossy stamens the Jerseyman's gripsack and lunch basket, and soon floated back, exhaling a welcome "All right." Four passengers soon stowed themselves for a three-day journey. The sky was clear, the landscape green and gold with the brightness of the scattered, leafy oaks of this inland valley contrasted with the rich yellow of the sheep-cropped surface spreading far and wide. But a moment they waited, while the blossom went on blighting itself with coachee's last glass.

A broncho is a cheap horse. Despair is written on his face, but he actually possesses unconquerable perseverance. His purpose is malign and dangerous. Make him believe that right is wrong, and he will do right.

Make him believe that weal is bane,
He'll do the weal with might and mane.

In starting, the leaders sprang upward and onward as if blown from guns, the pole-horses simultaneously crashing backward and downward, blasted with horror at the apparent intention of the leaders to do their duty. But a horse can pull more load than he can back, and the backers were hauled wastefully along the ground, exciting no surprise in the dozen lounging lookers-on. First one, then the other, found legs, and made a virtue of necessity, mistaking it for vice.

The "city" once left well behind, no cross-roads nor forks were seen until the journey's end, but the sharp turns of the way were never-ending surprises.

The young man from New Jersey had formed the customary determination to be audience, and make the driver perform on his own stage. He resolved not to brush the conversational bloom from the blossom prematurely, lest its petals should close forever—a prudent course. After measuring off several miles of silence, Mr. Blossom grew nervous, shooting single-barrelled glances at the refugee from the land of peaches, shifting on the seat, whistling under breath short snatches of melody, checked by artificial little coughs, making supererogatory play with reins and whip, and sighing a faint "Ding it!" Still the old peach patch was represented with vacuous dignity. And there is nothing like this line of treatment for stirring up your confirmed stage-driver. The track had reached the wilderness mountains of the Coast Range, where the spruce and cedars grow to an amazing height, and the traveller's eye-glasses were nearly cracked in attempts to follow up and down the steeps on either side of the colonnaded vistas of tree trunks. The huge undergrowth, too, appeared for miles impassable for man or beast, and one



A PALPABLE HIT.

SHE. "Is marriage a failure, Charlie?"
HE. "Can't say. Why?"
SHE. "Oh, because I was wondering whether I should ever find out!"
RESULT: He proposes.

might easily have believed that human foot had never trod those wastes except along the line of the old trail followed by the stage route.

N. J., lulled by the angelic notes of the two Celestials at his back, and influenced by the loneliness of a region which no living creatures but the stage party had disturbed for hours, was pensively brooding over the abomination of desolation, when a long human arm was swung out before him, and he heard the words, "I see a bar over thar last week." Mr. Blossom had surrendered, and was beginning to wilt.

"Shoot him?"

"Mister, some parties through here likes to foller 'em, but I guv it up about five year ago this last winter." After a vain pause for response: "I was a *good man* then. Hunted for the pelts—but they got *mine*."

N. J. glanced involuntarily at the kerchief round the dilapidated head.

"Yes; one of 'em sculp me with one lick of his paw, and kicked the best part of my in'ards out with his hind foot at the same time. They're turrible with their hind feet, ding it!"

"Brown?" inquired New Jersey.

"No—regular grizzly, about three parts grown. My head's a sight to see. Want to look at it?"

New Jersey suddenly espied what proved to be a toll-gate not far ahead, and called attention to it by a gesture. "Yes, that's old man Boyles's toll-house. *He's* gen'ly away in the mountain, but his gal takes care the place." She stood outside the toll-house door while the blossom suddenly came to fruition in the shape of potatoes, a sack of which was unloaded for the toll-house larder. And very

sweet she was as she showed a three-quarter face. Dark and soft was her abundant hair, and strong and graceful the bearing of this mountain maid. An eye of heavenly blue—by the ghost of Polyphemus! what is this, as she turns her full face? Is the region a Cyclopean Hades, or can there be some magic beam in the observer's eye? She *has* an eye of heavenly blue, but its sister will never more see nor be seen of men. Her *hair* had been spared; she smiled, too, and relieved a dawning fear.

No other woman, beast, nor man was seen that day until the stage put up for the night at a ranch where a pretty cabin of split boards offered welcome rest to cramped and bruised humanity. The ranchman, his wife, and two daughters dispelled incipient yearnings for the flesh-pots of Jersey, and sleep there was worth sleeping. But next morning! Had it really come? Was the tourist up and dressed, or under the hoofs of a squadron of nightmares (bronchos)? Down a ladder, opposite where he sat breakfasting, descended a magnificent specimen of corporeal man, which turned on touching the floor, and remorselessly exhibited a face provided with but one eye. A rapid gulping of something deadly hot, a recalcitrant plunge through the doorway into the honest sunlight, and a hurried flight to his seat on the waiting stage; then an endless five minutes, the customary broncho start, and an instinctive and reassuring clapping of hands behind his glasses culminated in a question fired by the alarmed Jerseyman at the blossom, the one one-eyed party in sight—"Where are their eyes?"

"Whose eyes?"

"The mountain maid's, the rancher's, and, Mr. Blossom, that other eye which you have lost."

"Well, I 'spect they're all hanging on some bush or 'nother, if they 'ain't dried up and blowed away. It's a good idee to wear specs in this country. The branches bucks out folks's eyes—about half of 'em."

"Enough! Let us smoke, watch, and dodge branches."

Another night was spent in much such a place as the previous, and where all the family may have been monocles for all the traveller discovered. He avoided looking anybody straight in the eyes, or eye.

Rain, called "mist" in Oregon, descended on the third day. The blossom revived under it. "Was you ever in the Klamath Mountains, over in the Cascade Range?" asked he. "That's a rough country. Things side of this. When I was just getting my growth I was up thar alone prospecting for gold. It was turrible hot one day, and I was making my way along an old elk trail, and laid off to take a bite and rest. Just as I got through and was lighting a pipe, I heerd a little kind of a squealing noise up in the rocks behind me. I listened, cocked my rifle, and pretty soon I heerd it again. I concluded it was some feller trying to call, so I slung my rifle on my back and clumb up the steep rocks. It was slow work, but after half an hour or so I come on to a bench like, and guv a yell, and sure enough the feller hollered back, very weak, but clus by whar I was. I soon found him, and ding what's left of me if it wasn't a greaser."

"What's a greaser?"

"A Mexican. —If it wasn't a greaser, cinched up and"

"What's cinched?"

"Why, tied up tight with a strap or lariat. Thar was the greaser, cinched up and rolled inside a hull rawhide, just like a sassinge busted at the ends, with his head sticking out at one end a little ways, and the rest of him squeezed thin as my arm. He'd been cinched up and rolled tight in the hide three days before, when it was fresh off the critter, soft and wet, by some of his gang, I s'pose, that 'd had something agin him, and they'd left him thar till the sun had shrunk the hide and stiffened it hard as a shake—"

"What's a shake?"

"A board split off a log with a riving iron. —Stiffened the hide and shrunk it down to 'most nothing. I out with my knife and split his shell, but thar warn't no motion left in him, only the little squeak I'd heerd. I started to pack him down to the trail, to make a camp thar; and you may believe it or not—if I didn't tumble with that thar greaser in my arms all the way to the bottom; and if I hadn't managed to light with him underneath, I would have been killed, same as he was. I struck agin something on the way down that knocked a tooth or two out of my upper crust."

ALEX. MCCLURE.

SOUL.

Two female members of a Browning Society recently organized in a quiet town not far from Camden, New Jersey, were discussing a sallow-complexioned fellow-member, and one of the fair philosophers took occasion to allude to this yellowness of facial hue as an indication of jaundice. "How can you say so?" returned the other. "That is *soul!*"

OF ELIZABETHAN POETS.

OUR later singers vaunt their new-tuned lays,
Doubling, they say, the world's poetic store.
We turn to pages writ in Shakespeare's days,
And find the songs have all been sung before.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JR.

HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN.

Two young Africans were one day fishing from a wharf, when one of them fell into the water, and was drowned. The survivor's grief was so uproarious that a sympathetic by-stander inquired if the drowned boy was a relation. "No," said he, through his tears, "he warn't no relation, but he mout's well been—he had all de bait."



MR. JUSTICE MILLER OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[See Editor's Easy Chair.]

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THE STATE OF IOWA.

BY MR JUSTICE MILLER

THE State of Iowa occupies a space on the earth's surface between the fortieth and forty fourth parallels of north latitude, and between the ninetieth and ninety-seventh parallels of longitude west of Greenwich. It is surrounded by the State of Minnesota on the north, by the State of Missouri on the south, and by Illinois and Wisconsin on the east, and Nebraska and Dakota on the west. The Mississippi River washes its entire eastern border, and the Missouri River its western.

Its area is about 55,000 square miles. It was organized as a Territory by an act of Congress on June 12, 1838, and it was admitted into the Union as a State under another act of Congress passed March 3, 1845.

The political power and sovereignty of this region was acquired by the United States by virtue of a treaty with France in 1803, called the "treaty for the purchase of Louisiana." Although it afterward became attached, for the purpose of local government, to the Territory of Michigan, and subsequently constituted a part of the Territory of Wisconsin, it never belonged to that large part of the country known as the "Northwestern Territory," or as the territory lying northwest of the Ohio River which had at one time belonged to Great Britain, and was ceded by Great Britain to the United States by the treaty of peace of 1783. The State of Virginia, which claimed this sovereignty, afterward relinquished her right also to the United States.

This "Northwestern Territory," which was the subject of the ordinance of 1787 concerning slavery and other rights granted to the people of that Territory, and out of which were subsequently created the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, did not include any territory west of the Mississippi River, as was distinctly shown by treaties between Great Britain and France, and between the United States and Great Britain. So far as the title of the United States to this part of the country is concerned, it rests upon the treaty for the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, made by Mr. Jefferson on behalf of the United States, and Napoleon, First Consul, on behalf of France.

The whole of this region called Louisiana had been the subject of contest between France and Spain in an early day, when the French claimed it as part of that territory discovered by Marquette and Hennepin, French explorers from the Canadian country, and the Spaniards as appertaining to their conquest of Mexico. Spain had had undisputed possession and control of it for many years prior to 1803, and about a year before the treaty between France and the United States she had ceded it to France.

The city of New Orleans, about one hundred and five miles above the mouth of the Mississippi River, had become a place of much importance by reason of its control, in the hands of Spain, of the navigation of that river, and the interests of the people of the United States living east of the Mississippi in that navigation was very large. Meanwhile we purchased all that was called the Louisiana country, by which the United States obtained entire control of both sides of the Mississippi River to its mouth.

Of course at that early day there was very little settlement of white people west of the river. The only point of any note to which that phrase can be applied was St. Louis, situated about twenty miles below the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. During all the period of this controversy and of the transfers of the country embraced in the Louisiana Purchase, that portion of it now constituting the State of Iowa was in the undis-

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tribes. At the place on the Mississippi River where Keokuk had his home, a city has risen of sixteen or eighteen thousand population, which bears his name, and in memory of his friendship and service to the United States the people of that city have recently erected a monument, which adorns one of the handsomest public parks in the State.

With the ratification of this treaty of purchase the Western pioneers began to make settlements in the country, and a form of civilized government was established by attaching the few people that were first in the country west of the Mississippi River to the Territory of Michigan for judicial purposes. In 1837 the Territory of Wisconsin was organized by an act of Congress, and included the region west of the Mississippi River of which Iowa was a part; and the first Legislature of this new Territory was held at Burlington, on the west bank of that river, in the southern part of what is now the State of Iowa. In the next year, 1838, Iowa was constituted a separate Territory, and the seat of government established at Burlington. There were also, about this time, land-offices established for the sale of public lands, and surveys were made of these lands preparatory to such sales.

These sales were by law first made at public auction—any person having means to do so being at liberty to bid for any lands of the government subject to sale at that time. There did not exist then any of those statutes afterward passed by Congress by which the first settler upon the public lands was protected by priority of right in making this purchase. Nor was there any protection for the buildings, fences, and other improvements made upon the soil by the labor of the actual settler. It was only in 1842 that Congress for the first time passed a law which was the beginning of that wise and salutary system since come to be known as the "pre-emption laws of the United States," which granted to a man who settled upon and cultivated any land of the United States a priority of purchase, at a fixed price, under proper circumstances.

It cannot properly be omitted, in any attempt to give an account of the progress of the State of Iowa from the organized Territory of 40,000 people to a State with a population of 2,000,000, to advert to the generosity displayed by the Congress of the United States in granting its lands to



GEORGE W. JONES.

States for various purposes of public use —of charity, of education, and of internal improvements.

One of the earliest of these magnificent gifts was the donation to the then Territory of Iowa of alternate sections of public lands for five miles on each side of the Des Moines River for the improvement of the navigation of that river by slackwater. Under this statute 322,392 acres of land have been certified to the State.

It is true that, so far as regards locking and damming smaller streams is concerned, the suggestion seems to have proved a failure, after a vast expenditure of money. But while this was the prevailing idea, and while Iowa was in a state of Territorial organization, the Congress of the United States made the donation above referred to. When we consider that the Des Moines River runs through the entire length of the State of Iowa, from its northwest to its southeast corner, and that the lands through which it runs were then, and are to this day, as fine a body of rich soil as any in the world, the generosity of the grant cannot be questioned. Iowa has also shared largely in the grants of land made by Congress for railroad purposes. Not to consume our space by minute descriptions of these grants, it will suffice to say that four roads



AUGUSTUS C. DODGE.

across the State of Iowa from east to west, from the Mississippi to the Missouri River, had each the same grant of every alternate section within five miles on each side of its line, to aid in its construction. And to these, with other railroads in the State, Congress has given an aggregate of 4,708,400 acres of land of similar quality. It may be safely said that the rapid growth of the State in wealth and in population is largely due to the construction of these roads, and would otherwise have been delayed for a period of time which can only be conjectured.

This control and conduct of the sales of the public lands introduced into the history of Iowa two of its early men of influence and distinction. One of these was the Hon. George W. Jones, who, while living in the State of Wisconsin, was for many years Surveyor-General of the district of public lands which included Iowa, and who supervised the government surveys of these lands. The other was Augustus Cæsar Dodge, who, it is believed, was the first land-officer appointed to conduct sales of these lands in the Iowa district; and he and General Jones were the first Senators of the State in the Congress of the United States.

General George Wallace Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, April 12, 1804. His earliest introduction to Iowa was in connection with the mining business in the region of Dubuque, where he erected the first reverberating furnace in the State, and where he was the first to open a store for mercantile business. He was an aide to General Dodge, and took an active part in the Black Hawk war. He was appointed by President Buchanan in 1860 as Minister to Bogota, in South America, from which place, after the breaking out of the recent civil war in the autumn of 1861, he was recalled. He has since resided in Dubuque, where he now lives, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, held in honorable esteem by his neighbors and by the citizens of the State which he so long and so faithfully served.

General Jones occupied a prominent position in the Senate of the United States during the twelve years of his service there. He was unwearied in his efforts at serving his State and promoting the interests of its citizens. In obtaining appropriations for public buildings, in securing land grants which we have already mentioned, in establishing a general system of liberal donations for public purposes, in the efforts to improve the navigation of the Mississippi River, and in ways too numerous, though important, to be recited here, he proved himself a valuable and faithful public servant. He was second to Mr. Cilley, of New Hampshire, in the unfortunate duel with Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, which resulted in the death upon the ground of the former.

Augustus Cæsar Dodge was born at St. Genevieve, Missouri, on January 2, 1812. He was the son of General Henry Dodge, a great Indian fighter of the Northwest, who took a most efficient part in the Black Hawk war, in which also his son Augustus served in a minor capacity. Mr. Dodge was raised in his father's family in northern Illinois and Wisconsin, the family, like many others, being gathered around the lead mines found at Galena and Dubuque. When the sale of public lands in Iowa required the establishment of offices for that purpose, one was located at Dubuque and another at Burlington at the same time. In 1838 Mr. Dodge was appointed by President Van Buren register of the land-office at the latter place, and he then removed to that town, which became his home for the rest of his life. In the summer of 1840 he was elected Delegate to Congress from Iowa. On the 2d day of September Mr. Dodge

took his seat in the Twenty-seventh Congress, then convened in an extra session, and on the 7th of December he welcomed his father to a seat by his side as the Delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin. It also occurred, very singularly, that the father and son afterward served together in the Congress of the United States as Senators, the one from the State of Wisconsin and the other from the State of Iowa. Augustus Dodge continued by re-elections to serve as Delegate for the Territory of Iowa from that period until its admission as a State into the Union, December 28, 1846. The service of General Dodge as Senator continued from the 26th of December, 1848, until March 4, 1855. This period covered the exciting incidents of the contest in 1850 concerning the admission of the States created out of the territory ceded to us by Mexico, and on this subject our Senator, though strong in his Democratic sentiments, followed generally the lead of Mr. Benton. And in the great Kansas-Nebraska struggle of 1854 he sided with Mr. Douglas in the passage of what has been since known as the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill." The effect in Iowa of the passage of this bill was the utter overthrow of the Democratic party, which had, since the organization of the Territory, been under the control and leadership of General Jones and General Dodge.

General Dodge was, on the 8th of February, 1855, appointed by President Pierce Minister to the court of Spain. He discharged faithfully and creditably the duties of that high position. He died at Burlington, November 20, 1883.

It is proper also in this connection to revert to the first Delegate who represented the Territory of Iowa in the Congress of the United States. This was W. W. Chapman, a native of Clarksburg, Virginia, where he was born in August, 1808, and who is now living, at the age of eighty years, in vigorous health, mental and bodily, in the State of Oregon.

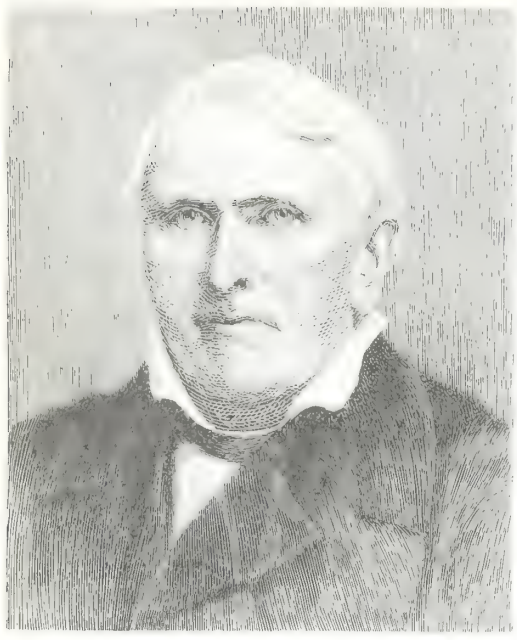
A distinguished Kentuckian, John Chambers, was made Governor of the Territory of Iowa by President Harrison in 1841. He was born in the State of New Jersey in 1779. While Governor of the Territory his success in managing the relations of the country with the Indians was very great. On his retirement from public service Governor Chambers returned to his home in Kentucky, where he died, beloved by every one, at an advanced age, on the 21st of September, 1852.



W. W. CHAPMAN.

The growth of the State of Iowa in population, in wealth, and in all elements of high civilization and prosperity, from the period of its admission into the Union, or rather from its organization as a Territory, is almost unparalleled. For a period of twenty years, from 1840 to 1860, probably no State ever exceeded that of Iowa in the rapidity of its increase. If you take another short period, from the census of 1850 to the census of 1870, and consider that this included the time of the civil war, both the ratio of the growth and absolute increase is wonderful. The census of 1840 represents the Territory of Iowa as having 43,112 souls, and that of 1850 gave her 192,214. At this latter period she was the twenty-seventh State in the scale of population; and in 1860, numbering 674,913, she was the twentieth. In 1870, with a population of 1,194,020, she was the eleventh.

It only remains to add that by the census of 1880 she was tenth in the Union, with a population of 1,624,615. And the State of Michigan, which was ninth, and Kentucky, which was eighth, had only eight or ten thousand more than the State of Iowa.



JOHN CHAMBERS.

There are no means at hand of ascertaining with precision the present population of the State, but taking such evidence as there is, it may safely be estimated that it is in excess of 1,850,000, and that the census of 1890 will show that over 2,000,000 of people inhabit the State of Iowa. This growth is the more remarkable because it was unaided by any adventitious circumstances. It was the regular overflow of the population from the States east and southeast of Iowa. Like all new Northern or Free States bordering upon the Southern or Slave States, and especially like Indiana and Illinois, Iowa received large accessions to her population from these bordering States, and especially from Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Tennessee.

There were, in the early days of Iowa, very few men of wealth, and still fewer who had any surplus capital to aid themselves or their neighbors in the cultivation of the soil. And even to this day, though a very prosperous State in many respects, there are few if any individuals in the State entitled to be called rich or wealthy, and there are no great organizations of banks or other associations with large surplus means.

There were, during this period of growth, no large cities, nor are there now, to which population was attracted, and which swelled the aggregate census of the State. If it be a misfortune, which may be doubted, to Iowa that she has no St. Louis nor Chicago, nor even cities to compare with Omaha, with Denver, with St. Paul and Minneapolis, in States much younger, it is one to which she must submit, as the largest city in the State, the seat of its official government, the city of Des Moines, does not perhaps at the present day number 40,000 population. At the periods of the rapid progress to which we have heretofore referred, some three or four towns on the Mississippi River struggled up in 1860 to populations varying from twelve to twenty thousand. These were Dubuque, Davenport, Burlington, and Keokuk; but it must be conceded that while the growth of the interior of the State has displayed such wonderful rapidity, these towns seem to have attained almost a stationary position at about the beginning of the recent civil war.

The State of Iowa is now and always has been essentially an agricultural State. There are few manufacturing establishments within its boundaries, although struggles have been made to establish them; and while in some instances a partial success has followed, it cannot be said that these amounted to much. The rate of interest for the loan of money which could be had in Iowa up to the close of the civil war was largely in excess of that which could be profitably used by those engaged in manufacturing. The ease with which persons who were dependent upon their own labor for the support of themselves and families could secure in Iowa land sufficient to support that family in comfort, with prospects of increasing wealth and happiness, created a source of competition for the labor necessary to carry on manufacturing establishments which almost forbade the attempt. These conditions are now rapidly changing, and it may be hoped that our infant manufactures will be more successful.

Nor should it be a matter of surprise that the present population of Iowa should be mainly a population of farmers; for no country exists upon the face of the globe where the soil is at once so fertile, so cheap, and the climate so favorable. We hazard nothing in saying that the 55,000 square miles, or the 35,000,000 of acres, of land constituting the area of this State has no equal in capacity for profitable cultivation, for salubrity of climate, for variety of productions, and for

all that goes to make up a happy, a prosperous, and contented community, whose wealth and support grow out of the cultivation of the soil. In other words, it may well be doubted whether any civil or political subdivision of the globe, of a similar or nearly similar extent of surface, is capable of supporting a heavier population than the State of Iowa. It is destitute of deserts, of swamps, of mountains, which interfere with this purpose.

The land, though almost exclusively prairie, by which we mean large bodies of it without trees, produces the richest kind of native grass, on which herds of cattle grow and fatten for the market. It is gently undulating, and nowhere presents any large tracts of flat or undrained soil. There are several rivers which run through the State into the Mississippi and Missouri of such size as to furnish ample drainage of the earth's surface, and water for all needed purposes. Among these are the Des Moines, which runs from the northwestern corner of the State to the Mississippi River at the southeastern corner, a distance of more than 300 miles, which, until railroads superseded its use, was navigated by steamboats for 150 miles. The Iowa River and the Cedar are also very considerable streams in the interior of the State. At any point in the midst of the prairies farthest from a river a well dug down into the soil from ten to fifteen feet always supplies sufficient water of the purest quality. And though wood and timber were scarce, there was sufficient for the days of early settlement; and beds of fine coal, underlying the surface of one-third and perhaps one-half of the State, render this scarcity of wood immaterial for purposes of fuel.

The forty-second parallel north latitude runs almost through the centre of the State of Iowa, and the climate of the State is very similar to that of Indiana and Illinois east of it. West of it, if you go 150 miles from the Missouri River, the country where, for want of rain, the land is unprofitable for cultivation, begins. And as you go farther west it becomes altogether impossible to cultivate it without irrigation.

The Iowa climate and the nature of the soil are propitious for as great variety of the fruits of the earth as any part of the world. The cereals which it produces in abundance are wheat and rye and oats and Indian-corn; and in the reports of the census of 1880 it was found that Iowa produced in that year 31,151,205 bushels of wheat. Still later it has been reported to be the third State in the Union in regard to the quantity of wheat produced.

Perhaps the most important crop, next to wheat, is that of Indian-corn. The animals to which the farmer turns his attention successfully are cattle and hogs and horses. Sheep do not seem to thrive very well in Iowa, owing to the want of moun-



JAMES W. GRIMES.

tain-sides, to the general level surface of the country, and to other circumstances. As in most new countries West, hog-raising was in the early days the most profitable business of the farmers. The animal which is fed, when it is to be fatted for market, on Indian-corn, is in fact the means of converting that article into bacon, lard, and pork. Gradually this business, originally predominant in Kentucky, Indiana, and the States near to Cincinnati, which for years was the great market where the hog was bought and slaughtered and converted into the products mentioned, has receded farther west.

So also the raising of beef cattle, which until very recently was one of the most profitable pursuits in Iowa, by reason of the vast unoccupied meadows of natural prairie grass on which they were fed and fattened without much expense, has yield-

ed to the successful cultivation of the soil, [illegible] ed into fields of corn and wheat and other grain, and devoted to the production of potatoes and fruits, so that the cattle business has been largely transferred to the wild regions of the Territories bordering on the Rocky Mountains.

These are not indications of decaying prosperity, but they are the necessary results of an increased population and the cultivation of the earth in the production of more profitable crops. This soil and climate are also very favorable to fruits, the apple, the cherry, the pear, the strawberry, the raspberry, all of which are successfully raised throughout the entire State. And the records of agricultural expositions show that Iowa rivals many of the best of the States in the production of the apple, both in regard to its quality and its quantity. In this growth of the State an element hard to be computed, but easily appreciated by one who has travelled through it at periods of twenty-five years apart, is the increased comfort, beauty, and salubrity of the homes of the people. Handsome houses, sometimes expensive, well painted, well ventilated, with barns rivalling those of Pennsylvania in service and extent, gardens in which the vegetables for the table and the flowers which decorate the homestead are cultivated with success, present themselves now where formerly the turf cabin or the slight effort to make a house which would pass with the land-office for a lawful settlement was only to be seen.

The condition of these farmers has been very much improved financially by the cheapness of money growing out of its great increase in the United States since the termination of the civil war. The money which the farmer, fifteen or twenty years ago, for the purpose of improving his land, building his house, and stocking his farm, had to borrow at the rate of ten and twelve per cent. per annum, he has been enabled to obtain and pay off, if not wholly, in part, by the productions of his farm, and by the use of industry and economy. Or if not entire- [illegible] the same money at six per cent., with increased prospects of rapidly discharging it. It would [illegible] s to those [illegible] in the State of Iowa a more prosperous, happy, and contented population.

The system of education of Iowa, which has been a matter of earnest attention since the Territorial government was organized, may be considered under two aspects—the common-school system and the collegiate system. The liberality of Congress in granting lands for the purposes of education in all Western States where the soil primarily belonged to the government cannot be too highly commended. In addition to grants like 500,000 acres to aid in the establishing of a university, Congress granted later to each State in the Union a large amount for the establishment of an agricultural college, and a provision in the act for the admission of the State of Iowa gave to her five per cent. of all sales by the United States of the public lands within the State, to aid the university. But there was the grandest gift of all in the provision in the same act that the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of every township of the public land should be appropriated for the purposes of common schools, under the supervision of the State. In some respects perhaps the State has not managed these various grants in the way to realize the highest amount of money and the greatest benefits for the cause of education. But the State herself has supplemented these gifts with contributions of her own, and with taxes levied on the people of each locality for the support of schools, so that these contributions and provisions have created a system by which every child in the State of Iowa, from the age of six to sixteen years, may pass six to eight months of each year of his life in attendance on school without charge.

The rigid enforcement of this system has dotted the whole surface of the State with comfortable school-houses. And while, perhaps, teachers are not paid very compensatory salaries, and therefore are not always the most capable for the business, yet as a system calculated to educate every human being in the State up to a certain degree of attainment, it is difficult to see how it could be much improved. One of the incidents of this system is that most of the teachers are females, to whom the compensation is quite a blessing, who are generally better adapted to the education and training of children in their early youth than men, and who have, in the State of Iowa at least, done credit to the sex by their skill, their diligence, and good conduct.

The purpose of this school system was primarily to educate the youth in the elements of an English education—reading, writing, arithmetic, orthography, geography, grammar, history. In some of the more ambitious towns and cities there has been engrafted upon this, and paid for from the same source, what is often called the high-school or grammar-school, in which are taught, in addition to the subjects just mentioned, the dead languages, often Latin, sometimes Greek, and German and French. These high-schools in the larger cities are to some extent the equivalents of lower grades of colleges, and no doubt better education is frequently obtained in them than can be had in poorly endowed and struggling colleges, which perhaps should never have been started. It is, however, becoming a question, and a grave one, in the State, whether these high-schools are not a violation of the spirit and purpose found in the statutes, which were intended to establish what we understand by the words a "common-school system."



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

In regard to the other class of educational institutions—colleges and universities—Iowa has suffered in common with nearly all the Western States, and perhaps some of the Eastern States, by the efforts to create a college in every town of any size, and for every religious denomination, as well as the college and university established by the State. There is no more unfortunate delusion than that which possesses some men who desire to leave their property at their death to charitable and benevolent institutions than to devise a sum for the creation of a college, the amount of which will barely suffice to erect the first building necessary for such institutions, leaving the support of the professors, the establishment of scholarships, the purchase of laboratories, globes, and maps, necessary to the conducting of any college, to chance or to solicitation, or to any of the means which may be supposed to supply these necessities of college instruction.

In addition to colleges thus projected, almost every Christian denomination in the State of Iowa has attempted to establish one of its own. And the Methodists, the early pioneers of civilization and religion, possessing the largest membership



JAMES HARLAN.

of any Christian Church in the State, have thought it necessary to attempt the establishment of a college for each of its four Conferences. The result of this has been, in the State of Iowa, that the efforts of the friends of liberal education have been divided and paralyzed. The colleges are unable to give salaries sufficient to command the services of competent professors; none of them have the philosophical apparatus which should be provided; all of them are struggling inefficiently, with one or two exceptions. The Congregationalists have in "Cornell University," at Grinnell, a fairly successful college. "Iowa State University," at Iowa City, has not been without reasonable endowments by the proceeds of lands given by the Federal government and by some contributions from the State treasury, but has not been very fortunate in the manner in which it has been conducted by the trustees appointed by the State.

It is now, however, placed upon a footing which promises success, and with a new and efficient President (Schaefer), and with the confidence of the public, with an efficient medical department and a still more successful law department, it may be said to be fairly deserving the name of "university."

The agricultural college organized by the State five or six years ago, and supported by the proceeds from the sale of land donated by the government, has not developed great capacity for instruction in agricultural labor and science, either because no sufficient system of instruction has been devised, or because the intestine controversies among the trustees, presidents, and professors have retarded its growth and obstructed its usefulness. The latter circumstance has been a source of regret to all who are interested in the institution.

With regard to religion in the State of Iowa, we have already stated that the Methodists are quite numerous, having four separate Conferences in the State. The other forms of the Protestant religions, as the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, and Episcopalians, have their numbers in about the order in which the denominations are here named. The Catholics, as might be inferred from the absence of a large city population, are not as numerous as in other States. The numbers of the church membership of each denomination, which cannot be here given, make the State a marked one for its religious character. And as might be supposed from the sources from whence its population came, and the advantages for education which it has had for now nearly fifty years, the population is a highly moral and educated one.

With regard to its material prosperity, its wealth, and the extent of the cultivation of the soil and the profitable products of that soil, in place of any specific statistics in regard to the various classes into which the wealth of the State may be divided and its producing capacity estimated, we will give, as the best general indication of all this, a statement of the number of miles of railroad within the State completed and in profitable operation.

This statement, with a comparison with other States, is taken from a statistical account for the year 1882. In that year Iowa had 6113 miles of completed railroad. The four States which exceeded her in the number of miles within their bor

ders were Illinois, 8326 miles; Pennsylvania, 6690 miles; Ohio, 6664 miles; and New York, 6279 miles. Of the five principal kingdoms of Europe, including Great Britain and Ireland, the number of miles given for the same year in the same table was, for Germany, 22,563; Great Britain and Ireland, 18,186; France, 17,027; Russia, 14,067; Austria and Hungary, 11,738. To make striking the wonderful progress of the State of Iowa, as shown by these figures, it may be stated that in 1850, with a population of 192,000, there was not a mile of railroad within the State. In 1880, with a population of 1,624,615, there were, two years later, 6113 miles of railroad in actual use.

At this latter period she was the fifth in the Union in the number of miles of railroad in active use. And only five of the great kingdoms of Europe exceeded her in this respect. When we consider that these roads are all running now at a profit on the cost of construction, at a period when that construction cost nearly twice as much as it would now, and that the State itself produces but little for transportation which is not the growth of the soil, some estimate may be made of the wealth of the State in that soil, and of the industry of her population.

The situation of Iowa with regard to its finances is probably as favorable as that of any State in the Union. Her public debt as funded in bonds does not amount to $300,000. And this would long since have been paid off but for the fact that it was created at a time when a high rate of interest was necessary to secure the loan. As all these bonds bear eight per cent. interest, payable in the city of New York, the holders refuse to accept the par value of the bonds not yet due, and the State has not felt inclined to purchase them at a premium, as the government of the United States is doing in regard to its bonds. Something of a drawback on this financial condition of the State exists in the amount of indebtedness of counties and cities, contracted mainly to aid in the construction of railroads.

This sketch of the State would be very incomplete without some reference to the part which she played in the civil war which we still call recent, though over twenty years have elapsed since its close.

The State sent into the actual service of that war, from its beginning in April, 1861, to its close in 1865, 76,242 soldiers. Of these, all except the First Regiment were enlisted for three years or for the duration



JOHN A. KASSON.

of the war, if that should be less than three years. This First Regiment was hastily called out for ninety days' service by the Governor, and took part in the battle of Wilson's Creek, at which the commander of the Federal force, General Lyon, was killed, while marching at the head of the Iowa regiment, whose colonel was too ill to be on the field of battle.

At the time when the existence of the war was recognized by Congress, and the President made his first call for troops, Iowa had two Representatives in the Lower House of Congress, both of whom came home and were made colonels of Iowa regiments, leaving the halls of Congress for that purpose, and serving through to the end of the war. These were General Curtis, of Keokuk, and General Vandever, of Dubuque, the latter of whom is now, at the age of seventy-one years, a member of the same body, from the State of Cali-



SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

fornia. Of the part which the State of Iowa and her gallant soldiers took in this bloody struggle it is impossible, within the limits of this article, to speak at any length. Their bodies were strewn upon every battle-field of the war, from Wilson's Creek and Donelson and Shiloh to its close by the capture of General Johnston's army in North Carolina.

It would be impossible to select for special mention, without an invidious distinction, and within the narrow range of this article, those whose names are covered with glory, many of whom died upon the field of battle or while in service in the army. With regard to those who occupied positions in civil life during this eventful period, and indeed from the period anterior to this by six or eight years, when the subject of controversy which led to the war was ripening to the issue which terminated in that event, we cannot omit to speak of several of the most distinguished.

Mr. James W. Grimes, placing himself at the head of the party which made the issue in 1854 on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the Kansas-Nebraska Act of Congress, led it to a victory which included his own election as Governor. Governor Grimes came to Iowa from the State of New Hampshire. After the election of 1854, and indeed during that election, he took the leadership of what afterward became the Republican party of the State. From 1854 to 1858 he was a wise and judicious Governor, a careful conservator of all the best interests of the State; and when, upon the expiration of General Jones's term of service and his retirement from the Senate of the United States, Governor Grimes was elected by the Legislature to fill his place, it was recognized at once as the necessary result of his standing with his party and of his abilities as a statesman. His service as chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs was of the greatest value to the nation. Few men during the period of the war, and during the enactment of what are called the "reconstruction measures" of Congress, including the amendments of the Constitution, exercised a more potent and favorable influence than Senator Grimes. Cool, clear-headed, sagacious, his opinion was often solicited and always listened to with great consideration. His independence of spirit and his profound statesmanship were strongly evidenced in his vote for the acquittal of President Johnson at the impeachment trial. Some two years after this trial was over, Governor Grimes, whose health had failed so as to render him unable to attend to his duties in the Senate, resigned, and left public life; and after a short trip to Europe, returning to his home in Burlington, he died of the paralysis from which he had been suffering for three or four years. It may be doubted whether any man has ever possessed the confidence and respect of the people of Iowa more unreservedly than Governor Grimes.

The Legislature of the State which was elected at the time that Grimes was elected Governor, elected the Hon. James Harlan as Senator to succeed General Dodge. Mr. Harlan, a native of Indiana, migrated to Iowa during the Territorial stage of its existence. He served in the Senate of the United States until March 4, 1873, with the exception of a short period when he was Secretary of the Interior under President Johnson.

Mr. Harlan's services, like Mr. Grimes's, during this period of the war and of reconstruction, were by his colleagues and by the country appreciated very highly. Since his retirement from the Senate he has held the office of president of the commission for distributing the award of the arbitration in regard to the *Alabama* claims, in which he has given universal

satisfaction. He is now living in retirement at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, in a lonely age, his wife and children, except one, being dead.

Another distinguished man of civil life, mainly of this period, but whose services have been since continued, is the Hon. J. A. Kasson. Mr. Kasson was an active and efficient political worker in the canvass which led to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860. He was made First Assistant Postmaster General under the Hon. Montgomery Blair, and in that capacity, or by virtue of his experience in that position, he was appointed our representative to the European conference which established the system of international postage, where his services were invaluable. He was, during the war, elected to the Congress of the United States from the Congressional district of Iowa which includes the capital of the State. He served in that capacity during a large part of the war, and during the closing scenes of the "reconstruction measures," and after a year or two of retirement was made Minister to Austria, which place he filled with distinction. He has since that time been a member of Congress. One of his more recent public services was two years ago, as chairman of the organization which had charge of the celebration at Philadelphia on the 17th of September of the centennial of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. He has recently been appointed by President Harrison one of the commissioners to the Berlin Conference on the Samoan question.

One other figure prominent during the war, but in civil life, is that of Governor Kirkwood, who migrated from the State of Ohio. Shortly after the formation of the State he settled in Iowa, and after several terms of service in the State Legislature was Governor when the war broke out in 1861. His efficient services in raising and collecting troops, and devising means of clothing and equipment, secured for him the sobriquet of the "war Governor" of the State, having been reelected in the midst of the war to the same office with an overwhelming majority. He has since served in the Senate of the United States, and as Secretary of the Interior by the appointment of President Garfield. He has now retired from public life, and is enjoying a well-deserved rest, with a popularity not surpassed among the citizens of the State.

Among the men of distinction of Iowa who entered the public service about the beginning of the war was one of the present Senators, the Hon. James F. Wilson, a native of Ohio. He was a member of the Convention to amend the Constitution of Iowa in 1856, and he succeeded General S. R. Curtis in 1861 as one of the two members of Congress to which the State was entitled. Afterward he was reelected, and served in the House of Representatives until March 3, 1869. As a member of the Judiciary Committee, and as chairman of that committee for several years preceding the end of his service, he took a prominent part in the legislation in support of the war, and in the enactment of the "reconstruction measures." The country is indebted to him for the statutory provision which permitted negroes to testify as witnesses in the courts of the United States, and which did away with the rule of exclusion with regard to parties to the suit and persons interested in the event of the suit which had previously prevailed under the common law. At the close of his term in March, 1869, he was offered by General Grant, on his inauguration as President, the place of Secretary of State in his cabinet. This he was compelled to decline on account of the condition of his private affairs, which imperatively demanded his personal attention. After remaining in



JAMES F. WILSON.

private life, except as one of the board of directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, December, 1883. He has since been re-elected, and has a full term of six years yet to serve. Mr. Wilson has always been and is to-day one of the strongest men presented by the State of Iowa to the public service, and has the unlimited confidence of the voters of that State.

Another Senator who served as Representative, and who is now serving in the



Senate, is the Hon. William B. Allison, also a native of Ohio. He was elected Representative to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first [illegible] and sagacious statesman he soon attained prominence, being for some years before he left that body chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. On March 4, 1873, he took his seat as Senator, and has been twice re-elected. In the Senate he has for many years held the position of chairman of the Appropriations Committee, which, from the responsibility it imposes and the power it gives, has long been considered as the highest post of honor in that body after that of President of the Senate. The estimate which the people of Iowa and the public generally place upon the services of Mr. Allison, and the confidence which he inspires amongst his friends and associates, cannot be more strongly evinced than by the simple statement that at the recent Republican Convention for the nomination of a candidate for the approaching election of President, Mr. Allison was presented by his own State with entire unanimity, and was supported by sufficient votes of the other States to make them amount to 99 at the beginning of the contest.

During the war one man from Iowa attained great distinction, and has since been in the civil service of the nation in high position. This is the Hon. W. W. Belknap, the son of Major-General Belknap, of the war with Mexico and the war of 1812. Residing at Keokuk, Iowa, at the outbreak of the war in the spring of 1861, he was appointed Major of the Fifteenth Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, and took part, soon after the organization of the regiment, in the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862. From that period to the end of the war his services were most valuable, attracting the attention of the country and of his superior officers. He was rapidly promoted to Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General of the volunteer army. An act of distinguished gallantry on his part during one of the battles around Atlanta cannot be here omitted. The enemy, in attacking the barricades behind which General Belknap and his troops were fighting, approached so close that General Belknap reached over and caught a major of the rebel army by his coat collar and dragged him inside and made him a prisoner. At the close of the war General Belknap was made Collector of Internal Revenue for the first district of Iowa, and while holding that position he was invited by General Grant to take the place of Secretary of War in his cabinet upon the death of General Rawlins.

This position he occupied four or five years, and in the administration of the affairs of the army, which presented many troublesome questions growing out of the dissolution of the army and the reconstruction of that which remained, General Belknap was found most efficient. It is true that in the House of Representatives articles of impeachment were preferred against him, charging him with improper conduct in the disposal of a sutlership or post-tradership in the army. He was, however, acquitted on trial before the Senate, and has ever since retained the

undiminished confidence of those who knew him well and were best qualified to judge of his character.

Another public man of Iowa of high reputation was made a member of his cabinet by President Hayes upon its organization. This was the Hon. George W. McCrary, who after eight years of distinguished service in Congress, where he rose to be a leading member of that body, entered the cabinet of Mr. Hayes as Secretary of War, and remained there until he was appointed a Circuit Judge of the United States. Here, after four or five years of service, having a large family and struggling with comparative poverty, he accepted the offer of a railroad company in the West to serve as its attorney and counsellor, at a salary of $10,000 per annum, in which he is now engaged.

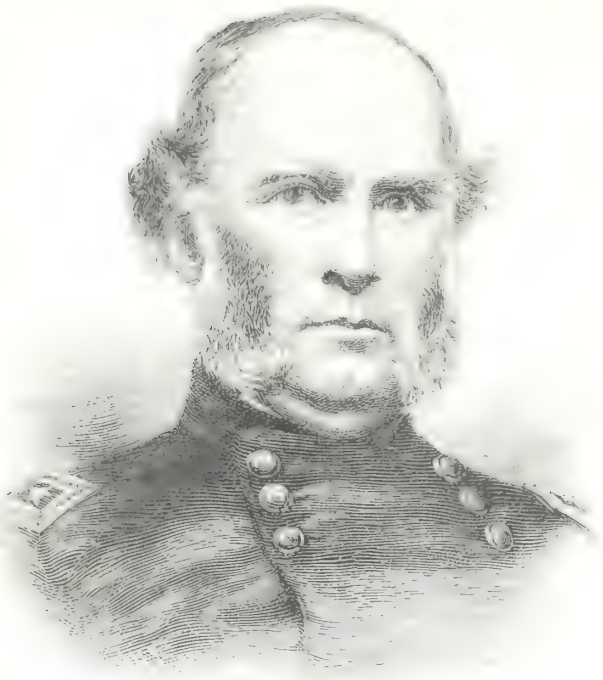


JOHN F. DILLON

It is thus that by a niggardly policy and insufficient salaries the best offices of the country, especially its judicial offices, are abandoned for the pursuits of private life. Another very remarkable illustration of this truth is that of Hon. J. F. Dillon, who, after serving in the State of Iowa as judge of the local court, and then as judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and afterward as Circuit Judge for the same circuit afterward occupied by Judge McCrary, also resigned in the height of his usefulness and of his reputation as a great judge, and accepted the place of professor in the Columbia College law school in New York, and of counsel and attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad Company, in which two places alone his compensation was three times as large as that which he received from the government of the United States as Circuit Judge.

There remains to be noticed one other remarkable figure in the history of Iowa, distinguished both in the military and civil service of the country. This was General Samuel R. Curtis, who was born in the State of Ohio, February 3, 1807, and was educated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1827. After serving as second lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry for a short time he resigned, and engaged in civil engineering in his native State. Upon the outbreak of the Mexican war, after assisting the Governor of Ohio to organize troops sent forward by that State, he was made Colonel of the Third Regiment. With this regiment he marched to the Rio Grande, where he was too late to take part in any of the distinguished battles fought by General Taylor. But when General Taylor left the Rio Grande Colonel Curtis was left in command, and also to act as civil Governor in that region. In 1847 he accepted the office of chief engineer of the Des Moines River improvement in Iowa, and he removed to Keokuk in that year, where he established the home which he occupied from that time until his death. In 1850 he was made chief engineer of the city of St. Louis, and under his direction a general system of sewerage was established throughout the city, and the ponds which had been the sources of trouble were drained, and an invaluable service rendered to one of the finest cities of the United States. He was elected Mayor of Keokuk in 1855. In 1856 he was elected to represent the first district of Iowa in the Thirty-fifth Congress, and was re-elected to the same place in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses.

During this last Congress he was chair-



SAMUEL R. CURTIS

man of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, and while the honor of suggesting the practicability of that work and the best route of its construction may be contested, as it is, by many persons, it is impossible to deny to him the honor, so well merited, that by his tact, his energy, and his familiarity with that class of subjects he did more than any one person to pass through Congress the law under which this great work was completed, and also that of the Central Pacific Railroad, the two making a complete connection of the Pacific coast with the rest of the country. Upon the outbreak of the late civil war, though one of the only two members to which the State was entitled in Congress, he at once returned to Iowa, assisted in organizing troops, and was elected Colonel of the Second Iowa Regiment, the First Regiment being merely ninety-day volunteers, who were disbanded shortly after the battle of Wilson's Creek.

From that time on General Curtis's career was a distinguished one in the annals of the civil war. He at once suppressed the rebellion and protected the railroads from east to west in northern Missouri. He was placed in command of the troops as they were assembled in St. Louis. He was finally sent with an army of eighteen or twenty thousand men in pursuit of Price and others in southwestern Missouri. He dispersed and followed these into the Boston Mountains in Arkansas, and at Pea Ridge, where the enemy rallied and gave him battle, he won one of the most remarkable victories of the war. It is very true that this battle, in the numbers of men engaged in it and in the practical effect it had upon the war, cannot be compared to such great victories as the capture of Vicksburg, the battles of Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and others that might be mentioned, but if the comparison is to be made with regard to the tactical skill displayed, by which the Federal army was enabled to contest the field with twice its numbers, and also considering the overwhelming defeat of the enemy, it must be conceded that it presents features of ability and capacity for command in battle and in arrangements preliminary to it of the highest order. Yet General Curtis has not received at the hands of his countrymen in any public form even the scant justice which would show the measure of gratitude and consideration to which his eminent services entitle him.

After the battle of Pea Ridge he continued in command in the Southwest until he was superseded by other commanders. He died December 26, 1866.

The level prairie in the northern part of the State, about half-way between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, at a point near Spirit Lake, attains an elevation of 1700 feet above the sea. This rise from these rivers is so gradual that it was not suspected until some enterprising engineer tested it by his instrument. A lover of his State, gazing from this point over the broad reach within his vision of wheat and rye and oats and corn, and the cattle grazing on its natural meadows, might paraphrase Mr. Webster's eloquent allusion to Massachusetts, and say of Iowa: "She needs no eulogium from me. There she is; she speaks for herself."



TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD.

BY THOMAS RANDOLPH.

(*Probably written about* 1632, *and first printed in the posthumous edition of* 1638.)

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town;
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight puisne of the Inns-of-Court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,

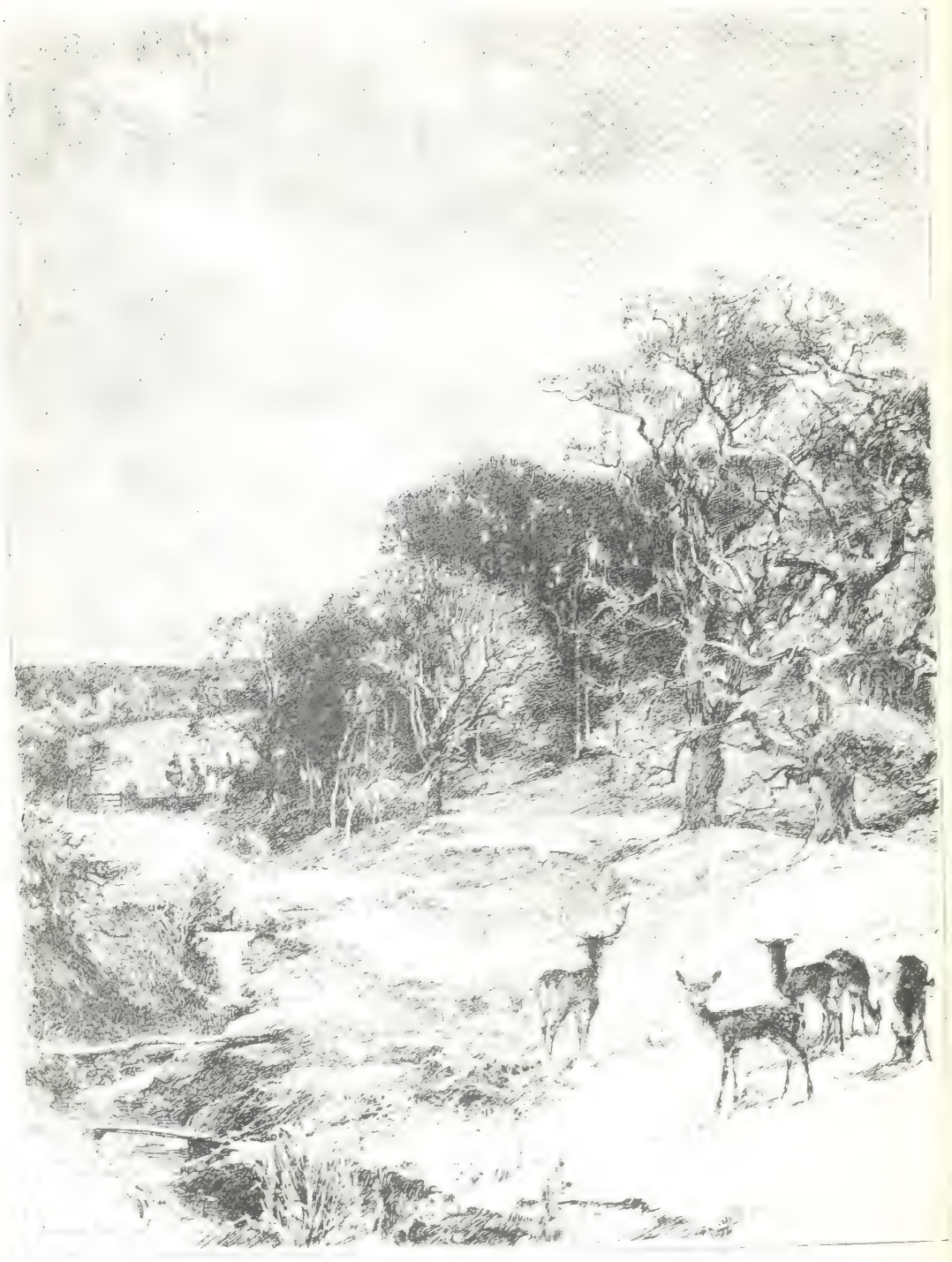


"COME, SPUR AWAY."

Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face,
That I do know
Hyde Park can show,
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street.



"THERE FROM THE TREE WE'LL CHERRIES PLUCK"



"THE BUCK SHALL FALL."

But think upon
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.



"I'LL TAKE MY PIPE AND TRY THE PHRYGIAN MELODY."

My muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more;
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then (full) we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,

And how the other birds do fill the quire
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes.
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly:
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilise with graver notes our wits again.



PALATIAL PETERSBURG.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

WIRBALLEN is one of the doors through which the traveller is admitted to the Russian bird-cage. At this vast frontier station he receives his first impressions of the empire of the Czars. Before he and his baggage can pass the guarded door that leads into the restaurant—a gay and hospitable room, as it were the bait of the bird trap—he must satisfy the suave inspector that his passport is duly visaed. Then he passes, and the European door is closed, and remains closed until the native authorities may think proper to affix to the passport other visas and stamps, at sight of which frontier gendarmes will open the bars and set the captive free.

The calls of hunger having been satisfied, we rolled a cigarette and proceeded to look for character. The waiters were dressed in the evening uniform of civilization—black trousers, swallow-tail coat, and white cravat: this was disappointing. The travellers, men and women, wore ordinary European costume: this was to be expected. The buffet was laden with bottles bearing the labels and insignia of the most illustrious vintages of France and Germany, together with flasks of vodka and various kinds of brandy, and dishes of caviare, raw herrings, pickled fish, salted cucumbers, and cold viands, the whole comprised under the generic name of zakouska. In the middle of the buffet was enthroned a monumental samovar of burnished brass, beneath which a gas lamp burns and keeps up a constant supply of hot water for tea brewing. In one corner, faithful sentinel surrounded by piles of small baggage, stood a mujik, which name is applied to porters, servants, laborers, and to mechanics and rustic men in general; he wore a round visorless cap of astrakhan, a long black closed coat, loose baggy trousers, and boots up to the knee. Other mujiks, simple baggage-handlers, wore red cotton shirts outside the trousers like a blouse, with a belt round the waist. The mujik sentinel had a faded blond beard of a peculiar dusty yellow hue, gray eyes, rather flat features, and a gentle resigned expression, like that of a very submissive and not over-intelligent dog. In one corner of the restaurant waiting-room was a gilded iconostase, through the apertures of which we perceived the brown face and hands of some saint, painted in the traditional primitive Byzantine style, with large staring eyes, oval visage, and fingers folded in symbolic fashion: in front hung a sacred lamp, and before it on the floor glittered a massive candlestand, all ablaze with flickering white tapers, which the faithful keep constantly renewed. Many of the passengers bought a slender taper from the attendant, lighted it, and bowed and prostrated themselves before the image with many prayers and signs of the cross, doubtless soliciting the protection of the saint during the coming journey.

At last the Russian train steams into the station, the doors are thrown open, and under the watchful eyes of smart gendarmes and military-looking conductors we settle ourselves in a roomy and very comfortable sleeping car. A peculiar and soft ringing of bells announces the departure of the train; the engine whistles; some of our fellow-passengers make the sign of the cross; and so we start on our long journey from the frontier to St. Petersburg, a distance of 560 miles.

When we woke the next morning we looked out upon the country with all the curiosity attendant upon a first visit. It was not white and snow-bound, for we had chosen to visit Russia in the summer, and we were now in the month of July; nevertheless the landscape was distinctly Northern. Hour after hour we gazed upon plains that stretch away brown, monotonous, and without character toward a horizon whose platitude becomes irritating. From time to time we traversed a forest of pine varied with silver-birch, and at very rare intervals we saw a village composed of a score of cottages built of logs and surrounded by poorly tilled fields, and near the village was a level crossing, where, as the train passed, strings of telegas—primitive four-wheeled carts, drawn by dusty, nervous little horses, and driven by hirsute peasants—were waiting in the rough road to continue their route. The stations, built on a uniform plan, presented the same feature all along the line—vast roomy



THE FORTRESS AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

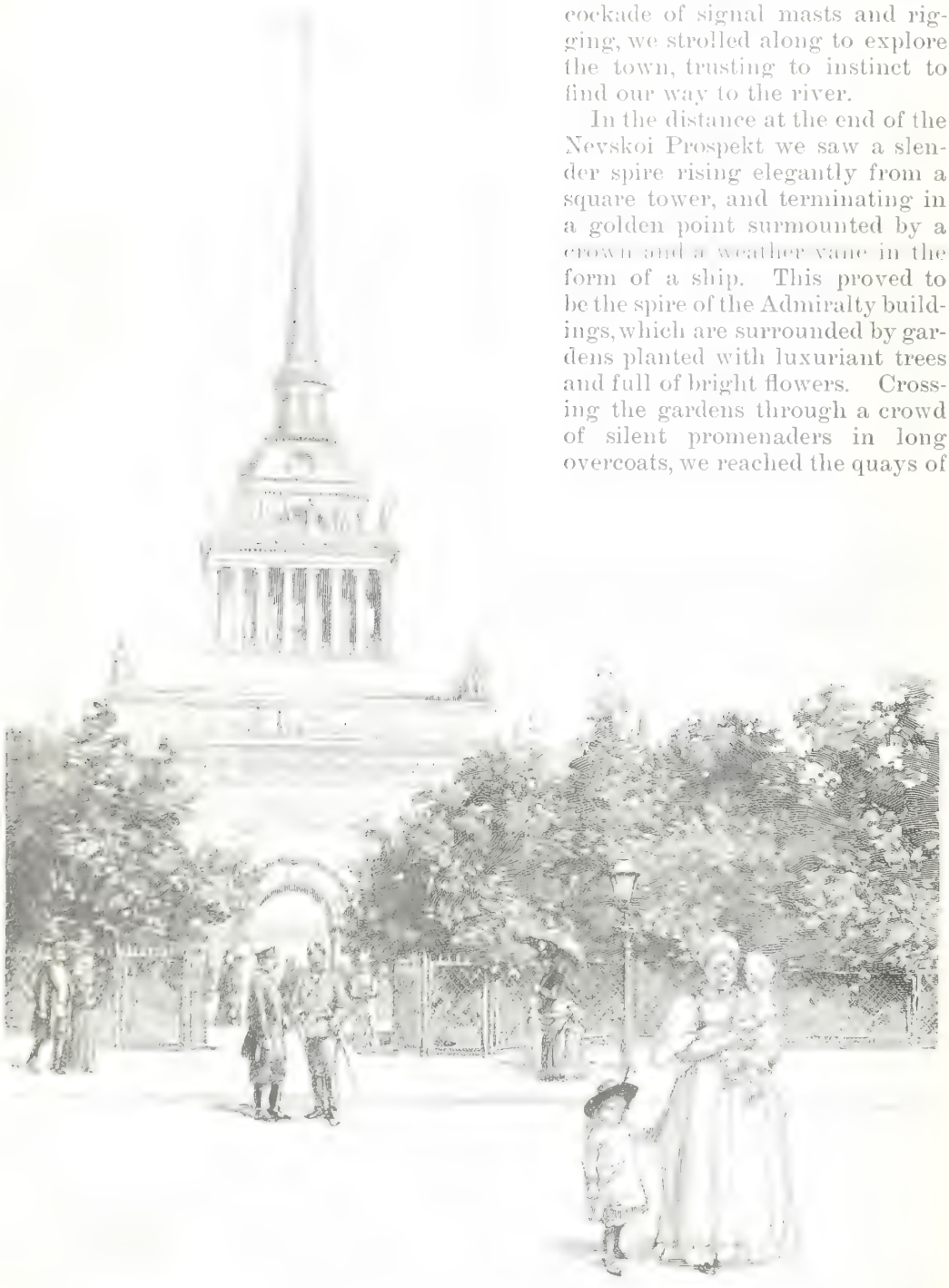
buildings with well supplied buffets. On the platforms we notice with interest the officials in military uniforms; the train conductors with tremendous boots, astrakhan caps, belts, silver cords and trimmings, and many with military medals on their breasts; the gendarmes with their red caps bound with black astrakhan, and surmounted by white brush cockades; the crowds of natives, all, even the small boys, wearing long boots; the peasant women dressed in red cotton skirts, with long pink camisoles, their dusty blond hair smoothly combed in bandeaux, and their heads tied up in bright-colored kerchiefs; the swarms of little brown children, who offered us minute bouquets of corn-flowers and forget-me-nots, the pale flower of these wan Northern countries.

At last this monotonous journey came to an end, and we found ourselves comfortably installed in an immense hotel at St. Petersburg. In Russia, we may say once for all, everything is on a vast scale; the country, the distances, the towns, the streets, the palaces, the rooms, the stoves, the sofas, are all immense. Our hotel was colossal; the lobbies seemed to be miles long; the ceilings were so lofty that one needed a telescope to distinguish the design of the cornice; in the corner of the bedroom was a porcelain stove that towered up out of sight, dotted with great brass eyes, which in winter shoot forth streams of welcome heat; the massive double windows were closed, and only one small pane open to admit fresh air, for ventilation, we found, is little appreciated in Russia, and in spite of long habit the Russians are more sensitive to cold than the inhabitants of temperate and Southern climates.

We confess that, although we had carefully studied the tables of mean summer temperature in Russia before determining to cross the frontier, we still had a vague and lingering idea that St. Petersburg ought to look somewhat arctic even at midsummer. The St. Petersburg of our dreams had, it is true, neither form nor color; but the name always called up the associated ideas of bears, ice, snow, fire, and sleighs. At nine o'clock it still seemed to be broad daylight; we looked out through the window and saw neither ice, nor snow, nor sleighs, nor furs, but sim-

ply tramways and droskies and promenaders in ordinary costumes; and so, without further hesitation, we sallied forth, reached the great Nevskoi Prospekt, and noting as a conspicuous landmark the slender white fire watch-tower, with its cockade of signal masts and rigging, we strolled along to explore the town, trusting to instinct to find our way to the river.

In the distance at the end of the Nevskoi Prospekt we saw a slender spire rising elegantly from a square tower, and terminating in a golden point surmounted by a crown and a weather vane in the form of a ship. This proved to be the spire of the Admiralty buildings, which are surrounded by gardens planted with luxuriant trees and full of bright flowers. Crossing the gardens through a crowd of silent promenaders in long overcoats, we reached the quays of



THE ADMIRALTY SPIRE AND GARDENS.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

the Neva and the Palace or Dvortsovy Bridge (of boats), and the panorama of St. Petersburg lay before our eyes in all its splendor and greatness. Whichever way we look we see churches, palaces, huge architectural masses; the long lines of the massive granite quays are broken at intervals by half-moon buttresses, by majestic flights of steps descending to the water's edge, and by the picturesque landing-places of the steamers; parallel with the quays run continuous façades of palaces. To the left, as we stand on the bridge looking seaward, is the Admiralty spire, and in front of it, on the site of the old shipyard, the Italian Opera, in pseudo-Moorish style, and half a dozen fine palaces, flanked by the two immense arches of the old Admiralty buildings; then in the garden beyond, prancing on a huge granite rock, is Falconet's bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great, with the proudly laconic inscription "Petro Primo Catherina Secunda"; behind, rising out of a bed of trees, is the gigantic gilded dome of the Cathedral of Saint Isaac; beyond is the corner of the Senate buildings, and then the long series of buildings forming the English Quay, above which rise here and there the crosses and gilded cupolas of innumerable churches. On the opposite side of the river, on the island known as Vasili Ostroff, are larger buildings, belonging to the Exchange, the University, the Military Cadets' School, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Arts, the last with a façade on the Neva 400 feet long, and surmounted by a cupola on which is seated a colossal Minerva. On the parapet in front of the building two [illegible] Egypt. If we turn round and look in the opposite direction of the stream, the panorama [illegible] the ponderous mass of the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, and beyond that the Marble Palace, near which the floating Troitsky Bridge crosses the river and leads the eye to the opposite island and the For-

St. Paul, more than 300 feet above the

the end of the Palace Bridge, is the Strjälka, or point of the Vasili Ostroff,

ter rush of floating ice by a number of

of the esplanade rises a rostral column of rose-colored granite 100 feet high, decorated with prows of ships and anchors

that support a hollow sphere or fire-basket of brass, and resting upon a pedestal

these two columns is centred the pseudo-Greek façade of the Stock Exchange, which, like that of Paris, is a vague counterfeit of the Parthenon, with Doric instead of Corinthian columns.

But that which harmonizes the whole panorama and makes it more wonderful than words can tell, is the indescribable Northern twilight, which, during the first few days after we arrived at St. Petersburg, lasted in all its brilliancy till nearly midnight. It is hard for those who have not seen this phenomenon to form an idea of the tints which color the crepuscular sky

the red glow of sunset fades, and yet does not quite vanish: it seems to persist vaguely, as it were filtered through the veil or prism of some unknown atmosphere, which resolves it into shades of turquoise and apple green, passing into delicate rose, lilac, steel blue, and mother-of-pearl:

entirely, and a strange milky, opaline, and iridescent whiteness suffuses the sky with a light that is neither sunlight, moon-

it must be confessed that with few exceptions the temples and palaces of St. Petersburg are in truth poor buildings, mere huge counterfeits of great prototypes.

Let us begin with the few exceptions, of which the first shall be the Isaac Cathedral, a truly imposing and magnificent building, whose dome is visible from all points, even from the entrance of the Gulf of Finland, as it were a golden mitre

happy image suggested by Théophile Gautier. The Church of Saint Isaac is of re-

and finished in 1858. Few if any religious monuments of such proportions have been erected with such prodigious and uninterrupted celerity, with such complete unity of style, and with such absolute finish both inside and outside. The architect of Saint Isaac's, a Frenchman, by name Richard de Montferrand, aided by the irresistible will of three successive emperors, had the privilege of seeing the execution of his plans begun and terminated exactly as he conceived them. Like the whole town of St. Petersburg itself, and also like Saint Mark's at Venice, Saint Isaac's was created in spite of the elements: in order to make a firm foundation, a whole forest of piles was sunk in the swampy ground on the Neva bank. Like St. Petersburg and like Saint Mark's, it was built with materials brought from afar at great cost, for the marshy islands

dow looking out into Europe" are poor and helpless in themselves, and produce not even stones, so that in order to secure pavements for the streets the autocrat for years levied a tax in kind of so many stones on every ship and cart that entered his new town. When we look upon St. Petersburg, which may well be called the Northern Venice, floating like a fleet of richly and heavily laden barks in the midst of a vast body of water, with the waves ever playing feloniously about its artificial foundations, we cannot but marvel at the untiring labor and energy which the will of one man could call into play, and also at the wonderful result which that labor has achieved.

Saint Isaac's is extremely simple in conception: externally there is little or no ornament visible; the impression is produced by stupendous proportions and richness of material. The cathedral, of which the foundations measure 364 feet by 315



SERVICE IN ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

feet, is in the form of a Greek cross, that is to say, a cross with branches of equal length. The first impression is most impressive; the immensity of the pile awes the spectator, and the splendor of the materials employed relieves the simplicity of the architectural lines, which otherwise might seem too severe and too coldly classical. It is a colossus of granite, marble, bronze, and gold. The façades of the edifice face, the one toward the Alexander Garden and the Neva, the other toward the Isaac Square, while the lateral façades front on broad streets, so that the whole monument is completely isolated. The façades correspond to the arms of the Greek cross of the plan, and in each one are portals preceded by superb peristyles surmounted by friezes. Over the peristyles and at twice their height rises the chief and central cupola, of elegant Byzantine proportions, higher than it is wide. The diameter of this cupola, constructed of cast and wrought iron, is 66 feet, and its height 296 feet, and it is supported by a colonnade of twenty-four Corinthian pillars of smoothly polished Finland granite, about thirty feet high, and weighing each sixty-four tons. From the centre of the cupola, the copper covering of which is thickly gilt with sheet gold, there rises an elegant lantern surmounted by a golden cross, the summit of which is 336 feet from the ground. Four smaller cupolas, miniature reproductions of the greater one, are placed at the corners of the cross, and complete the simple harmony of the whole, which is in a way a happy synthesis of the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the Pantheon and the Invalides at Paris, and St. Paul's at London. The edifice rests on a basement composed of three courses of granite laid stepwise, the topmost of which serves as stylobate or substructure for the columns, prodigious monoliths of red polished Finland granite, each sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter. Supporting the four peristyles of the cathedral there are no less than forty-eight of these monoliths, each with a base and a rich Corinthian capital of bronze, the whole perfectly pure in line, elegant in proportion, and polished like a mirror. Next to Pompey's Pillar and the Alexander Column, which we shall notice



ON A CANAL, ST. ISAAC'S IN THE DISTANCE.



KAZAN CATHEDRAL

further on, these are the largest monoliths that the hand of man has hewn out, turned, and polished into mute yet eloquent expressions of strength and durability.

Let us follow the pious crowd into the church through gigantic bronze portals that dwarf the famous doors of the Baptistery of Florence. The floor of the cathedral is of polished marble of various colors; the walls in the spaces between the columns and the pilasters are faced with white marble panelled with porphyry and marbles of various colors, and relieved by niches in which are placed paintings or mosaics; the rosaces, soffites, brackets, and consoles are of gilt bronze; the ninety-six columns or pilasters are of fine gray marble veined with rose; eight columns of malachite thirty feet high, with bases and Corinthian capitals of gilt bronze, together with two lapis lazuli pillars, adorn the iconostase, or screen, which is enriched with gold ornaments, mosaics, and inlay of precious stones; the walls, the roof, the ceiling of the dome, the sanctuary, and various chapels are adorned with paintings, mosaics, metal-work, colossal garlands of gilded angels, and wealth of all kinds of ornament, that glitter magnificently in the dim mysterious light of the interior.

Service is being celebrated. In front of the golden doors of the sanctuary a space reaching far enough to include the ambo or dais just beneath the cupola is railed off by means of a portable wooden balustrade, around which the worshippers are gathered thickly, spreading out on all sides so that the vast church is full, with the exception of a space for circulation on the perimeter of the congregation. There are no seats; the worshippers stand up bareheaded—a brown crowd consisting almost entirely of men, mostly of the lower orders, clad in rusty clothes with tall boots, red shirts or white shirts embroidered with red and blue thread, the collar buttoned at one side of the neck or buckled with a silver brooch, and over the shirt, worn as usual outside the trousers, a long black or russet coat with skirts plaited closely round the waist. Amongst the faithful are comparatively few women or children.

The golden gates of the sanctuary are thrown open, revealing at the back an immense glass window, on which is painted a colossal Christ enthroned in gold and

purple, and raising His right hand with the gesture of benediction according to the Byzantine tradition. Nothing can be more splendid and impressive than this translucid image of the Saviour illuminated with golden rays, as if the arcade of the iconostase really opened into heaven itself. In the sanctuary and around the entrance deacons and subdeacons — tall men with cascades of yellow wavy hair parted in the middle and floating over their shoulders, and beards hanging down to their waists, Nazarenes whose heads no razor has ever touched—officiate, clad in gorgeous red dalmatics brocaded with gold and silver, and intone the service with miraculously strong, deep, and soft bass voices. The priests, escorting the Metropolitan, who is distinguished by his Oriental mitre glittering with precious stones and miniatures, pass in and out of the sanctuary, whose doors are alternately opened and closed in symbolic order. The choir of male voices responds in rich and simple phrases, unaccompanied by any instruments, the deep bass tones of the men mingling with the treble and soprano of the boys, and producing a sweet harmony unlike any other, modern and yet suggestive of antique Orientalism, and inclining in its terminal notes toward the wailing semitones of all so-called barbaric music. Meanwhile the incense rises thick in the air, tinging the luminous obscurity with clouds of blue smoke, and the worshippers follow the liturgical recitative without book, crossing themselves and bowing incessantly, and from time to time one will kneel down on the marble floor and abase himself, striking the ground with his brow; and all this simply, calmly, fervently, but without ostentation, vain show, or concern about mere formality. The worshippers come in and go out as they please; take part in the service as long or as short a time as they please; offer as many or as few tapers as their piety and their purse may dictate. As we stand in the crowd while the service is going on we feel from time to time a gentle tap on the shoulder, and on looking round we see a hand passing a thin taper: this is equivalent to a request that we will pass it on over the shoulders of the crowd to another man, who in his turn will tap his neighbor's shoulder, and so on until finally the taper reaches the beadles who preside over the candle stands that flicker in front of the major and minor iconostases. All over the church are sacred images of the Virgin and of various saints, all painted in the Byzantine style, set in ornate repoussé sheaths of vermeil, with parts cut away through which the face and hands of the painting alone are visible, the whole glazed and framed in rich gilt frames in the Renaissance style. Before each shrine is a large silver stand, on which a whole forest of tapers is constantly burning. Each shrine has its worshippers, and while the grand service is being celebrated we see a continuous succession of men, women, and children, who mount the steps in front of the various lateral icons, kiss the hands of the image figuratively through the glass, cross themselves over the breast repeatedly with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand, bow the knee, touch the ground with their foreheads, and then descend, make room for others, and go to light their taper on the particular candle stand of their favorite shrine. Often the incidents of this worship at the minor shrines produce exquisite and touching groups: a mother first lifting up her baby girl to kiss the image and then kissing it herself; a mother teaching her babe in swaddling-clothes to kiss the hands of the divine Child, and then laying the babe on the marble steps while she herself performs longer and more serious kissing and genuflections.

From the midst of the crowd gathered around the choir we watched all these details with deep interest, impressed by the splendor of the background on which these scenes of simple piety were enacted, enjoying the delicate and mysterious play of light and shade, the novelty of these pale Northern silhouettes, and the mystery that veiled and harmonized all the grandeur and richness of this vast temple. But our interest was not exclusively of an artistic nature; the fervent manifestations of religious feeling which we saw were calculated to make us reflect, the more so when we remembered how closely the political and the ecclesiastical orders are united in the Russian state. One of the most impressive portions of the service occurs when the doors of the iconostase are closed: the chanting then ceases, the incense-burners withdraw, and a moment of silent and breathless expectation ensues: at length the gilded portals of the sanctuary are reopened, and the Metropolitan, attended by the deacons, comes for-



THE SMOLNI CATHEDRAL.

ward, carrying the Holy Eucharist, and commences a long recitative, which is a prayer for the Emperor and the members of the imperial family. While this prayer is being intoned the whole crowd of worshippers is bowed down in an attitude of the humblest adoration. One feels that in maintaining his autocratic rule over this prodigious empire composed of so many nations the Russian Czar finds the Church and the prestige of its authority and its liturgic pomp his strongest auxiliary. The Czar is the father of his people, the Lord's anointed, the head of the orthodox Church.

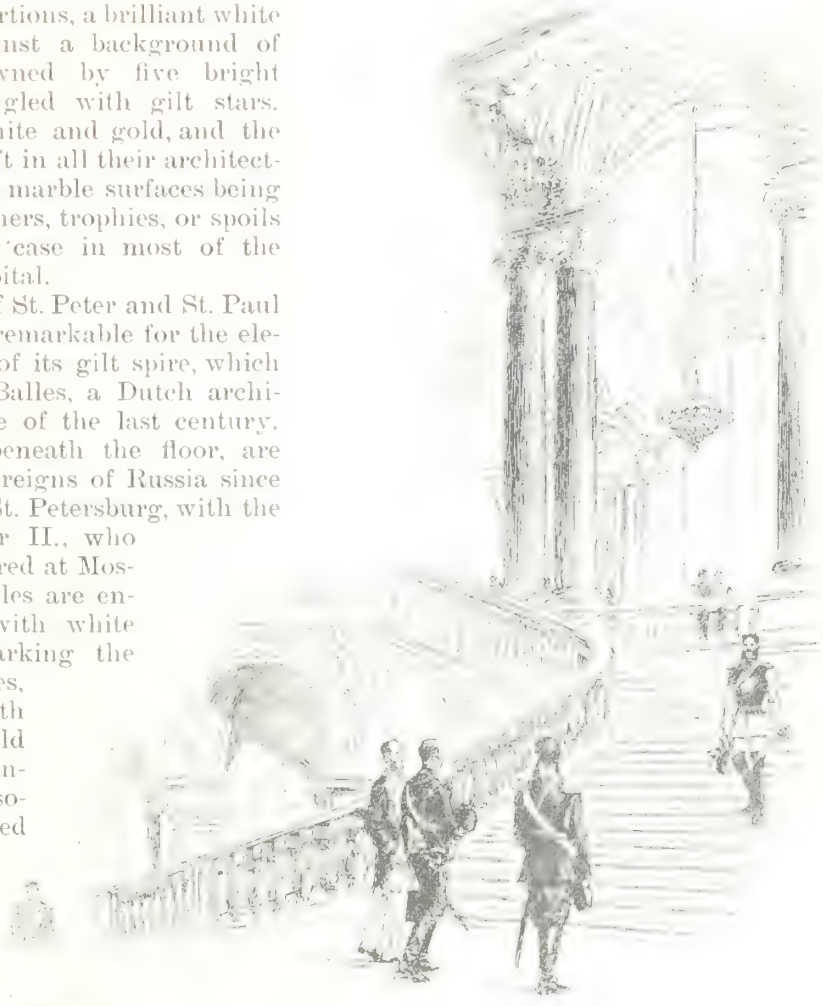
After Saint Isaac's the Kazan Cathedral in the Nevskoi Prospekt deserves mention. Built in the form of a cross and surmounted by a cupola sixty feet in diameter, this church is preceded by a semicircular colonnade of 136 Corinthian columns in imitation of Saint Peter's at Rome. The aspect and proportions of the church are very elegant, but its walls and pillars are simple stucco. Inside, the aspect is richer, thanks to a colonnade in four rows composed of fifty-six monoliths of Finland granite thirty-five feet high, resting on bronze bases, and terminating in Corinthian capitals of the same metal; thanks to the splendid silver iconostase, the immense silver candelabra, the wealth of ritual ornaments in gold and precious stones; and thanks also to a certain display of military pomp, consisting of trophies of wars against the Turks, the French, and the Persians, and of the keys of many fortresses that are suspended against the pillars.

More peculiarly Russian is the Smolni Cathedral and Convent, situated at the end of the Voskresenski Street, on a slight elevation round which the Neva bends to the west. Cathedral and convent, the lat-

ter an educational establishment for the daughters of military officers and civil servants, form a vast pile of buildings, designed by Count Rastrelli in the middle of the eighteenth century, and approached from an immense open Place of proportions such as one sees only in Russia. The cathedral, in the shape of a Greek cross, set in a fine garden planted with birch and lime trees, and peopled with tribes of cawing rooks, forms the centre of the pile, while the convent buildings describe a rectangular figure around the cathedral, repeating in their ground-plan the form of the Greek cross, and enclosing the whole, with the exception of the court-yard communicating with the Place. This court-yard is surrounded by a high and beautiful grating, the pillars of which are wound round with wreaths of vine leaves and flowers in wrought iron. Built in ornate Italian style, the cathedral rises with elegant proportions, a brilliant white mass set off against a background of verdure, and crowned by five bright blue cupolas spangled with gilt stars. The interior is white and gold, and the walls have been left in all their architectural simplicity, the marble surfaces being unpolluted by banners, trophies, or spoils of war, as is the case in most of the churches of the capital.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Fortress is remarkable for the elegance and height of its gilt spire, which was designed by Balles, a Dutch architect, in the middle of the last century. In this church, beneath the floor, are buried all the sovereigns of Russia since the foundation of St. Petersburg, with the exception of Peter II., who died and was interred at Moscow. The side aisles are entirely taken up with white marble tombs, marking the sites of the graves, each adorned with a gold cross, gold corners, and splendid funereal accessories, and embedded in palm-trees, growing plants, and flowers that bloom sadly in the faint white light of innumerable burning tapers and lamps. The walls and pillars of this church are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of fortresses, shields, and battle-axes captured from vanquished foes, while the sanctuary is sumptuously adorned with pictures and icons set in gilded architectural framework gorgeously decorated in rococo style. The tombs are guarded by subaltern officers belonging to the garrison of the Fortress, and are constantly visited, especially the tomb of Alexander II., by the faithful. We saw men, women, and children of all classes, mujiks, common soldiers, and dashing generals, thread their way between the palm-trees to the martyred Emperor's tomb, kiss the cross on the marble slab, fall on their knees, and offer a prayer.

The palaces of St. Petersburg present many of the structural peculiarities that



THE WINTER PALACE—AMBASSADORS' STAIRCASE.

we have already noticed in the churches; they are all more or less imitations and enlarged copies of Western models, and, with one or two exceptions only, they are stuccoed. The initiative of the Russians in art and in civilization is limited. Hitherto they have displayed greater aptitude for copying than for original conception, and even for their copies they have had recourse to Western artists, particularly to Italian architects like Quarenghi, Rossi, and Count Rastrelli. The last is responsible both for the outside and the inside of the Winter Palace. This enormous structure was begun in 1732, finished in 1762, partly burned in 1837, but rebuilt in 1839 from the original drawings. It is a broad rectangular block, four stories or about 80 feet high, with a frontage 455 feet in length and a breadth of 350 feet, one façade parallel with the Neva, another looking toward the Admiralty, the third facing the vast Alexander Place, and the fourth (blind) façade backing up to the adjoining Hermitage Palace, with which it communicates by means of a covered bridge. The proportions of this palace are not commendable; the style of architecture is very bombastic rococo; the decoration is overcharged with statues, caryatides, flower-pots, grenades, and trumpery accessories; the cheap stucco surface of its façades—mercilessly broken up by pilasters, water-spouts, and windows, so that the eye nowhere finds repose—is washed with a brownish red terra-cotta color picked out with a lighter tone of yellow. The iron roof is painted red. The outside of this palace is absolutely without charm or merit of any kind; its only claim to notice is its immensity, which, by-the-way, according to Russian notions, is a very considerable claim. The interior is a saddening example of the bad taste which seems to characterize crowned heads of all nations, whether the Russian Czar, the Turkish Sultan, the German Emperor, or the British sovereign. The ornamentation is for the most part in rampageous rocaille style, bright burnished gold on whitewash or white imitation marble. Our pen absolutely refuses to describe the sham splendor of the imperial apartments, with their modern French polished furniture and vile wood-carving, their massive screens glazed with purple glass, their wall-hangings of yellow and white or rose and green satin. The malachite room, the Pompeiian room, the Mauresque bath-room, likewise failed to transport us with admiration. The corner that pleased us best was Peter the Great's throne-room, whose walls were hung with soft red velvet embroidered with golden eagles. The St. George's Hall, a parallelogram, 140 feet by 60 feet, adorned with Corinthian columns of real white marble with gilt bases and capitals, is also a fine room, perhaps the finest in the whole palace. The White Hall, the Golden Hall, and the Nicholas Hall are chillingly white show rooms, which require the animation of the court ceremonies and balls and the glitter of lights and diamonds in order to give them a picturesque interest. Finally we may notice the state entrance to the palace from the Neva Quay, called the Ambassadors' Stairs, of white Carrara marble, and the vestibule, richly decorated and gilded with Renaissance ornaments and statuary. This staircase and the St. George's Hall are the only two parts of the Winter Palace that present an aspect of real grandeur and majesty.

The adjoining Palace of the Hermitage, likewise of stucco, colored in two shades of *café au lait* was built between 1840 and 1850 by a Munich architect, Leopold von Klenze, in a sort of Greek style. It forms an immense parallelogram, 512 feet by 375 feet, with two large courts. One main façade fronts along the street called the Millionnaja, where is the entrance, under an imposing vestibule supported by ten colossal Atlas figures twenty-two feet high carved out of dark gray granite. In niches along this façade, which is colored to imitate stone, are statues of eminent artists cast in zinc to imitate bronze. Entering the palace, we find ourselves in a noble hall, the roof of which is supported by sixteen monolithic columns of Finland granite terminating in capitals of Carrara marble. The stairs, in three flights, are of real marble, but the walls on either side are of yellow imitation marble. The rooms of the Hermitage in which the pictures and other collections are lodged are for the most part sumptuously decorated and adorned with gigantic candelabra, vases and tables of malachite, porphyry, or jasper, and many splendid pieces of French furniture of the eighteenth century.

Of the remaining palaces of St. Petersburg it is needless to say much in detail. Monumental St. Petersburg must be enjoy-



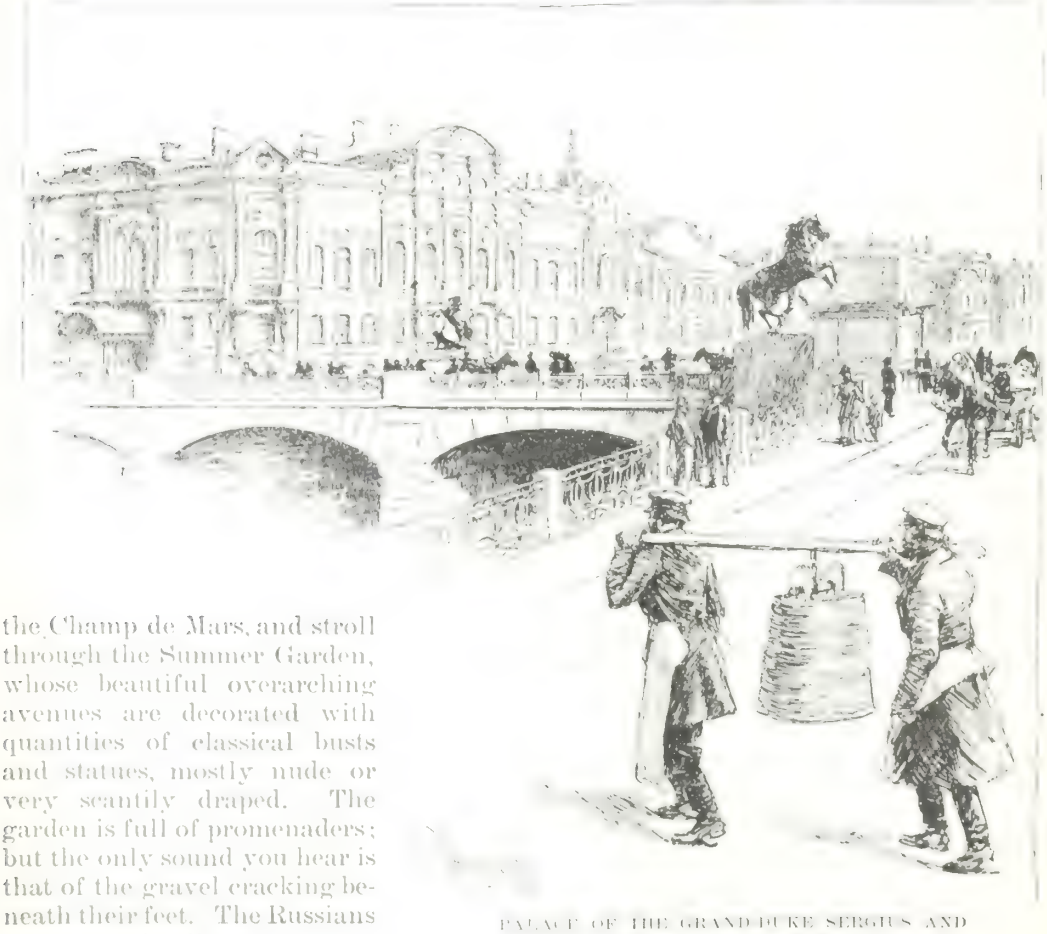
IN THE HERMITAGE PALACE.

ed as a whole; its churches and palaces must be seen in their environment, whether of vast open places, gardens, parks, lake, or river, and considered as masses and silhouettes in a vast *ensemble;* when isolated and examined one by one, their originality, such as it is, becomes diminished and obscured, while the cheapness and paltriness of the material structure reveals itself to their prejudice. This remark applies to the red Anitchkoff Palace, in the Nevskoi Prospekt, where the Emperor now lives—an immense stucco pile, built by Rastrelli in 1744. In the *ensemble* of the street vista the palace produces a striking effect, but if isolated from the surrounding Alexandra Square, the neighboring Alexandra Theatre, the masses of tall trees, and the perspective of the broad Nevskoi, with in the distance the Anitchkoff Bridge and Baron Klodt's well-known colossal bronze groups of slaves and wild horses, the mere palace by itself is a poor and uninteresting structure, remarkable only for its size.

More interesting is the neighboring palace, now inhabited by the Grand Duke Sergius, decorated with tasteful ornaments, caryatides, and delicate wrought-iron balconies of good eighteenth-century workmanship. Very elegant too is the new Michael Palace, built by Rossi between 1809 and 1825, in Tuscan style, situated a few steps from the Nevskoi Prospekt, and yet surrounded by a beautiful park with lakes and gardens.

Let us, then, leave to the guide-books and to tourists all attempts at systematic sight-seeing, and let us wander over the vast Northern Venice, with the aid of a swift drosky, as caprice and chance may direct, glancing here at a garden, there at a palace, again at some felicitous landscape of water, verdure, and sky framing a dainty eighteenth-century pavilion like the pretty Jelaginsky Palace, which Rossi built in 1817 as a summer residence for the Empress. We will start from the front of the new Michael Palace, cross the Champ de Mars, and stroll through the Summer Garden, whose beautiful overarching avenues are decorated with quantities of classical busts and statues, mostly nude or very scantily draped. The garden is full of promenaders; but the only sound you hear is that of the gravel cracking beneath their feet. The Russians are strangely silent.

We leave the garden at the other end, and find ourselves on the Court Quay, admiring the handsome gilt iron railing fronting the Neva, and the beautiful votive chapel erected by public subscription on the spot where Alexander II. stood when his life was attempted by Karakozof in 1866. Over the principal portico is a text in Russian letters of gold: "Touch not mine anointed." Turning leftward we approach the Troitzkij Bridge, note the so-called Marble Palace, which happens to be built of granite, and cross the river, admiring the brilliant panorama of the quays, the Fortress and its cathedral, the Strjälka or point of Vasili Ostroff, and the maze of shipping glittering with the powdered gold of the late afternoon sunlight. We are now on our way to the famous islands of the Neva, the great summer resort, the Bois de Boulogne and the Thiergarten of the St. Petersburgers. We traverse the fine Alexandrowski Park, and then follow—one thinks



PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS AND ANITCHKOFF BRIDGE.



for miles—a long, very long, straight road, lined with villas and gardens, and occasionally interrupted by a canal or arm of the Neva, across which is thrown a wooden bridge, protected by inscriptions in Russian, German, and French forbidding smoking under heavy penalties. At first the houses are rather paltry; some of them have raised platforms inside the gardens, on which the inhabitants sit drinking tea and watching the passing equipages. In several gardens we espied with surprise and pain those silvered globes with which the Parisian bourgeois delight to adorn their gardens at Asnières or Suresnes. The interiors, as seen through the open windows, look neat, clean, and unartistic. Here you see a school-boy learning his lessons at the end of the family table, and there paterfamilias struggling with the recalcitrant cork of a beer bottle—just such scenes as you might behold in more western countries. At frequent intervals are traktirs, or restaurants, where you see groups of men sitting at a table with a teapot between them, and contentment depicted on their countenances. Soon, however, we leave behind this more democratic suburb, and as the trees become thicker the villas become rarer and more elegant. Most of them are built of wood and decorated with rough fretwork. Some have beautifully kept gardens and lawns sloping down to the water's edge, where yachts and skiffs wait, moored near neat bathing-pavilions. The views as we cross the bridges are lovely; the thickly wooded landscape spreads away soft, calm, and impressive; the trees—birch, elm, and fir—form an undulating curtain along the horizon, which is broken here by the bulbous gilded cupola of some distant church, there by some garden temple with white columns supporting a flat dome-shaped roof painted bright green, and there by lofty and fantastic wooden gables of one of the island restaurants and pleasure-grounds, like Arcadia, Livadia, or Bavaria.

To the river-banks, however, are moored sea-going schooners, and following the stream of droskies we soon come to the open water of the Gulf of Finland. The finely kept and well-watered roads of

derr[illegible] fashionable St. Petersburg.

[illegible] lazy alternation of woodland and water, the whole studded with pleasant summer colonies and villas. The parks of Peterhof are particularly fine, and the palace, [illegible] waters of the Gulf of Finland and the [illegible] rations of Versailles that are scattered all over Europe: it was built by Peter the Great in 1720, from the plans of a French architect named Leblond, and in spite of additions and minor alterations it remains [illegible] yellow color picked out with white is renewed every year over the surface of [illegible] take no delight in the patina of age: [illegible] its contents over old and new buildings alike, with absolute impartiality. The [illegible] thing remarkable. The interior is not much more interesting. The vast suite of apartments and reception-rooms forms





a long enfilade, generally decorated and furnished in the worst possible taste. All the door-cases are set in heavy frames of gilt rocaille stucco-work; the furniture and wall-hangings are almost as bad as those of the Winter Palace; the only objects worthy of the visitor's admiration are the bibelots and porcelain, for the conception and beauty of which the imperial châtelains are not in any way responsible.

The palace of Tsarskoe-Selo is in the midst of a thickly wooded estate, surrounded for miles and miles by park-like landscape, varied with grottoes, watercourses, bridges, and winding avenues of tall fir, oak, and beech trees. [illegible] the style is rank rococo, and the back and front façades are adorned with tortuous caryatides, pilasters, capitals, brackets, statues, and vases without stint or measure. Originally, it appears, Catherine I. had all these ornaments gilded with leaf-gold—a whim which cost her subjects more than three million ducats. This gold has long since vanished, and now only the dome and cupolas of the church are gilded. The palace itself, as usual of stucco, has its walls colored pale green, relieved with white and yellow; the figures and ornaments are stained to imitate bronze; the roofs are painted bright green; and the whole, as it stands dazzlingly bright in the sunshine, is not without originality. A scene-

some Grand-Duchess of Gerolstein, or a

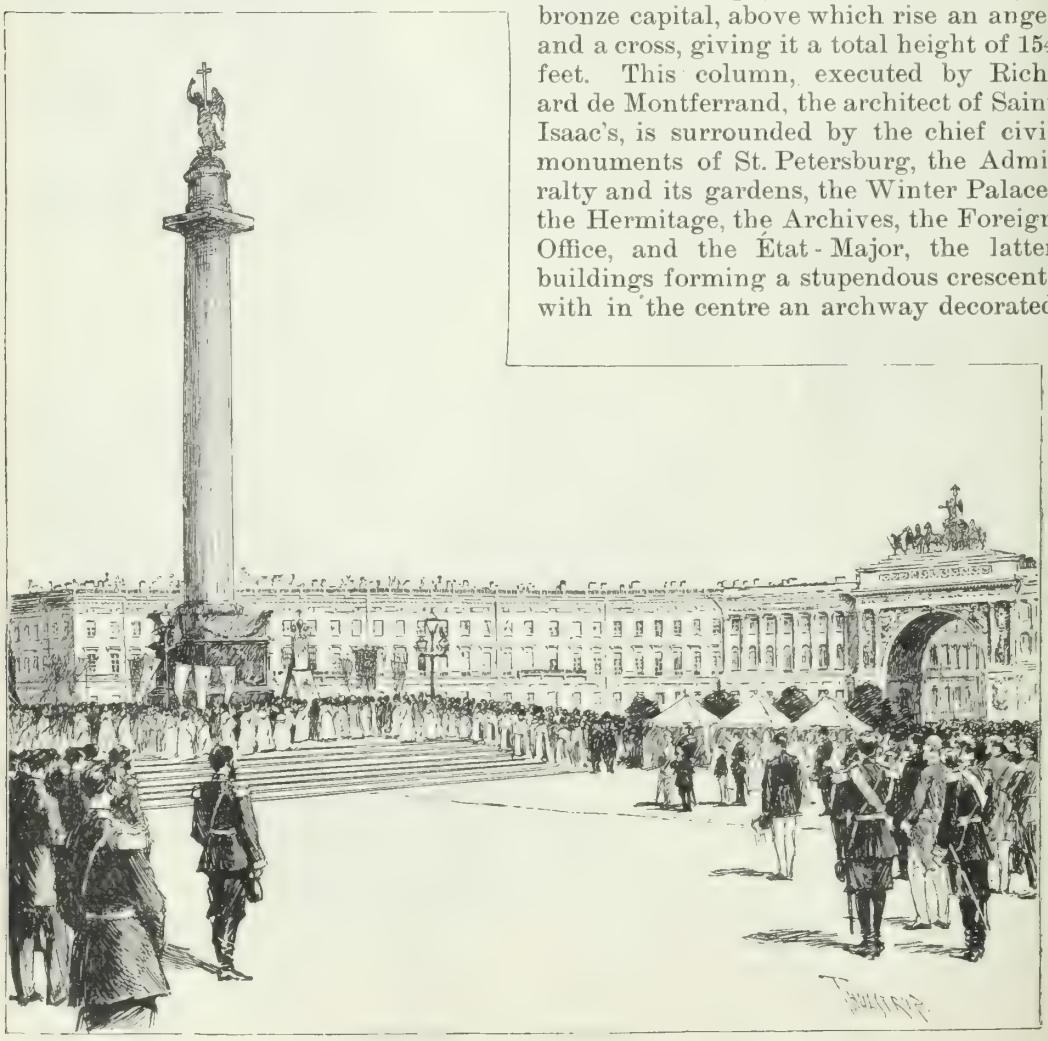
most part, stucco-work in rocaille motifs; one very pretty room has white walls

imitations of Wedgwood plaques with

gilded up to a height of nine feet; the "silver-room" justifies its name by its lavish decoration in that metal. The palace of Tsarskoe-Selo is a huge toy.

A trifling but curious detail which struck us in our visits to the imperial and other palaces: in every room, in one corner under the ceiling, is a religious image, or icon; and in every room, in a conspicuous spot, may be seen the walnut or maple-wood spring cuspidor, which is apparently considered indispensable in all Russian dwellings. From one side of the box rises a slender tube, inside which is a rod or piston with a knob at the end. The rod and tube are about four feet high, just handy for a tall man. You press the knob, which causes the lid to fly up and disclose a sand-box; then you spit, and then you let go the knob, whereupon the lid falls with a bang, and the rest is silence and mystery. We saw this truly great invention for the first time in Russia.

With the exception of Rome and Constantinople, no capital possesses so many imperial palaces as St. Petersburg. But its palaces and its churches do not suffice to give an idea of the immensity of the town. We must also visit its broad and endless streets; its bazars that are towns in themselves; its canals laden with barges and traversed by steamers; its gigantic public buildings, and immense squares that cover acres of ground, and on which sixty to a hundred thousand men can find room. Such is the Admiralty Place and its continuation, in the centre of which rises the Alexander Column, the greatest monolith of modern times, erected in 1832 to the memory of Alexander I. It is a single shaft of red granite, 84 feet high and 14 feet in diameter, placed on a cubic monolithic pedestal 25 feet high, and surmounted by a bronze capital, above which rise an angel and a cross, giving it a total height of 154 feet. This column, executed by Richard de Montferrand, the architect of Saint Isaac's, is surrounded by the chief civil monuments of St. Petersburg, the Admiralty and its gardens, the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, the Archives, the Foreign Office, and the État-Major, the latter buildings forming a stupendous crescent, with in the centre an archway decorated



ALEXANDER COLUMN AND SQUARE.

with bronze bass-reliefs and a gigantic chariot and six horses. During our visit to St. Petersburg we witnessed on this enormous space an imposing religious ceremony on the occasion of the celebration of the ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia. After the benediction of the waters of the Neva, the procession, headed by the Metropolitan, the Czar, the Empress, the Grand-Dukes, the pages and court officials, and all the great dignitaries of the Church, accompanied by priests bearing aloft banners and holy images, and by singing choirs and military bands, crossed the gardens of the Admiralty and advanced between serried ranks of troops to the foot of the Alexander Column, where a platform had been erected, draped in scarlet. The whole space swarmed with thousands of spectators—a characteristic Russian crowd, in which black caps and long black cloaks predominated—and when the procession appeared in the distance, with the holy icons glittering in the sun, in a moment every head was bare, and during the hour that the intonations of the loud-voiced deacons continued, the spectators incessantly crossed themselves and bowed, swaying their whole bodies from the waist, and not contenting themselves with merely bending the neck. The spectacle was impressive, and so was the stentorian shout of greeting that rose from the crowd as the Czar drove away in an open carriage, with the Empress by his side, holding herself always a little in front of her husband, as if to shield him with her body. This curious attitude of the Empress made us realize the dark side of this picture of autocratic splendor, and the existence of unceasing anxiety in which the imperial couple live, always dreading the terrible machinations of that intellectual proletariat which pursues its policy of terrorism and assassination with such dogged persistency and such mysterious force. In the vast palace of Gatschina, with its 600 rooms, we were told the Emperor and his family live in a suite of six modest chambers, in order that they may be guarded more effectually by the thousand soldiers whose armed vigilance watches by night and by day in the lobbies and surroundings of the imperial home. No movement of the Czar is ever announced in advance. If he is to arrive at St. Petersburg, nobody knows by what route he will come or through which streets he will pass; if he has to make a long railway journey, the day of his departure is not disclosed; and when the imperial train passes, the track is lined with soldiers.

With a last glance at the Nevskoi Prospekt, the pride of every patriotic Russian, we will conclude our observations on palatial Petersburg. This famous street is remarkable first of all for its dimensions: it is more than a hundred feet broad and three miles long.

In this framework, admirably called a Prospect, for the whole street is calculated to produce its effect when looked at in perspective, and not when examined in detail, the whole characteristic movement of St. Petersburg may be seen; the tramways; the strings of telegas laden with goods; the clouds of common droskies, looking like toy carriages; the finer private droskies, drawn by splendid long-stepping trotters, harnessed so lightly that the beauty of their form is nowhere concealed; the troikas with their team harnessed fanwise, three abreast; the throngs of silent foot-passengers, mujiks, civil servants, officers in long gray overcoats, women of the lower classes wearing short dresses of pale green, unæsthetic blues, with gaudily embroidered kerchiefs on their heads; ladies in Parisian toilettes; here and there queer old women who seem to have seen better days, and who now console themselves by smoking cigarettes as they lounge in the sun; mujiks, who in spite of the warmth still remain faithful to their sheepskin touloupes, and who loaf along dreamily cracking sunflower seeds, the chewing of which is a favorite popular distraction; street hawkers who sell "kvas" and other drinks, cakes, sweets, fruit, and flowers; nurse-maids wearing the national costume and coiffure, a sort of tiara of blue or red velvet embroidered with big pearl beads; priests in long flowing black gowns and tall brimless hats, sometimes covered with a veil; Circassians with their long coats and their breasts stiff with cartridges; a patrol of Cossacks ambling along on their small nervous little horses, with their hay nets slung from the saddles. Horsemen are rare in St. Petersburg, for the Russians do not appreciate riding as a pleasure. The great means of locomotion is that foolish vehicle the drosky, which is the most universal and characteristic feature in Russian street landscape.



THE BANKS OF THE BRANDYWINE.

BY HOWARD M. JENKINS.

RECORDED as is its name upon the historic scroll, the Brandywine deserves other fame than that conferred by its Revolutionary battle. From its sources high up in the Pennsylvania hills, that appear as the advanced guard of the Blue Mountains, to its union, fifty miles below, with the marsh-bordered Christiana, of Delaware, the varying scenery along its course presents continual charms.

Richest in attraction, however, are the lower reaches of the stream. *Par excellence* these are "The Banks," south of that historic semicircle which divides the

three lower counties of his Grace the Duke of York [illegible] to Mr. Penn, and mostly within the narrow valley that the creek traverses just above its embrace by the great bay's tides under the walls of Wilmington. The hand of nature along these banks has been prodigal with features of bold if not wild beauty.

Taking a departure upward from the river's mouth, it is a sweep of lowland scenery that we survey where the Brandywine mingles its flood with that of the Christiana. Eastward, across the embanked meadow, rises the modest tower of the Wilmington light, beside whose friendly beacon move the ships in flocks up from the Capes, and back again to pass their portals out upon the sea. Even here the river is a bay, its waters soon to betray a tinge of salt, and its breadth great enough to hurry the cautious coaster into the harbor of the Christiana's mouth when the southeastern storm is raging. Back of the Cape heads rises the range of hills that follow northward up the Delaware. They subside into the rolling country here, but as we face westward to their last terraces our eye, with that of Bayard Taylor's Lars, rests where

> "fair Wilmington, upon her hills,
> Looks to the river over marshy meads."

Historic because the Swedes came in here to make the first permanent settlement of white men in the valley of the Delaware, less than eighteen years after the Plymouth Pilgrims had landed, there is Revolutionary reminiscence too in these waters of the Christiana near the Brandywine's mouth. It was somewhere here that in 1776, just as the bolder patriots were scheming to carry the Declaration, the war ships of his Majesty, the *Roebuck* and *Liverpool*, which had been harrying all the shores of the Delaware up from the Capes, were boldly attacked by the "row-galleys" that formed the main flotilla of the Americans in these waters.

After the Christiana enters the Brandywine, it is three hundred yards up the northern shore that, as old men said, the planks of the Dutch ship rotted whose cargo of liquors, as she lay here for a winter harbor, was spilled and lost when the ice cut her open. Hence came the name of the stream. The Indians above called it Suspecough, and below the Delaware line Wawaset; the Swedes named it the Fishkill; but the Dutch brandy-wine, more potent than other influences, went to the head of the stream from its mouth. Here, where the tide-water channel may carry to-day a schooner or barge, going up to the old mills for flour or corn-meal, Stuyvesant's war ships from New Amsterdam cleft the currents on their way to the capture of Fort Christiana. Just above the point where the two streams seem about to unite, but do not, we are in the locality of the famous siege. The site of the Swedish fort is on the Christiana, but only a little distance from the Brandywine. Its rear, where Stuyvesant placed some of his guns, is marked now by the ancient church, built in 1698, under the earnest effort of the good Swedish missionary Eric Beorck. Jan Risingh, the giant Swede, Governor of all the infant dominion in America which Gustavus himself had projected and cherished to the very day of Lutzen, beheld with dismay the guns of his wooden-legged antagonist posted on this higher ground, and commanding completely the rude little fortress of logs over which the Swedish ensign floated. Other batteries were mounted by Stuyvesant on the north bank of the Brandywine, and across the Christiana facing the fort, while his ships lay anchored in the Fishkill. Too much are the surroundings changed to fancy that we can now hear the trumpet challenge of Antony Van Corlear, or even make real all the humorous details of Irving's most genial chronicle; but here it was that the existence of the New Sweden, which had endured from 1638, ended, and the power of the New Netherlands prevailed. Bloodless, indeed, the struggle was none the less earnest and real. When Risingh, unable to obtain even the poor advantage of delay by his efforts at diplomatic artifice, signed the terms of surrender, and gave up the fort, there was an end to all the dreams of new dominion in America which Gustavus had indulged, and Oxenstiern had for a time made real.

Where the tides turn, at the foot of the slope down which the stream makes its last rush from out the hills, are the famous old mills of the Brandywine. Begun in 1742 by Oliver Canby, ancestor of a long line of straight-coated Quaker millers, they were known far and wide in those early days when the wheat crop of the country was harvested upon a narrow strip along the Atlantic, and grists came to them not



UPPER MILL-RACE.

only from the fat fields of southeastern Pennsylvania and northern Delaware, but from Maryland and even New Jersey. From one at first, they had increased to thirteen in number at their most prosperous period. It was an important part of Washington's concern at the end of the 1777 summer, and just before the battle up the creek, when his army lay around Wilmington, and his own head-quarters were here in the residence of one of the mill-owners, in Brandywine village, to so manœuvre as to cover these great mills, and prevent their store of grain from feeding the army of Howe, that had just landed at the Head of Elk. There were none in the colonies of like importance; and when, three months later, as the snows began, Washington called his lieutenants together at Whitemarsh to decide where the army should make its winter-quarters, it was much on their account that Greene and Cadwallader urged the selection of Wilmington. It was in these mills that Oliver Evans, the Delaware inventive genius, claimant with Fitch and Rumsey of honors that Fulton has been with questionable justice awarded, put to practical use the great improvements in mill machinery which are unquestionably his own. Just after the Revolution, his stout figure, beaming with the enthusiasm of an inventive mind, his hair not yet gray with disappointment or his eyes dimmed by his work, must have been very familiar to the Canbys, the Tatnalls, the Leas, and the Prices, as they stood by their mill doors watching the grain come in or the flour go out. It was his elevator, hopper-boy, conveyer, and kiln-drier which changed the old process of milling into that which has but recently been again revolutionized by the great mills of the Northwest.

Leaving the mills and the lighter at their doors loading Brandywine corn meal for the West Indies, we are here at the foot of the long mill "races." Four of them, two on either side, bring down a dark, silent, and powerful volume from the dams above. Between the races lie the pathways which for a hundred years have been familiar walks of the townspeople; and here at the lower gates, where, if the mills are in action, there are but some spouting and sparkling jets from crevice and hole, the flood returns to the stream when they are idle with a cataract that draws admiring groups continually. Picturesque is the view up the stream, where its waters foam among the exposed and rugged bowlders, and beautiful are the vistas that open through the leafage of summer on either side. Along the pathways, under the skies of June, go scores of pleasure-seekers, children laughing, lovers in close company, elders seeking the sweet air and enjoying the bright landscape. The French families who came to Wilmington when their Revolution had followed ours, and again in the days of blood that ensanguined San Do-

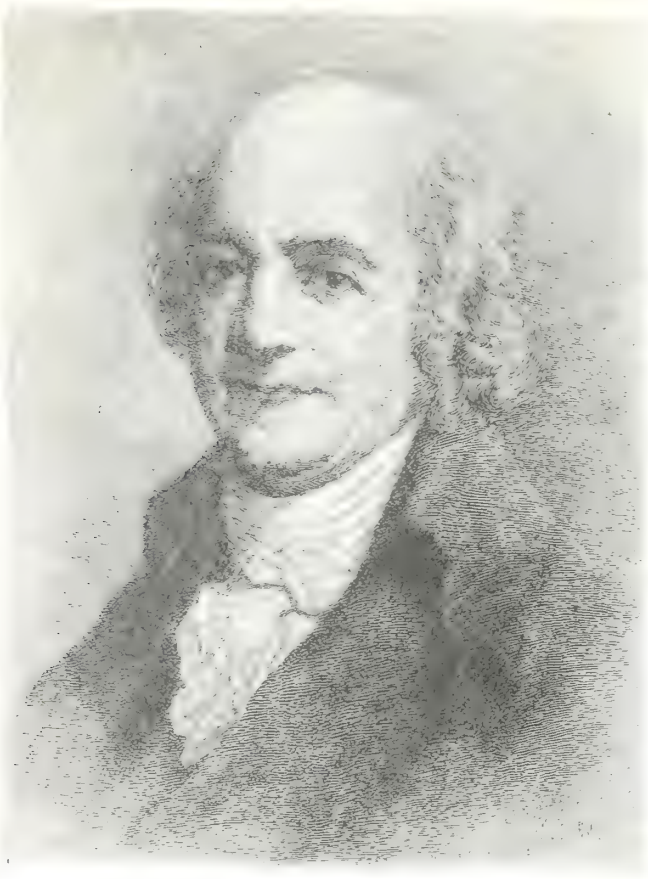
lovers of the Brandywine. Their bath-houses were placed here beside the race, and their white-capped *blanchisseuses* set benches in the waters of the stream itself to wash, after the manner of old France.

Lingering [illegible] long after their bands had disappeared from the surrounding country, were lonely survivors of the handsome and peaceful Lenni-Lennappé. The ruins of their wigwams survived the Revolution, and all the picturesque stream is haunted with those forms of aboriginal romance whose legends now have grown unfashionable. Indian princesses may well have paddled their swift canoes in the quiet reaches of the creek, and steered them boldly down the rapids; fleet hunters doubtless shot game in the hills, and speared the fish as they passed upward. [illegible] lands, twenty miles above us, the Indians carefully reserved the right of catching shad there forever. It was a little earlier than this treaty that Penn's elder associate, George Fox, on his religious visit to the scattered settlers in the colonies, came to the Brandywine, and crossed in this vicinity with difficulty. He had come from New Jersey, and was wending his way slowly and tediously by the uncertain forest paths to the settlements down on the Eastern Shore. Fox doubtless made his crossing higher up than where the race banks of the old mills now are. But here, where a few stones and timbers in the stream mark the ruins of "the barley-mill dam," was the ford of the "Old King's Road," a highway that in its time was of more than local importance, connecting the settlements Pennsylvaniaward with those down on the Chesapeake.

Quite famous in its day was the old bar-



THE OLD POWDER-MILL



PIERRE SAMUEL DUPONT (DE NEMOURS)

ley mill. John Fleming, a Scotchman, here cleaned the grain, and in winter enjoyed a turn at Caledonian sports upon the ice. With a countryman, William Key, he is remembered by Miss Montgomery in her *Reminiscences of Wilmington*, as contesting the game of "golfing" with that picturesque exile from Dublin, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the secretary of that organization—the United Irishmen—whose futile effort in behalf of Ireland's political liberties marked the decade from 1790 to 1800.

Above John Fleming's were other mills, whose origin and history it would burden our sketch to describe separately. One, however, was Gilpin's paper-mill, and here, in 1817, the making of paper in endless rolls was first effected, the patent being that of Thomas Gilpin, dated a year before. Upon his machinery, in 1821, he made the paper for Lavoisne's great atlas, which Matthew Carey and Son—the son was the late Henry C. Carey—published that year in Philadelphia. The invention revolutionized the processes of paper manufacture, and the New England mill-owners came, as it was said, to see its operation, and went away to imitate it in their own factories.

Here by the barley-mill the valley is somewhat less contracted than farther up. The hills rise with a longer slope. It is above that we enter upon more rugged and picturesque ground. Two of the races, with the well-trodden walk beside one of them, accompany us until "the second dam" is reached, and here is one of the most attractive spots upon the stream. The high and steep bank is piled with masses of rock in wild if not grand confusion; the view in either direction, up or down the creek, is charming. To enjoy the beauty here many a visitor before us has walked up from the lower mills, and we have come, no doubt, in the footsteps of many famous people. One of them must have been that agitating Briton William Cobbett, for he was here in Wilmington during the two years from 1794 to 1796, and his ruminations on the condition of mankind must often have brought him to the banks of the Brandywine.

Above the second dam we enter a part of the valley appropriated by manufactories, which have replaced the smaller beginnings that were neighbors in time past to Gilpin at the paper-mill, Isaac Jones at the old snuff-mill, and John Fleming down at the barley-mill. These greater structures have filled the little valley with busy work-people, whose homely but not untidy villages flank the factories, clustering down closely along the stream, or finding a narrow foot-hold on the bold ascents. Passing them, though not without pausing frequently to enjoy fresh charms of vista and prospect, we enter that part of the Brandywine which in the past three-quarters of a century has contributed at least equally with its natural beauties and Revolutionary battle to make the whole stream famous. We have reached the great powder-yards of the Duponts,

which now stretch upward along the creek a distance measured in miles, adjoining great demesnes of farm land which rise out of the valley on either hand. Our walk necessarily pauses, for the way beside the stream is fenced across, and the gate of the enclosure is strictly though civilly guarded. Besides scientific secrets, there is risk to life and limb within.

The Dupont Works are almost precisely of the same age as the nineteenth century. Their projector, grandfather to the younger and father to the elder of their present owners, landed at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 1st day of January, 1800, and began to locate the works here in the summer of 1802. The history of their growth, interesting in the scientific and industrial features, is rendered more striking by many picturesque circumstances by which it is accompanied. It was an incident quite odd and apparently altogether fortuitous that set M. Eleuthère Irène du Pont to making gunpowder on the banks of the Brandywine. Born in France, at the old family residence, Bois des Fossés, at Chevannes, near Nemours, he was little more than a lad when on that terrible 10th of August, 1792, he accompanied his father to the Tuileries with the chivalrous purpose of helping to defend the already defenceless Louis XVI. Escaping thence with the greatest danger and difficulty, in the midst of that slaughter of the Swiss Guards which Thorwaldsen's colossal lion at Lucerne commemorates, the father, who was that distinguished *savant* and author, economist and statesman, Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, a prominent figure in French affairs for thirty years preceding, the friend and associate of Turgot, the man who taught Calonne, the author on the part of France of the treaty by which Great Britain yielded independence to America, secretary of the Assembly of Notables, member of the States-General from Nemours, and twice the president of the Constituent Assembly, evaded the clutch of the extreme revolutionists for a time, by being concealed in the French Observatory by his friend the astronomer Lalande, while his son was hastily conveyed into the country, and during the Reign of Terror remained in retirement at Essone. There, as it chanced, was located the great government *poudrière*—the powder-works from which came the supplies for public use. M. E. I. du Pont had been, or then became, a pupil of Lavoisier, the chemist, who was chief of the "Bureau de Poudres et Salpêtres," and he made a thorough study of the processes by which the powder was produced. Later, his father, who, after the concealment by Lalande, had been captured and imprisoned, but had been saved from the guillotine, like Josephine, by the fall of Robespierre, decided to quit France with his sons, and late in 1799 they set sail for the United States. Victor, the elder son, had been here previously: in 1789 he was attaché of the French ambassador, the Count de Moustier, later he acted as the consul for France at Charleston, and afterward held the place of consul-general at New York. He, and also his brother, were accompanied by their families, and with them came M. Bureau de Pusey, the son-in-law of their stepmother, who had been a companion with Lafayette during his hideous imprisonment at Olmütz.

Small manufactories of gunpowder, under the compulsion of the demand for their product, had sprung up in the United States during the Revolution, but they had made little progress. The processes were primitive, and lacked the precise knowledge of scientific method and skilful manipulation which M. du Pont's studies at Essone enabled him to supply. He at once resolved to equal in quality the best imported powder; he double-refined his saltpetre, and exercised extreme care in the selection of his charcoal. From the first he made his works successful in the commercial sense, and of the best repute for the uniform excellence of their productions. He had begun with his buildings at what are now called the "Upper Works," four miles above Wilmington, but ten years later he purchased another important tract along the creek, the "Hagley" property, which has become the "Middle Works." Here there had been an ancient saw-mill, and the handsome residence of Rumford Dawes, a wealthy Philadelphia merchant. The water-power thus acquired has a fall of twenty-two feet, and the works have been developed by two complete sets of machinery to a capacity of producing twenty-five thousand pounds of powder per day. In 1846 the "Lower Works" were established, with laboratories, refineries for saltpetre, etc. Altogether the yards extend about three miles along the Brandywine, and include all the various mills, shops, and appliances whose products are anywhere required

from the first handling of the crude material to its delivery into the hands of the ordnance officer, engineer, or sportsman.

The venerable Pierre Samuel died here on the Brandywine in 1817, in the residence now occupied by his grandson General Henry Dupont, and is buried in the family cemetery, upon the hill-slope, west of the upper yards. He had gone back to France in 1802 to rejoin his wife, who, at the emigration in 1799, had been infirm in health. He remained in France until 1816, and when Napoleon was sent to Elba he was once more called to public duty, being Secretary for the Provisional Government by which the restoration of Louis XVIII. was decreed. The return of Napoleon and the upturnings of the Hundred Days, however, sent him to Havre, and thence he sailed again for America. In August, 1817, as he was returning across the Brandywine in a boat from a visit to his son Victor, he accidentally fell into the stream, and the wetting caused a fatal aggravation of his gout. Born at Paris in 1739, he had reached a ripe old age, and looked back upon a remarkable career. The year before his death he had been honored by a visit from President Madison, who rode from Washington hither to pay [illegible] to the genial old gentleman.

In the same ground with those of Pierre Samuel repose the remains of his grandson Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont. The second son of Victor, he was born during the residence of the latter at Bergen Point, in September, 1803, and lived to see the close of the great war, in which he had rendered heroic service for the Union. Admiral Dupont died at Philadelphia on the 23d of June, 1865. He had suffered for several years from a disease contracted in his East India service from 1857 to 1859, and died somewhat suddenly at the La Pierre House, on Broad Street, making the circumstance the more remarkable because his father had also died very suddenly of apoplexy during a visit to Philadelphia, and his uncle, E. I. du Pont, the head of the powder firm, had also died there, of cholera.

Lafayette came here to visit, of course, when he made his memorable tour through the country in 1825. It was in the frigate *Brandywine*, indeed, that he went home, that vessel having been placed at his disposal by Congress. From the Messrs. Dupont's, where he remained for some days, he drove up, on the 25th of July, to go over the battle-ground, and point out to the crowds of people who had gathered there the spot where he received the English bullet. One of those in the carriage with him on that drive was Miss E. Dupont, afterward the wife of the Admiral, and on his return to her father's house at evening, writing in her album, he said:

"After having seen, [illegible] century ago on the banks of the Brandywine a scene of bloody fighting, I [illegible] to find in the seat of industry, affinity, and friendship.

LAFAYETTE."

And so, at a point on the stream where, on that day of September, 1777, we should have heard the sound of the hostile guns at Chadd's Ford, we leave it, with the words of the gallant Frenchman to do it appropriate and well-deserved honor.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VIII.

IN real life the opera or the theatre is only the prologue to the evening. Our little party supped at Delgardo's. The play then begins. New York is quite awake by that time, and ready to amuse itself. After the public duty, the public attitudinizing, after assisting at the artificial comedy and tragedy which imitate life under a mask, and suggest without satisfying, comes the actual experience. My gentle girl—God bless your sweet face and pure heart!—who looked down from the sky-parlor at the Metropolitan upon the legendary splendor of the stage and the alluring beauty and wealth of the boxes, and went home to create in dreams the dearest romance in a maiden's life, you did not know that for many the romance of the night just began when the curtain fell.

The streets were as light as day. At no other hour were the pavements so thronged, was there such a crush of carriages, such a blockade of cars, such run-

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ning and shouting, greetings and decorous laughter, such a swirl of pleasurable excitement. Never were the fashionable cafés and restaurants so crowded and brilliant. It is not a carnival time; it is just the flow and ebb of a night's pleasure, an electric night which has all of the morning except its peace, a night of the gayest opportunity and unlimited possibility.

At each little table was a drama in progress, light or serious—all the more serious for being light at the moment and unconsidered. Morgan, who was so well informed in the gossip of society and so little involved in it—some men have this faculty, which makes them much more entertaining than the daily newspaper—knew the histories of half the people in the room. There were an Italian marquis and his wife supping together like lovers, so strong is the force of habit that makes this public life necessary even when the domestic life is established. There is a man who shot himself rather seriously on the door-steps of the beauty who rejected him, and in a year married the handsome and more wealthy woman who sits opposite him in that convivial party. There is a Russian princess, a fair woman with cool observant eyes, making herself agreeable to a mixed company in three languages. In this brilliant light is it not wonderful how dazzlingly beautiful the women are—brunettes in yellow and diamonds, blondes in elaborately simple toilets, with only a bunch of roses for ornament, in the flush of the midnight hour, in a radiant glow that even the excitement and the lifted glass cannot heighten? That pretty girl yonder—is she wife or widow?—slight and fresh and fair, they say has an ambition to extend her notoriety by going upon the stage; the young lady with her, who does not seem to fear a public place, may be helping her on the road. The two young gentlemen, their attendants, have the air of taking life more seriously than the girls, but regard with respectful interest the mounting vivacity of their companions, which rises and sparkles like the bubbles in the slender glasses which they raise to their lips with the dainty grace of practice. The staid family parties who are supping at adjoining tables notice this group with curiosity, and express their opinion by elevated eyebrows.

Margaret leaned back in her chair and regarded the whole in a musing frame of mind. I think she apprehended nothing of it except the light, the color, the beauty, the movement of gayety. For her the notes of the orchestra sounded through it all—the voices of the singers, the hum of the house; it was all a spectacle and a play. Why should she not enjoy it? There was something in the nature of the girl that responded to this form of pleasure—the legitimate pleasure she was fully in being gratified. "It is so different," she said to me, "from the pleasure one has in an evening by the fire. Do you know even Mr. Morgan seems worldly here."

It was a deeper matter than she thought, this about worldliness, which had been raised in Margaret's mind. Have we all double natures, and do we simply conform to whatever surrounds us? Is there any difference in kind between the country worldliness and the city worldliness? I do not suppose that Margaret formulated any of these ideas in words. Her knowledge of the city had hitherto been superficial. It was a place for shopping, for a day in a picture exhibition, for an evening in the theatre, no more a part of her existence than a novel or a book of travels: of the life of the town she knew nothing. That night in her room she became aware for the first time of another world, restless, fascinating, striving, full of opportunities. What must I do to be

If we could only note the first coming into the mind of a thought that changes life and re-forms character—supposing that every act and every new departure has this subtle beginning—we might be less the sport of circumstances than we seem to be. Unnoted, the desire so swiftly follows the thought and juggles with the will.

The next day Mr. Henderson left his card and a basket of roses. Mr. Lyon called. It was a constrained visit. Margaret was cordially civil, and I fancied that Mr. Lyon would have been more content if she had been less so. If he were a lover, there was little to please him in the exchange of the commonplaces of the day.

"Yes," he was saying to my wife, "perhaps I shall have to change my mind about the simplicity of your American life. It is much the same in New York and London. It is only a question of more or less sophistication."

"Mr. Henderson tells us," said my wife, "that you knew the Eschelles in London."

"Yes. Miss Eschelle almost had a career there last season."

"Why almost?"

"Well — you will pardon me — one needs for success in these days to be not only very clever, but equally daring. It is every day more difficult to make a sensation."

"I thought her, across the house," Margaret said, "very pretty and attractive. I did not know you were so satirical, Mr. Lyon. Do you mean that one must be more daring, as you call it, in London than in New York?"

"I hope it will not hurt your national pride, Miss Debree, if I say that there is always the greater competition in the larger market."

"Oh, my pride," Margaret answered, "does not lie in that direction."

"And to do her justice, I don't think Miss Eschelle's does either. She appears to be more interested now in New York than in London."

He laughed as he said this, and Margaret laughed also, and then stopped suddenly, thinking of the roses that came that morning. Could she be comparing the Londoner with the handsome American who sat by her side at the opera last night? She was half annoyed with herself at the thought.

"And are not you also interested in New York, Mr. Lyon?" my wife asked.

"Yes, moderately so, if you will permit me to say it." It was an effort on his part to keep up the conversation, Margaret was so wholly unresponsive; and afterward, knowing how affairs stood with them, I could understand his well-bred misery. The hardest thing in the world is to suffer decorously and make no sign in the midst of a society which insists on stoicism, no matter how badly one is hurt. The Society for First Aid to the Injured hardens its heart in these cases. "I have never seen another place," he continued, "where the women are so busy in improving themselves. Societies, clubs, parlor lectures, readings, recitations, musicals, classes — it fatigues one to keep in sight of them. Every afternoon, every evening, something. I doubt if men are capable of such incessant energy, Mrs. Fairchild."

"And you find they have no time to be agreeable?"

"Quite the contrary. There is nothing they are not interesting in, nothing about which they cannot talk, and talk intensely. They absorb everything, and have the gift of acquiring intelligence without, as one of them told me, having to waste time in reading. Yes, it is a most interesting city."

The coming in of Mr. Morgan gave another turn to the talk. He had been to see a rural American play, an exhibition of country life and character, constructed in absolute disregard of any traditions of the stage.

"I don't suppose," Mr. Morgan said, "a foreigner would understand it; it would be impossible in Paris, incomprehensible in London."

"Yes, I saw it," said Mr. Lyon, thus appealed to. "It was very odd, and seemed to amuse the audience immensely. I suppose one must be familiar with American farm life to see the points of it. I confess that while I sat there, in an audience so keenly in sympathy with the play — almost a part of it, one might say — I doubted if I understood your people as well as I thought I did when I had been here a week only. Perhaps this is the beginning of an American drama."

"I'm not sure but it is."

"But it is so local!"

"Anything that is true must be true to local conditions, to begin with. The only question is, is it true to human nature? What puzzled me in this American play was its raising the old question of nature and art. You've seen Coquelin? Well, that is acting, as artificial as a sonnet, the perfection of training, skill in an art. You never doubt that he is performing in a play for the entertainment of an audience. You have the same enjoyment of it that you have of a picture — a picture, I mean, full of character and sentiment, not a photograph. But I don't think of Denman Thompson as an actor trained to perfection in a dramatic school, but as a New Hampshire farmer. I don't admire his skill; I admire him. There is plenty that is artificial, even conventional, in his play, plenty of imitation of the rustic that shows it is imitation, but he is the natural man. If he is a stage illusion, he does not seem so to me."

"Probably to an American audience only he does not," Mr. Lyon remarked.

"Well, that is getting to be a tolerably large audience."

"I doubt if you will change the laws of art," said Mr. Lyon, rising to go.

"We shall hope to see you again at our house," my wife said.

"You are very good. I should like it. But my time is running out."

"If you cannot come, you may leave your adieus with Miss Debree, who is staying some time in the city," my wife said, evidently to Margaret's annoyance. But she could do no less than give him her city address, though the information was not accompanied by any invitation in her manner.

Margaret was to stay some time with two maiden ladies, old friends of her mother, the Misses Arbuser. The Arbusers were people of consequence in their day, with a certain social prestige; in fact the excellent ladies were two generations removed from successful mercantile life, which in the remote perspective took on an old-family solidity. Nowhere else in the city could Margaret have come closer in contact with a certain phase of New York life in which women are the chief actors—a phase which may be a transition, and may be only a craze. It is not so much a condescension of society to literature as it is a discovery that literature and art, in the persons of those who produce both, may be sources of amusement, or perhaps, to be just, of the enlargement of the horizon and the improvement of the mind. The society mind was never before so hospitable to new ideas and new sensations. Charities, boards of managers, missions, hospitals, news-rooms, and lodging-houses for the illiterate and the homeless—these are not sufficient, even with balls, dancing classes, and teas, for the superfluous energies of this restless, improving generation; there must be also radical clubs, reading classes, study classes, ethical, historical, scientific, literary lectures, the reading of papers by ladies of distinction and gentlemen of special attainments—an unremitting pursuit of culture and information. Curiosity is average. The extreme of social refinement and a mild Bohemianism almost touch. It passes beyond the affectation of knowing persons who write books and write for the press, artists in paint and artists in music. "You cannot be sure in the most exclusive circle"—it was Clarence Eskdale who said this—"that you will not meet an author or even a journalist." Not all the women, however, adore letters or affect enthusiasm at drawing-room lectures; there are some bright and cynical ones who do not, who write papers themselves, and have an air of being behind the scenes.

Margaret had thought that she was fully occupied in the country, with her teaching, her reading, her literature and historical class, but she had never come to before what it was to be busy and not have time for anything, always in pursuit of some new thing, and getting a fragment here and there; life was a good deal like reading the dictionary and remembering none of the words. And it was all so cosmopolitan and all-embracingly sympathetic. One day it was a paper by a Servian countess on the social life of the Servians, cheerfully unreadable in itself and because it was a countess who read it; and this was followed by the singing of an Icelandic tenor and a Swedish soprano, and a recital on the violin by a slight, red-haired, middle-aged woman from London. All the talents seem to be afloat and at the service of the strenuous ones who are cultivating themselves.

The first function at which Margaret assisted in the long drawing-rooms of the Arbusers was a serious one—one that combined the charm of culture with the temptations of benevolence. The rooms were crowded with the fashion of the town, with a sprinkling of clergymen and of thin philanthropic gentlemen in advanced years. It was a four-o'clock, and the assembly had the cheerfulness of a reception, only that the display of toilets was felt to be sanctified by a purpose. The performance opened with a tremendous prelude on the piano by Herr Bloomgarten, who had been Liszt's favorite pupil; indeed it was whispered that Liszt had said that, old as he was, he never heard Bloomgarten without learning something. There was a good deal of subdued conversation while the pianist was in his extreme agony of execution, and a hush of extreme admiration—it was divine, divine, ravishing—ensued on the last crescendo.

The speaker was a learned female pundit from India, and her object was to interest the women of America in the condition of their unfortunate Hindoo sisters. It appeared that thousands and tens of thousands of them were doomed to early and life-long widowhood, owing to the operation of cruel caste laws, which condemned even girls betrothed to deceased Brahmins to perpetual celibacy. This fate could only be alleviated by the education and elevation of women. And money was needed for schools, especially for medical schools, which would break down the walls

of prejudice and enfranchise the sex. The appeal was so charmingly made that every one was moved by it, especially the maiden ladies present, who might be supposed to enter into the feelings of their dusky sisters beyond the seas. The speaker said, with a touch of humor that always intensifies a serious discourse, that she had been told that in one of the New England States there was a superfluity of unmarried women; but this was an entirely different affair: it was a matter of choice with these highly educated and accomplished women. And the day had come when woman could make her choice! At this there was a great clapping of hands. It was one thing to be free to lead a life of single self-culture, and quite another to be compelled to lead a single life without self-culture. The address was a great success, and much enthusiasm spread abroad for the cause of the unmarried women of India.

In the audience were Mrs. Eschelle and her daughter. Margaret and Carmen were made acquainted, and were drawn together by curiosity, and perhaps by a secret feeling of repulsion. Carmen was all candor and sweetness, and absorbingly interested in the women of India, she said. With Margaret's permission she would come and see her, for she believed they had common friends.

It would seem that there could not be much sympathy between natures so opposed, persons who looked at life from such different points of view, but undeniably Carmen had a certain attraction for Margaret. The New-Englander, whose climate is at once his enemy and his tonic, always longs for the tropics, which to him are a region of romance, as Italy is to the German. In his nature also there is something easily awakened to the allurements of a sensuous existence, and to a desire for a freer experience of life than custom has allowed him. Carmen, who showed to Margaret only her best side—she would have been wise to exhibit no other to Henderson, but women of her nature are apt to cheapen themselves with men—seemed an embodiment of that graceful gayety and fascinating worldliness which make the world agreeable.

One morning, a few days after the Indian function, Margaret was alone in her own cozy sitting-room. Nothing was wanting that luxury could suggest to make it in harmony with a beautiful woman, nothing that did not flatter and please, or nurse perhaps a personal sense of beauty, and impart that glow of satisfaction which comes when the senses are adroitly ministered to. Margaret had been in a mood that morning to pay extreme attention to her toilet. The result was the perfection of simplicity, of freshness, of maiden purity, enhanced by the touch of art. As she surveyed herself in the pier-glass, and noted the refined lines of the morning gown which draped but did not conceal the more exquisite lines of her figure, and adjusted a rose in her bosom, she did not feel like a Puritan, and, although she may not have noted the fact, she did not look like one. It was not a look of vanity that she threw into the mirror, or of special self-consciousness; in her toilet she had obeyed only her instinct (that infallible guide in a woman of refinement), and if she was conscious of any emotion, it was of the stirring within her of the deepest womanly nature.

In fact she was restless. She flung herself into an easy-chair before the fire, and took up a novel. It was a novel with a religious problem. In vain she tried to be interested in it. At home she would have absorbed it eagerly; they would have discussed it; the doubts and suggestions in it would have assumed the deepest personal importance. It might have made an era in her thoughtful country life. Here it did not so appeal to her; it seemed unreal and shadowy in a life that had so much more of action than of reflection in it. It was a life fascinating and exciting, and profoundly unsatisfactory. Yet, after all, it was more really life than that placid vegetation in the country. She felt that in the whirl of only a few days of it—operas, receptions, teas, readings, dances, dinners, where everybody sparkled with a bewildering brilliancy, and yet from which one brought away nothing but a sense of strain; such gallantry, such compliments, such an easy tossing about of every topic under heaven; such an air of knowing everything, and not caring about anything very much; so much mutual admiration and personal satisfaction! She liked it, and perhaps was restless because she liked it. To be admired, to be deferred to—was there any harm in that? Only, if one suffers admiration to-day, it becomes a necessity to-morrow. She began to feel the influence of that life which will not let one stand still for a moment. If it is not the opera, it is a charity; if it is not a

lover, it is some endowed cot in a hospital. There must be something going on every day, every hour.

Yes, she was restless, and could not read. She thought of Mr. Henderson. He had called formally. She had seen him, here and there, again and again. He had sought her out in all companies; his face had broken into a smile when he met her; he had talked with her lightly, gayly; she remembered the sound of his voice; she had learned to know his figure in a room among a hundred; and she blushed as she remembered that she had once or twice followed him with her eyes in the throng. He was, to be sure, nothing to her; but he was friendly; he was certainly entertaining; he was a part, somehow, of this easy-flowing life.

Miss Eschelle was announced. Margaret begged that she would come upstairs without ceremony. The mutual taking-in of the pretty street costume and the pretty morning toilet was the work of a moment—the photographer has invented no machine that equals a woman's eyes for such a purpose.

"How delightful it is! how altogether charming!" and Margaret felt that she was included with the room in this admiration. "I told mamma that I was coming to see you this morning, even if I missed the Senators' luncheon. I like to please myself sometimes. Mamma says I'm frivolous, but do you know"—the girls were comfortably seated by the fire, and Carmen turned her sweet face and candid eyes to her companion—"I get dreadfully tired of all this going round and round. No, I don't even go to the Indigent Mothers' Home; it's part of the same thing, but I haven't any gift that way. Ah, you were reading that novel."

"Yes; I was trying to read it; I intend to read it."

"Oh, we have had it! It's a little past now, but it has been all the rage. Everybody has read it; that is, I don't know that anybody has *read* it, but everybody has been talking about it. Of course somebody must have read it, to set the thing agoing. And it has been discussed to death. I sometimes feel as if I had changed my religion half a dozen times in a fortnight. But I haven't heard anything about it for a week. We have taken up the Hindoo widows now, you know." And the girl laughed, as if she knew she were talking nonsense.

"And you do not read much in the city?" Margaret asked, with an answering smile.

"Yes; in the summer. That is, some do. There is a reading set. I don't know that they read much, but there is a reading set. You know, Miss Debree, that when a book is published—really published, as Mr. Henderson says—you don't need to read it. Somehow it gets into the air and becomes common property. Everybody hears the whole thing. You can talk about it from a notice. Of course there are some novels that one must read in order to understand human nature. Do you read French?"

"Yes; but not many French novels; I cannot."

"Nor can I," said Carmen, with a sincere face. "They are too realistic for me." She was at the moment running over in her mind a "situation" in a paper-covered novel turned down on her night stand. "Mr. Henderson says that everybody condemns the French novels, and that people praise the novels they don't read."

"You know Mr. Henderson very well?"

"Yes; we've known him a long time. He is the only man I'm afraid of."

"Afraid of?"

"Well, you know, he is a sort of Club man: that style of man provokes your curiosity, for you never can tell how much such men know. It makes you a little uneasy."

Carmen was looking into the fire, as if abstractedly reflecting upon the nature of men in general, but she did not fail to notice a slight expression of pain on Margaret's face.

"But there is your Mr. Lyon—"

Margaret laughed. "You do me too much honor. I think you discovered him first."

"Well, our Mr. Lyon." Carmen was still looking into the fire. "He is such a good young man!"

Margaret did not exactly fancy this sort of commendation, and she replied, with somewhat the tone of defending him, "We all have the highest regard for Mr. Lyon."

"Yes, and he is quite one of us now, I assure you. He intends to do a great deal of good in the world. I think he spends half his time in New York studying, he calls it, our charitable institutions. Mamma reproaches me that I don't take

more interest in philanthropy. That is her worldly side. Everybody has a worldly side. I'm as worldly as I can be"—this with a look of innocence that denied the self-accusation—"but I haven't any call to marry into Exeter Hall and that sort of thing. That is what she means—dear mamma. Are you High-Church or evangelical?" she asked, after a moment, turning to Margaret, as if the question were of the utmost importance.

Margaret explained that she was neither.

"Well, I am High-Church, and Mr. Lyon is evangelical. Church evangelical. There couldn't be any happiness, you know, without harmony in religious belief."

"I should think not," said Margaret, now quite recovering herself. "It must be a matter of great anxiety to you here."

Carmen was quick to note the change of tone, and her face beamed with merriment as she rose.

"What nonsense I've been talking! I did not intend to go into such deep things. You must not mind what I said about Mr. (a little pause to read Margaret's face)—Mr. Lyon. We esteem him as much as you do. How charming you are looking this morning! I wish I had your secret of not letting this life tell on one." And she was gone in a shower of compliments and smiles and caressing ways. She had found out what she came to find out. Mr. Henderson needs watching, she said to herself.

The interview, as Margaret thought it over, was amusing, but it did not raise her spirits. Was everybody worldly and shallow? Was this the sort of woman whom Mr. Henderson fancied? Was Mr. Henderson the sort of man to whom such a woman would be attracted?

IX.

It was a dinner party in one of the up-town houses—palaces—that begin to repeat in size, spaciousness of apartments, and decoration the splendor of the Medicean merchant princes. It is the penalty that we pay for the freedom of republican opportunity that some must be very rich. This is the logical outcome of the open chance for everybody to be rich. And it is the surest way to distinction. In a free country the course must be run, and it is by the accumulation of great wealth that one can get beyond anxiety, and be at liberty to indulge in republican simplicity.

Margaret and Miss Arbuser were ushered in through a double row of servants in livery—short-clothes and stockings—in decorous vacuity—an array necessary to bring into relief the naturalness and simplicity of the entertainers. Vulgarity, one can see, consists in making one's self a part of the display of wealth: the thing to be attained is personal simplicity on a background of the richest ostentation. It is difficult to attain this, and theory says that it takes three generations for a man to separate himself thus from his display. It was the tattle of the town that the first owner of the pictures in the gallery of the Stott mansion used to tell the prices to his visitors; the third owner is quite beyond remembering them. He might mention, laughingly, that the ornamented shovel in the great fireplace in the library was decorated by Vavani—it was his wife's fancy. But he did not say that the ceiling in the music-room was painted by Pontifex Lodge, or that six Italian artists had worked four years making the Corean room, every inch of it exquisite as an intaglio—indeed, the reporters had made the town familiar with the costly facts.

The present occupants understood quite well the value of a background: the house swarmed with servants—retainers, one might say. Margaret, who was fresh from her history class, recalled the days of Elizabeth, when a man's importance was gauged by the retinue of servitors and men and women in waiting. And this is, after all, a better test of wealth than a mere accumulation of things and cost of decoration, for though men and women do not cost so much originally as good pictures—that is, good men and women—everybody knows that it needs more revenue to maintain them. Though the dinner party was not large, there was to be a dance afterward, and for every guest was provided a special attendant.

The dinner was served in the state dining-room, to which Mr. Henderson had the honor of conducting Margaret. Here prevailed also the same studied simplicity. The seats were for sixteen. The table went to the extremity of elegant plainness, no crowding, no confusion of colors under the soft lights; if there was ostentation anywhere, it was in the dazzling fineness of the expanse of table-

linen, not in the few rare flowers, or the crystal, or the plate, which was of solid gold, simply modest. The eye is pleased by this chastity—pure whiteness, the glow of yellow, the slight touch of sensuous warmth in the rose. The dinner was in keeping, smart, needlessly served [illegible] the eye of the *maître d'hôtel*, few courses, few wines; no anxiety on the part of the host and hostess—perhaps just a little consciousness that everything was simple and elegant, a little consciousness of the background, but another generation will remove that.

If to Margaret's country apprehension the conversation was not quite up to the level of the dinner and the house—what except that of a circle of wits, who would be out of place there, could be?—the presence of Mr. Henderson, who devoted himself to her, made the lack unnoticed. The talk ran, as usual, on the opera, Wagner, a Christmas party at Lenox, at Tuxedo, somebody's engagement, some lucky hit in the Exchange, the irritating personalities of the newspapers, the last English season, the marriage of the Duchess of Bolinbroke, a confidential disclosure of who would be in the cabinet and who would have missions, a jocular remark across the table about a "corner" (it is impossible absolutely here, as well as at a literary dinner, to sink the shop), the Sunday opening of galleries—anything to pass the hour, the ladies contributing most of the vivacity and persiflage.

"I saw you, Mr. Henderson"—it was Mrs. Laflamme raising her voice—"the other night in a box with a very pretty woman."

"Yes—Miss Eschelle."

"I don't know them. We used to hear of them in Naples, Venice, various places; they were in Europe some time, I believe. She was said to be very entertaining and [illegible]."

"Well, I suppose they have seen something of the world. The other lady was her mother. And the man with us—that might interest you more, Mrs. Laflamme—was Mr. Lyon, who will be the Earl of Chisholm."

"Ah! Then I suppose she has money?"

"I never saw any painful evidence of poverty. But I don't think Mr. Lyon is fortune-hunting. He seems to be after information and—goodness."

Margaret flushed a little, but apparently Henderson did not notice it. Then she said (after Mrs. Laflamme had dropped the subject with the remark that he had come to the right place), "Miss Eschelle called on me yesterday."

"And was, no doubt, agreeable."

"She was, as Mrs. Laflamme says, entertaining. She quoted you a good deal."

"Quoted me? For what?"

"As one would a book, as a familiar authority."

"I suppose I ought to be flattered, if you will excuse the street expression, to have my stock quotable. Perhaps you couldn't tell whether Miss Eschelle was a bull or a bear in this case?"

"I don't clearly know what that is. She didn't offer me any," said Margaret, in a tone of carrying on the figure without any personal meaning.

"Well, she is a bit of an operator. A good many women here amuse themselves a little in stocks."

"It doesn't seem to me very feminine."

"No? But women generally like to take risks and chances. In countries where lotteries are established they always buy tickets."

"Ah! then they only risk what they have. I think women are more prudent [illegible]."

"No doubt. They are conservatives usually. But when they do go in for radical measures and risks, they leave us quite behind." Mr. Henderson did not care to extend the conversation in this direction, and he asked, abruptly, "Are you finding New York agreeable, Miss Debree?"

"Yes. Yes and no. One has no time to one's self. Do you understand why it is, Mr. Henderson, that one can enjoy the whole day and then be thoroughly dissatisfied with it?"

"Perfectly; when the excitement is over."

"And then I don't seem to be myself here. I have a feeling of having lost myself."

"Because the world is so big?"

"Not that. Do you know, the world seems much smaller here than at home."

"And the city appears narrow and pro[illegible]."

"I cannot quite explain it. The interests of life don't seem so large—the questions, I mean, what is going on in Europe, the literature, the reforms, the politics. I get a wider view when I stand off—at home. I suppose it is more con-

centrated here. And, oh dear, I'm so stupid! Everybody is so alert in little things, so quick to turn a compliment, and say a bright thing. While I am getting ready to say what I really think about Browning, for instance, he is disposed of in a sentence."

"That is because you try to say what you really think."

"If one don't, what's the use of talk?"

"Oh, to pass the time."

Margaret looked up to see if Henderson was serious. There was a smile of amusement on his face, but not at all offensive, because the woman saw that it was a look of interest also.

"Then I sha'n't be serious any more," she said, as there was a movement to quit the table.

"That lays the responsibility on me of being serious," he replied, in the same light tone.

Later they were wandering through the picture-gallery together. A gallery of modern pictures appeals for the most part to the senses, represents the pomps, the color, the allurements of life. It struck Henderson forcibly that this gallery, which he knew well, appeared very different looking at it with Miss Debree from what it would if he had been looking at it with Miss Eschelle. There were some pictures that he hurried past, some technical excellences—only used for sensuous effects—that he did not call attention to as he might have done with another. Curiously enough, he found himself seeking sentiment, purity. If the drawing was bad, Margaret knew it; if a false note was struck, she saw it. But she was not educated up to a good many of the suggestions of the gallery. Henderson perceived this, and his manner to her became more deferential and protective. It was a manner to which every true woman responds, and Margaret was happy, more herself, and talked with a freedom and gayety, a spice of satire, and a note of reality, that made her every moment more attractive to her companion. In her animation the charm of her unworn beauty blazed upon him with a direct personal appeal. He hardly cared to conceal his frank admiration. She, on her part, was thinking, what could Miss Eschelle mean by saying that she was afraid of him?

"Does the world seem any larger here, Miss Debree?" he asked, as they had lingeringly made the circuit of the room and passed out through the tropical conservatory to join the rest of the company.

"Yes—away from people."

"Then it is not numbers, I am glad to know, that make a world."

She did not reply. But when he encountered her, robed for departure, at the foot of the stairway, she gave him her hand in good-night, and their eyes met for a moment.

I wonder if that was the time? Probably not. I fancy that when the right day came she confessed that the moment was when she first saw him enter their box at the opera.

Henderson walked down the Avenue slowly, hearing the echo of his own steps in the deserted street. He was in no haste to reach home. It was such a delightful evening, snowing a little, and cold, but so exhilarating. He remembered just how she turned her head as she got into the carriage. She had touched his arm lightly once in the gallery to call his attention to a picture. Yes, the world was larger, larger by one, and it would seem large—her image came to him distinctly—if she were the only one.

Henderson was under the spell of this evening when the next, in response to a note asking him to call for a moment on business, he was shown into the Eschelle drawing-room. It was dimly lighted, but familiarity with the place enabled him without difficulty to find his way down the long suite, rather overcrowded with luxurious furniture, statuary, and pictures on easels, to the little library at the far end glowing in a rosy light.

There, ensconced in a big chair, a book in her hand, one pretty foot on the fender, sat Carmen, in a grayish, vaporous toilet which took a warm hue from the color of the spreading lamp shades. On the carved table near was a litter of books and of nameless little articles, costly and coquettish, which assert femininity even in a literary atmosphere. Over the fireplace hung a picture of spring—a budding girl, smiling and winning, in a semi-transparent raiment, advancing with swift steps to bring in the season of flowers and of love. The hand that held the book rested upon the arm of the chair, a finger inserted in the place where she had been reading, her rounded white arm visible to the elbow, and Carmen was looking into the fire in

the attitude of reflection upon a suggestive passage.

Women have so many forms of attraction, different women are attractive in so many different ways, moods are so changing, beauty is so undefinable, and has so many weapons. And yet men are called inconstant!

It was not until Henderson had time to take in the warmth of this domestic picture that Carmen rose.

"It is so good of you to come—with all your engagements. Mamma is excused with a headache, but she has left me power of attorney to ask questions about our little venture."

"I hope the attorney will not put me through a cross-examination."

"That depends upon how you have been behaving, Mr. Henderson. I'm not very cross yet. Now sit there so that I can look at you and see how honest you are."

"Do you want me to put on my business or my evening expression?"

"Oh, the first, if you mean business."

"Well, your stocks are going up."

"That's nice. You are so lucky! Everything goes up with you. Do you know what they say of you?"

"Nothing bad, I hope?"

"That everything you touch turns to gold. That you will be one of the Nabobs of New York in ten years."

"That's a startling destiny."

"Isn't it? I don't like it." The girl seemed very serious. "I'd like you to be distinguished. To be in the cabinet. To be Minister—go to England. But one needs a great deal of money for that—to go as one ought to go. What a career is open to a man in this country if he has money!"

"But I don't care for politics."

"Who does? But position. You can afford that if you have money enough. Do you know, Mr. Henderson, I think you are dull."

"Thank you. I reckoned you'd find it out."

"The other night at the Nestor ball a lady—no, I won't tell you who she is—asked me if I knew who that man was across the room, such an air of distinction, might be the new British Minister. You know, I almost blushed when I said I did know him."

"Well?"

"You see what people expect of you. When a man looks distinguished and is clever, and knows how to please if he likes, he cannot help having a career, unless he is afraid to take the chances."

Henderson was not conscious of ever being wanting in this direction. The picture conjured up by the ingenious girl was not unfamiliar to his mind, and he understood quite well the relation to it that Carmen had in her mind; but he did not take the lead offered. Instead, he took refuge in the usual commonplace, and asked, "Wouldn't you like to have been a man?"

"Heaven forbid! I should be too wicked. It is responsibility enough to be a woman. I did not expect such a banality from you. Do you think, Mr. Henderson, we had better sell?"

"Sell what?"

"Our stocks. You are so occupied that I thought they might fall when you are up in the clouds somewhere."

"No; I shall not forget."

"Well, such things happen. I might forget you if it were not for the stocks."

"Then I shall keep the stocks, even if they fall."

"And we should both fall together. That would be some compensation. Not much. Going to smash with you would be something like going to church with Mr. Lyon. It might have a steadying effect."

"What has come over you to-night, Carmen?" Henderson asked, leaning forward with an expression of half amusement, half curiosity.

"I've been thinking—doesn't that astonish you?—about life. It is very serious. I got some new views talking with that Miss Debree from Brandon. Chiefly from what she didn't say. She is such a lovely girl, and just as unsophisticated—well, as we are. I fear I shocked her by telling her your opinion of French novels."

"You didn't tell her that I approved of all the French novels you read?"

"Oh no! I didn't say you approved of any. It sort of came out that you knew about them. She is so downright and conscientious. I declare I felt virtuous shivers running all over me all the time I was with her. I'm conscientious myself. I want everybody to know the worst of me. I wish I could practise some concealment. But she rather discourages me. She would take the color

out of a career. She somehow doesn't allow for color, I could see. Duty, duty—that is the way she looks at life. She'd [illegible] by the way. I liked her very much. I like people not to have too much toleration. She would be just the wife for some nice [illegible]

"Perhaps I ought to tell her your plan for her? I dined with her last night at the Stotts'."

"Yes?" Carmen had been wondering if he would tell her of that. "Was it very dull?"

"Not very. There was music, distant enough not to interfere with conversation, and the gallery afterward."

It must have been very exhilarating. You talked about the Duchess of Bolinbroke, and the opera, and Prince Talleyrand, and the corner in wheat—dear me, I know, so decorous! And you said Miss Debree was there?"

"I had the honor of taking her out."

"Mr. Henderson"—the girl had risen to adjust the lamp shade, and now stood behind his chair with her arm resting on it, so that he was obliged to turn his head backward to see her—"Mr. Henderson, do you know you are getting to be a desperate flirt?" The laughing eyes looking into his said that was not such a desperate thing to do if he chose the right object.

"Who taught me?" He raised his left hand. She did not respond to the overture, except to snap the hand with her index finger, and was back in her chair again, regarding him demurely.

"I think we shall go abroad soon." The little foot was on the fender again, and the face had the look of melancholy resolution.

"And leave Mr. Lyon without any protection here?" The remark was made [illegible] good-humored raillery, but for some reason it seemed to sting the girl.

"Pshaw!" she said. "How can you talk such nonsense? You," and she rose to her feet in indignation—"you to advise an American girl to sell herself for a title—the chance of a title. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why, Carmen," he replied, flushing, "I advised nothing of the sort. I hadn't the least idea. I don't care a straw for Mr. Lyon."

"That's just it: you don't care," sinking into her seat, still unappeased. "I think I'll tell Mr. Lyon that he will have occupation enough to keep him in this country if he puts his money into that scheme you were talking over the other night."

Henderson was in turn annoyed. "You can tell him anything you like. I'm no more responsible for his speculations than [illegible]

"Now you are offended. It's not nice of you to put me in the wrong when you know how impulsive I am. I wish I didn't let my feelings run away with me." This said reflectively, and looking away from him. And then, turning toward him with wistful, pleading eyes: "Do you know, I sometimes wish I had never seen you. You have so much power to make a person very bad or very good."

"Come, come," said Henderson, rising, "we mustn't quarrel about an Englishman—such old friends."

"Yes, we are very old friends." The girl rose also, and gave him her hand. "Perhaps that's the worst of it. If I should lose your esteem I should go into a convent." She dropped his hand, and snatching a bunch of violets from the table, fixed them in his button-hole, looking up in his face with vestal sweetness. "You are not offended?"

"Not a bit; not the least in the world," said Henderson, heartily, patting the hand that still lingered upon his lapel.

When he had gone, Carmen sank into her chair with a gesture of vexation, and there were hard lines in her sweet face. "What an insensible stick!" Then she ran upstairs to her mother, who sat in her room reading one of the town weeklies, into which some elderly ladies look for something to condemn.

"Well?"

"Such a stupid evening! He is just absorbed in that girl from Brandon. I told him we were going abroad."

"Going abroad! You are crazy, child. New York is forty times as amusing."

"And forty times as tiresome. I'm sick of it. Mamma, don't you think it would be only civil to ask Mr. Lyon to a quiet dinner before he goes?"

"Certainly. That is what I said the other day. I thought you—"

"Yes, I was ill-natured then. But I want to please you. And we really ought to be civil."

One day is so like another in the city. Every day something new, and the new

the same thing over again. And always the expectation that it will be different to-morrow. Nothing is so tiresome as a kaleidoscope, though it never repeats itself.

Fortunately there are two pursuits that never pall — making money and making love.

Henderson had a new object in life, though the new one did not sensibly divert him from the old; it rather threw a charming light over it, and made the possibilities of it more attractive. In all his schemes he found the thought of Margaret entering. Why should it not have been Carmen? he sometimes thought. She thoroughly understood him. She would never stand in the way of his most daring ambitions with any scruples. Her conscience would never nag his. She would be ambitious for a career for him. Would she care for him or the career? How clever she was! And affectionate? She would be if she had a heart.

He was not balancing the two. What man ever does, in fact? It was simply because Margaret had a heart that he loved her, that she seemed necessary to him. He was quite capable of making a match for his advancement, but he felt strong enough to make one for his own pleasure. And if there are men so worldly as not to be attracted to unworldliness in a woman, Henderson was not one of them. If his heart had not dictated, his brain would have told him the value of the sympathy of a good woman.

He was a very busy man, in the thick of the struggle for a great fortune. It did not occur to him to reflect whether she would approve all the methods he resorted to, but all the women he knew liked success, and the thought of her invigorated him. If she once loved him, she would approve what he did.

He saw much of her in those passing days — days that went like a dream to one of them at least. He was a welcome guest at the Arbusers, but he saw little of Margaret alone. It did not matter. A chance look is a volume; a word is a library. They saw each other; they heard each other. And then passion grows almost as well in the absence as in the presence of the object. Imagination then has free play. A little separation sometimes will fan it into a flame.

The days went by, and Margaret's visit was over. I am obliged to say that the leave-taking was a gay one, as full of laughter as it was of hope. Brandon was such a little way off. Henderson often had business there. The Misses Arbuser said, "Of course." And Margaret said he must not forget that she lived there. Even when she bade her entertainers an affectionate good-by, she could not look very unhappy.

Spring was coming. That day in the cars there were few signs of it on the roadside to be seen, but the buds were swelling. And Margaret, neglecting the book which lay in her lap, and looking out the window, felt it in all her veins.

THE SOUTH AND THE SCHOOL PROBLEM.

BY ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

BEFORE the late war there was not in the Slave States of the Union any general or efficient system of education for the masses of the people. How different was the conception of the subject that then had favor from the American doctrine of the "common school for the elementary education of the children of all the people at public expense," is indicated by the phrases that in many parts of the South in the old days described the schools carried on for short periods with public money: they were "poor schools," or "free schools," according to the fancy of the locality where the poor things existed. They were for white children whose parents were too poor to provide even the most rudimentary education. Very naturally they were despised by the very people for whose benefit they were conducted. Negro children were not considered in these meagre plans for the education of the children of the poor.

With reconstruction came to the South the common school, one of the best issues of the revolution. With the new order the American doctrine of the common school was sure to prevail. If the Southern people had been left to themselves it would have come, but Reconstruction brought it sooner than natural evolution would have developed it. The financial

break-down that, in the South, followed the long and exhausting war, as well as the social and political disruptions, made anything like an effective school system for several years impossible. But the principle was recognized; the common school was anchored in the reconstruction constitutions. So much the South owes to the carpet-bag governments; they did not give to the Southern people common schools, but they began them. The overruling providence that, in wondrous ways, "saved a remnant alive," brought out of that period of Southern history the beginnings of common-school education for the children of all the people—a blessing that can never depart from them.

It was natural that the interest of Southern white people in the common school suffered semi-paralysis at the beginning; State laws forbidding the education of the black people had just been repealed, and the white people paid nearly all the taxes that supported schools open to both races. That the common school held its place after the white people had regained control of their affairs shows how rapidly and deeply the roots of conviction as to its utility and necessity had gone down into the Southern mind.

It was in the logic of events that the common school, if it existed at all, must offer its advantages to both races. It was certain that sooner or later all distinctions in the systems of public education adopted by the Southern States growing out of race, color, or previous condition of servitude would disappear, with the single exception, also certain, that the two races would not be taught, at public expense, in the same schools. No system of public schools requiring the races to be taught together could have been begun, much less maintained. As one man, the Southern people said, "We will have separate schools or no schools." As to the two races involved in this question of public schools the difference is this: the negroes do not wish mixed schools; the white people will not have them. Doctrinaires could not settle such questions; they had to be settled on the ground by the people most concerned in their right settlement.

The common school has not only had to win its way in the face of hostile tradition; it has not only had to contend against the mistaken economy that refused enough money to do thorough work; it has not only suffered from the real poverty of the people; it has been handicapped by the popular prejudice against negro education, and by the reluctance of the white people to maintain schools for two races while only one race bore nearly all the burdens. But the common school holds its place, steadily gaining ground, while as late as 1884 there was in only two States, Maryland and Kentucky, discrimination against the colored schools. There is none, as I am informed, in 1889.

If it shall appear that any real progress has been made in public education in the South during the last ten years, it will, to say the least, be encouraging for the future. Every Southern State has a system of public schools. As "systems" there is little to say against them; they are modelled after the best in our country. The leading features are copied from the most approved systems in the Northern and Eastern States. That the great majority of the public schools, outside the cities and a few larger towns, are inefficient and altogether unsatisfactory is conceded on every hand. The Southern people in the rural districts, where most of them live, and the small villages, have now reached the most difficult and discouraging period in the development of the common schools. They have greatly interfered with private schools, but have not yet taken their place. It is the country and village school that is now being considered; the larger cities of the South, without exception, have thorough-going systems of graded schools; hundreds of the larger towns and a few of the richer counties are following the example set by the cities.

The common school in the South concerns, for the most part, the village and rural population. The urban population is small, though it is now fast outgrowing the old proportions. Of 560,281 children of school age in Georgia, 490,270 do not live in towns and cities. The case of Georgia as to the distribution of the children of school age is the case of the South.

In the statements and illustrations that follow in this paper "the South" is considered as including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. So far as the grave questions growing out of race problems and other conditions characteristic of the South are concerned, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and

Missouri are not Southern States. What of the common school in the States here considered as making up the South?

The term is short, the average being in 1883 for all these States (substantially unchanged), in days, 81.6; the average for the Union in 1883 was 119.63 days. In many instances private subscription enables the teacher to "keep school" longer than the three or four months that make up the State's term.

The school buildings are, as a rule, inferior. They are without modern appliances; most of them have what their fathers had — rough benches, a few elementary books, and a good supply of hickory switches. A small number have wall maps, cheap globes, or charts of some sort. Many lack the cheapest blackboards. The text-books used by the children in these schools are such as are used in other portions of the Union.

The salaries paid the teachers will indicate, to some extent, the quality of the public schools. Texas is already better off than her sisters; her more than fifty millions of acres of school lands promises for the future an endowment for public education unmatched in the world. The average monthly salary paid teachers in the rural districts in Texas, 1888, was only $39 04. In other States it ranges from $20 to $30.

Many of these schools are much better than these poor salaries indicate; the struggle for bread has driven many, especially women, who come of families once rich, but broken down by the issues of war, to school-teaching, and in log houses, on pitiful salaries, some of the best school-work is done. But some of these schools are worse than the lowest salary would indicate.

Outside the cities and more progressive larger towns the Southern people are not yet educated to the point of taxing themselves for the education of their own children; with many the specious objection that "one citizen should not be taxed to educate another citizen's children," as if feeding, clothing, and educating a child belong to the same category, still has force; in every Southern Legislature are obstructionists of the worst possible Bourbon type, who devote themselves to saving the people from spending their own money for their own benefit. Nothing proves the sore need of education more than the influence exerted by such men.

But throughout the South there is promise of better things. The question of education, especially the education of the masses, is everywhere a matter of earnest discussion. Teachers, editors, candidates for office, preachers, farmers, mechanics, white and black people, all classes, are discussing the subject. How widespread this awakening has been is illustrated by the interest shown in the subject by the country press. When a Southern county town weekly, depending for life chiefly on county advertising, takes an abiding interest in a matter of general concern, it is proof that the people are beginning to be aroused. The South is beginning to awake to the perils that lie but partially concealed in the ignorant classes, both white and black, that make up so large a part of the population. It is time to awake; there is reason to be alarmed when the tenth census reports in the twelve States under consideration in this paper 332,733 white voters and 886,905 negro voters as "unable to write." If in a union of States like ours, which binds all into one, this alarm should not extend to States more fortunate than these twelve Southern States, it would indicate an indifference to common interests and common dangers more alarming than ignorance itself.

The illiteracy brought to view by the census of 1880 is simply appalling, but comparison with the census of 1870 shows just enough gain to stimulate zeal and inspire hope. Including Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, West Virginia, and Missouri, the percentages of illiteracy are as follows: 1870, white illiteracy, 19.4 per cent.; in 1880, 16.6 per cent.; 1870, colored illiteracy, 88.9 per cent.; 1880, 70.4 per cent. These figures show the status of persons "twenty-one years and upward." The gain is real, not imaginary, but when we consider the swift movement of our times, it is slow; when we consider the material recuperation of the Southern States since 1870—to say nothing of the enormous development of the resources of the whole country—this gain upon illiteracy in the South is small and disappointing. Nor should we forget that the census reports on illiteracy are always rose-colored when at their worst. There is enough confusion in the country, or at least knowledge of its lack, to make people ashamed to confess illiteracy.

Candor compels the sorrowful admis-

sion at this point that Georgia leads the procession of illiterates. In 1880 Georgia returned a greater number of persons "ten years old and upward" as "unable to write" than any State in the Union. In a total population, "ten years old and upward," of 1,043,840, there were whites 128,934, and negroes 391,482, total 520,416, who could not sign their names. Alabama shows a total of 433,447 "unable to write"—whites, 111,767; colored, 321,680. In white illiteracy Tennessee leads with 216,227, with Kentucky close by with 214,497.

What are these States doing to educate their illiterate hosts? Detailed statements as to all of them would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits. A few illustrative statements must suffice.

Take Georgia to begin with. The figures for 1887 are used, the returns for 1888 not being all in hand when this statement was prepared. The entire sum raised in Georgia in every way by the State and by cities and counties under local laws for 1887 was $795,987 26. Of this sum the cities and counties, under local law and for local use, raised $302,477 74. But of the whole school population of 560,281 there are 490,270 who do not live in such cities and counties as made special provision for their children—that is, Georgia, for her children not helped by local taxation, expended in 1887 considerably less than $1 for each one of school age.

During the last twelve months the State of Georgia has done more thinking on the subject of illiteracy and popular education than during twenty years past. The subject has filled the papers; it has been a leading topic in not a few Church Assemblies. The two Georgia Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, after stirring debate, delivered their minds upon the Legislature in favor of six months' public schools.

The General Assembly during the winter session gave unwonted attention to the subject. Public education was never so earnestly or so ably discussed by a Georgia Legislature, and an act was passed almost unanimously providing four months schools for 1889, and five for 1890. It means six months public schools for white and colored children in 1891.

Alabama has taken an advanced step, adding to the appropriation of 1888 $100,000. In every one of these States are indications of awakening.

To return to the question, "What are these States doing?" a few general statements must answer at this time. The total amount expended by Tennessee for public education in 1887 was $1,023,893 23; by Arkansas, 1888, $901,190 58; by North Carolina, 1888, $691,188 20; in Kentucky, for 1886, the "Auditor's estimate of the total net resources of the white and colored school fund was $1,042,899 18; by South Carolina, total expenditures for public education for 1885, $549,857 69; by Virginia, 1887, $1,535,289 11; by Texas, 1888, $2,007,808 94; by Florida, 1888, $484,110 23—and there is no more creditable showing made by any Southern State.

Putting all together, taking the exact figures in the latest reports, and the best possible estimates based on preceding reports of late years, these twelve States have expended upon the public-school systems since the war the sum of $122,497,219 59—a stupendous amount of money, considering the conditions of life and business in these States since April 9, 1865.

One of the tables in the tenth census makes a grouping of States that places Missouri among the "Western States," and Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia in the "Middle States," placing West Virginia among the "Southern States." In this table the total "valuation of real estate and personal property" of New York was $2,651,940,006; of the thirteen Southern States here grouped together, $2,370,923,269, or nearly $300,000,000 less than the total for New York. These figures do not fairly indicate comparative ability to raise the sums needed to meet the expenses of government. In 1880 in all the Southern States there were barely 2000 persons holding United States non-taxable bonds, and they were holders of small amounts, while in New York alone there were 14,803 holders of such bonds, and it is almost certain that three of these persons held larger amounts than all the Southern holders put together.

To me it is clear that the soundest political and business economy has indicated that the Southern States should have expended more of the comparatively little they had in the education of the people, but it is not discreditable that the tenth census shows a total expenditure for public education in 1880 by New York of $9,936,662, and by these Southern States, for 1880, of $7,812,693. And in considering what the census tells us on all these

subjects, it should be remembered that the expenses of government in the South are met, for the most part, by something more than half the people.

This paper would be incomplete if we were to omit all mention of higher education. Most of the colleges and universities suspended and crippled by the war have been re-established. Of them all, scarce a dozen have anything like adequate endowments. In no country are there as many thoroughly capable and devoted teachers doing college work on as small salaries as these Southern institutions can show. There is not in the entire South one woman's college sufficiently endowed to lift it above the perils that come with the fluctuation of patronage. Most of the Southern colleges lack the appliances that modern investigation and modern methods make necessary for the best work.

One striking and inspiring fact should be mentioned here to the honor of the Southern faculties; notwithstanding poverty, the work of the colleges is far broader and much better than before 1860. The courses of study are not only more thorough, they are more liberal, and more in harmony with the best thought and best tendencies of our times.

Of true normal school work there has not been much in the South outside the splendid work done in the best of the higher institutions for the negroes. But the need of normal schools is more and more realized; the influence of the Peabody fund is being felt in every Southern State; every well-trained teacher aided by this foundation, so wisely and patriotically administered by trustees and agents, goes forth an incarnate argument for normal school training. The Peabody Fund has accomplished incalculable good in another way; it has put a great premium on local enterprise, and so has done more than anything known to me to foster sentiment in favor of local taxation for local needs.

A marked feature in recent discussions in the South as to education has been tool craft in connection with training in books. Georgia has stepped ten paces in front, and has established a technological school of high grade in the city of Atlanta, placing at its head a man eminently fitted for his work, the Rev. D. I. S. Hopkins, the late president of Emory College. Mississippi has established at Columbus a school for girls that unites industrial training to education in books. The success of the experiment has challenged attention throughout the entire Southern country.

In this connection it should be said that the higher institutions for negro youth in the South have almost without exception introduced industrial training as part of the course of study. The late John F. Slater, of Norwich, Connecticut, in 1882 gave one million dollars, as he said, "to aid in the Christian education of the lately emancipated race and of their descendants in the South." Mr. Slater desired that the interest of the money he gave should be used to make more efficient the work of schools established by others. It was intended to help as many, and to help them as rapidly, as possible, so as to help them truly. So in carrying out the founder's wish those institutions have been aided that were known to do such work as made their students good teachers, and the agent was instructed to "prefer those schools that joined to instruction in books some form of industrial training." The result is that every important school for negro youth in the South has adopted industrial training, and with the most beneficent and every way gratifying results.

The most unique and altogether wonderful chapter in the history of education is that which tells the story of the education of the negroes of the South since 1865.

The friends of the negro's education really began during the war. The work was taken hold of with a vigor the world never saw before as soon as hostilities ceased. The government expended through the Freedmen's Bureau large sums; Northern benevolence poured many millions of dollars into the South to teach, enlighten, lift up, and better christianize the emancipated people. Presently most of the Southern States began to make appropriations of public money to institutions that best prepared colored men and women to teach in the common schools. The churches of the North organized great societies to raise money and carry on the work of education among the colored people. Counting all the higher schools, whether called universities, colleges, institutes, or seminaries, there are about one hundred and fifty able to prepare men and women to teach in the common schools, some of them fitted to do thorough college work. In these institutions, working on small salaries, I have met many

times men and women "of whom the world is not worthy," graduates of the foremost schools in America—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Colby University, the University of Boston, University of Michigan, Oberlin, Wellesley, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, and the best of them all. Among these teachers some of the best are colored men and women who were taught during the first decade of this great Christian experiment.

There has been some prejudice excited by the over-naming of the institutions established for the colored people. Many are called "university," but not one does university work, nor is there now occasion for such work; many more are called colleges, but the least part of the work they do is college work. I had occasion to look carefully into this matter. In 1883–4, in the schools receiving aid from the "John F. Slater Fund," there were employed 303 teachers, and enrolled 7273 students. They were in colleges, universities, institutes. An actual count, as the catalogues classed the students, resulted in the following conclusion: "The percentage of the whole number engaged in classical studies, the higher mathematics, and other college studies, and studies preparatory to admission to the college classes, was less than five per cent. of the whole number." The ninety-five in each hundred were learning just what they should have been learning; they were fitting themselves to be intelligent men and women, and to teach in the public schools for their people. The president of one of the best of these institutions tells me that "more than 1000 of his former students have taught in the public schools."

In connection with some of the best of these institutions are professional schools. The negro preacher has abundant opportunity to use his gifts. The negro lawyer has not much encouragement. The negro doctor is rapidly winning his way. There are three really admirable medical schools for colored men in the South: Medical Department, Howard University, Washington city; Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tennessee; and Leonard Medical School, Raleigh, North Carolina.

No people were ever helped so much in twenty-five years, and no illiterate people ever learned so fast. The most painstaking and long-continued investigations justify me in making the following statements, using the round numbers nearest the actual facts:

1. There are in the South, in 1889, 16,000 common schools conducted by colored teachers; in these schools about one million colored children receive elementary instruction from three to four months per annum at public expense.

2. Not less than two millions of the colored people can at least read.

3. In higher education the best ones succeed as well as other people with the same sort of preliminary training.

4. The African churches in the South are fired with commendable zeal to do what they can in the education of their people. In some enterprises they have done notably well, justifying the firm persuasion that some day they will be capable of conducting their own institutions.

5. The introduction of industrial training into all the leading institutions for the colored people has been an unmixed blessing. It has helped scholarship, discipline, and the building up of self-reliant, self-maintaining manhood and womanhood.

6. There is a growing friendliness toward the cause of negro education. Grants of money are made with less reluctance; the States and cities are putting every year larger sums in the work of educating the negro, and those who teach him are beginning to receive something like Christian recognition.

7. The white churches of the South are beginning to move in the actual work of teaching the negro. What they have begun they will carry on.

8. There is substantial progress. Investigation in every available direction, with the best helps I could get from the highest official sources in each of the twelve States specially considered in this paper, led to these results, comparing 1882 and 1888: Total colored school population, 1888, 2,057,990, an increase from 1882 of fourteen per cent.; total colored enrolment for 1888, 985,522, an increase of thirty-four per cent. This is hopeful; the gain in numbers at school is relatively more than the gain in the population.

Comparing the case of the white people with the case of the negroes in these respects, we find: For 1888, total white school population, 3,383,618, an increase from 1882 in six years of nineteen per cent.; total white enrolment, 1888, 1,997,558, an increase of thirty-seven per cent.

9. What the higher-grade institutions

for colored people now most need is endowment sufficient to secure for many years to come thoroughly efficient instruction.

I conclude this review of a very broad field with a condensed statement of the sources of revenue for carrying on this vast undertaking, the education of a race. Into this cause have gone the following amounts:

Freedmen's Aid Society (Methodist)	$2,225,000
Baptist Home Mission	2,000,000
Presbyterian Home Mission	1,542,746
American Missionary Association	6,000,000
The different women's societies	500,000
John F. Slater	1,000,000
Daniel Hand	1,000,000
Other individual gifts	1,000,000
Quakers and others	500,000
Total	$15,767,746

By the States, in aid of normal schools and in maintaining the common schools, the following amounts:

Alabama	$3,404,293 24
Arkansas	3,409,110 00
Florida	849,000 00
Georgia	2,702,276 00
Kentucky	1,362,873 00
Louisiana	2,150,000 00
Mississippi	7,136,800 00
North Carolina	2,441,062 00
South Carolina	3,000,000 00
Tennessee	2,358,000 00
Texas	4,064,259 00
Virginia	4,500,000 00
Total	$37,377,673 24

More and more this disproportion will increase. It costs much more to maintain 16,000 public schools, although with short terms and low salaries, than to conduct many more colleges than have been established or will be needed.

To make these 16,000 schools what they should be requires more money than the Southern States can at this time furnish.

DECATUR, GEORGIA, *March* 30, 1889.

AGATHA'S COAT OF ARMS.

BY FLORENCE E. WELD.

I.

AT one side of the library table sat a stout, florid, gray-haired old gentleman; at the other, a tall, slender, graceful young lady. Her morning dress was tight in the sleeves, high in the neck, long in the train. Her abundant hair towered high in a golden mass on her shapely head, and fell low over her white forehead.

This elegant young lady was opening, with a business-like air, a large blank book. She drew within convenient reach a bronze inkstand with its bristling grove of pen-holders.

"Now, papa, attention!" said she. "Please put down that stupid newspaper, and tell me all you can about your family. The least particular is of great importance."

"It's easy done," replied the old gentleman. He obediently folded his morning journal, and stretched his slippered feet out on the fender. "That's easy done, my dear; it's short enough not to ink your fingers much taking of it down. You and Dick are forever harping on your 'blood,' but I couldn't ever see much sense in it. I can't see what exactly you've got to make it out of. But it's all right—all right, dearie. Fact is, I never had interest enough to look into the matter. Now le's see. I can tell you grandfather's name and father's and mother's; then I guess I've got to the end o' my rope, and 'ain't told you anything new either."

"No, no, papa! Surely you have heard and remembered something of Alexander Graystone, Mrs. Dorothy, and the old General?"

"No, I haven't. Father's name was Charles; his father's, Leonard; and my mother's was, as you already know, Aggie—was Betsy Pooley—what might be called a leetle grain common, I s'pose."

The young lady colored.

"Grandmother, of course, belonged to an aristocratic family," said she, proudly. "But, dear, I thought, if we should talk the matter over quietly together, that you might be able to recall a little more than those three names. Take, for instance, your grandfather, Leonard. Did you ever see him? If so, what impression did he make upon you?"

"Why, now you speak of it, I do have a dim recollection of seeing him once, and—"

"Oh, how interesting! How did he look?"

"He was a big man, and he had long

white hair and beard, and he carried a gold-headed cane."

"Well, what more, nice papa?"

"Nothing, dearie. Didn't know I knew this."

"Now let us take your father, Charles Graystone."

"Ha! ha! You'll have to let me off on him. Why, he died, child, when I was only six months old. You mustn't expect a babe o' that age, if he was a Graystone, to be able to remember everything he stared at."

"Babies are deep, designing creatures, papa, and know a great deal more than they pretend to; however, I will be merciful. Grandmother next—your mother, papa."

"She lived till I was three and a half. She had bright, dark eyes and long curls, and was pretty. I can recall her standing before a looking-glass curling her hair over a stick. I can remember her leaning over a wash-tub, wringing white clothes out of foaming suds, with those long curls dangling round her face."

"Heavens! A wash-tub?"

"Can't help it, my dear. And, to be honest, I recollect her hanging of 'em up on the line."

"An eccentricity," returned Agatha, decidedly, disposing of the odious subject. "Papa, I have often wondered that you were not adopted by Leonard Graystone's family after your parents' death, instead of by Major Cobb."

"Grandfather didn't have any family, nobody but his second wife, and probably she didn't feel any call to fuss with a youngster that didn't belong to her. He died a few months following mother. Don't know what became of her."

"It seems so strange, papa, that in all these years you have never seen or heard from one of your relatives. Leonard Graystone had brothers, had he not?"

"Y-yes: I guess so. But I haven't an idea what their Christian names were, or where they lived."

"Still, you are quite positive—you must be positive—that those wealthy Graystones of Stoutport are a branch of the family. In a magazine article, 'Art Studies through Connecticut,' I read that these fortunate owners of the most picturesque estate 'our special artist' was able to discover in his rambles are connected with the Graystones of England. This is conclusive proof. You remember that when Dick went to Battleworth, ——shire, and presented himself to Sir William as a possible kinsman, he was most cordially received. Their coats of arms were compared, and found to be exactly alike. Sir William's family expressed much pleasure in the meeting. They even called him 'cousin.' They paid him very marked attention during the remainder of his stay in England. Ah, it is a grand thing to belong to an ancient family; and the signs of noble blood—are they not unmistakable? Consider our elegant tastes, our abhorrence of everything common and ordinary. Look at our aristocratic hands" (stretching out her long, rose-tipped fingers); "notice our high-born insteps" (running around the table and placing her charming foot by the side of Papa Graystone's, no less finely formed); "regard our high-bred noses" (fondly caressing papa's). "Yes, if there is anything in life for which I am fervently grateful, it is that I come from an old, honored, noble race; that in these veins flows the unsullied blood of a ducal house. One of my golden dreams is to visit England and meet our noble relatives there; another, to search out all the branches of the family in our own country. I should instantly recognize any one of the race, the family characteristics are so marked. Dear, have you forgotten that Sir William showed Dick his gallery of family portraits, and that Dick declared he could trace my features clearly in those of the powdered dames? My very eyes, he said, stared down at him from those tarnished frames. He found the likeness between yourself and Sir William so striking you might easily be mistaken for one another. Again, Sir William and all his—"

At this moment a quick, firm step was heard on the gravel-path beneath the library window. Miss Agatha's eloquence faltered; she paused, blushed, made an effort to continue, stopped again, then scampered, with a shocking loss of dignity, back to her own side of the table.

A servant announced, "Mr. Smith."

"Hah! glad to see you, Smith," Papa Graystone cried, brightening: he had been looking terribly bored. He grasped the young man cordially by the hand. "Sit down; sit down. How's things going at the works?"

"Finely, sir," replied Mr. Smith, bowing to Miss Graystone. "As I was passing, I concluded to stop and walk down with you, if you are going to the office

this morning. There are [illegible] sir. I am in haste to talk over with you. Jones and Brown have applied for higher [illegible]

"Aha! Hum—well. I ain't surprised. We'll see. They're good workmen."

Agatha, with arched eyebrows drawn into two straight, delicate lines, feigned to be absorbed in her note-book.

"Take a chair, Smith; take a chair. I'll step out and put on my great-coat. My little girl has kept me idling here since breakfast."

Papa Graystone bustled out of the room, banishing, without a moment's loss of time, all thought of the famous race from which he sprung. As proprietor of the extensive iron-works of Arden, he had something else to think about.

Mr. Smith sat down and gazed with eloquent eyes at Miss Graystone, who kept on writing Heaven knows what in her book. The silence became oppressive. The young lady knew perfectly well that she was permitting herself to be rude and disagreeable. Suddenly she threw down her pen. Wiping her inky middle finger lingeringly, with an appearance of deep and critical interest in the operation, she carelessly [illegible]

"Any news from down-town, Mr. Smith?"

"No; the affairs of business Arden are as safe, practical, and unexciting as usual. You are occupied. Do not let me interrupt you."

"It is nothing. I am simply scribbling a little—adding a few items of value in our family history to a former record." She lightly ran over the leaves. "It is not long, you see. I know far more concerning the English Graystones than the American."

"You have a coat of arms, I believe?" remarked Mr. Smith.

"Yes," returned Agatha, her eyes kindling. "You have examined it, no doubt?"

Mr. Smith thought he had not.

"Is it possible! Here, then, it is, cut in this seal, and here again in sard on my birthday ring. We have it in various other forms; it is carved in oak in the dining-room, and engraved on all the silver. I have it tinted in water-color and framed in my boudoir. It is carved in ebony on the drawing-room chairs. I have the explanation which accompanies the coat of arms copied in this book. Would you like to hear it?"

So sweetly condescending!

[illegible]

torical impressiveness the following lucid [illegible]

"'He beareth [illegible]

of Graystone, and is the paternal coat armour of [illegible]

of King Harold and of William the Conqueror. [illegible]

The Bold. Motto: Non Sine Numine.'"

Mr. Smith.

[illegible]

Mr. Smith app[illegible]

[illegible]

confidential.

[illegible]

letter. If you would care to hear this also, I will read it; but don't let me bore you."

Bore him! Mr. Smith could not repress [illegible]

[illegible]

could desire. The date is 17[illegible]

[illegible]

ye season demand. After reaching ye afore-

Arrival will bee forwarded to him.

"'Your Mistress and Madam Dorothy Graystone, as well as ye little Boys, desire y^r remembrance to you: also to your faithful

"'James will peruse ye inclosed printed Matter on ye subject of English stock.

"'Hoping to meet all my Household ere

Papa Graystone, bustling back again. "Poor Smith 'll look out how he gets caught in

"I have been in paradise," said Mr. Smith, in a tone to reach only Agatha's ear.

eminently aristocratic blood! Haughtily eyelids and walked to the window, whence she tossed a merry kiss to Papa Graystone as he paused at the gate. A bewitching picture, no doubt, but it was all lost to Mr. Smith—all the beauty, the grace, the gayety: he did not turn his head.

Agatha must have discovered something exceedingly fascinating about the marble nymph watching the crystal water of the a long, long time, intent and motionless, she gazed at the graceful guardian of the place. The clock at her elbow struck the hour: the sweet, abstracted smile vanished from her lips, and she turned angrily away.

II.

Six weeks later Papa Graystone discovered that his cherished daughter was not looking well. A doctor was summoned: she was forced to confess that she was not well.

Appetite? Oh dear no. Sleep? Alas! no. Strength? Yes—no—a little. Ah, this would not do. Thin: tearful: violet shadows beneath sad eyes.

Papa Graystone vowed that the lovely invalid should have change of air, change of scene, and repose without a moment's delay—now—instantly. But where, and

"Dear papa," murmured Agatha, interrupting his meditations. She slipped her arms affectionately around his neck and kissed his noble nose. "Papa, I am not really ill. And I will promise to become quite well if you will let me do as I please."

"Thought you always did that, dearie."

Now I have a plan—most delightful. My dearest friend, Olive Witherspoon, lives at Ogden, thirty miles from Stoutport, and at Stoutport live those mysterious Graystones whose acquaintance I am wild to make. I will visit Olive, whose entreaties have been piteous ever since January. On my way home—and what could be more natural?—I will stop at Stoutport and call upon our relatives. Georgiana shall be my travelling companion. Olive's sister Kitty has invited her, too. Now give your full and free consent, you blessed papa."

Of course he gave it. Gasping, he was gratefully released, and his loving daughter joyfully bestowed four hard kisses on the glistening top of his bald head.

At this period of her life a wise mother might have saved Miss Agatha Graystone a good deal of suffering; but, wise or foolish, Mamma Graystone about ten years previously had slipped quietly out of life. There was neither mother nor friend to unravel the poor tangle in her head, through whose mazes the warm impulses of her young heart were vainly trying to beat a

On one point Papa Graystone had been which in every other respect was the most yielding: he would have Peter Smith treated as a gentleman merited: he would have him sit at his table, drink his choicest wines, be present at his finest parties. The young foreman talked well: he was refined and agreeable.

"I'd just like to have anybody dare to tell me that Peter Smith ain't as good as you, or me, or anybody else," Papa Graystone would thunder, aggressively. "He knows more than all of us put together. He's the smartest business man and the best fellow I ever saw. What if his mother *was* my laundress, sir? She was a lady, every inch of her, and worked herself into her grave trying to get that boy an education. 'Tain't every young man that 'll have his chance to rise, I can tell you, sir."

Previous to Agatha's illness there had been a great reception at Papa Graystone's superb mansion. During the evening the young hostess found herself, by some not altogether strange combination of circumstances, alone in the library with Peter Smith, whom she had been systematically avoiding. And here did papa's foreman lay his heart, his

hand, his future prospects—in lieu of present fortune—at her feet. He was not at all surprised to have them rejected. Agatha was most respectful, most gentle. Her voice faltered; her cheeks paled; tears rose to her eyes.

"I esteem you, Mr. Smith, more than I can express, but I cannot be your wife. Oh, let me have one comfort before we part!—tell me that you believe I never encouraged this—this painful— Ah me! how miserable, miserable I am!"

"Do not—pray do not distress yourself. My own presumption is alone to blame. I know your pride of birth; forgive me—but if my lineage had been as noble as your own, would this—do not refuse to answer—could this have made a difference in your decision?"

She did not refuse to answer; neither did she reply. With a passionate gesture, she covered her tear-wet face with her hands, and hurried from the room.

III.

It is May, the time of green, spreading growth, of bud and blossom, when even the rocky farms of Connecticut promise plenty and glow with beauty. At the Stoutport station two travellers alight from an accommodation train from Ogden. It is high noon, and the sun, blazing in a cloudless sky, is sending down burning rays through the palpitating atmosphere. The travellers gasp. They look regretfully after the receding train: in motion, one might breathe; here, impossible.

The village long honored by the residence of the Graystone family lies two miles from the railroad, and its public conveyance meets only the morning and evening trains.

"One cannot suffocate for five interminable hours here," cries Agatha.

"Find some of the natives, and get a carriage and drive over," advises Georgiana.

"There ought to be some one here in charge of—of things," Agatha declares, looking about the platform with disfavor.

Thereupon appears from the dim and musty interior the station-master, yawning. To him the perplexity of the travellers is unfolded. Is it possible that he can offer any mode of relief? He can; he has a "spring-wagern" in the shed, and will, for a moderate compensation, take them over to the village himself. Presently, mounted upon the one lofty seat, the driver in the middle, two trunks plunging about below, they are jolting along over the stony road. At first the girls, wild-eyed and with shrill screams, hang with a desperate grasp on the ends of the seat. They set their teeth, brace their feet against the dash-board, and await the shocks of rut and hollow, which invariably come on the unexpected side. The station-master again assures them that his vehicle is a "*spring*-wagern," and this brazen statement they receive with a sickly smile. He assures them that beyond the next hill they'll find a piece of road as smooth as a "bowlin'-alley," and the truth of this is sufficiently verified to enable them to release one another from their last frantic clutch, to breathe, to straighten their hats, to allow their driver to gather himself up from the dash-board, upon which he has been [illegible] crushed by their struggles. They look about; the country is really beautiful. Agatha begins to talk.

"You probably know something of the Graystones of Stoutport?"

"Sh'd think I'd ought to. Oh yes! Father an' me we took care o' that gen'leman's grounds till I got my place up to the depot. Oh yes."

"What is the name of the eldest Mr. Graystone?"

"Alexander—Alexander Fitz-Osborne's his name."

"Ah!" ejaculated Agatha, with satisfaction. "An old family name. How many are there in the present family?"

"Late years the's ben only th' ol' gent an' 'is wife an' Mr. Reginald. Th' use' to be six children in all. Th' only girl she died young. The rest's märried an' settled 'way fum here, 'cept Reg. He sticks by th' ol' folks yet. They cän't seem to give him up. Sometimes he ain't much comfort to 'em, I guess."

"Why? what do you mean?" asks Agatha, quickly.

"I don't mind sayin' he's räther wild, Reg is. D'ye see that cuperlar stickin' up 'bove them pines? That's their place. Splendid old house—been in the family five gen'rations. By bendin' a shade further this way you can obtain a better view. Looks like picters o' furrin institootions, don't it?"

Then he rounds the corner by the "Stoutport House" in a style designed to make every heart in the waiting crowd burn with envy.

The following morning Agatha walked up the broad steps of the Graystone mansion. She was about to pull the bell, when her hand was arrested by the sight of an old gentleman, with a long, snow-white beard, coming slowly along the driveway. He was tall and thin. He was wrapped in a purple velvet dressing-gown, and a skull-cap of the same color and material was on his head. His face was pallid; he seemed feeble, and was leaning on a cane. Agatha immediately divined that this venerable gentleman was Mr. Graystone. Acting upon a sudden impulse, she ran down the steps and walked forward to meet him. As she approached he touched his cap with courtly grace, and pausing, waited for her to come nearer.

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not Mr. Alexander Graystone?"

"I am, madam."

"Then," said Agatha, with a charming smile, "we are relatives. *I* am a Graystone, the daughter of John Graystone, of Arden. My name is Agatha."

"A Graystone! Why, my dear young lady, you astonish me! Well, you adorn the stock, Miss Agatha—you adorn the stock." And Agatha's newly claimed relative bowed with ancient gallantry over her small gloved hand. "But permit me to attend you into the house, where you will be good enough to tell me all about it. You must pardon my surprise, but I have rather plumed myself upon my genealogical knowledge, and, on my word, I had not the remotest idea there were any of the race in America outside of my own family."

Talking, he led the way through a wide hall, furnished in the style of the previous century, into a library at the end. In the cavernous depths of a fire-place crossed sticks were burning on shining andirons.

"My wife always has a little fire for me here, because I am scarcely ever warm," said Mr. Graystone. "I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to her presently. In the mean time let us talk over our relationship."

"It is not difficult to establish," returned Agatha, brightly, "though I'll confess I have not a great variety of proofs."

Then she produced a fine wax impression of her coat of arms, the time-worn document bearing its description, and the original of the letter to "Dear Peggy." She told of her father's descent as far as it could be traced, and gave a concise sketch of his life—his adoption by Major Cobb; his struggle after the death of the major (who died insolvent); his gradual rise to influence and wealth. She added an account of brother Dick's gratifying interview with Sir William Graystone, of England, of the old Battleworth Castle line.

Mr. Graystone listened with fixed attention. He examined carefully the "coat armour of John Graystone, of Battleworth Castle"; he read the letter; he gazed thoughtfully at his lovely visitor, and sighed.

"You perceive we are really relatives," cried Agatha, gayly.

Mr. Graystone smiled, but there was an odd look of pity in his faded eyes. He leaned toward a mahogany secretary standing near by, and drew from a drawer a thick leather-covered book, with clasps of tarnished brass.

"In this," said he, gravely, "is the entire record of our family, English and American, and I assure you there is not a Leonard Graystone among them. While you were speaking, the matter was growing plainer and plainer to my mind. I see it all clearly now. A certain family for several generations united their fortune to that of the Graystones in most loyal service; to them we are indebted for faithfulness, self-sacrifice, honest devotion, far beyond ordinary human experience. If we had followed the example which their lives set before us, the record of some of us would have been different. Now the name of this family was not very unlike our own, and might be mistaken for it quite naturally when written: Grogson—Graystone—you see?"

Agatha leaned forward, with dilated eyes and whitening lips. Mr. Graystone went on:

"As I have intimated, my knowledge of family history is accurate. This letter was written by my grandfather to his house-keeper, Peggy Grogson, who had formerly been the invaluable nurse of his children. This excellent woman was the wife of Leonard Grogson, and was herself of the same blood; she was his second cousin. His full name was James Leonard, and he was my grandfather's chief man-servant. You understand what I am coming to. Leonard was the father of Charles—your grandfather, as you just told me. You have not mentioned the name of your grandmother; I will do so:

it is Betsy Pooley. She is said to have been very beautiful. She died of disease of the heart when your father was a young child. Your father was born in this very house. A few weeks after his birth Charles and his wife gave up their service with us, and moved to the West, urged to immediate change of climate by Charles's failing health. After a while we heard in a roundabout way of the death of both; Betsy's of heart-disease, as I said. James Leonard Grogson accompanied Charles and Betsy in their removal; and I remember my father gave the old gentleman, as a parting gift, a gold-headed cane."

"But—but the coat of arms?" gasped Agatha. "And Sir William? He received my brother as a relative—"

"Simply because he bore the name and displayed the same coat of arms. Sir William—I know him well—has not his pedigree by heart as I have; he cares far more for fox-hunting. How the 'coat armour' fell into your father's possession, and how he came to be called Graystone instead of Grogson, I do not know. There is nothing mysterious in it; all can be accounted for simply and reasonably. Your father's adoption was arranged by letter, you see, this Major Cobb having taken a fancy to the child from seeing him at play on the street while on a visit to the town. In the letters he may have read *Grogson*, *Grayson*, and when he saw these papers among the child's effects, have thought the aristocratic *stone* had slipped by vulgar pronunciation into *son:* there are Johnstone and Johnson, you are aware. Choosing that your father should retain his own name, he called him by that to which he supposed he had an undoubted claim. This is mere conjecture, of course, and it is quite unimportant how the mistake arose. Your having the letter written by my grandfather to your great-grandmother is right, certainly, and perhaps the other papers were given to Charles as a memento; it doesn't matter."

"It all matters much more to me than you can perhaps imagine, sir," said Agatha, trying to speak composedly. "It is a great shock to be awakened from the dreams of a life time; to find that I am not myself; that my father is some one else; that we have no right to what we have claimed; that I have held as dear as life itself a baseless thing—a lie."

"My poor child, don't you suppose I know what this is to you?" cried Mr. Graystone, rising and pacing the room slowly back and forth. "But do not add self-torture to the bitterness of your disappointment. You have defrauded no one; you have usurped nothing. Proudly would I welcome you as one of my blood. Unable to do that, I receive you gladly as a member of a truly noble family whose history is so closely interwoven with our own that they seem like another branch of us. If I should tell you what I know of them, of their intelligence, fidelity, honor, truth, their stanch support through storm and sunshine, you would look upon your real descent as something to hold in high regard."

"Are any of my—of that family still living in this neighborhood?"

"I am happy to say there is one," replied Mr. Graystone, promptly. "Leonard Grogson had a brother, George, and his only grandchild has lived in my family since her early youth. She now occupies the position of house-keeper. I am rejoiced that you will be able to meet this lady under my own roof. She is unmarried; and my boys think there is no one quite so nice. She is 'Aunt Anna' to all the younger ones. May I introduce her to you now—my wife also? But you are unequal to the meeting; let us defer it."

Agatha would hear of no delay; in her tense condition it was insupportable.

"Drink this glass of sherry," said Mr. Graystone, scanning her face keenly as he poured the wine. "To avoid embarrassment, I shall introduce you by the name of Grogson; and you can appear with perfect freedom in your original character of a looker-up of family connections. I admire your pluck, young woman; and remember, although 'Non sine nomine' may look well on a 'coat armour,' no family can have a better motto than 'Non sine virtute.'"

Mr. Graystone left the room, and presently returned, accompanied by two ladies.

That was a strange walk of Agatha's back to the hotel. Her nerves were throbbing, her limbs trembling from the reaction of strong excitement. She seemed to be looking out upon an unknown world. She struggled with a sense of lost identity, seeming to herself a changed, unfamiliar creature. Her mind was thronged with confused thoughts and images, through all of which sounded the clear, gentle voice of "Aunt Anna," as cultured in ac-

cent as her own; she still felt the warm clasp of Mrs. Graystone's hand, and saw her delicate, high-bred features aglow with the pleasure of unexpectedly meeting a—Grogson! But stronger than all, stalking before like a spectre, was the consciousness of the dreaded revelation to be made to Georgiana of their changed estate. How this self-sufficient young person would take it, what she would say, what she would do, were momentous questions, involving everything conceivable in the way of future fatigues and embarrassments. Her anxieties were needless, it proved. Georgiana regarded the affair with great coolness. She remarked pleasantly that she had no doubt it would do Agatha good "to have a come-down," and she needn't despise Peter Smith any more, for now she was no better than he. She really hoped Miss Grogson wouldn't feel above them; because, having lived so long with the Graystones, she must be a great deal better bred than they. She finally concluded that, on the whole, the change was rather nice—quite funny; to adapt herself to it would give ample scope to her remarkable powers; and it would be perfectly killing to hear Agatha called Miss Grogson. As for herself, one name was as good as another; and she had already found it no end of a bother to be always living up to her blood.

Agatha had not been allowed to leave the Graystones without promising to return with Georgiana in the afternoon, and spend at least a day or two in the society of the relative she had come so far to discover. She was tying the last coquettish bow of her light summer costume when the card of Mr. Reginald Graystone was presented. Expectant, she descended to the shabby old parlor. There he was, the wild, the reckless, the wicked; tall, bronzed from out-door exercise, with the easy carriage of an athlete, and the courteous address of a man of the world. His eyes, rather small and deeply set, were blue. A heavy blond mustache concealed his mouth and shaded the cleft in a not prominent chin. Georgiana was already entertaining him with ardor. "How elegant!" was Agatha's first thought, as he greeted her with the warmth called forth by her beauty and the fact of her relationship to Aunt Anna, "the best woman in the world, you know, next to my mother."

The Graystone family were delighted with their pretty visitors; they made a rare bit of life and color in the old house, and all agreed that the idea of their even thinking of going home at the end of the "day or two" was preposterous. Georgiana was having a "glorious time": never had she seen such dogs and horses; never such fields for romping nor turf for cantering. At last Agatha consented to appeal to her papa for a longer stay. His permission arrived, and in the dreamy life of the following days she grew calm and happy again. The time she spent with Aunt Anna was full of comfort and pleasure.

Georgiana was wild to rummage the garret; as soon as her fancy was known, it was thrown open with all its mouldering treasures. Here one day Agatha found an oil-painting leaning against its richly gilded frame. It was not faded and defaced, but quite fresh and bright with modern coloring. It represented, not a stiff, high-waisted beauty of a by-gone century, but a smiling, dark-haired girl, dressed as her own mother might have been. Fascinated by the face, and curious to know the name of the original of the portrait, apparently so astray amid its cobwebbed surroundings, Agatha ran down to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Graystone was sitting alone. She described the picture, ending with, "And don't think me impertinently prying, dear Mrs. Graystone, but I cannot conceal the fact that I am dying to know who it is." Mrs. Graystone hesitated a moment, smiling at her childish eagerness, and then told her.

The portrait was that of Rachel Graystone, Alexander's only sister. At nineteen she went to Boston to spend a winter, and while there married far beneath her in social position—how far no one knew. After her marriage, fearing her brother's anger and the reproaches of her family, she concisely announced the fateful step she had taken, saying she had no appeal to make for the recognition of her husband. For herself she besought their kind pardon. That was all. The foolish girl concluded with an eternal farewell. The blow fell heavily upon Mr. Graystone; he could not give her up; he could not believe that the sister he had loved and cared for with the tenderness of a father could leave him so. Untiring efforts were for a long time made to discover her hiding-place; they were wholly unsuccessful. The affair was a mystery to Rachel's Boston friends. At one time, returning from a

ramble in the suburbs, she had laughed about an adventure in which a handsome knight, but of low degree, had come to her rescue. She continued to take long walks alone. Unlike herself, she was feverishly gay, and seemed athirst for excitement, remaining throughout the season unrivalled as Boston's favorite beauty.

The time for her going home was set, and she went out for a farewell walk, from which she never returned. Searching her room in alarm, Rachel's friends found a letter similar to the one written to her own family. By-and-by all hope was abandoned, and the portrait, which had become an object of regret and pain, was removed from the drawing-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed Agatha, drawing a long breath, "what a sad history! but how interesting! Poor girl! I am sure, Mrs. Graystone, some trace of Rachel will yet be discovered."

Mrs. Graystone shook her head. "Yet at your age I should think so too; it is harder at sixty-five to bridge a silence of thirty years with hope," she said. And Agatha walked musingly back to the garret to study again the beautiful, bright, yet impassioned face.

Mr. Reginald Graystone could not be called a susceptible young man. He had never been fond of the society of "nice" young ladies; sweet smiles were thrown away upon him; lovely little feet and dimpled hands and limpid eyes won hardly a passing notice. Upon his future settling down he had never bestowed more than the most careless thoughts: oh yes, by-and-by he should probably do the proper thing, and marry some girl of good family and of good fortune, who would repair his wasted substance and not interfere with him. In the mean while he had preferred with his whole heart his horse, his dog and gun, and a jolly comrade to the most alluring flirtation. Nowadays, however, he discovered, with rather amused surprise, that all this was becoming different. Georgiana's fresh beauty was rapidly gaining a strong hold upon his fancy; her sweet nature, yet unspoiled, her brightness and impulsive sympathy, captivated his heart.

One morning he sauntered down-stairs, and out to the stables. A glance at the horses showed that one stall was empty: the black pony was missing. Somebody else had risen early that morning. Who? Why, Miss Georgiana, said the stable-boy. By the clock in the kitchen her canter on the black pony had lasted already more than an hour. But here she comes trotting gayly up the driveway, making, with blooming cheeks and wild-blown hair, a very lovely picture. Reginald stepped forward and lifted her from the saddle.

"Georgie, how old are you?" he asked.

"Fifteen."

"When you are eighteen will you marry me?"

"Yes," responded Georgiana, promptly, "if papa'll let me."

"All right."

"But I'm afraid you'll forget: eighteen is such a long way off."

"No, I shall not. I am afraid *you* will forget. Now, Georgie, remember: if you are going to marry me you must go to school and study hard, and graduate somewhere, and be dignified, and become a young lady, a real lady, mind, that I shall be proud of." Georgiana felt a little afraid of him, but admired him more than ever. He was wholly unlike any lover she had ever imagined. "And don't go to flirting with any little boys."

"Catch me!" cried Georgiana, elegantly. Then she grew thoughtful, and dug a little hole in the gravel with the toe of her boot. She raised her eyes uneasily.

"Shall I tell Agatha, and papa, and Dick? and, oh! I'd like to tell the girls at school! Not a single one of 'em is engaged yet. Oh, my!"

"No; you will tell nobody. Remember! I will do the telling myself when it's time. You may write to me, though; and be sure to write plainly; I can't spend time over any scrawls. I sha'n't do much in the way of writing myself; it's too confoundedly tiresome. However, I shall tell your sister I am going to correspond with you. She'll think it's a joke, probably."

"Well, let her; we don't care," said Georgiana, indignantly. "Oh! there goes the breakfast bell. I'm awfully hungry."

Although shorn of all ancestral glory, Agatha returned to her papa with beaming eyes and elastic step, every sign of languor banished, and lovelier than ever. She presented papa and brother Dick with a new problem in feminine inconsistency; for it was with perfect indifference that she treated the overthrow of that noble genealogical foundation upon which she had builded so long.

The spirit of calm brooded over Georgiana as well. She was subdued, dignified, studious. Reginald occasionally answered Georgiana's voluminous letters, sadly scrawled at first, in spite of his injunction. His own were models of brevity. He wrote about the black pony she had liked, and told her how the dogs were getting on. He continued his idle life, but staid at home for his mother's sake, roaming the country, and inwardly cursing the stupidity of his existence. Finally, unable to endure it longer, he started on a horseback tour through New England, a pack of yelping dogs at his heels. In the course of it he came to Arden. It was two years since that May-time, already grown in fitful remembrance quite shadowy and unreal. He concluded it would be rather pleasant to stop and see his little friend again. He thought it would be kind to show John Grogson's family some attention. When Georgiana met him, Reginald was embarrassed—an occurrence so rare in his experience that the fact of it embarrassed him the more. Stupidly bewildered, he could simply wonder by what process of transformation the loud, pert, hoidenish Georgiana had become this quiet, graceful, well-bred, brilliantly beautiful young woman. He grew hot when he thought of his last elaborate epistle, covering not quite a page of business note-paper, and carelessly thrust into a yellow envelope, in which he had said: "The bay mare has a colt; and if you are a good girl, you shall train him to the saddle when you come to Stoutport again. I haven't forgotten how you used to manage Pegasus." But whatever had been his short-comings as a correspondent, the innocent warmth of Georgiana's manner soon reassured him. Reginald wondered and admired, and ended by falling wildly in love with her. When Georgiana reached her eighteenth birthday he made a formal proposal for her hand; and when he married her, six months later, he was not unfit to be trusted with her happiness.

If Agatha had been shy of Peter Smith before her memorable journey to Connecticut, she seemed positively afraid of him after it. She retreated at his approach, and flushed and paled and trembled when she met him unavoidably. Yet papa's foreman was strangely happy in these days.

The summer passed, and in the autumn an event took place that shook the drowsy towns-folk wide-awake. A young man of high social position, with claims to "long descent," mortally offended his family by marrying a pretty little dress-maker. Dick was discussing this sad circumstance one evening with Agatha, as they sat alone in the drawing-room. The unworthy young man was a particular friend of Dick's.

"Seems to me, Aggie, you don't think so much of blood and family and all that, you know, as you used to," he remarked at length.

"No," Agatha returned, fervently, "I do not. I have learned to value honor, goodness, purity, true manliness, real womanhood, above the highest claims to birth the world can show."

"Mr. Smith," announced a servant, bearing candles. "And a gentleman to see you in the reception-room, Mr. Richard."

Dick withdrew; the servant followed. Peter Smith seized Agatha's hands.

"Miss Graystone—Agatha—I heard what you said. Do you mean those words? Am I worthy of their being said to me? Oh, my dearest, can you overlook my poor descent, and trust and love me for what I am—rather for what I will be for your sweet sake? Agatha, tell me."

And Agatha, with a rush of happy tears, bowed her head upon the strong hands that held her own, yielding gladly, gratefully, to the mastery of love.

"Dearest," said Mr. Smith to his wife, lovely in the daintiest of matronly breakfast caps, "won't you run through this bundle of bills for that one of Hubbard and Riggs? I have missed it somehow. You will find it under the head of the new firm, Graystone and Smith."

Mrs. Smith sweetly complied, sought the bill, found it, and in the silent leisure that followed, with wifely freedom began to rummage her husband's desk. A sharp cry escaped her lips. Mr. Smith, looking up from his papers in alarm, saw her hanging breathless over a daguerreotype in a faded velvet case.

"Who—who is this?" she gasped. He sprang to her side in time to catch the case as it fell from her nerveless grasp.

"My darling, what is the matter? This is a picture of my mother."

"Of your mother? That is a picture of Rachel Graystone."

"Dear, you are dreaming. The unfortunate Rachel Graystone could by no possibility have been my mother."

Agatha seized the daguerreotype; the worn case parted in her hand, and the picture, loosened in its setting, fell out. With it floated a bit of discolored paper. There were words written upon it.

"'Rachel Graystone,'" read she, aloud. "'Given this day, the 12th of April, 18—, in token of plighted faith to one for whom I promise to forsake all others. Boston, Massachusetts.'"

After the first few minutes of intense excitement, Agatha and her husband could speak of the great discovery with more calmness.

"And you never knew, never suspected?" exclaimed Agatha.

"Never anything like this. My mother always seemed to me different from other women."

"And not one impression of her has memory left upon my mind. I was young, you know, when her misfortunes led her to seek — to — to come —"

Agatha paused, embarrassed. She had never spoken to her husband of the service once performed in her family by his mother.

Peter Smith kissed the little hand resting on the arm of his chair.

"When she did the laundry-work in this very house," he finished. "My keenest pain in that thought is that my delicate mother should have borne a burden so unsuited to her strength, and all for me—all that her boy could go to school and learn how to become a useful man. Oh, that I had realized what such labor must have been to her! But she made so light of it! Every feeling was merged into the one thought of my education."

"You have her eyes, and her fine resolute mouth," said Agatha — "a resemblance that has haunted me since my first glimpse of the portrait at Stoutport. Strange! It was to discover your relatives, not mine, that I started so proudly on that journey. And to you, dearest, belongs the coat of arms!"

IS AMERICAN STAMINA DECLINING?

BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE

A HUNDRED years ago—seventy years ago—there was more done to make our men and women hale and vigorous than there is to-day. Over eighty per cent. of all our men then were farming, hunting, or fishing, rising early, out all day in the pure, bracing air, giving many muscles very active work, eating wholesome food, retiring early, and so laying in a good stock of vitality and health. But now hardly forty per cent. are farmers, and nearly all the rest are at callings — mercantile, mechanical, or professional — which do almost nothing to make one sturdy and enduring. Of the one hundred and fifty or more branches of the mechanic arts scarcely a third give even one-half of the voluntary muscles anything to do worth calling exercise, while nearly all are carried on in impure air. The clerk, the salesman, the book-keeper, the professional man and the store-keeper, the editor, teacher, and telegraph operator, do so little with their bodies that, if the latter are not half developed at the beginning of their life's work, they never will be afterward.

And about all our play is mental and emotional, adding hardly anything to bodily vigor. Our evening diversion—music, chat, books, papers, society, public amusements, everything — is intellectual. Instead of keeping the brain on the stretch eight hours a day, which eminent physicians say should not be exceeded, we average nearer twelve hours, of course leaving the body so slim a margin that lack of power and endurance inevitably results.

Nor does the well-to-do farmer of to-day begin to work as hard as his father or grandfather did. When the latter ploughed, he bore hard on the plough tail many hours a day, trudging for miles over the rough furrows as best he could. But his son sits up on a horse-plough — usually in a slouchy position, with his chest often sunken in — and the horses take him around. The father swung a keen edged scythe into the thick waving grass or grain all the long morning—grand work to give sound lungs, a tough back, and good forearms, and for the muscles across the abdomen. The son sits on his mower or McCormick reaper, and gets pulled along. And the hand-rake has given way to the horse-rake, the pitchfork to the horse hay-fork, and the flail to the threshing-machine. The day of the

labor-saving machine has come, and labor it does save. And it saves the farmer's muscles too, till it is plain enough why he is not bodily the man his grandfather was.

Is it strange that a majority of Americans are flat-chested, or that we do not sleep enough, do not breathe deeply enough, do not know how to eat properly, are inerect of carriage and poor walkers, and that we have a hundred thousand physicians constantly busy keeping us in repair, and a Niagara of patent medicine making believe help? The examiners for admission to West Point, for instance, not only find a majority of the applicants unfit physically to pass, but sometimes not even a solitary one is so fit!

But are there not many grand gymnasiums at the colleges and in the cities and among the German Turners? And has not every village even its one or more tennis clubs? And look at the base-ball leagues, and the rowing and foot-ball, polo and lacrosse, the tens of thousands of bicycles and tricycles, the field-sports and canoeing, the cutting down of records, the yachting and many other sports! Surely these must meet the need.

So it would seem. But let us look at them a moment. A few of the universities and large colleges have well-equipped gymnasiums; the rest, either none at all or indifferent affairs, with very languid interest, if any, among the students. Five thousand would be a safe estimate, and ten thousand a generous one, of the number who use them at all. A few private clubs in the cities, like the New York Athletic and Manhattan clubs in New York, the Boston Athletic Club, the Young Men's Christian Associations of Brooklyn and Boston, and smaller ones elsewhere, have their own gymnasiums. But there is not a thoroughly first-class gymnasium in the city of New York today which any one may join on paying a reasonable fee, and there is hardly one to be found in any city in the United States. Ten thousand would be a liberal estimate of the number attending, regularly and irregularly—mostly the latter—all the gymnasiums in the country today outside of the colleges, save the German Turners, and twenty-five thousand will cover them.

Does it not look as if there was room for some method which would tone up and increase our general strength, and keep Herbert Spencer and other intelligent observers from telling us that we wear out at least ten years earlier than we ought to? School Commissioner Frederick W. Devoe says that of the one hundred and fifty thousand children who attend school in the city of New York there finish at eleven years of age, not ten, or twenty, or thirty per cent., but ninety per cent. of the entire number! Because Dr. Sargent is doing much for the bodies of a thousand favored youth at Harvard, or Professor Richards and Dr. Seaver at Yale, or Dr. Hitchcock for a third as many at Amherst, what good does that do those hundred and thirty-five thousand who, if they do not formally graduate from the New York schools, do, as they say out West, "quituate"?

Our schools are developing children's minds: what are they doing for their bodies? Is there one boy in ten in our schools deep-chested, erect, well-knit, and strong all over? Or one girl in twenty? Are there five boys in an average class of sixty in any of our public schools who can run half a mile, in even three minutes and a half, without being badly blown and looking as if they had been overdoing themselves?

We have left the training of our bodies, especially in our cities and towns, to hap-hazard, and just that result to be looked for from such gross neglect is seen everywhere. Even the country boy, with his open fields and ample sunlight, and more or less of the invigorating farm-work, simply calls into play the same muscles which several generations of ancestors had developed, and is weak in the other and unused parts. But with the city boy it goes much farther than this. Instead of being strong in some muscles, they are often weak in about all of them, and, as a natural result, in their nervous and vital systems as well. Dr. E. M. Hartwell, of Johns Hopkins University, well says on this point:

"There is a condition of mind and body not infrequently seen nowadays in children and youth, especially among females, which is characterized by an irritable, easily overwrought, and unsteady nervous system, arrested muscular development, disordered digestion, and enfeebled powers of assimilation, which might well be called *cachexia scholastica*, since it is largely and sometimes directly brought about by ignorant and foolish parents and teachers, who force and cram

and overwork the undeveloped brains of children, and at the same time, by neglecting or frowning upon their play and exercise, do their best to retard the growth and development which they ought to promote and regulate."

Is there not that in this which may well set every thoughtful parent and teacher considering whether there is not crying need of reform here?

Nor need the mechanic think this weak condition of the body is only found among the children of professional men, bankers, merchants, and others whose life's work is with the brain alone, and whose muscles are left unused and weak. Dr. Charles Roberts, of London, after long and painstaking investigation, found, out of seventy-eight hundred boys and men between ten and thirty years old, who were children of artisans, and out of seventy-seven hundred who were children of the most favored class in England—boys at the great schools, military and naval cadets, university and medical students—that the sons of the mechanics, instead of being as large as the other boys and young men, actually averaged all of three and a half inches shorter! And as to weight, that, "at the age of twenty, well-to-do English youths have a mean weight of eighteen pounds greater than that of the handicraftsmen of the same age living in large towns"—a pretty striking comment on the fact that using only a few muscles will make neither large nor strong men; and finally that "the sons of professional men living in the country exceed town boys of the same class by about an inch, as regards height, at all ages between ten and twenty, and as regards weight, by an amount varying from one to seven pounds. And if this is true of English boys, with English fondness for vigorous out-door sports, the contrast is doubtless quite as marked in our American boys. And they can blame just us, their parents, for this. The fault lies right at our own doors, and the quicker we face it and deal with it, the better for our children, and for theirs after them. We men are willing to work and earn the money, and we want our children educated, and are entirely willing to pay for it. But how, we too often leave entirely to the teacher, just as we do the handling of the locomotive to the engineer. James Mill and Jeremy Bentham, by their rare fidelity and attention to his early education, made John Stuart Mill. But the father leaves all that most important work now to teachers, whom often he hardly knows by name.

The school authorities impose so many studies—branches, by-the-way, some of which Webster and Franklin, Lincoln and Garfield, and the best men our land has yet produced, never thought of studying—that the poor teacher must struggle through her task (the hardest of all) in the best way she can. There are about three hundred thousand teachers in this country, about eighteen million children at the school age, and all of twelve millions of them actually attending school. Thus every teacher averages forty pupils, yet is expected to be thorough with them all in all the branches.

It is not strange that, under such circumstances, they do not do much for the children's bodies too. Indeed, most of them unfortunately do not know how to, and the facilities for the children to supply the need themselves, groping along as best they can, are slender in the extreme. The twenty most thickly settled square miles in the city of New York, for instance, and in Philadelphia as well, have scarcely a hill where a child can coast or a pond where he can skate. Boston used to have some aids in these directions, but the filling in of the Back Bay destroyed most of the skating, and it is hard work to find a place where you can coast without having to sleep in the station-house to pay for it.

And Boston has one other thing of which she should be heartily ashamed. Perhaps the finest school building in the United States, and, in some respects, in the world, is that of the Boston Public Latin and High-School. Attached to it is an admirable gymnasium, modern, commodious, richly equipped, and with a competent director no man could wish a better place for his son's bodily education. Yet it lies idle and practically worthless to-day—money wasted on a superb tool which nobody has gumption enough to use, yet which, used steadily and sensibly, would be of incalculable benefit to Boston's most favored youth, and to the city herself. The school committee in their reports give us fine sentiments on physical education. But sentiments alone are a very light diet for either mind or body.

Nor can New York boast. For there is scarcely a school in the city with anything

whole city has any at all?

The private schools are but little better off. They are always careful to put in their advertisements that they have a gymnasium. But very few of them show that they have any idea how to use it. The Greeks knew how; the Germans know how; but we Americans do not know how.

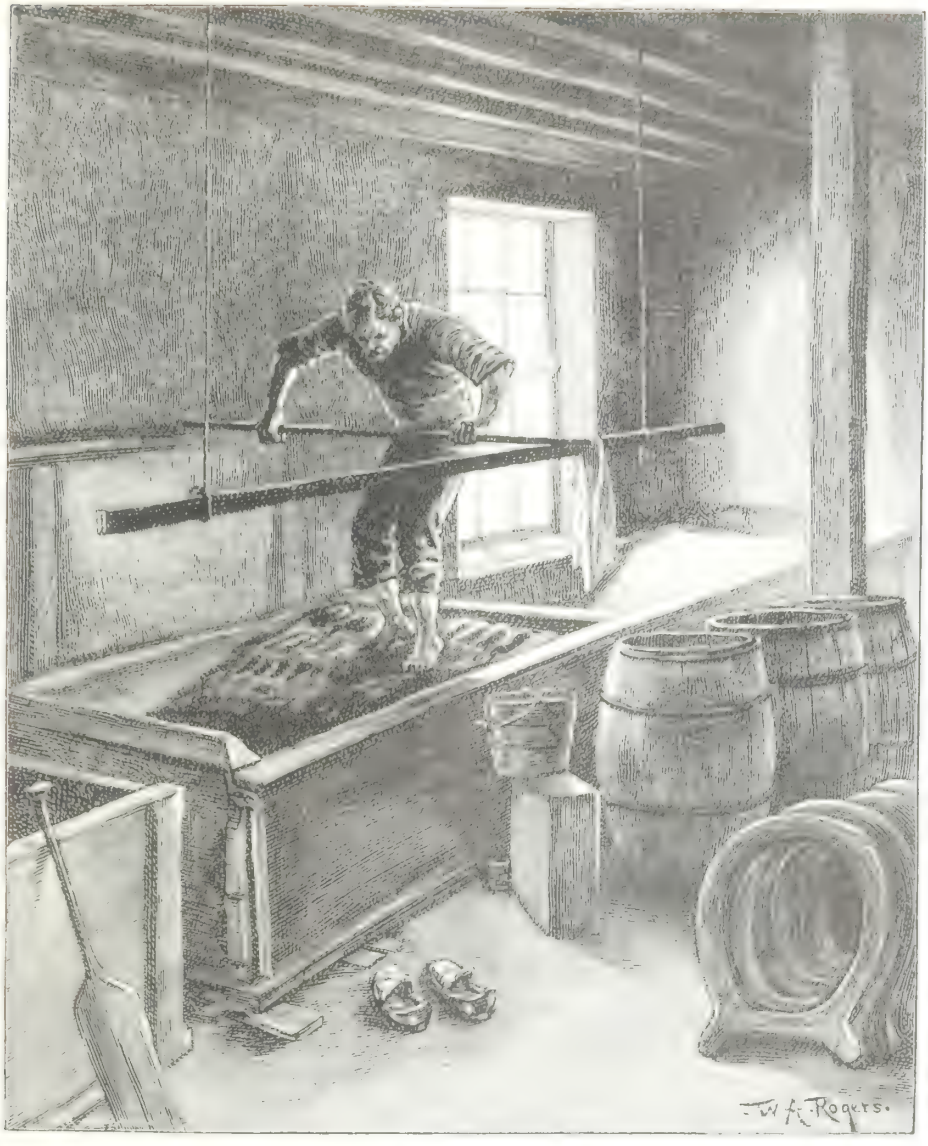
School Board; New York, Dr. White or Dr. Savage, of the Berkeley Lyceum, or the director of the gymnasium at West Point, with Professor Dowd to help him; Brooklyn, Dr. Anderson, of the Adelphi Academy; Philadelphia, Dr. White, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Baltimore, Dr. Hartwell, of Johns Hopkins University. Of the annual appropriation for ed- but give their bodies simply one tenth, and scope to at once put their ideas in active practice, not in some one high or normal in the city. There is no need of having all follow any one system. There are as there are kinds of food. If the studies stand in the way, lop off some of the less most as important as a smattering of history, or even a fair knowledge of geography. of vigorous yet never violent exercise for about every muscle of body or limb, and ing they now know thrown open to let out the air which has and let in the fresh pure article. The

the buoyant exercise always brings, will send them back to their books with brains cleared, tal and bodily machinery the better for this brief unbending of the bow.

Let them study also the best elementary work on hygiene. But if there is only time for one of the two, get the exercise and let the books go. Then so arrange the afternoon, as they do at Harvard, that the hours from four to six are left wide open for exercise. Get the parents to see to it that no piano practice or anything hours of play. If it is the skating time of year, and the ice is good, teach them what skating does, what parts it calls into play, and what it does not. If it is the rowing time, what rowing does; and so of swimming and tennis, canoeing and foot-ball, and all the popular sports, each in its season—knowledge by-the-way, that they ity. Show them how much work is enough, and what will overdo. Urge the thin-legged to devote much of their two hours to foot-work, of which there is such a pleasant variety, and the narrow-chested to arm and shoulder work.

Especially impress it on the weak, the poorly built, and the over-studious, who are not good at any sport, that they are going to make very one-sided men and women, if they live that long, and get in a store of vigor and stamina, so necessary to all who hope to ever accom-

play-grounds and other facilities yet, see what is the best that can be done in the locality to get them, and have that done. easily find out most or all that these ex- know how to, and are not prompt to learn, put in their places teachers who do know how; for once it is known that the teacher—and really a qualification very easily acquired it will come, and come quickly.

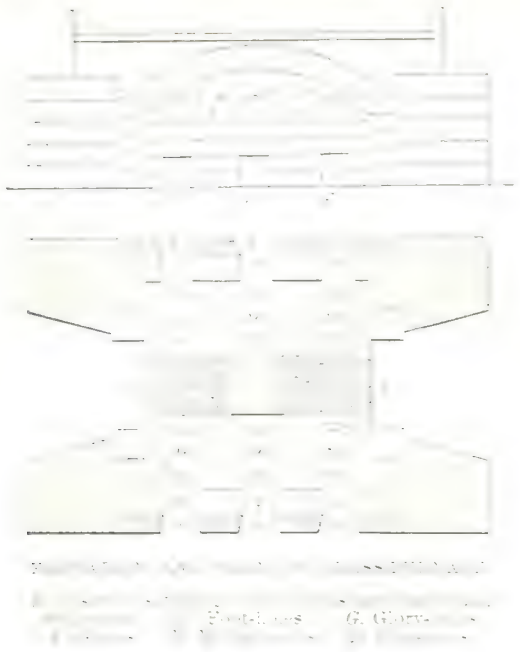


TREADING CLAY FOR FIRE POTS

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

VIII.—A PIECE OF GLASS.

A FRAGMENT of glass contains a wondrous wealth of curious history, of mysterious processes, of marvellous achievements. It is of most venerable pedigree, as the first substance cooled from the archaic molten globe was doubtless a form of glass. And the subterranean furnaces have supplied it to all the geological ages in mountains of shining obsidian, and in volcanic caverns decorated with "Pele's hair." The hugest of these cliffs of volcanic glass in Colorado gave prehistoric America a quarry of black flint-glass (the only glass known on this continent before the European invasion), from which the ancient artisans cut many utensils and ornaments. Their special use of this material was for polished mirrors, which seem to have been a favorite household property among the old Mexicans. The fact that the missionary Buddhist priest Hwui Shan presented to the Emperor of China one of these obsidian mirrors (a marvel unknown to Asia) a thousand



is one of the chief evidences of the Chinese discovery of America.

The commonest miracle of modern civilization is glass, and along with steel, steam, and electricity it may fairly be esteemed a distinctive characteristic of our [illegible] precious material for ornament. America was entirely destitute of it until the seventeenth century. But it is an omnipresent necessity in modern life. Besides the inestimable value of a cheap material through which the sun's rays are strained from the unwelcome elements for our houses, who can reckon the domestic conveniences of glass? Science also is abjectly dependent upon it. The commonest utensils of the chemist and physicist must be made of the unique substance, which is transparent, rustless, and incombustible. Electricity would be an untamable monster without glass to control it. The boundless enchantments of the infinitely great in astronomy and of the infinitely little in microscopy are opened through its portal.

Chemically speaking, glass is a combination of silicates. In other words, it is a melted mixture of sand with two oxides from a group of four—soda, potash, lime, lead. The other ingredients found in glass, as manganese, tin, arsenic, zinc, iron, etc., are coloring matters, or impurities, or correctives of impurities. It is usually named from the principal base. The ancient glass was a "soda glass." Bohemian white and English flint glass are "potash glass," cheap table-ware is "lime glass," and optical goods are "lead glass." But as every true glass contains at least two bases united to the silica, a more accurate method designates the different kinds of glass by the two principal bases. Thus, window-glass is known as a lime-soda glass, flint-glass as a lead-potassium glass, Bohemian glass as a potassium-lime glass, etc.

The one staple element of all glass—silica—must first be pure and minutely pulverized. The Chinese, like some of the ancients, get a fine quality of glass by pounding quartz crystals into powder. The best English glass was formerly made from flints calcined and ground, and was therefore named flint-glass. Bohemian glass is still made almost entirely from pulverized quartz rock. But the prevailing custom now is to use the silica which nature has broken and sorted in purest sand. Berkshire County, Massachusetts, supplies the New England factories with their sand. Juniata County, Pennsylvania, and Hancock County, West Virginia, supply Pittsburgh and Wheeling. The plate-glass works of Crystal City, Missouri, find their fine material at their doors, and the New Jersey sand-banks furnish the glass establishments of New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania.

The numerous forms of glass may be best grouped in four classes, in this order:

I. *Window-glass* a silicate of lime and soda or potash is blown in two very different ways. The usual method produces "cylinder" or "sheet glass," which fills most windows. Another style of manip-



is sparingly made in Europe.

table and rolled into sheets, making the richest and largest material for windows and mirrors.



is the coarse "bottle glass," used chiefly for cheap crude silicate of lime and soda, and obtains its green color from the iron present as an impurity in the sand.

IV. *Flint-glass* includes the great bulk of decorative and useful articles pressed. Its com- its grade. Its peculiar brilliancy is derived from lead. distinguishes it glass. The true English flint-glass, which is the same as the French icate of potash and lead. It is very heavy, rings like metal, and is the choicest material for table and cut ware and optical purposes. When the proportion of lead is increased it becomes "strass," from mian glass is a lime glass variety of flint, like American "crystal glass," from which most of the household goods are made— inkstands, etc.

Each of these four kinds of glass is produced in a peculiar establishment where generally nothing else is made.

Before we watch the glass magicians at their work we must look at the furnaces and melting-pots. The melting furnace is the backbone of the establishment. In this the rough ingredients are converted



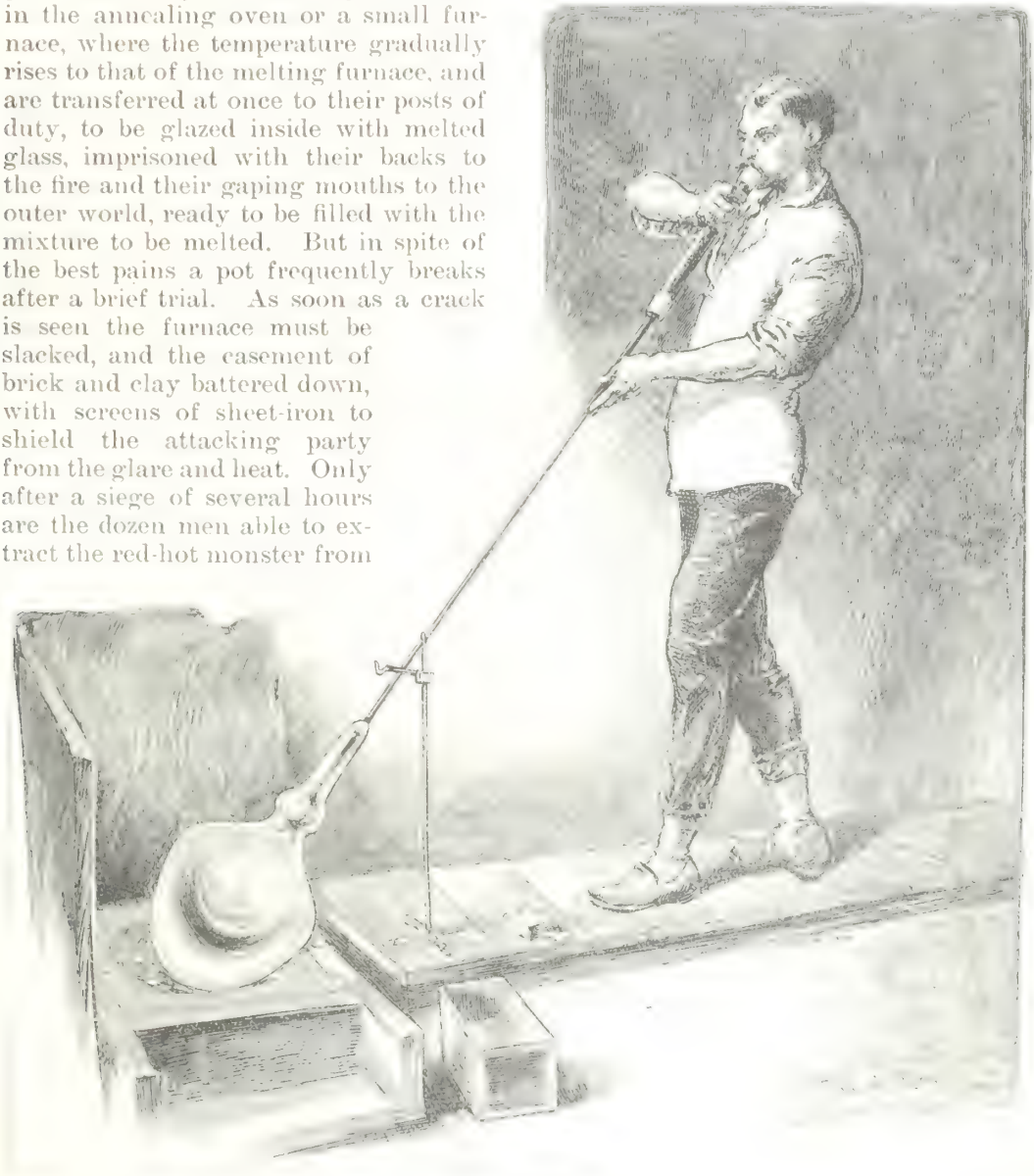
—Drawing by Arthur Lumley.

oblong walls, with a plain floor in place of the grate. Entering at each end, it is [illegible] by passing through chambers in the fire-brick arches that support the furnace, an intense heat, which can be perfectly [illegible] under the furnace to receive the molten glass that may escape from a broken pot.

The melting pots for window, plate, or green glass are open truncated cones, [illegible] ture being at the bottom. For flint-glass the crucibles, or "monkey-pots," are usually oval cylinders with a rounded covering opening only on the top of one side. The pots demand for their manufacture the most tedious and exacting work of the [illegible] structure or material is sufficient to waste all their precious contents. They are a costly item in the manufacture, as each pot is worth from $40 to $100, and they are delicate creatures requiring most fastidious handling. From the digging of the clay until it is refined, mixed, kneaded, and built into pots, and these thoroughly dried, heated and set in place, months of careful nurture are required. The average life of an open pot in its furnace home is only about seven weeks, and the most hardy "monkey" seldom survives three months. Most of them die prematurely from invisible weakness of constitution, from bad treatment in the pot arch, or from being "starved," that is, exposed to a current of cold air through the attendant's neglect. The pots are made of fire-clay obtained at St. Louis or imported from Germany or England, and mixed in varying proportions of raw and burned clay and pieces of the broken pots called "pot shells," freed from glass and ground fine. The pulverized mixture is moisten-

ed to a doughy consistency in great lead-lined bins. Daily for a month it is kneaded by the bare feet of a workman to render it tough as putty. With utmost care it is then built by hand in a room that is constantly warm and moist. First the bottom is formed four inches thick. Then the sides are gradually shaped from the sticky material, through a period of six weeks, tapering to a thickness at the top of three inches. The ordinary size is 33½ inches high and 42½ inches wide, holding about 1500 pounds of melted glass. When finished the pots stand from two months to a year—the longer the better—in the pot-room to dry. Then they are baked in the annealing oven or a small furnace, where the temperature gradually rises to that of the melting furnace, and are transferred at once to their posts of duty, to be glazed inside with melted glass, imprisoned with their backs to the fire and their gaping mouths to the outer world, ready to be filled with the mixture to be melted. But in spite of the best pains a pot frequently breaks after a brief trial. As soon as a crack is seen the furnace must be slacked, and the casement of brick and clay battered down, with screens of sheet-iron to shield the attacking party from the glare and heat. Only after a siege of several hours are the dozen men able to extract the red-hot monster from his cavern of fire, and drag him on a truck out-doors, while all faces are covered from the blinding intensity of his glow. Such a scene [illegible] "hot pot" imaginations, and might even assist Dante's conception of an orthodox Inferno.

But there are many serious disadvantages attached to the use of pots either open or covered. While the melted glass is being worked the furnace must be cooled, and when the material is exhausted the men must wait ten or twelve hours for another batch to be melted. The cracking



WINDOW-GLASS BLOWING—THE BEGINNING OF THE CYLINDER.

the pot is removed, another built into its place, and its contents fused. These difficulties, and also the annoyance of sulphur and soot from coal fuel, are entirely removed by the tank furnaces heated by gas, which are remodelling glass-making. The original and staple tank furnace bears the name of its inventor, Siemens, and is heated from the sides by his well-known regenerative gas system. In place of the melting-pots there is a tank made of the same material as the pots, in blocks, which occupies the whole bed of the furnace, and is divided into three compartments separated by floating partitions. At the rear side of the furnace is the melting compartment, which is fed with frequent charges of raw material. As this melts it sinks to the bottom, and through an opening at the base of the partition passes to the refining compartment. Here it finds a higher temperature, and as it becomes purified it flows out below the next partition to the gathering compartment. This last is exposed to a lower heat than the other two, and permits the melted glass to thicken for the blower's use. The floating partitions are dispensed with in a later improvement, in which refining vessels float upon the sea of glass and gather the molten material from the lowest depth, raising it to the surface to be refined in another compartment, whence it flows into the working-out compartment.

The working furnaces, of which there are several to every melting furnace, are small blast-furnaces, usually heated in this country by benzine, each providing a number of openings directly into the flames. A spectator sees at once the appropriateness of their name—"glory-holes." In these the workman resoftens the glass as he completes the various small objects.

The annealing oven is a long, low, rectangular chamber through which the finished products slowly pass in shallow trays from an intense heat to the ordinary temperature. At one end of it the red and blue flames dash into their reception-room above the objects which are entered there for tempering, lining the roof with long trails of fire, and hastening through the course that leads them to the tall chimney. At the other end the products of the factory are removed into the cool air.

For window-glass the raw material or "batch" contains 30 to 36 per cent. of raw limestone, 35 to 42 per cent. of sulphate of soda, 1½ to 2½ per cent. pulverized charcoal, to each 100 parts of sand. These are thoroughly ground and mixed together. The relative amounts of the ingredients are alike in no two establishments.

When the furnace has been brought to the proper temperature the pots are filled with the mixture, and as soon as this is melted down, depending on the size of the pots and the heat of the furnace, a second filling is put in, and lastly a third, which generally fills the pot; in case it does not, a few shovelfuls of broken glass called "cullet" are added. The entire melting requires about sixteen hours, and is carefully watched by the master melter, who urges the furnaces to their utmost intensity, and is on the alert for the signs which indicate when the metal is ready. The heat is then lowered to make the glass less fluid, and now the workmen begin their wonders.

They are a muscular set, and the hot surroundings compel them to dispense with all superfluous clothing. Each workman is trained to one small part of the process, and does nothing else. In making a pane of window-glass, for instance, the labor is divided among four men, the gatherer, the blower, the flattener, and the cutter. The gatherer puts between his teeth the wooden plug by which he holds in position a rough mask to screen his face from the furnace. Then he seizes the blow-pipe, a simple wrought-iron tube flared on one end, and starts the "journey," as the working of the glass is called. He dips



BLOW-PIPE.

the flared end of the pipe into the pot, and turning it carefully, covers it with glass. When it is slightly cooled he repeats the operation, and then shapes the metal into a symmetrical oval in a mould. He again dips the pipe into the metal, when enough adheres to that already on the pipe for a cylinder of the ordinary dimensions. When the glass is to be of double thickness, the metal must be gathered four or five times, and weighs from thirty to forty pounds. The final dip requires the greatest skill, for the plastic ball must be got into a homogeneous and symmetrical shape before it leaves the furnace. This the gatherer accomplishes by resting his pipe on a convenient fulcrum and rapidly revolving

the mass in the fiery pot until the last glass completely overlaps the earlier lump. Now he takes the great glaring ball to an iron mould, and with a few dexterous turns fashions it into a pear shape. When this is done the gatherer's duty is ended, and he hands the pipe and glass over to the blower.

The French and Belgian blowing furnaces are combined with the melting furnace, but in England and America they are separate, being constructed with a series of openings through which the blower may insert his material into an intensely hot chamber. The gas supplying the heat is burned directly under the blow-holes, being mixed with air from fire-clay shafts surrounding the burners on the plan of the Bunsen burner. Slabs of fire-brick distribute the massive heat into hundreds of small jets, which cannot touch the glass.

The blower's skill is the most marvellous part of the fascinating series of transformations witnessed in the glass house, conjuring the glaring globe (a gigantic dragon's eye) by artful whispers into a sheet of solid transparency. He takes the pipe from the gatherer, with the great pear-shaped mass still resting in the mould, and blows a huge bubble of air into it. Then, alternately blowing and manipulating, he enlarges the bubble and shapes the mass into the form of a great decanter with a short neck and very thick bottom. The thinnest part of the glass next the pipe quickly hardens into the fixed foundation from which the soft hot remainder is to grow into a cylinder of the same diameter. In front of each blow-hole is a long narrow platform at right angles to the furnace, spanning a deep pit. This is a blower's post. Standing there, he swings the swelling bulb into the abyss, like an enormous hollow pendulum carved from flame, coaxing it to expand with frequent timely blowings.



WINDOW-GLASS BLOWING—A GOOD BEGINNING.



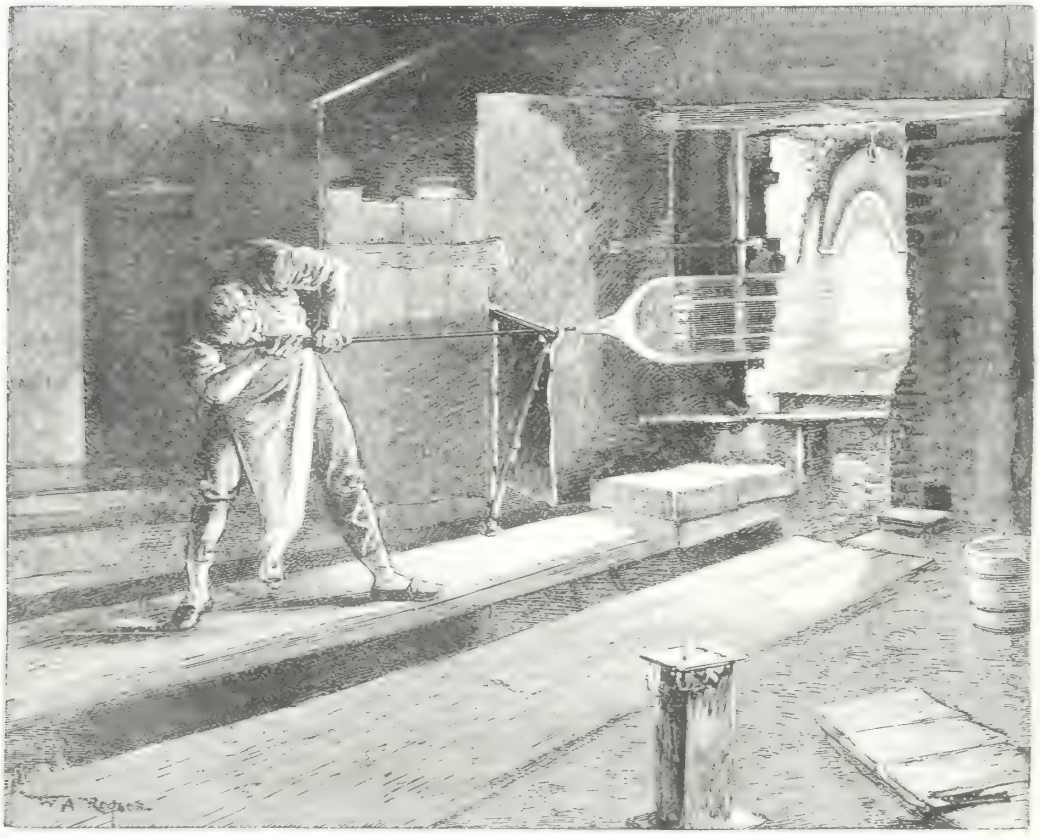
WINDOW-GLASS BLOWING—NEARLY DONE.

When it stiffens disobediently he rests the pipe on a handy prop, and softens the refractory end in the furnace. When the glass flows too freely he tosses the cylinder into the air until it settles together in proper consistency. Blowing, swinging, and heating, he extends the bubble to nearly his own length, and the glass becomes a round-tipped cylinder resembling the hot-water reservoir attached to kitchen ranges.

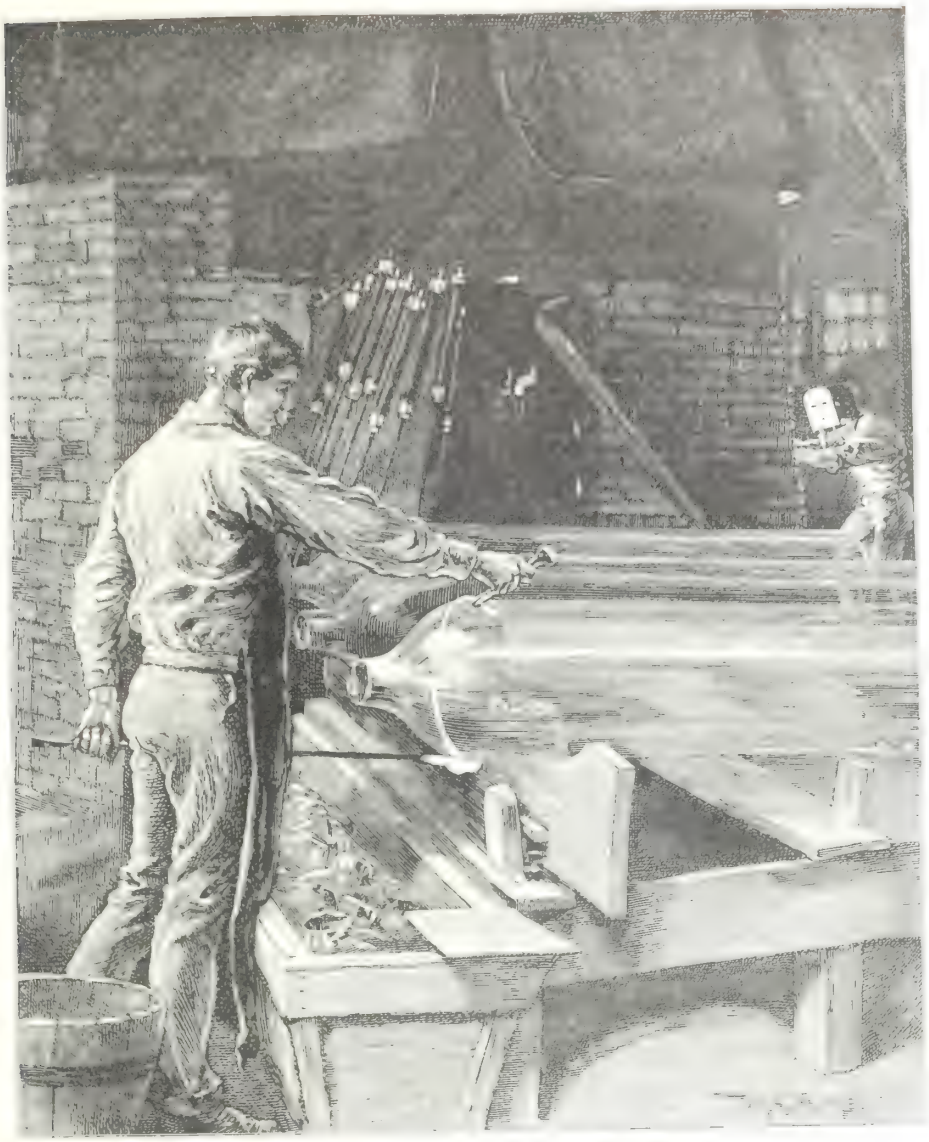
As the cylinder is a foot in diameter and five feet long, and the tube is as much longer, the most delicate skill must be coupled with steady muscle for this work. The blower's work is the most difficult and profitable part of the entire trade. For large cylinders furnishing a pane 44 to 70 inches of double thickness the labor is so severe that few men are equal to it. When the cylinder is comparatively cool the blower holds the end in the furnace, blows into the pipe, and quickly covers the mouth-piece with his hand. A slight report follows. The end has softened with the heat, and the expanding air within has blown an escape through the glass. Still keeping the glass in the furnace, he revolves it until the centrifugal force extends the hole larger and larger, and at last to the size of the cylinder. Now he removes it from the furnace, and suspends it in the pit until the soft edge cools to a cherry red. Then an assistant carries it off, and the blower's work is done. After a moment's rest he receives another pipe with an embryo cylinder in the form of a plastic mass, and repeats the same process for ten hours.

When the cylinder is finished and placed on the "horse," the pipe is detached from it by touching the neck with a cold iron. To cut off the remaining portion of the neck the cylinder is encircled by a thread of hot glass and touched with a cold iron, after which it is cracked open lengthwise by passing a red-hot iron along its inner surface.

It is next taken to be flattened. The flattening oven has a turn-table carrying four stones about 40 by 80 inches, made of fire-clay. After a preliminary warming the flattener places the cylinder upon the stone before him, and as soon as it is suf-



BLOWING HOLE IN CYLINDER.



CRACKING OFF END OF CYLINDER.

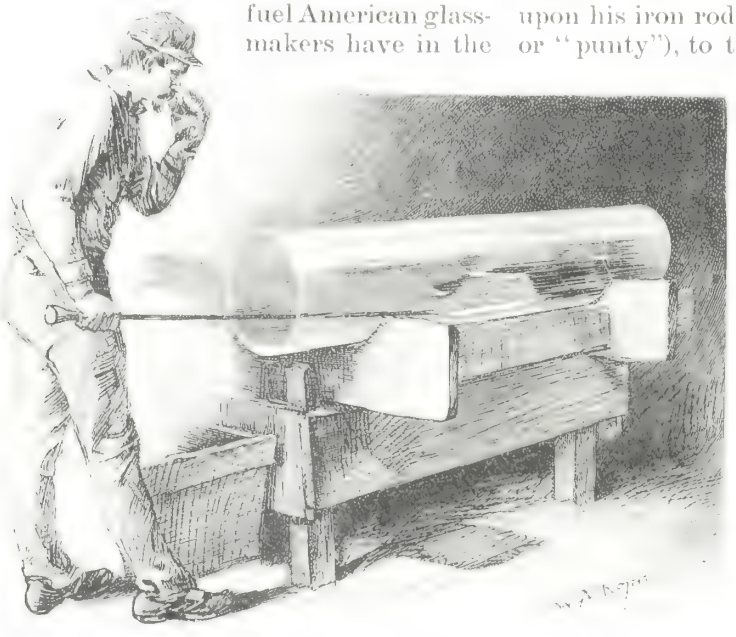
ficiently warm to yield under its own weight he opens it, when it looks somewhat like a rumpled sheet of paper. He smooths it out by passing a wooden block over it, the wheel is turned, and the stone with its sheet passes into the cooling oven.

When comes its turn to be piled, the flattener lifts the glass off the stone with a long-pronged fork and puts it on a car at the mouth of the annealing tunnel, called a "leer," or lays it on the rods in case the more advantageous "rod leer" is used. By the gradual and slow loss of heat in passing through the "leer" it is tempered for service.

It is in the flattening oven that cylinder glass loses its beautiful fire surface: for when first blown it has all the brilliancy of its elder and more aristocratic sister crown-glass. But the fire of the oven dulls it, and the flattener, if not careful, burrs it and scratches it, and after it leaves his hands all its first glow is gone. The American manufacturer can melt his glass as thoroughly as it can be melted by his great foreign competitors of Belgium and England, the gatherer can gather it as well, the blower can blow it as well, but until the system of flattening be changed, and more painstaking care be given to the industry from masters down through all the ranks of workmen in the factory, foreign glass must hold its own

in the judgment of architects against that portion of the American product it supplants.

In all the branches of this work the advantages of gaseous fuel are an important element. The old glass made by coal was much inferior to the gas-made product, being coated with smoke and a white deposit of sulphur which could not be wholly cleansed. But gas produces a surface brilliant and clear, and by the employment of this fuel American glass-makers have in the last ten years greatly improved their product, and in many cases have reason to be proud of the excellence of their glass. While this is due partly to Yankee ingenuity in improving processes, it is owing chiefly to natural or artificial gas, providing a greater heat than coal, a better fusion, with no soot or cinders, and capable of being used on a gigantic scale. And the gas is so much cheaper than coal that many Western works have withdrawn from the competition, or have adopted manufactured gas.



CRACKING A CYLINDER.

Crown-glass is of far less importance now than its young rival, sheet-glass, though once it held the highest place. It is much more brilliant, but the panes are small and of unequal thickness. It is made in but few establishments, and chiefly for ornamental use. The difference of manufacture consists only in the manipulation of the same molten material. When the glass is gathered on the end of the blow-pipe it is rolled on a metal or stone table ("the marver") until it is shaped into a cone, the extremity of which, called the "bullion-point," makes the decorative bull's-eye used in mosaic windows. The workman blows the glass into a globe, and then flattens the under side of it, keeping the bullion-point in the centre. He rests the pipe on two horizontal supports, while another workman attaches a warm cup of glass, carried upon his iron rod (known as a "pontee," or "punty"), to the bullion-point. Now the glass globe is fastened to two bars, the punty and the blow-pipe. The blower touches the glass next to his pipe with a cold iron and quickly strikes it, severing the blow-pipe from its charge and giving the glass over to the punty. Where it left the blow-pipe is a round opening, or, as the worker calls it, "a nose," which is inserted into the furnace. By rapid revolution of the punty and reheating, the opening grows larger and larger until the glass takes the crown shape from which it is named. As the heat and centrifugal force continue, the crown opens out to a circular plate or "table," which is constantly held out flat by swift whirling until it is laid on a bed. Shears detach the punty from the bull's-eye, and the table goes into the annealing oven for one or two days. The diameter of such a plate varies from a few inches to the extreme size of six feet. After annealing, the disk is cut by a diamond into square panes, but the bull's-eye in the centre compels them to be small, and this disadvantage is not commercially atoned for by the admirable brilliancy of crown-glass. Recently the bull's-eye plates have become popular to decorate artistic houses. Frequently the circular "tables" are used just as they come from the oven, tinted in amber or opalescent shades.

Colored glass windows are produced in many ways. The terms "colored," "paint-

ed," "stained," and "mosaic" are commonly used synonymously, but they refer to very different processes. Plain colored glass has neither paint nor stain, being dyed in the pot. Flashed glass, such as is used for lanterns, signs, and names of streets in street cars, is made the same as window-glass except that the clear



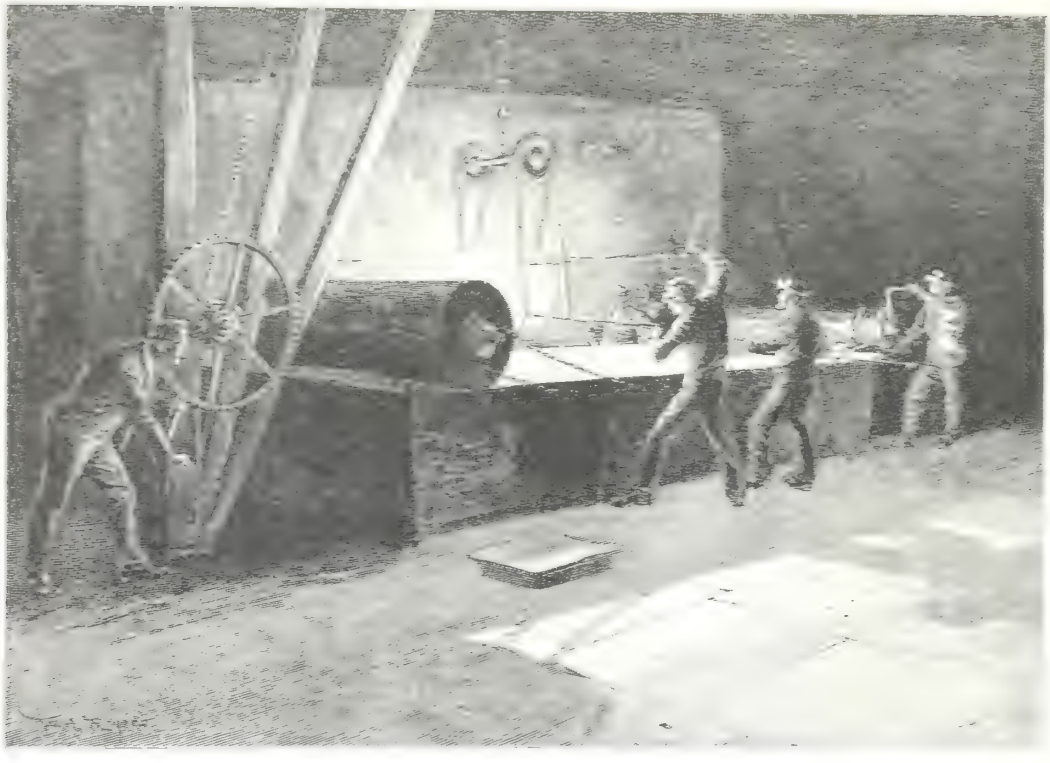
EVOLUTION OF A SHEET OF CROWN-GLASS

is coated at the start with a colored layer by being dipped into a pot of very deep color. This thin envelope is cut through to the plain glass by the sand-blast or acid to make the lettering in signs. Painted glass gets its color from enamels fused to the surface. Stained glass is produced by soluble metal oxides applied with a brush and attached by heat. Mosaic is a mass of fragments bound together by strips of grooved lead. Often all these methods of combining colors are joined in one window, but the best practice now relies chiefly upon mosaic. Mosaic glass has rapidly improved in the past century, becoming less and less conventional. The old style of grouping simply red, blue, and yellow has given way to a broad range of color, and has elevated mosaic window work to a high rank among the fine arts. Great advantage is gained also by mixing several colors while the glass is still plastic, skilfully welding various tints in a mottled plate. The last few years have also introduced opalescence into all varieties of colored glass work. The "jewels" cut from pieces of a rich colored glass add effectively to the brilliancy of recent designs.

The coloring materials most largely used are iron, manganese, copper, cobalt, and gold, generally oxides. The same metal produces several colors at different temperatures. From iron all the colors of the spectrum may be produced, and in the order of their position in the spectrum, but its commonest effects are green and orange. Manganese, which is used so frequently as a decolorizer as to be called "glass-makers' soap," is also the staple material for pink or purple. If the glass containing it is left too long in the furnace it becomes pale brown, then yellow, and finally green. Copper produces the reds of cheap glass, and by raising the temperature the result is purple and then blue. Cobalt gives blue or black. The finest rubies and violets come from gold. One part of gold will give a full rich color to 1000 parts of glass, and the color can be modified from amber through a gorgeous series of reds to ruby. Carbon (powdered cannel-coal) is used for cheap black and amber bottles. Opalescent ware has many materials for coloring, as tin, arsenic, cryolite. It is by skilfully using the effect of heat in varying colors that some of the handsomest effects of modern fancy glass are accomplished.

All glass into which manganese enters in even the slightest quantity undergoes a change of hue through the operation of sunlight. The windows in some of the old houses in Beacon Street, Boston, that are so conspicuous for their soft amethystine tints, are beautiful and striking examples of molecular changes that the years of sunlight have wrought on the ingredients of the glass. And the chances are that like changes will take place in all the windows of to-day, but time will only mellow and soften them.

Plain colored glass is blown like ordinary window-glass. But for mosaic glass, in which a rough opaque surface is desired, to produce rich color effects the glass is cast, like plate-glass, except that the molten metal is dipped out in small iron ladles. When several colors are desired in one sheet, the different masses are mixed with a copper trowel. Three or four colors may be manipulated thus by an artist with marvellous success. Particularly admirable are the sky effects obtained by blue and white, and the drapery lines made in casting by streaks of color. In the studio the colored drawing of the design is enlarged to actual size, and divided by black lines where the lead strips are to fasten the pieces together. Extreme



together precisely the combinations requisite to produce the artistic effect of landscape, drapery, and figure, as the entire effect is made without paint or stain except monochrome shading. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany has brought the art of making opalescent glass to the highest perfection it has yet attained. A remarkable illustration of his success is the memorial window for St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—the largest opalescent window in the world, from a painting "Christ leaving the Prætorium."

Plate-glass has only recently been attempted in this country, and there are but four large establishments making it, but they produce enormous quantities, that compete in quality and price with the best European grades. The largest plate-glass plant is at Creighton, twenty miles north of Pittsburgh, and near the famous gas district of Tarenton. It is marvellously equipped for prodigious results. The glass is a double silicate of lime and soda, like sheet and crown glass, but melted in large open kettles, instead of monkey-pots, which are placed on frames behind fire-clay doors. When the fusion is complete the door is opened, and a gigantic two-pronged fork, mounted on wheels, enters the furnace, grasping the kettle by depressions on each side of it. It brings out the glowing gallons of molten glass to a low truck, which carries it to the casting table. At Creighton the casting house, containing furnaces, tables, and annealing ovens, is 65 by 150 feet, four times as large as the famous St.-Gobelain Halle in France, and nearly twice the size of the British works at Ravenhead. There are two iron casting tables, seven inches thick, nineteen feet long, and fourteen feet wide. They run on tracks which reach every furnace and annealing oven. The table is brought as near as possible to the furnace, and over it the kettle of melted glass is hoisted by a crane, and poured in a glaring golden mass. A heavy iron roller thirty inches thick and fifteen feet long passes over it, spreading the glass into a uniform thickness, determined by the iron strips at each side of the table upon which the roller moves. At once the plate is pushed into the annealing oven, where it remains several days. It comes out rough and uneven, good only for skylights and floors, where strength is required without transparency. But most of it is ground and polished. The

plates are made fast by plaster of Paris to large rotary platforms, which revolve so that the entire surface of the glass is covered at each rotation by the disks of rotary grinding engines. These remove the general roughness by means of common river sand dredged from the Alleghany. Three million bushels of sand are used every year for this purpose. Finer smoothing is effected by emery of different grades, and the last polishing is done by rouge (calcined sulphate of iron). These operations remove forty per cent. of the original plate, leaving it from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch thick. The Creighton works produce 100,000 square feet of glass every month. Natural gas is the only fuel, taking the place of 3000 bushels of coal daily. These figures may dispel the mistaken opinion that we depend mainly upon France and Belgium for our supply of plate-glass. A part of the glass at Creighton is used for mirrors. The unpolished glass called "rolled plate," which is fluted in fine lines or indented in ornamental patterns for obscure lights in door panels, partitions, etc., is made by casting the plate-glass upon an engraved table.

Green glass, or "bottle glass," is used only for the cheaper grades of bottles. The amber glass also used for common bottles is colored from the same material by the addition of a trifling quantity of carbon. Fine bottles are made only from flint-glass, but the green glass work is an important and distinct trade, involving little of the skill and nicety required by other grades. It is conducted in America most extensively and successfully near Philadelphia. Much of the sand of southern New Jersey is sufficiently fine to make excellent bottles. The bottle-blower's work is quite simple. He gathers the molten glass on a blow-pipe in the quantity desired for a bottle, puffs a bubble into it, drops the red lump into an iron mould, which a small boy closes together, and blows the glass into its fixed shape, with whatever ornament or lettering is



ROLLING SKYLIGHT GLASS—CARRYING THE "METAL."

cut in the mould. The sharp broken mouth is then rounded in the "glory-hole," and the bottle goes to the annealing chamber.

Flint-glass is the general term for all the multiform utensils and ornaments (apart from windows and dark bottles) which make glass an omnipresent blessing in modern life. The distinctive peculiarity of flint-glass is the presence in it of lead, which imparts a brilliancy unlike that of most other glass. The lack-lustre surface of all the old objects of glass made before the English invention of a lead formula is noticeable. Lead oxide was originally used only in most expensive glass prepared from calcined flints. But gradually it has crept into many grades, down to the most common material for household and fancy wares and for all transparent bottles, giving them all a finer lustre than was otherwise obtained until the recent invention of lime glass. And the costliest of all glass, that used for optical lenses and imitation gems, still gains its extraordinary weight and refractive power from lead. The honors of skill in flint-glass production are broadly divided among the nations, England taking the lead in the crystal or purest flint glass used for cutting; Italy (Venice) in colored designs more brilliant than any made in the days of the republic, when flint-glass was not known; Switzerland in imitation gems; Germany in cheap vases; France in lens disks; and America in pressed glass and cheap table-ware. Recently a cheaper flint-glass has been introduced into American pressed ware, in which lime is substituted for lead, yet which retains much of the lustre and clearness of lead flint.

Flint-glass is either blown, moulded, or pressed, and frequently all three methods may be seen together in the same establishment. A flint-glass factory is a most entertaining medley of marvels. As you enter the great building that surrounds the huge chimney the first impression is that you are in a human ant-hill rumbling with inordinate activity. Or perhaps the sensation is better described as a plunge into a purgatorial chamber of industrious demons. In the centre the openings in the gigantic furnace dazzle you like glaring eyes from a soul of fire; but the glow comes really from molten glass in the dozen "monkey-pots" about the blaze. Scores of workers, boys, youths, and men, throng in restless confusion. It looks as if every one were running about on some impish deed of his own fancy. But stand still and watch closely, and you will see it is all a great system of human clock-work, each movement fitting nicely into the whole effect. The men at the furnace, who seemed at first to be devils thrusting pitchforks into the blazing depths to toast their victims, are only gathering metal on their punties. When a sufficiently large lump has been collected the man wanders off with it. You think he will certainly burn some one with that burning ball of fire, they are all bustling about him so incessantly. But follow him carefully and you see him silently hand the tube to an older man, who blows the glass into a large globe, and sits down to play with it at a bench which has a horizontal iron bar on each side of him to roll the tube on. Back and forth he rolls it like a toy, and the glass keeps curiously changing its shape. He has made a hole in the globe and has enlarged it into a symmetrical opening, and now the glass is cooled so that he can do nothing more. Will anybody in all that hurrying crowd help him? Instantly a young man appears, and without a word he holds up to the cool glass his long tube with a disk of red-hot glass on the end, which fastens to it. The man at the bench scratches the globe, jars it, and it leaves his bar. Off the other man runs with it to the "glory-hole," where the broken end is quickly heated again into softness. Then he hurries back with it to the bench man, who renews his play. A couple of minutes more and suddenly you perceive that he has made a perfect lamp shade, which a stroke detaches from the iron rod into a small bed of sand. A small boy carries it off on a stick to the annealing furnace, and now the gatherer is on hand again with a fresh lump of metal to begin the process again. Turn to the next man sitting at his work, and you notice him finishing a smaller charge into a lamp chimney, shaping the top by a mould. Here is a man amusing himself with a small bunch of soft glass on his rod. You



GLASS-MAKER'S CHAIR.

are sure he can have no serious purpose in turning and bending it into those ridiculous shapes. Quickly a boy seizes it from him, and you cannot trace him. It has gone over to a fancy vase, where it was needed to complete the ornament. So each bench has its own little task of skill, and keeps repeating it over and over, and each boy of the multitude (there are two or more to every man) has his own particular duties. He pops up always in the moment and place where he is needed. All the workers are busy as their wits can make them, for they work by the piece, and the number of things made determines their wages. They are grouped into sets or "shops" of three or four, who work together and share profits together on a well-understood grade of division. Generally four constitute a shop, the most skilful workman (the blower) at the head, the gatherer (a young fellow) next, and two boys, one handling moulds or tools, and the other carrying the products to the annealing oven. The only way to learn the glass trade is through long apprenticeship in these four stages. And no apprentice is permitted to enter the full privilege and wages of a master workman without the consent of the order. By this severe means of apprenticeship the glass-workers keep the skill of their trade in their own control, much like the old Venetian artisans, and practically dictate their own prices to employers.



ROLLING SKYLIGHT GLASS.

But let us look at the other sights in this house of magic. Here they are making small druggists' bottles, called "prescriptions." The blower has a narrow light tube, and adroitly gathers a small red lump on the end. He rolls it into a cylindrical shape, blows it out into a small pouch, and puts it into the iron mould held ready for it by a boy. The mould closes together around it, and the man blows the glass till it fills the mould, and the remainder swells out into a thin shell at the top and bursts with a puff. While it is cooling in its mould a second one is being blown into another mould. The small boy has all he can do to empty the moulds and close them over the red



GLASS BLOWN INTO MOULD.

new-comers. Another boy finishes the bottles by holding the ragged necks into the furnace to be rounded evenly, and carries them to the annealing "leer." A very dexterous man is able to blow 400 dozen small bottles a day. Most of the manifold forms of glass are formed in analogous processes by the blower's breath, not only bottles, but decanters, goblets, pitchers. These, however, are all cheaper grades, as the moulds prevent the peculiar polish which comes from working in the air.

Let us watch another workman who is rolling on a marver his freshly gathered lump of soft glass. A little puff of air blows it into a bulb which he swings out into longer shape. From this he is going to make a goblet, though he might as easily produce from it a pitcher, a bottle, or a chimney. The bulb is swelled out to the size desired for the bowl. He attaches a small red lump to the bottom of the bowl and draws it out into a stem. Another man has cast a bell-shaped piece, and this is fastened to the stem for the base of the goblet, then flattened into proper shape in a mould. The blow-pipe is detached from the upper half of the bowl, which is trimmed by shears. Finally the end is rounded in the furnace. The more expensive goblet has the stem drawn out from the original bulb and the base blown separately like a tiny disk of crown-glass. A pitcher has its body formed first, either by being blown into a mould or slowly developed from a bud by patient fingers. The handle is added separately as a lump attached to one end, then drawn out to the desired length, cut off, and attached. All the tools are extremely simple, demanding great cleverness of handling.

The most entrancing corner of a flint-glass establishment is the part where colored glass is worked into some of its myriad combinations. Many flint-glass furnaces have several different colors of glass melted continually alongside of the transparent staple to supply material for fancy wares. To describe all the beautiful combinations of color and form and their method of growth would be impossible. Frequently two or three layers of different color are combined, as if cemented together, making a basis for cameo engraving or fancy manipulation. This is done by dipping successively into the different pots, skilfully distributing each extra color evenly over the central one, and then blowing them all as one into the desired shape. The decorative gas globes with knobs or fancy patterns in a single color of glass are made by blowing the bulb into a mould which gives the ornamental form, and then finishing the two openings by hand. The interlacing of colored stripes requires a machine which



EVOLUTION OF A WINEGLASS.

winds threads of glass in opposite directions upon any surface. The amber ware, so popular of late, shaded into ruby on one end, is a curious product which was long held as a precious alchemistic secret by the glass trade. The amber color is produced from common flint-glass by

comes cold and is reheated it turns to a

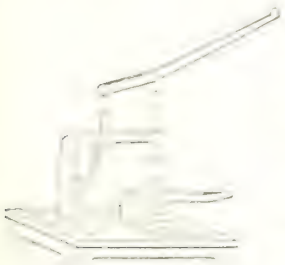
into a long rope, which you expect to see the boys jump over. But they so

length. These are going to a glass cut

pressed by moulds into the dress-maker's

the same way from a mass which has been blown hollow.

In another direction you notice one of the pressing-machines which American



trade. The plastic

into the general shape desired

pressed glass are cut, but they always lack the brilliancy of true cut glass.

The most brilliant forms of transparent flint-glass, or "crystal," are those blown

ufacturers also it wages.

Our thermometers come chiefly from abroad. The common mercurial one passes through the most difficult process. It is made upon the principle of quickly drawing out a hollow sphere into a thin tube which keeps all the character of its original. The lump of glass is blown hollow. An assistant fastens his punty to the round end and pulls the lump into a short thick tube, which is pressed into an elliptical shape. The flattened tube is then coated with another portion of melted glass, and it is rolled on an iron slab until a cylindrical exterior is formed around the flattened bore, leaving an elliptical opening within. A small batch of white glass is attached to it, and the furnace evenly distributes it over one side. Now it is a short thick cylindrical tube, white on one side. It is drawn out into a long thin tube; but the drawing preserves exactly the first shape and proportions, merely reducing the size. The tube is cut off into the lengths required. Holding one of the pieces to a blow-pipe, the workman converts the end of it into a bulb. It is then heated to expel the air, and the open end plunged into mercury. This is repeated until the mercury entirely displaces the air, when the open end is hermetically sealed. It goes thence to the graduator, who marks on it by careful tests the scale of degrees, which are indicated by the fine flat thread of mercury against the white background.

Most of the world's beads are Venetian. In the island of Murano a thousand workmen are devoted to this branch. The first process is to draw the glass into tubes of the diameter of the proposed bead. For this purpose the glass-house at Murano has a kind of rope-walk gallery 150 feet long. By gathering various colors from different pots and twisting them into one mass many combinations of color are made. The tubes are carefully sorted by diameters, and chipped into fragments of uniform size. These pieces are stirred in a mixture of sand and ashes, which fills the holes, and prevents the sides from closing together when they are heated. They are next placed in a kind of frying-pan, and constantly stirred over a fire until the edges are rounded into a globular form. When cool they are shaken in one set of sieves until the ashes are separated, and in another series of sieves until they are perfectly sorted by sizes. Then they are threaded by children, tied in bundles, and exported to the ends of the earth. France has long produced the "pearl beads" which in the finer forms are close imitations of pearls. They are said to have been invented by M. Jaquin in 1656. The common variety threaded for ornament is blown from glass tubes. An expert workman can blow five or six thousand globules in a day. They are lined with powdered fish scales and filled with wax. It takes 16,000 fish to make a pound of the scaly *essence of pearl*. Until recently the heirs of Jaquin still carried on a large factory of these mock-pearls. The best of them are blown irregular to counterfeit nature, some in pear shape, others like olives, and they easily pass for genuine.

Imitation gems formerly employed the chief attention of the highest artificers in glass. They are still the chief idea of ornamental glass in China. In the ancient and middle ages they circulated everywhere without much danger of discovery, and their formulas were held as precious secrets. Blancourt first published their compositions in 1696. Now they are common property; and with the growth of science in the past century an expert knowledge has become widely disseminated which easily detects the paste from the real jewel, particularly as the modern false stones are less successful copies than the old glass-makers produced. More study is now given to *artificial* gems, which are true gems, being composed of the same materials as the genuine ones, but manufactured.

Mirrors are made chiefly in Europe, the cheap ones in Germany, which invented the tin amalgam in the fourteenth century, and the large expensive ones in France. The silvering table is a smooth slab of thick wood or stone fixed on a pivot so that one side may be raised, and having a frame on three sides. The slab is placed horizontally, and covered tightly with gray paper. A smooth thin sheet of tinfoil is laid on the paper, and mercury is poured on its flat surface. The plate of glass is then carefully slid into the frame. Gently it is dropped, squeezing out the superfluous mercury, which runs off in a channel and is collected below. The plate is then covered with flannel, loaded with weights, and tilted on an incline. In this position it remains an entire day, while the mercury drips off. Then it is cautiously lifted from the frame. The amalgam has adhered to the glass, and after it

has hardened for several days it is ready for use. Most of the mirrors are now made by the quicker and cheaper process of painting the plate of polished glass with a preparation of silver. They are known as "red backs." The common looking-glasses for bureaus, etc., millions of feet of which are imported yearly, are known in commerce as German mirror plates. A German family will take home a box of ordinary window-glass, the mother and children will polish the surface of each light with rouge, and when it is done, take the glass back to the maker of the looking-glasses, and get another box.

For optical instruments the glass must be as dense as possible, as the refractive power increases with its weight. The sand is therefore mixed with large quantities of lead and potash. The melting-pot is covered with a dome roof to exclude smoke and gases. The fusing material is stirred with a fire-clay cylinder until the melting is complete, then the furnace heat is lowered, and the pots rest for a couple of hours to permit all the bubbles to rise. The gummy mass is then constantly stirred, while the temperature declines so low that at last stirring becomes very difficult. Then the cylinder is withdrawn, all the openings of the furnace are stopped, and the crucible and glass gradually cool. This requires a week. The pot is taken out and carefully broken away from the great lump of flint-glass. Parallel faces on its sides are ground and polished to locate the interior blemishes, which determine how the glass shall be cut to the best advantage. It is then tediously cut, ground, and polished. For large lenses the glass is cast into a round flat plate. Repeated trials are necessary before a piece perfectly clear can be obtained for telescope lenses. These are made almost entirely in France. The typical method of preparation is to carefully select a lump of high specific gravity, and placing it in a clay disk mould, slowly flatten it down by heat into the desired shape. Sometimes the glass is delivered to the lens-maker in rectangles, which are cut into disks by an annular saw.

The famous Alvan Clark establishment in Cambridge, which has furnished the Pulkowa, Washington, Lick, and other great telescopes with objectives, polishes with infinite pains the slabs received from France. In this modest workshop the most efficient instruments of astronomy have been equipped. How delicate its results are may be judged from the fact that a finger touch upon a lens swells it sufficiently to create a prominent spot in the tests applied. The 36-inch objective of the Lick telescope, the largest yet made, would seem to be a sufficient triumph, but the Clark brothers are confident of their ability to make one 40 inches in diameter. The cutting is done by cast-iron sand, which, by a rapidly rotating machine, gives the general curvature. Then the patient polishing is done on an iron lap coated with pitch and fed by water and rouge. There are eight manufactories of fine lenses in this country, but none west of Rochester, which is the main centre for microscope, camera, and eye-glass lenses. The glass is now furnished to our manufacturers in plates six to nine inches square and an inch thick. Being made only abroad, it enters without duty, but is worth $10 a pound in the rough. An annular saw cuts it into disks. These are sawn by the help of emery into thin pieces, which, cemented to sticks, are ground into concave or convex circles, and then ground oval for their frames.

Besides the enormous range of uses in which glass familiarly achieves a unique purpose, it does many strange services, and every year adds to the catalogue of its unsuspected virtues. From the material that produces Prince Rupert's drops, combining in one bead the toughness of iron with the explosiveness of powder, we may expect anything. A favorite amusement of glass-workers is to reel out fine threads quickly drawn from a molten batch, making a mineral silk to spin into incombustible cloth or to fashion into the plumage or hair of animals. Especially in Austrian factories the glass is woven into fabrics, sometimes with a warp of silk, or made into collars, neckties, chains, brushes, lamp-wicks, etc.* Recently a mineral cotton has been made from the slag refuse of iron smelting. The crude

* One of the most wonderful specimens of glass in the world is to be seen in the Conservatoire of the Arts and Trades at Paris. It is the life-size figure of a lion in the act of stifling a serpent. Every part is marvellously natural, and it is made entirely of glass. It cost the artist, M. Lambourg, thirty years of work, and was conspicuous in the Universal Exposition of 1855. At the Paris Exposition in 1878 there was exhibited a bonnet with feather, ribbons, and lining made entirely of spun glass, as well as cloaks and other articles of wear.

glass is melted and brought before a fierce blast, which blows it into delicate shreds, white and soft, that make a fire and rat proof filling for walls and floors. Exposure to great heat and gradual cooling devitrifies glass, transforming it to "Réaumur's porcelain," opaque and crockery-like. "Soluble glass" is a highly alkaline solution of quartz, potash, and charcoal, which is applied to textures in theatres to preserve them from flames. If fire touches them it melts the invisible minerals into a glaze, which excludes the air and prevents combustion.

The future of the glass industry in the United States is encouraging, for it is only since the war that the manufacture of polished plate has grown up; and there are now running, or building, enough furnaces to supply all that will be used in the country. It is within the last ten years that the manufacture of cathedral and rough plate has been thoroughly established, at first disputing and now controlling the home market against England and Belgium. The improvement in window-glass has also been great, and there are workmen and manufacturers who think they see the rising sun of much better days and a much better American glass. The concentration of capital in powerful concerns must certainly lead to changes in the system of labor that are bound to insure a more finished product. A new glass recently invented in Germany is said to add marvellously to the power of the microscope. A Yale professor announces the invention of a perfect acromatic telescope lens.

Legend tells of the lost invention of "malleable glass." Tiberius is said to have discouraged a genius who found the secret by beheading him, fearing the innovation would reduce the value of gold. It is also recorded that Cardinal Richelieu was presented with a bust of malleable glass by a chemist, who purposely let it fall into fragments, and mended it before his eyes with a hammer. The inventor was promptly rewarded by perpetual imprisonment, lest his ingenuity should ruin the "vested interests" of French manufacturers. But if glass may not ape the metals in malleability, it may imitate them in another respect just as important. A more fortunate Frenchman (M. de la Bastie) has within a few years introduced into Europe a transmuted glass which, he claims, may displace cast-iron. If it fulfils his expectations it will mark a new era in glass, and the old adage "as brittle as glass" will be superseded by a new one, "as tough as glass." By his process railway sleepers, fence posts, drain pipes, tanks, etc., are cast in moulds, and so toughened by a bath in oils as to be stronger than iron, though much lighter, and costing one-third as much. But it is questioned whether his results reach what is claimed for the process. These undeveloped toughening processes augur astounding changes in the future of glass. "Glass houses" may become the fashion, and we would have to reverse our proverb about them, for they would be bomb-proof. Already transparent glass bricks are made. Extending the possibilities of glass a little further, why may we not build the entire structure of glass? The walls might be cemented blocks cast like hewn stone, but translucent, and of any color. One could thus inhabit a huge pile of amber or of gigantic gems. The windows could be multiform, some of them telescopic, bringing distant things near, some with lenses or mirrors guiding the focussed sun's heat for culinary and comfortable purposes, others straining out the light or chemic rays. Tapestries, furniture, and utensils might be made of the universal material. The whole would be more endurable than granite. No fire could harm it; lightning would shun it. Such a dream, blossoming from this miraculous substance, may be realized by an Aladdin whose lamp is of glass.

Authorities.—The government *Report on the Manufacture of Glass*, by Joseph D. Weeks, 1880, is the best summary of the industrial history and condition of glass at the last census. *Le Verre, son histoire, sa fabrication*, E. Peligot, Paris, 1878, is the most comprehensive work; *Guide de Verrier*, G. Bontemps, Paris, 1868, is the technical guide to the manufacturer; *Curiosities of Glass-making*, H. Pellatt, London, 1849, *Marvels of Glass-making*, A. Sanzay, London, 1869 (from the French), and *Treatise on the Origin, Improvement, and Present State of the Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass*, London, 1852, are the best English text-books. *Glass*, by Alexander Nesbitt, London, 1878, the hand-book of the South Kensington series, is the authority on glass history; Mr. Nesbitt is also the author of the historical chapter on Glass in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. See also the encyclopædias; "Glass-making," by Professor C. H. Henderson, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, September, 1887; and *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. XLVIII., p. 320 ("Some Notes about Pottery and Porcelain," by William C. Prime); Vol. L., p. 386 ("Glass-making," by E. H. Knight); Vol. LIX., p. 655 ("Painted Glass in Household Decoration," by Charles A. Cole).

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XXII.

"UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!"

So, in a sweet little thread of a voice, sang Cicely. Her tones, though clear, were so faint that they seemed to come from far away. She was sitting in an easy-chair, with pillows behind her, her hands laid on the arms of the chair, her feet on a footstool. Her eyes wandered over the opposite wall, and presently she began again, beating time with her hand on the arm of the chair:

"Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake—awake."

She laughed.

The Judge left the room. He walked on tiptoe; but he might have worn hob-nailed shoes, and made all the noise possible—Cicely would not have noticed it. "I can't stand it!" he said to Paul, outside.

"How it must feel—to be as stiff and old as that!" was the thought that passed through the younger man's mind. For the Judge's features were no longer able to express the sorrows that lay beneath; even while speaking his despair his face remained immovable, like a mask.

"But it's merciful, after all," Paul had answered, aloud.

"Merciful!"

"Yes. Come to my room; I'll tell you why."

Straw was laid down before Paul's cottage. Within, all was absolutely quiet; even little Jack had been sent away. He had been sent to Hollis, who was taking care of him so elaborately, with so many ingenious devices for his entertainment, from gay songs to original dances, which he executed carefully in his small sitting-room, that Jack was wildly happy. And Porley was wildly idle; there was nothing for her to do.

Standing beside the white-pine table in Paul's bare bedroom, the two men held their conference. Paul's explanation lasted three minutes. "She thought she had some right, after all," he concluded. "For Ferdie was entangled with her long before he ever saw Cicely, and he always liked her; that was her hold upon him—he liked her, and she knew it; he didn't drop her even after he was married."

From the icy old face there came a hot imprecation.

"Let him alone—will you?—now he's dead," suggested Paul, curtly. "I don't suppose that you yourself have been so immaculate all your life that you can afford to set up as a pattern?"

"But my wife, sir— Nothing ever touched *her*."

"You mean that you arranged things so that she shouldn't know. All decent men do that, I suppose; and Ferdie didn't in the least intend that Cicely should know, either. He told her to stay here. If she had persisted in going down there against his wish, and against his arrangements also, fancy what she would have put her head into! I couldn't let her do that, of course. But though I told her enough to give her some clew, she hadn't the least suspicion of the whole truth. And now she need never know."

"She won't have time; she's dying," answered the old man. "She'll go to a world which that villain can't enter; that's the only consolation." He left the room.

Cicely's state was alarming. A violent attack of brain-fever had been followed by the present condition of comparative quiet. She recognized no one; much of the time she sang to herself gayly. The doctor feared that the paroxysms would return. They had been terrible to witness. Paul had held her, and he had exerted all the force of his strong arms to keep her from injuring herself, her fragile little form had thrown itself about so wildly, like a bird beating its life out against the bars of its cage.

No one in this desolate cottage had time to think of the accumulation of troubles

* Begun in January number, 1889.

that had come upon them. The silence, broken only by Cicely's strange singing, the grief of Paul for his brother, the dumb suffering of the rigid-faced old man, the absence of little Jack, the near presence of Death—these were enough, surely. But none of them had such a desperation of hopelessness as the aspect of Eve Bruce. She staid constantly in the room where Cicely was, but she did nothing; from the first she had not offered to help in any way, and the doctor, seeing that she was to be of no use, had sent a nurse. On the fourth night Paul said: "You must have some sleep, Eve. Go to your room; I will have you called if she grows worse."

"No; I must stay here."

"Why? There is nothing for you to do."

"You mean that I do nothing. I know it. But I must stay."

On the seventh evening he spoke again; Cicely's quiet state had now lasted twenty-four hours. "Lying on a lounge is no good, Eve. To-night you must go to bed, otherwise we shall have you breaking down too."

"Do I look as though I should break down?"

They had happened to meet in the hall outside of Cicely's door; the sunset light, coming through a small window, flooded the place with gold.

"No. If you put it in that way, I must say you do not."

"I knew it. I am very strong."

"You speak as though you regretted it."

"I do regret it." She put out her hand to open the door. "Don't think that I am trying to be sensational," she pleaded.

"All I think is that you are an obstinate girl, and one very much in need of rest also."

Her eyes filled; he had spoken as one speaks to a tired child. But she turned her head so that he should not see her face, and left him, entering Cicely's room, and closing the door behind her. Her manner and the movement, as he saw them, were distinctly repellent.

Cicely did not notice her entrance; the nurse, who had some knitting in her hand in order not to appear too watchful, but who in reality saw the rise and fall of her patient's every breath, was near. Eve went to the place where she often sat—a chair partially screened by the projection of a large wardrobe. She could see only a towel stand opposite, and the ingrain carpet, in ugly octagons of red and green, at her feet. The silence was profound.

"I am a murderer; it is a murderer who is sitting here. If people only knew! But it is enough for *me* to know.

"They said he was getting better. Instead of that he is dead. He didn't die a natural death; he was shot; I shot him; I lifted the pistol and fired. At the time it didn't seem anything. But this is what it means to kill, I suppose; this awful agony.

"I have never been one of the afraid kind. I wish now I had been; then this wouldn't have happened. The baby might have been horribly hurt; Cicely too. But at least I shouldn't have been a murderer. For if you kill you *are* a murderer, no matter whether the person you kill is good or bad, or what you do it for. You have killed some one, you have made his life come to a sudden stop. For that you must take the responsibility.

"Oh God! it is too dreadful—too dreadful. I cannot bear it. Sometimes, when I have been unhappy, I have waked and found it was only a dream; couldn't *this* be a dream?

"I was really going to tell; I was going to tell Cicely. But I thought I would wait until he was well—as every one said he would be soon—so that she wouldn't hate me quite so much. I was really going to tell. If any one had been suspected, I should have told in the very beginning. But nobody was suspected, or at least no one was pursued; those negroes got safely away. I meant to tell Cicely. But now if she should die without coming to her senses, I shouldn't be able to.

"Hypocrite! even to myself. In reality I don't want her to come to her senses. I have sat here for days, afraid to leave her, watching every moment lest she should begin to talk rationally. For then I should have to keep my word and tell her, and she would tell Paul. Oh, I cannot have him know—I *cannot*."

Made stupid by her misery, she sat gazing at the floor, her eyes fixed, her lips slightly apart.

She was exhausted, for the same thoughts had besieged her ever since she had read the despatch, "Morrison died this morning," an unending procession of exactly the same sentences, constantly following each other, and constantly beginning again, had not ceased for one mo-

ment. Even in sleep they continued, like a long nightmare, so that she woke weeping. And now without a moment's respite, while she sat there with her eyes on the carpet, it began anew: "I am a murderer; it is a murderer who is sitting here. If people only knew!"

"They may rail at this life; from the hour I began it
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until you can show me some happier planet,
More social, more gay, I'll content me with this,"

chanted Cicely.

"The song of last Christmas at Romney," Eve's thoughts went on. "Oh, how changed I am since then—how changed! That night I thought only of Jack; I cared only for Jack. Now I have almost forgotten him. Jack, do you care? All I think of is Paul—Paul, Paul, day and night. How beautiful it was in that gray-green wood! But what am I dreaming about? And yet pretending *not* to dream. How can the person who killed his brother be anything to him, now or ever?

"Once he said—he told me himself—'I care for Ferdie more than for anything in the world.' It's Ferdie I have killed.

"'Morrison buried this afternoon. Address me Pulaski House, Savannah.' He put those three despatches in his pocket and went into the back room. He sat down by the table, and laid his head upon his arms. His shoulders shook; I know he was crying; he was crying for his brother. Oh, I will go down-stairs and tell him the whole; I will go this moment." She rose.

"Landless, landless, landless Gregorlach,"

sang Cicely, in soft tones.

On the stairs Eve met the Judge. "Is she worse?" he asked, alarmed at seeing her outside of the room.

"No; the same."

She found Paul in the lower hall. "Is she worse?" he said.

"No. How constantly you think of her!"

"Of course."

"Can I speak to you for a moment?" She led the way to the small back room where he had sat with his head on his arms. "I want to tell you—" she began. Then she stopped.

His strong face had a worn look; his eyes for the moment were dull—a dullness caused by sorrow and the heavy pressure of care. But to her, as he stood there, he was supreme; her whole heart went out to him. "How I love him!" The feeling swept over her like a flood, overwhelming everything else.

"What is it you wish to tell me?" Paul said, seeing that she still remained silent.

"How can I do it?—how can I do it?" she asked herself.

"Don't tell me, then, if it troubles you to do it," he added, his voice taking the tones she dreaded.

Her courage vanished. "Another time," she said, hurriedly. She left the room.

But as she went up the stairs she knew that there would be no other time. "Never! never! I shall never tell him. Of what consequence to me is all the heroism or truthfulness or courage in the world compared with one word of his spoken in that tone? None. If any woman wants to judge me, let her first see if she loves as I do."

XXIII.

Miss Sabrina's first letters had been so full of grief that they had been vague. To her there had been but the one fact: Ferdie was dead.

She had become devotedly attached to him. There was nothing strange in this. Both as boy and as man Ferdinand Morrison had been deeply loved by many. The poor woman knew his fault (she thought it his only one), for the Judge had written an account of all that had happened, and the reasons for Cicely's flight. Nevertheless she loved this prodigal as the prodigal is often so dearly loved by the woman whose heart is pierced the most deeply by his excesses—his mother. And Miss Sabrina, as regarded her devotion, might indeed have been Ferdie's mother. Something in him roused the dormant maternal feeling—the maternal passion—which existed in her heart unknown to herself. She did not comprehend what it was that was disturbing her so much, and yet at the same time making her so happy; she did not comprehend that it was stifled nature asserting itself at this late day. The circumstances of her life had made her a faded, gentle, conciliatory old maid; she was not in the least aware that as a mother she could have been a tigress in the defence of her sons, for she was a woman who would have rejoiced in her sons; daughters would never have been unimportant to her.

She thought that she was perfectly reasonable about Ferdie. No, Cicely must not come back to him for the present. Baby too—poor darling little boy!—he must be kept away. And oh! how terrible that flight through the woods, and the gleam of the candle down the dark road! She thought of it every night with tremors. Yet, in spite of all, she loved the man who had caused these griefs. His illness made him dependent upon her, and his voice calling her name in affectionate but peremptory tones, like those of a spoiled child—this was the sweetest sound her ears had ever heard. He would reform; all her hopes and plans were based upon that. She went about with prayer on her lips from morning till night—prayer for him.

When his last breath had been drawn, it seemed to her as if the daily life of the world must have stopped too, outside of the darkened chamber, as if people could not go on eating and drinking, and the sun go on shining, and Ferdie dead. She was able to keep her place at the head of the household until after the funeral. Then she became the prey of an illness which, though quiet and unobtrusive, like everything else connected with her, was yet sufficiently persistent to confine her to her bed. Nanny Singleton, who had come to Romney every day, rowed by Boliver, now came again, this time to stay; she took possession of the melancholy old house, re-established order after her inexact fashion, and then devoted herself to nursing her dear friend.

Two of Nanny Singleton's letters.

Letter number one:

"Romney, *Friday evening.*

"Dear Judge,—I feel that we have been very remiss in not sending to you sooner all the details of this heart-breaking event. But we have been so afflicted ourselves with the unexpectedness of it all, with the funeral, and with dear Sabrina's illness, that no doubt we have been somewhat forgetful. We feel, Rupert and I, that we have lost not only one who was personally dear to us, but also the most fascinating, the most brilliant, the most thoroughly engaging young man whom it has ever been our good fortune to meet. Such a death is a public calamity, and you, who are his nearest and dearest, must admit us also (as well as many, many others) to that outer circle of more distant friends who esteemed him highly, admired him inexpressibly, and loved him beyond words, as this letter shows.

"Our dearest Sabrina told us all the particulars the morning after his death, for of course we came directly to her as soon as we heard what had happened. He had been making, as you probably know, a short visit in Savannah—five days. Dr. Knox had accompanied him, or perhaps it was that he joined him there; at any rate, it was Dr. Knox who brought him home. It seems that he had over-estimated his strength—so natural in a young man!—and he arrived much exhausted; so much so, indeed, that the doctor thought it better that dear Sabrina should not see him that evening. And the next day she only saw him once, and from across the room. He was alarmingly pale, and did not open his eyes. Dr. Knox said that he must not try to speak. It was the next morning at dawn that the doctor came to her door and told Powlyne to waken her. (But she was not asleep.) 'He is going, if you wish to come.' This was all he said. Dear Sabrina, greatly agitated, threw on her wrapper over her night-gown, and, just as she was, hastened to the bedside of the dear boy. He lay in a stupor; he did not know her. In less than half an hour his breath ceased. She prayed for him during the interval; she knelt down and prayed aloud with all her heart. It was a wonder that she had the strength to do it, to keep her voice so clear, when a soul dear to her was passing. When it had taken flight, and all was over, she closed his eyes, and made all orderly about him. And she kissed him for Cicely, she told me.

"The funeral she arranged herself in every detail. Receiving no replies to her despatches to you, she was obliged to use her own judgment. She had confessed to me in the beginning that she much wished to have him buried here at Romney, in the little circle of her loved ones. Not hearing from you to the contrary, she decided to do this; he lies beside your brother Marmaduke. Our friends came from all the islands near and far; there must have been sixty persons in all. A number of the old servants, too, assembled at the grave, coming from one hardly knew where—poor creatures; but each wearing some bit of mourning or bringing a bunch of flowers. Some of them had known him; those who did not, came on your account or Sabrina's; or else as a

token of affection for Cicely, who, as you know, has always been like their little queen. Dr. Knox staid with us until after the funeral—that is, until day before yesterday—then he took leave of us, and went to Savannah by the evening boat. He seems a most excellent young man. And if he strikes *me* as a little cold, no doubt it is simply that, being a Northerner, and not a man of much cultivation, he could not fully appreciate dear Ferdie's very remarkable qualities, and therefore our deep sorrow for him. It seems to me that, more than anything else, a physician should be sympathetic, and *this* Dr. Knox certainly was *not*. I don't mean to say one word against him; he is skilful and intelligent. All the same, we were relieved when he went away. Dear old Dr. Daniels, who has been in Virginia for several weeks, has now returned; he comes over every day to see Sabrina. He tells me that her malady is intermittent fever—a very mild form. The only point is to keep her strength up. This we endeavor to do with chickens. I will remain here as long as I can be of the slightest service. Rupert is only too glad that I can be of use. You may rest assured that everything possible is being done.

"In addition, I will feel it a privilege to be with her. Sometimes, during the intervals, I read to her a little. Generally hymns. 'Rise, my soul,' is her favorite; and she repeats after me in such a believing tone, 'There will sorrows ever cease.' And indeed it is what we must all think of in such a time of inscrutable affliction as this—that there is a hereafter, where such cruel griefs will not molest us, where our precious ones will not die.

"I trust darling Cicely is not burdened by the many letters that have been written to her—my own four, and Rupert's three, as well as those of all her other friends here. All wished to write, and we did not know how to say no.

"With much love to Miss Bruce, I am, dear Judge, your attached friend,

NANNY SINGLETON."

Letter number two:

"ROMNEY, *Saturday Morning.*

"MY DEAR MR. TENNANT,—My husband has just received your letter, and as he is much crippled by his rheumatism this morning, he desires me to answer it immediately, so that there may be no delay.

"We both supposed that Dr. Knox had written to you. Probably while he was here there were so many things to take up his time that he could not. And I happen to know that as soon as he reached Savannah day before yesterday he was met by this unexpected proposition to join that yacht for a cruise of several months. One of the conditions was that he was to go on board immediately (they sailed the same evening), and I dare say he had time for nothing but his own preparations, and that you will hear from him later. My husband says, however, that he can give you all the details of the case, which was a very simple one. Your brother overestimated his strength; he should not have attempted that journey to Savannah. It was too soon, for his wound had not healed; the fatigue brought on a dangerous relapse, and he could not rally. He died from the effects of that cruel shot, Mr. Tennant; his valuable life has fallen a sacrifice (in my husband's opinion) to the present miserable condition of our poor State, where the blacks, our servants, who are like little children, and need to be led—where these poor ignorant children are put over us, their former masters; are rewarded with office; are intrusted with dangerous weapons—a liberty which in this case has proved fatal to one of the higher race. It seems to my husband as if the death of Ferdinand Morrison should be held up as a marked warning to the entire North. This very superior, talented, and engaging young man has fallen by the bullet of a negro. My husband says that in his opinion the tale should be told everywhere, on the steps of court-houses and in churches, and the question should be solemnly asked, Shall such things continue?—shall the servant rule his lord?

"We are much alarmed by the few words in Judge Abercrombie's letter (received this morning) concerning our darling Cicely. We beg you to send us a line daily. Or perhaps Miss Bruce would do it, knowing our anxiety? I pray that the precious girl, whom we all so fondly love, may be better very soon. But I will be anxious until I hear.

"As I sent a long letter to the Judge last evening, I will not add more to this. Our sympathy, dear Mr. Tennant, with your irreparable loss is heart-felt; you do not need our assurances of that, I know.

"Mr. Singleton desires me to present his respects. And I beg to remain, your obedient servant, N. SINGLETON."

XLIV

Midsummer at Bois Blanc. The day was very hot. It was a heat unlike that of Chicago or Cleveland. There was no [illegible] times to the lower lake towns in the dog-days. Up here the air remained dry and clear and pure. But the splendid sunshine had almost the temperature of flame. It seemed as if the miles of forest would take fire, as from a burning-glass.

Eve stood at the open window of Paul's little parlor. A figure passed in the road outside, but she did not notice it. It passed again. Reappearing, it opened the gate and came in. "Many happy returns—of cooler weather! We ought to pity the Eyetalians. What must their sufferings be on such a day as this!"

Eve gazed at the speaker unseeingly. Then recognition arrived. "Oh, Mr. [illegible]

Hollis came into the house. He joined [illegible] Hope I don't intrude? Can't help thinking of the miserable Eyetalians." Eve made no reply. "Just heard a piece of news. Paul has sold his Clay County iron. He has lost a mighty big chance by doing it. Would have made five times as much by holding on to a part and taking a share of the profits. That was what he wanted to do. In fact he'd got it all arranged. But he has been so jammed lately by these unexpected demands made upon him that he had no other course. All his brother's South American speculations have come to grief, and the creditors have come down on *him*—*like* a thousand of brick."

"Will he have to pay much?" asked Eve, her lassitude gone.

"More than he's got," answered Hollis, putting his hands still more deeply into his trousers' pockets, his long lean figure projecting itself forward into space from the sixth rib, and only regaining its perpendicular at the knee. "I don't get all this from Paul, you may depend: he don't blab. But the law sharks who came up here to get hold of whatever they could—for you see Paul has always been a partner in his brother's enterprises, so that gives 'em a chance—these scamps talked to me as to a leading citizen. I was never so glad of that lie before, and you may bet I gave them a chase: high and low, and all round I led them, miles away from what they came for. But even the sale of his Clay County iron won't clear Paul. He will have to guarantee other debts: it will take him years to clear it all off, unless he has something better than his present salary to do it with. Too bad!"

"I don't think he minds," said Eve.

Her face, as she spoke these words, expressed a faith so superb that Hollis took his hands out of his pockets and straightened himself. "C. Hollis, don't wriggle!" Then aloud: "Mind? Not he. That's the beauty of Paul: he could carry a much heavier weight even, and not turn a hair. 'Tis his brute strength."

[illegible]

"I mean that he doesn't worry."

"Worry! He!"

"Well, some people, you know, even very elegant people—artists, and those who play the violin—they say it's part of their talentedness to worry." ("C. Hollis—ass! shut up! Stop while you can.") Then aloud again, and rapidly: "You know he'd got all his spare cash together, and saved all he could, in order to [illegible]—to Norway and round about. But that money isn't but a drop in the bucket. He has had to shoulder the bucket entire."

[illegible]

"I guess it has been a pretty hard pull this time. All his plans and hopes hung on that Clay County iron: it was all he [illegible]

"You ought to have told me. I have money."

"I guess he wouldn't take it. Another thing, he wanted terribly bad to go straight to Ferdie as soon as he heard he was shot. But Mrs. Morrison came here: she came to be with him. And he soon saw, too, that all his money would be required for his brother's expenses. So he gave it up, especially as he supposed the lad was getting better all the while. But he wanted awfully to go: he thought the world and all of Ferdie."

"I know he did," said Eve. And now her face was like a tragic mask—deadly white, with a frown, the eyes under her straight brows looking at him fixedly.

"Oh, ehem!" said Hollis to himself distressfully, disgustedly. "You screw yourself up to tell her all these gay things about him, because you thought it would please her, and *this* is the way she takes 'em!"

He looked at her again: she gave no sign. Feeling painfully insignificant and helpless, he turned and left the room.

A few minutes later Paul came in. Hollis should have been there to see the tragic mask change. "You have sold

"I don't know that it is— I don't

"You mean t

"Why, I'll say as many as you like.

"And, in the mean while, you supported him. You have always done it."

"You are

to be short, but it was always for the time being only: he would have paid me back if he had lived. The boy couldn't grind, and he couldn't live in a poor way: he absolutely couldn't. Nor did I ever want him to; he had those tastes always. Tall and large as he was, do you remember the shape of his hands? Why, my business in life has always seemed to me to be to take care of him." And Paul opened meditatively.

The door opened, and the Judge came in. "I'm glad you're here," said Paul. "Now we can decide, we three, upon what

would be still worse: she cannot go anywhere by train, and hardly by steamer—though that is better. There would be no use, then, in trying to take her South."

I ever saw it at Romney," interposed the Judge. "It's a tophet—this town of yours

"I was thinking also of Miss Abercrombie's illness when I spoke of Cicely's not going South," Paul went on. "Though the fever is light, her room is still a

But, meanwhile, the poor girl is daily growing weaker. And so this is what I

eyes, looking at him.

cheek against hers.

at Jupiter, he had been obliged to return immediately, and he had remained in town closely occupied for more than a week. He sat down, refusing Hollis's proffered glass. The nurse came out, and walked to and fro before Cicely's lodge, breathing the aromatic air. This meant that Cicely still slept. Eve had seated herself a little apart from the fire; her figure was in the shadow. Her mind was filled with but one thought: "Cicely is getting better. Then must I tell her? Must I tell her?" By-and-by the conversation of the others came to her.

"Hanging is too good for them," declared the Judge.

"But wasn't it supposed to be a chance shot, after all?" remarked Hollis. "Not intentional, exactly?"

"That makes no difference, sir. You may call it absolute chance, if you like. But the negro who dares to lift a pistol against a white man should not be left alive five minutes afterward," said the old planter, implacably. "It's the only way."

"You'd ought to have lived in the days of the intolerant old religious wars," drawled Hollis, in reply. "I don't know anything else carnivorous enough to suit you."

"Nothing but justice. You must be a Quaker, sir. Tennant feels as I do. He'd shoot at sight."

"Oh no, he wouldn't," said Hollis. "He ain't a Southerner."

"Tennant can speak for himself," said the Judge, confidently.

"I'd shoot the man who shot my brother," answered Paul. "I'd go down there to-morrow — I should have gone long ago—if I thought there was the least hope of finding him." A dark flush rose in his face. "I'm afraid—even if it was a chance shot—that I should want to *kill* that man just the same. I should be a regular savage!"

"Would you never forgive him?" asked Eve's voice from the shadow. "Never?"

"Blood for blood!" responded Paul. "No; not unless I killed him; then I might."

She rose and went to her lodge.

Paul got up. "Oh, are you going?" But she did not hear him. He sat down again. She did not reappear that night.

The next morning she went off for a solitary walk. By chance her steps took the direction of a small promontory that jutted sharply into the lake, its perpendicular face rising to a height of forty feet from the deep water below. She had been here several times before, and knew the place well. It was about a mile from the camp. As she sat there on the moss, Paul's figure appeared through the trees. He came straight to her. "I have been looking for you. I tried to find you last night." He paused a moment. "Eve, don't you see what I've come for? Right in the midst of all this grief and trouble I've found out something. It's just this, Eve: I love you."

She tried to rise, but he put his hand on her shoulder to keep her where she was. "Oh, but I do; you needn't doubt it," he went on, with an amused smile—amused at himself. "In some way or other the thing has come about, I may say, in spite of me. I never thought it would. But here 'tis—with a vengeance! I think of you constantly; I can't help thinking of you. I recognize, at last, that the thing is unchangeable; that it's for life. Have you I must." The words were despotic; but the tone was entreating; and the eyes looking down upon her, and holding hers in the old way, were caressing—imploring. "Yes, I'm as helpless as any one," Paul went on, smiling as he said it. "I am completely conquered. I think of you all the time; I can't sleep, even. Come, take me. I'm not such a bad fellow, after all; I really think I'm not. And as regards my feeling for you, you need not be troubled; I worship you."

She quailed under his ardor. Rising, she walked away for a step or two; then she stood still, with her hands over her face, her whole figure drooping.

"I haven't spoken before because there has been so much to do," Paul continued. "There has been Cicely; and then I've been harassed about business. I've been in a box, and trying to get out. Besides, I wasn't perfectly sure that my time had come." He laughed. "I'm sure now." He came and took her in his arms. "Don't let us make any delays, Eve; we're not so young, either of us. Not that you need be afraid that you're to be the less happy on that account; I'll see to that."

She broke from him.

But again he came to her; he took her hands, and kneeling, laid his forehead upon them. "I will be as humble as you like; only—be good to me. I long for that."

A sob rose in her throat. He sprang up. "Don't do that; don't be unhappy. I want to make you absolutely happy, if I can. We shall have troubles enough, and perhaps we shall have sorrows, but at least we shall be together. You must never leave me, and I will do all I can to be less rough. But on your side there's one thing, Eve: you *must* love me." These last words were murmured in her ear.

With all her strength she drew herself away from him. The expression of her face was almost like death.

"You look as though you were afraid of me. I thought you loved me, Eve?"

"I do."

"Pretend you are a man, then, long enough to say 'yes' without any more circumlocution. We will be married in the little church at Bois Blanc the last of this week. Then we can take care of Cicely together."

"I shall never marry."

"Some morbid idea. Is it on account of Cicely?"

"No, no! Yes; it's on Cicely's account."

"She wouldn't care about it. She isn't even fond of you."

"Oh, what shall I say to you?" cried Eve, her hands dropping by her sides. "Listen: it will be absolutely impossible for you to change my determination. But I am so horribly unhappy, so horribly unhappy, that I do believe I cannot stand anything more—any more contests with you. Leave me to myself; say nothing to me. But don't drive me away; let me stay near you."

"In my arms, Eve?"

"Let me stay near you; see you; hear you talk."

"And how long do you suppose that would last—with your restrictions? It's a regular woman's idea: nonsense."

"Paul, be merciful!"

"Merciful? Oh yes!" He took her in his arms again.

"I swear to you that I cannot marry you," she said, trembling as his cheek touched hers. "Since I've known you I haven't wanted to die; I've wanted to live—live a long life. But now I *do* want to die. There is a barrier between us. I cannot lift it."

He released her. "There could be but one. I believe that you are truthful. Is the barrier another man?"

Another man? She hesitated a moment. "Yes."

He looked at her. "I do not believe you. You are lying for some purpose of your own. See here, Eve, I don't want to be played with in this way. You love me, and I worship you. By this time next week you are to be my wife."

"I must go away from you, then? You won't help me? Where can I go, and how can I live without you? What will become of me?" She left him; she walked slowly toward the lake, her head bowed.

He followed her after a moment. He had paid no attention to what she was saying. "Feminine complications"—this was all he thought. He was very masterful with women.

As he came up she turned her head and looked at him. And, by a sort of inspiration, he divined that the look was a farewell. He caught her, and none too soon; for as he touched her he felt the impulse, the first forward movement of the spring which would have taken her over the edge, down to the deep water below.

Carrying her in his arms, close against his breast, he hastened away from the edge. He went inland for a long distance. Then he stopped, releasing her. He was extremely pale.

"I believe you now," he said. "All shall be as you like—just as you like. I will do anything you wish me to do." He seemed to be afraid lest something should still distress her. He watched her anxiously.

She came and put her hands on his shoulders; she lifted her head and kissed his cheek. It was like the kiss one gives in the chamber of death.

He did not move; he was holding himself in strict control. But he felt the misery of her greeting so acutely that moisture rose in his eyes.

She saw it. "Do not be troubled about me," she said. "I didn't want to die, really; I didn't want to at all. On the contrary, I wanted to live. It was only because just at that moment I could not bear it to have you keep asking me when it was impossible. I felt that I must go away. And yet, apart from you, and from Cicely and Baby, there seemed no place in the world for me. But now—now I *want* to live." She leaned her head for a moment against his breast.

"I'm not a woman, you know," he said, with a faint smile. "Women do with make believes. Men can't."

She had left him. "Go now," she said.

He turned to obey. Then he came back. "Eve, can't you tell me your real reason?"

But her face changed so quickly to its old look of agony that he felt a pang of regret that he had spoken. "I will never ask you again," he said.

This was the offering he made her—a great one for Paul Tennant. He went away.

An hour later she came back to the camp.

"Paul has gone to Boblar," said Hollis, who was sitting by the fire. "Told me to give you this." He handed her a note.

It contained but two lines: "I shall come back next week. But send a note to Bois Blanc; I want to know if you are contented with me."

Eve wrote but one word—"Yes."

XXV.

Paul remained away for ten days; not by his own wish, but detained by business.

During his absence Hollis's services were in demand. Cicely was now able to go out on the lake, and he took her for an hour or two every morning and every afternoon in one of the larger canoes. The nurse and Cicely sat at the bow, then came Eve, then Hollis. Cicely still did not talk. But she looked at the water and the woods on the shore, and her face showed occasionally some slight childish interest in what was passing. Eve, too, scarcely spoke. But it was pleasure enough for poor Hollis to be opposite to her, where he could see her without appearing to gaze too steadily. He had always admired her. He had admired the tones of her voice, her reticent, independent way; he had admired her tall slender figure with the broad sweep of the shoulders, the erect carriage, and lithe strong step. He had never thought her too cold and too pale. Now in the increased life and color which had come to her she seemed to him marvellously beautiful, a daughter of the gods—the strong Northern gods with flaxen hair. The flush in her cheeks made her eyes seem bluer and the thick braids more golden; the curve of her full lips, a curve which had once been almost sullen, was now, though sad, strangely sweet. Her love had made her beautiful; her love, too, made her kind to Hollis. Women are often unconsciously cruel in this way. The poor auctioneer lived in a fool's paradise and forgot all his cautions; day-dreams began to visit him; he was a boy again.

On the eleventh day Paul returned.

Hollis happened to see him meet Eve. Outwardly it was simply that they shook hands, and stood for a moment exchanging an unimportant question or two; or rather Paul asked, and Eve answered. But Paul's tone was not what it once had been; his eyes, looking at Eve, were different. It was one thing to know that she loved Paul; Hollis was used to that. It was another to know that Paul loved her—a *man* taking a hand in it. He waited through the day, watching with all the acuteness of jealousy. He saw nothing. But that evening, when Eve had said good-night and started toward her lodge, Paul rose and followed her.

"I'm going down to the lake for a moment or two," Hollis said to the Judge, who was sitting by the fire. He walked away in the direction of the lake. Then doubling upon his track, he returned, avoiding the fire and going toward the row of lodges. Presently he saw two dusky figures and stopped—a man and a woman. They stood there for a moment; then the man bent his head and touched with his lips the woman's wrist. It was but for a second. They separated, she going toward her lodge, and he returning to the fire. The watcher in the wood, a lank, stoop-shouldered figure, stole noiselessly down to the beach and got out a canoe; then he went off and woke an Indian. Presently the two were paddling westward over the dark lake. In spite of his haste, however, he missed the steamer and had to wait. He did not reach Bois Blanc until the following evening.

From the boat he went to a restaurant and ordered dinner. He called it "dinner" to make it appear more fine. He ordered the best that the establishment could offer. He complained because there were no anchovies. He said to the waiter: "*This* patty de fograr? You must be sick! Take away these off-color peaches and bring me something first class. Bring lick-koors, too. Can you catch on to that?" He drank a great deal of wine, finishing with champagne. With his hat

on the back of his head, he lit a cigar and sauntered out.

He went to a beer-garden. The place was brightly lighted; dusty evergreens planted in tubs made foliage; little tables were standing in the sand. There was a stage upon which four men in Tyrolese costume were singing, "O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt!" very well accompanied by a small orchestra.

"Hello, Katty, wie geht's?" said Hollis to a girl who was passing with a tray of empty beer-glasses. She stopped. "Want some ice-cream, Katty?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Hollis, you know there's no ice-cream here."

"Did I say here? Outside, of course. Come along."

Katty went, nothing loath.

She was a girl of sixteen, with pretty eyes, thick braids of brown hair, and a sweet voice. The fairness of extreme youth gave her a fictitious innocence. He took her to the ephemeral saloon with much gilding, and sat looking at her while she devoured two large slabs of a violently pink tint. Her preposterous Gainsborough hat, with its imitation plumes, she had taken off, and the flaring gas-light shone on her pretty hair.

"Now shall we have a walk, Katty?"

They strolled through the streets for half an hour. He took her into a jeweller's store, and bought her a German silver dog-collar which she had admired in the window. She wanted it to clasp round her throat: "Close up, you know, under the chin. It's so cute that way." She was profuse in her thanks. Of her own accord, when they came out, she took his arm.

He fell into silence. They passed his rooms. Katty looked up. "All dark," she said.

"Yes. I guess I'll take you back now, Katty. Do you want to go home, or to the garden again?"

"*I* ain't accustomed to going to bed at this early hour, Mr. Hollis, whatever you may be. I'll go back to the gardens, please."

When they reached the entrance, he put his hand in his pocket and drew something out. "There, Katty, take that and buy more dog-collars. Money's all an old fellow like me is good for."

"Oh, Mr. Hollis, when I like you better than many that's young."

"Thank you, Katty. Good-night."

He went, as he would have called it, "home." On the way he passed his office. A vague impulse made him unlock the door, and look in by the light of a match. The skeleton was there, and the bonnets in their bandboxes. "I must try to work 'em off before winter," he thought. "They are really elegant; too elegant for *this* market." He locked the door again, and going a little further down the street, he entered an open hallway, and began to climb a long flight of stairs. On the second floor he inserted his key in a door by the aid of a match, and opening, entered. He was at home. The air was close and hot, and he threw up the windows. Leaving the candle in the outer room, he went and sat down in his parlor, crossing his legs, and trying to lean back. Every chair in the room was in its very nature and shape uncomfortable. Sitting there, his life in retrospect passed slowly before him, like a picture unrolling itself on the dark wall. He saw all the squalid misery of it, all its disappointments and its deprivations. "From first to last it's been a poor affair. I wonder how I've stood it." The dawn came into the room; he did not move. He sat there with his hat on until the little bell of the Baptist church near by began to ring for Sabbath-school. He listened to the sound for a while. It was persistent. Finally he got up. His legs felt stiff; he brushed some dust from his trousers with the palm of his hand; then he went out.

He went down to the street, and thence to the Baptist church. The door stood open; he went in; the children were already in their places, and the organ was sounding forth a lively tune. Presently the young voices began all together in a chorus.

"The voice of free grace cries escape to the mount-*ins*."

His mother used to sing that song, he remembered. She often sang it over her work, and she was always at work—yes, to the very day of her death. She had been a patient, plodding dress-maker.

"I don't know that I'd oughter have less pluck than she," thought her son.

"Brother, will you have a book?" whispered a little man in a duster, proffering one from behind.

Hollis took it, and followed the words as the children sang them to the end. When the prayer began, he laid the book

down carefully on the seat, and went out on tiptoe. He went down to the pier; the morning boat had just come in; he went on board.

"Business," he explained to the Judge. "Had to go."

"Sold the skeleton, perhaps?"

"Well, I've laid one," responded Hollis, grimly.

The Judge was in gay spirits. Cicely had been talking to him. It had been about Jack, and she had said nothing of importance; but the sentences had been rational, connected.

Several days passed; she said no more. But consciousness had returned to her eyes; they all felt hopeful. They had strolled down to the beach one evening to see the sunset, and watch the first flash of Jupiter Light out on its reef. Eve was with Hollis; she selected him each day as her companion, asking him in so many words to accompany her. Hollis went, showering out jokes and puns. Now and then he varied his efforts at entertainment by legends of what he called "old times on the Ohio." They always began: "My father lived on a flat-boat. He was a bold and adventurous character." In reality, his father was a flute-player, who earned his living (sometimes) by getting up among school-children, who co-operated without pay, a fairy operetta called *The Queen of the Flowers*. To-day Hollis was talking about the flat-boat—maundering on, as he would himself have called it; Paul and the Judge strolled to and fro. The water came up smoothly in long low swells, whose edge broke at their feet with a little sound like "whisssh," followed by a retreating gurgle; the scene, with the wide lake, the dense forest outlined against the orange sky, the perfectly clear air, and the profound stillness—all was wild and fresh, like a virgin world.

"Paul Tennant, are you there?" asked a voice.

Startled, they turned. On the bank above the beach, and just above their heads (the bank was eight feet high), stood Cicely.

"It is you I want, Paul Tennant. Everything has come back to me. I know now that Ferdie is dead. You would not let me go to him, and probably he thought that it was because I did not want to go. This I owe to you, and I am going to curse you for it. They say that a woman's curse is fatal if she is serious about it, and I am very serious, and so I curse you, Paul Tennant. I curse your days and nights, all the things and people you like, all your hopes and plans. If you trust any one, I hope that person will betray you. If you love any one, I hope that person will hate you. If you should have any children, I hope they will be disobedient, and whatever they may be to others, unchildlike to you."

"Cicely, stop! stop!" cried Eve. "Will no one stop her?"

"God, curse Paul Tennant—curse him for me! he has been so cruel—so cruel!" She was now kneeling down, her arms held up to Heaven in appeal.

The Judge looked waxily pallid. Hollis did not move. Paul, much less disturbed than any one, was already climbing the bank. It was perpendicular, and there was neither footing nor hold, but after one or two efforts he succeeded. When he reached the top, however, Cicely was gone. He went to her lodge. Here he found her sitting quietly beside Jack's bed. She was alone; neither the nurse nor Porley was with her. Before he could speak, Eve appeared, breathless.

"Where is the nurse, Cicely?" Paul asked, in his usual tone.

"Do you mean that woman whom you have put over me? She has gone out for a walk."

"And Porley?"

"You will find Porley at the big pine."

"What is she doing there?"

"I didn't want her about, so I tied her to the trunk. Probably she is frightened," she added, calmly.

"Go and find her," said Eve to Paul. "I will stay with Cicely."

"Have nothing to do with Paul Tennant, Eve," Cicely remarked, as she drew the covering more closely over Jack. "He is almost a murderer; he didn't go to his brother; he let him die alone."

"I shall not leave you," said Paul, looking at Eve's white cheeks.

"Have you fallen in love with each other?" asked Cicely. "It needed only that."

"I beg you to go," Eve entreated.

Paul hesitated. "Will you promise not to leave this lodge until I come back?"

"Yes."

He went out. The Judge was approaching, leaning heavily on Hollis's arm.

"It's nothing," Hollis explained. "The

Judge, he's tuckered out. A night's rest is all he needs."

"Take me to Cicely," said the Judge.

"Cicely ought to be quiet now," Paul answered. "Eve is with her, and they're all right. Women do better alone together, you know, when one of them has hysteria."

"Hysteria! Is that what you called it?" said the Judge.

"It's natural," Paul went on: "poor little girl, coming to herself suddenly here in the woods, only to realize that her husband is dead. We shall have to be doubly tender with her, now that she is beginning to be herself again. It seems as though one could hardly be tender enough."

"You didn't mind it, then?" said the Judge, going on with his investigation. He was relieved, of course—glad. Still, didn't it begin to seem almost an impertinence that Paul should have paid so little attention to what had been to the rest of them so terrible?

"Mind? Do you mean what she was saying? I didn't half hear it. I was thinking how I could get up that bank. And that reminds me there's something wrong with Porley; she's at the big pine. I am going out there to see."

The Judge felt no curiosity as to what she had been "doing to herself."

"I don't think she has been doing anything; it's somebody else. Cicely told me that she had tied her in some way."

"If she did, the wench richly deserved it," said the Judge, going toward his lodge, his step stiff and slow.

"He came mighty near a stroke," said Hollis to Paul.

"Hadn't you better go with him, then?"

"Yes; I'll saunter along. I am going to Boblar to-morrow, Paul. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, I am going myself; you know that. Can't you postpone your visit for a day or two?"

"It's not a visit; I'm going to stay. Not coming back."

"Cut the whole thing?"

"Yes."

"You might have told me before, so that I could have made other arrangements. They can't get along here very well without one of us. I depended upon you."

"Well, you can depend for a few days more; I'll postpone." He went toward the Judge's lodge. "Jealous again, fool Hollis? You go right into that lodge, and stay there; stay with that unreasonable, vituperative, cantankerous old Bourbon of a Judge, and—judge of Bourbon! You smooth him down, and you hearten him up; you agree with him every time, and you tuck him in; you hang his old clothes carefully over a chair; you take his shoes out, and black 'em; and you conduct yourself generally like one of his own nigs in the old days of slavery—Maryland, my Maryland!" He lifted the latch of the door, and went in.

Paul, meanwhile, had gone to the big pine; when he reached it, the twilight had darkened into night. A crouching figure stood close to the trunk—Porley. She was tied by a small rope to the tree, the firm ligatures encircling her in three places—at the throat, the waist, and the ankles; in addition, her hands were tied behind her.

"Well, Porley, a good joke, isn't it?" Paul said, as he cut the knots of the rope with his knife.

"Ah-*hoo!*" sobbed the girl, her fright breaking into audible expression now that aid was near.

"Mrs. Morrison thought she would see how brave you were."

"Ah-hoo! Ah-hoo-hoo-*hoo!*" roared Porley, in a paroxysm of frantic weeping.

"If you are so frightened as that, what did you let her do it for? You are five times as strong as she is."

"I coulden tech her, marse—I coulden tech her! Says she, 'A-follerin' an' spyin', Porley? Take dat rope an' come wid me.' So I come. She's cunjud me, marse; I'm done fer."

"Nonsense! Where's the nurse?"

"I doan know—I doan know. Says she, 'We'll take a walk, Miss Mile.' An' off dey went, 'way ober dat way. Reckon Miss Mile's dead!"

"No more dead than you are. Go back to the camp and un-cunjer yourself; there's a dollar to help it along."

He went off in the direction she had indicated. After a while he began to call at intervals. By-and-by there was a distant answer. He called again. And then gradually nearer and nearer came the self-respecting voice of Mary Ann Mile. Each time he shouted, "Hello there!" her answer was, "Yes, sir; present-lée," in a very well educated tone.

"What is this, Mrs. Mile?"

"You may well ask, sir. Such an incident has never happened to me before. Mrs. Morrison remarked that she should enjoy a walk. I therefore went with her. After we had proceeded some distance, suddenly she darted off. I followed her, and kept her in sight for a while, or rather she kept me in sight; then she disappeared. I perceived not only that I had lost her, but that I myself was lost. It is a curious thing—the cleverness of people whose minds are disordered!"

"Her mind is no longer disordered, Mrs. Mile; she has got back her senses."

"Do you consider this an instance of it, sir?" asked the nurse, doubtfully.

When Paul left Cicely's lodge, Eve closed the door. "Cicely, I have something to tell you. Listen."

"It is a pity you like that man—that Paul Tennant," Cicely answered.

"If I do like him, I can never be anything to him. This is what I wanted to tell you: that I shot his brother."

"Well, if his brother was like *him*—"

"Oh, Cicely, it was Ferdie—your Ferdie."

"What do you know about Ferdie?" demanded Cicely, coldly. "He never liked you in the least."

"Don't you know, Cicely, that Ferdie is dead?"

"Oh yes, I know it. Paul would not let me go to him, and he died all alone."

"And do you know what was the cause of his death?"

"Yes; he was shot. There were some negroes; they got away in a boat."

"No, there were no negroes; I shot him. I took a pistol on purpose."

"It seems to be very hard work for you to tell me this. You are crying dreadfully," remarked Cicely, looking at her. "Why do you tell, then?"

"Because I am the one you must curse. Not Paul."

"It's all for Paul, then?"

"But it was for you in the first place, Cicely. Don't you remember that we escaped? That we went through the wood to the north point? That you tried to push the boat off, and couldn't? And the yellow light of his candle down the road—don't you remember that? Then poor Baby climbed up by one of the seats, and he saw him, and made a dash forward after him. Then it was that I fired. I did it, Cicely. Nobody else."

"Oh," said Cicely, slowly, "you did it, did you?" She rose. "And Paul kept me from going to him. It was all you two." She went to the crib, and lifted Jack from his nest. He stirred drowsily; then fell asleep again. (Poor little Jack, what journeys!)

"Open that door, and go," Cicely commanded.

Eve hesitated a moment; then she obeyed.

Cicely wrapped a shawl about Jack, and laid him down. She set to work and made two packets of clothing—one for herself, and one for the child—slinging them upon her arm. She put on her straw hat, took Jack, and went out, closing the door behind her. Eve, who was waiting outside in the darkness, followed her. She dared not call for help. She hoped that they might meet Paul coming back, or Porley, or the nurse. But they met no one: Paul was still at the big pine; and Mrs. Mile was still lost—though of course in her reasonable and superior way. Cicely turned down to the beach, and began to walk westward. Eve followed, moving as noiselessly as possible. But Cicely must have heard her, though she gave no sign of it, for upon passing a point, Eve found that she had lost her: there was no one in sight. She ran forward; she called her name entreatingly; she stood by the edge of the water, fearing to see something dark floating there. She called again; she pleaded. No answer from the dusky night about her. She turned and ran desperately back to the camp.

At its edge she met Paul. "You promised me that you would not leave the lodge," he said.

"Oh, Paul, I don't know where she is. Oh, come—hurry, hurry!"

They went together. She was so tired, so breathless, that he put his arm round her as a support.

"Oh, do not."

"This is where you ought always to be when you are tired—in my arms."

"Don't let us talk. She may be dead."

"Poor little Cicely! But you are more to me."

His tones thrilled her; she felt faint with happiness. Suddenly came the thought: "When we find her, she will tell him. She will tell him all I said."

"Don't believe her; don't believe anything she may tell you," she entreated, passionately. A fierce feeling took possession of her; she would fight for her

happiness. "Am I nothing to you?" she said, pausing; "my wish nothing? Promise me not to believe anything she says against me; it's all a hallucination."

Paul had not paid much heed to her exclamations; he thought all women incoherent. But he perceived that she was excited, exhausted. He laid his hand protectingly on her hair, smoothing it with tender touch. "Why should I mind what she says? I love you, and shall love you always. It would be impossible for her to say anything that could injure you in *my* eyes, Eve."

She left him. The intensity of her suffering at that moment made her close her eyes dizzily.

Beyond the next point they saw a light. It came from a little fire of twigs on the beach. Beside the fire was Jack; he was carefully wrapped in the shawl; the two poor little packets of clothing were arranged under him as a bed. Cicely's straw hat was under his head, and her handkerchief covered his feet. But there was no Cicely. They went up and down the beach, and into the wood behind. Again Eve looked fearfully at the water.

"She isn't far from Jack," said Paul. "We shall find her in a moment or two."

Eve's search stopped. "In a moment or two he will know."

"Here she is!" cried Paul.

And there was Cicely, sitting close under the bank in the deepest shadow. She was so tired that she did not move. Paul lifted her in his arms.

"The moon is under a cloud now," she explained, in a faint, whispering voice; "as soon as it comes out, I shall see Ferdie over there on the opposite shore, and I shall call to him. Don't let that fire go out; I haven't another match. He will need the light as a guide."

"She thinks she is on Singleton Island!" said Eve.

Her tone was joyous.

XXVI.

Paul and Eve took Cicely back to the camp. And almost immediately, before Mrs. Mile could undress her, she had fallen asleep. It was the still slumber of exhaustion. But it seemed also to be a rest. She lay without moving all that night, and the next day, and the night following. As she slumbered, gradually the tenseness of her face was relaxed, the lines grew lighter, disappeared. Then slowly a soft pink colored her cheeks, restoring her miniature beauty. Her short hair made her look pathetically childlike.

They all came softly in from time to time to stand beside her for a moment. The nurse was sure that the sleep was nature's medicine, and that it was remedial. And when at last, on the second day, the dark eyes opened, it could be seen that physically the poor child was well.

She laughed with Jack; she greeted her grandfather, and talked to him a little. She called Porley "Dilsey," and told her that she was much improved. "I will give you a pair of silver ear-rings, Dilsey, when we get home." For she seemed to comprehend that they were not at home, but on a journey of some sort. The memory of everything that had happened since Ferdie's arrival at Romney had been taken from her; she spoke of her husband as still in South America. But she did not talk long on any subject. She wished to have Jack always with her; he now became her passion, her idol. She felt a tranquil interest in her grandfather; but this was all. With the others she was distant. Her manner to Eve was exactly the manner of those first weeks after Eve's arrival at Romney. She spoke of Paul and Hollis to her grandfather as "your friends."

She gathered flowers and made wreaths of them; she spoke to the Indians, who looked at her with awe; she wandered up and down the beach, singing little songs, and she spent hours afloat. Mrs. Mile, who, like the well-trained nurse that she was, had no likes or dislikes as regarded her patients, and who therefore cherished no resentment as to the manner in which she had been befooled in the forest—Mrs. Mile thoroughly enjoyed "turning out" her charge each morning in a better condition than that of the day before. Cicely went willingly to bed at eight every evening, and she did not wake until eight the next morning. When she came out of her lodge after the bath, the careful rubbing, and the nourishing breakfast which formed part of Mrs. Mile's excellent system, from the crisp edges of her short hair down to her quick-stepping little feet she looked high-spirited, high-bred, dainty, and fresh as an opening rose. Mrs. Mile would follow, bringing her straw hat, her satisfaction expressed by a tightening of her long upper lip that seemed preliminary to a smile, although the smile never

camp, and by the quiet self-esteem visible in every solid step of her large boots. When, as generally happened, Cicely would go out on the lake, Mrs. Mile, after overseeing with her own eyes the preparations for lunch, would retire to a certain bench, whence she could watch for the returning boats, and devote herself to literature for a while, always reading one of two books, Homer's Iliad (Pope's translation), and the history of Windham, Connecticut, Windham being her native place. As she sat there, her plain broad-cheeked face and smooth scanty hair, her stiff white cuffs (there was a collar too, but in some way Mrs. Mile's cuffs were always prominent), her neat boots, size number seven, neatly crossed before the short skirt of her brown gown, she made a picture of a sensible and useful person (without one grain of what a man would call feminine attractiveness). But no one cared to have her attractive at Jupiter Light; they were grateful for her devotion to Cicely, and did not study her features; for they all clustered round Cicely more constantly than ever, this strange little companion, now so fair and fresh, and so happily unconscious, by God's act, of the sorrows that had crushed her. At least this was the Judge's feeling. And Paul and Hollis shared it in a measure. Not so Eve: to her it seemed horrible that Cicely should have forgotten. "And yet I am glad that she cannot tell Paul. How hopeless and hypocritical and impossible my life is! And yet I don't want to die. And I have never known what happiness was until now."

Paul was back and forth, now at the camp for a day or two, now at Bois Blanc. One afternoon, when he was absent, Eve went to the little forest burying-ground belonging to Jupiter Light. On the way she met Cicely, accompanied by Mrs. Mile.

"Where are you going? I will go with you, I think," Cicely remarked, half to herself. "It can't be so tiresome as *this*."

Mrs. Mile went intelligently away.

"I am very tired of her," Cicely continued; "she looks like the Mad Hatter at the tea party: this style ten-and-six. Why are you turning off that way?"

"That path is prettier."

"No: I want to go where you were going first."

"Perhaps she won't mind," thought Eve.

When they came to the little enclosure, Cicely looked at it calmly. "Is this a garden?" she asked. She began to gather wild flowers outside. Eve went within. She cleared the fallen leaves from the grave of the little girl. While she was thus occupied, steps came up the path; Hollis appeared. Making a sign to Eve, he offered his arm quickly to Cicely. "Mrs. Morrison, your father is in a great hurry to have you come back."

"Grandpa?" said Cicely. "Is he ill?"

"Yes: he is very ill indeed," replied Hollis, decidedly.

"Poor grandpa!" said Cicely. "Let us go."

They went back to the camp. Reaching it, he took her with rapid step to her lodge, where the Judge and Mrs. Mile were waiting. "You are ill, grandpa?" said Cicely, going to him.

"I am already better."

"But not by any means well yet," interposed Mrs. Mile. "He must stay here in this lodge, and you shouldn't leave him for one moment, Mrs. Morrison."

Porley and Jack were also present. Every now and then Mrs. Mile would give Porley a peremptory sign.

Hollis and Eve stood together near the door talking in low tones. "A muss among the Indians," Hollis explained. "Those we brought along are peaceful enough if left to themselves: in fact, they are cowards. But a dangerous fellow, a *very* dangerous scamp, joined them this morning on the sly; and they've got hold of some whiskey: I guess he brought it with him. I thought I'd better tell you. The cook is staying with them to keep watch, and the Judge and I are on the lookout here. I don't think there is the least real danger. Still you'd better keep under cover here, in the lodge. If Paul comes, we shall be all right."

"Do you expect him to-day?"

"Sorter; but I'm not sure."

A drunken shout sounded through the forest.

"An Indian spree is worse than a white man's," remarked Hollis. "But you ain't afraid, I see that." He looked at her calm face admiringly.

"I'm only afraid of one thing in the world," replied Eve, taking, woman-like, the comfort of a confession which no one could understand.

"Can you shoot?" Hollis went on. "Fire a pistol?"

She blanched.

"There, now, never mind. 'Twas only a chance question; no importance whatever."

"No; tell me. I can shoot perfectly well; as well as a man."

"Then I'll give you my pistol. You'll have no occasion to use it, not the least in the world. But still you'll be armed."

"Put it on the table. I can get it if necessary."

"Well, I'll go outside. I'm to stroll about where I can see the cook; that's my cue. And you can stay near the door, where you can see me. And the Judge, he has the back window; one of the guns is there. All right. Bon-sor, then." He went out.

Eve sat down by the door. The Judge kept up a conversation with Cicely, and anxiously played quiet games with the revived little Jack, until both fell asleep. Cicely fell asleep very easily now, like a child. Mrs. Mile lifted her in her strong arms and laid her on the bed, while Porley took Jack. Poor Porley was terribly frightened, but rather more afraid of Mrs. Mile, on the whole, than of the seven savages. The lodge was now silent.

By-and-by a red light flashed through the trees outside. The Indians had kindled a fire.

Twenty minutes later Hollis paused at the door. "Paul's coming, I guess; I hear paddles."

"Of course you'll go down and meet him?" said Eve.

"No; I can't leave the beat."

"I can take your place for that short time."

"Don't you show your head outside—don't you!" said Hollis, quickly.

Eve looked at him. "I shall go down to the beach myself, if you don't." Her eyes were inflexible.

All Hollis's determination left him. "The Judge can take this beat; you can guard the window," he said, in a lifeless tone. He went down to the beach.

All of them—the Judge, Mrs. Mile, and Porley, as well as Eve—could hear the paddles now; the night, save for the occasional shouts, was very still. Eve stood at the window. "Will they hear him, and go down? Will they hear him, and go down?"

But they did not hear him; another five minutes and Paul had joined them.

Hollis, who was with him, gave a hurried explanation. "We're all right, now that you are here," he concluded; "we are more than a match for the drunken brutes, if they should come prowling up this way. When the whiskey's out of 'em to-morrow, we can [illegible]."

"Why wait till to-morrow?" said Paul.

"No use getting into a fight unnecessarily."

"I don't propose to fight," Paul answered.

"They're eight, Tennant," said the Judge; "you wouldn't have time to shoot them all down, you know."

"I'm not going to shoot," Paul responded. He went toward the door.

"Don't go," pleaded Eve, interposing.

He went straight on, as though he had not heard her.

"I can't [illegible]," she thought irrelevantly. "I can no more [illegible] than I could move a wall of stone."

Paul was gone. Hollis followed him to the door. "We must stay and protect the women, you know," said the Judge, warningly.

"Why, certainly," said Hollis; "of course; the ladies." He lifted his gun to go back to his beat.

Suddenly Eve took the pistol from the table and hurried out.

Paul strode up to the fire. He gave a look round the circle.

The newly arrived man, the one whom Hollis had called dangerous, sprang to his feet.

He was a powerful fellow. He [illegible] was more powerful still, and promptly knocked him down. In the next breath, another, who showed signs of pugnacity, had joined his leader on the ground.

It had taken but a minute; when Hollis came hurrying up, the thing was done and over; the other Indians, abject and terrified, were helping to bind these two.

"The cook can watch them now," said Paul. "He can do it, turn and turn about with my Indian—the one I brought. I suppose there's no supper with all this [illegible]."

Hollis gave a grim laugh. "At a pinch—like this, for example—I don't mind cooking one."

Paul turned. And then he saw Eve behind him.

Hollis went off to the kitchen. He did not wish to see them meet.

"You did absurdly wrong to come, Eve," said Paul, going to her. "What possible good was it? And if there had

been real danger, you would have been in the way."

She extended her hand as far as she could behind her, and let something drop. It was the pistol Hollis had given her.

"You are trembling; are you frightened, then?" said Paul, his voice growing softer.

"I am not frightened now."

They went toward the lodge.

"It's a desolate life you've arranged for me, Eve," he said, going back to his subject, the Indians already forgotten. "I'm not to say anything to you; I'm to have nothing; and so we're to go on apparently for ever and ever. What is it you are planning for? I am sure I don't know. I know you care for me, and I don't believe there is anything sweeter than the love I could give you, if you would let me."

"There is nothing sweeter," Eve answered.

"Have you given up keeping me off?" He put his arms round her and drew her toward him. She did not resist.

In her heart rose the cry, "For one day, even for one hour, let me have it, have it all. Then—then—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GITON.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

I.

BEAUTIFUL boy, the world is old:
How to this time canst thou belong?
Hadst thou but lived in the Age of Gold,
Horace had loved thee, writ thee a song.

Or tending thy flocks on Sicilian heights,
Haply thy fluting had come to us
Down through the centuries' days and nights,
An idyl out of Theocritus;

Or Thyrsis singing of Daphnis dead,
Or Ligurinus hadst come to us,
Running, thy cheeks with the race flushed red,
Over the Campus Martius.

Here, when I marry my gaze with thine,
In the nineteenth era of Christ, I seem
Basking, while sipping Falernian wine,
Under Italian skies adream.

Crown thee with vine leaves, take thee a lute,
Run me a prelude over the strings
Lightly a moment, then hold them mute,
Wake me a song that a Bacchanal sings.

(Out of the thicket, it seems to me,
Satyrs are looking with leering eyes;
Nymphs, with their tresses for drapery,
Spring out from the pagan paradise.)

Lie in the grass, 'neath branches of bloom
Throwing about thee a mantle rare
Of shadows with sunlight shot in the loom,
Let of all other thy limbs be bare.

Open thy throat to the sun and the breeze;
Look in mine eyes as a faun might look.
The satyrs would beckon thee under the trees,
The nymphs to the shade of the forest nook.

What is the spell that thy soft eyes hold,
Taking me back to the Age of Gold

I shut the dream—more strange thy proper self—
Within this volume of Theocritus.

So went the gods. The world new purpose stirred.
Men, face to face, and fearful of the word,

The groaning earth is to its centre jarred
By this material age: yet through the noise
Of grinding wheels and clamorous disregard
Keen ears have heard a voice.

And those who hear in anxious waiting stand:
Who are these winging to that fabled land
To which the gods have gone?

Arcadian piping is denied to us:

Thy faun-like beauty in our harsher clime
To solve the questionings of this last time

And why should this seem strange and sorrowful?

Nor nymph-snatched Hylas mourned by Hercules:
But with imagined vine leaves on thy brow

Yet art thou not, save in that subtle charm
Which stirs the Grecian in me till I seem
Not in my room, but on a Sabine farm,
Or else 'mong flocks adream.

Yet, boy, for thy late time feel thou no ruth;
  Take, and be glad, these nineteenth-century scars.
Time's widening circles break more near the truth:
  Strive thou toward the stars.

III.

Still, ah still, as on thee I look,
  Here from the page that my fingers hold,
Out of the charm of the poet's book,
  Shineth the sun of the Age of Gold.

Beautiful youths for the prize wax bold
In games on the Campus Martius:
  And thou dost seem as a legend told—
An idyl out of Theocritus.

And sweet is it still to imagine thus,
  Forgetting the time for a moment's spell
Breathing the fragrance that floats to us
  Back from the meadows of asphodel.

Surely no message hast thou to tell
Of Pan asleep 'neath Arcadian vine
  To us in the year (and we mark it well)
Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine

Of the age of the Christ? That voice of thine
  Breathes more sweet than a low-strung lute;
Louder the world as the years decline,
  Thinner the note of the pipe and flute.

Still it doth well to my wishing suit
That, as I turn in thine eyes to look,
  I know that life's joyance is not mute,
All is not bound in the poet's book.

L'Envoi.

Ah, FANCY, beauteous boy, take thou my rhyme!
  The fire is ashes now; the wings of night
Beat westward fast, and up the east doth climb—
  Crying, *Hail, New Day!*—the herald of the light.

PAULINE AND VIRGINIA.

BY FRANCIS DOVERIDGE.

I.

MRS. BAILEY'S work-basket rested between herself and her brother on the seat beneath the apple trees in her modest garden in the old town of Newport. A long strip of pink cambric, folded into a solid little mass at the end that lay in the basket, flared out over her lap, while she rapidly and mechanically set the tiniest stitches in it, looking half the time at her two little daughters playing lawn-tennis, and talking with her brother. He was a small man with large, sensitive features and a beard of a dull, unobtrusive brown.

"Are you rested, Olly?" Mrs. Bailey asked, affectionately.

"Yes: a simple life like this rests me for a week or two."

"A *simple* life!" she said. "As if there could be simple living without wealth!"

"You attempt so much," he said, "and do it so well! I remember that you always would have the costumes of our nursery theatricals so finished."

"Ah!" she laughed; "they were happy old days;" and she stretched out her hand, which her brother caressed.

"Why, here's Mr. Robeson!" she exclaimed, rising. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Robeson. This is my brother, Mr. Oliver Storrow."

"Happy to meet you, sir," the elder

man said, scanning the other closely as he shook hands with him. "I am in your debt. I have received so much pleasure in reading your beautiful work on the *Drama among the Ancients and the Moderns*, and your graceful novel the *Lotus Eater*. We busy men read novels sometimes to rub a little of the rust off our sentiments."

"And we busy men write them to amuse ourselves. It's an extravagant pleasure."

"Ah, well, sir, the fame must precede the benefit; it's the same in law, politics, everything."

"Gertie," said Mrs. Bailey, raising her voice a little, "go and bring some tea. We are getting to be very English, Mr. Robeson; we take tea in the garden almost every afternoon."

"Our gardens are a good deal better than the English for it, as I remember them very long ago. I took just one cup of tea and a very bad cold in an English garden when I was young, and there were roses in plenty, and young girls almost as handsome as yours, Mrs. Bailey. Gardens and girls, I prefer America. You see I am very patriotic, Mr. Storrow. And your husband, madam — is he returned?"

"We expect him in a week from Saturday."

"I am sorry he is not here, for I bring the compliments of my ladies, who hoped to see you and Mr. Bailey and your brother at dinner day after to-morrow. We have some friends staying with us whom it may interest you to meet."

Mrs. Bailey accepted, in spite of the expressive dumb-show with which Oliver tried to dissuade her.

"And who are these Robesons, at whose house you force me to dine?" asked Oliver, after Mr. Robeson left.

"He is a politician, an unsuccessful one, with a fortune, which he spends on his schemes. He always seems to me to pose for a Roman senator, and his charming old colonial house is furnished after this idea, with bad statues life-size, velvet curtains, and mirrors. It really is a certain relief from the plaque and bric-à-brac mania. His gardens are superb, but his clipped arbor-vitæ hedges are rather funereal."

"Tell me about the people."

"There are only Pauline and Miss Georgina."

"Who is Pauline?"

"His sweet plain little swarthy daughter; always dresses with excessive plainness (a little meanness of her father's, I make a guess); but she doesn't mind, poor child. Oh! I forgot. When she was last here she told me that her father wished to make a change in this, and that her idol, Virginia, was to get her some fine dresses. Virginia is a girl she is madly in love with, who lives in Washington."

"Did they name themselves on purpose?"

"No; that's an accident. And Miss Georgina is the maiden aunt, a handsome old lady, who was a great belle in her day, and has taken care of Pauline since her mother died. Miss Georgina is an oddity, hates old maids, and has a large fortune, which she saves for her niece. Mr. Robeson probably wants something of you in your profession of newspaper editor."

"There are so many pence of that kind begged of me."

"Mrs. Robeson died when Pauline was a baby, and Pauline is near twenty-four, but Miss Georgina keeps house, and very splendidly. I accepted because I thought you'd enjoy it. The dinners are fine, wines and all."

"Now you become interesting, and have shown your usual tact in accepting," said Oliver, laughing.

II

On the occasion for which Mr. Robeson had invited Mrs. Bailey and her brother the flowers in the Robeson parlor were of unusual plenteousness, and Miss Georgina, in a charming old-fashioned gown of fawn-colored silk, stood before the long mirror, which reflected their fresh and her antique bloom, to put a finishing touch to the yellowish old lace that fell across her white curls and mingled with the lace ruff that discreetly hid her long throat, and that matched the lace ruffles that hung about the very carefully kept thin hands that told tales of former beauty. Pauline came into the room with some amber-colored tea-roses and a silk scarf held loosely in her hands. She was in a very simple dress of black lace that both veiled and revealed her smooth young arms and neck. Her hair was dressed high, and held with an old-fashioned gold comb.

Her aunt turned upon her quickly: "Upon my word, Pauline, you're quite a beauty. I never saw you have any style before."

"Virginia's very clever to make you say that, Aunt Georgy. She says that I can't do better for summer than black or white, and that with this dress I am to wear tea roses in my hair, and for a piazza wrap this soft silk thing, amber or pink, I don't know which to call it. I haven't any idea; have you? Perhaps you can put the roses in. Here are hair-pins."

Miss Georgina was engaged in this delicate task when the host himself entered.

"Why, Pauline, I shouldn't have known you. Really, Georgina, without insincerity, she looks well." He was greatly pleased.

"Of course," answered that lady. "The black seems to set off the Robeson eye—that fiery dark eye. Yes, my dear, your eyes are fine. They're like mine, you know."

Pauline, blushing under this unusual publicity, tried to escape from the room, but met a little group of the guests who were staying with them in the doorway, and almost immediately Mrs. Bailey and her brother arrived. They had walked over from the cottage, and Pauline went out to receive them and take Mrs. Bailey upstairs to remove her wraps, and so Oliver was presented to her in the hall. He thought her very quaint and interesting in appearance, and was glad to find himself next to her at dinner, though he had taken in a stout lady, the wife of one of the judges, generals, or colonels who made up the sum of Mr. Robeson's guests.

He did not find it very easy to keep up a conversation with Pauline, who always let her end of it drop, while the judge's wife, apropos of the flowers on the table, gave a very lucid account of the importation of orchids, which would have been very interesting except for Oliver's masculine ignorance of flowers. Pauline, however, listened to every word, and Oliver asked her if she was fond of flowers.

"Oh yes!" she said, looking up eagerly. "I have quite a big garden."

"I am told that your garden is famous."

"That's papa's garden, not mine. Mine is off in a corner. It is a hundred feet square, and one end of it is the brook."

"Is the brook?"

"Yes. I have water-lilies and callas and irises in the brook, and all kinds of great white lilies on the side of the brook, and then all the rest is just one great mass of roses and other things. I have a friend who is very artistic, who says that the usual flower garden is atrocious, and that a plot of flowers set cleanly in patches with the bare earth all round is no better than worsted-work. She won't let me have anything but pale pink flowers, and yellow and blue, and purple and white, if I am to have lilies, she says."

"I don't know what it would be if you had anything more," said Oliver. "It sounds quite intoxicating."

Having made so long a speech, Pauline said little else during dinner, for she caught her father's eye and approving smile, and all power of speech deserted her. She felt entirely inadequate to being the graceful and charming woman he desired his daughter to be, and the only thing she could think of was her unusual appearance, which seemed to her a sort of masquerade. It was a relief to Pauline's mind, after the ladies left the table, to say to Mrs. Bailey, "Isn't it absurd for me to be like this—so grand? Papa wished it, and Virginia had this dress made for me in New York, and others too."

"Are you so grand?" said Mrs. Bailey, kindly. "I don't think you're very grand. Very elegant and very sweet. Perhaps I never saw you look so like yourself."

"Oh, that's so kind of you to say. How good you are!"

There was a charming soft moonlight when the gentlemen, with lighted cigars, joined the ladies on the piazza. Mrs. Bailey gave her place next to Pauline to her brother.

"Do you object to my cigar?" he said, politely.

"Oh dear no; I never object to anything."

"If you did stoop from that pedestal for a moment, would it be a cigar that you would object to, Miss Robeson?"

"Oh no," said Pauline, laughing.

Then, as she made no further remark, he said, "Can you show me your garden?"

"It is too late, and too dark; all flowers seem white at night that can be seen at all."

"I didn't know that, and I remember that your friend allowed you to have pale purples and pink. Is he a painter?"

"Why, it's not a man at all; it's Virginia Starling."

"What a charming name! Is she a

painter. She seems to be a very alarming person."

"She is a very enchanting person."

"And a painter?"

"She doesn't know yet. She does a good many things. She writes and paints and studies."

"Studies what?"

"Greek."

"She is still more alarming."

"Her mother wanted her to study Greek and Italian and French, because they are the three artistic languages. Her mother is very æsthetic, and she is a painter. Virginia says that I mustn't say artist, because barbers and tailors call themselves artists."

"She must be very old to have learned all these things."

"She is four years younger than I am."

"Oh, indeed!" He took out his cigar to laugh; but as this seemed to embarrass Pauline, he looked grave and said, "And do you do all these things?"

"Oh no. I only study music and play a little."

"And since I have the merit to be Mrs. Bailey's brother, you will show me this some day, as well as your garden?"

"It will be easier to show you my garden. I do not often play for any one but Virginia. But some day I shall."

"I shall come on that day."

"I read French with Virginia," said Pauline. "She likes to read Alfred de Musset to me."

"Alfred de Musset is often called especially a woman's poet," said Oliver; "but I too care much for him."

"Virginia says," Pauline continued, "that the poem to Malibran beginning, 'Oh, Maria Felicia,' is one of the greatest poems in the world, it is so lofty-minded."

"It seems to me that I shall believe in De Musset's poems and dramas as long as I believe in youth and spring-time and beauty and love," said Oliver.

"Oh, that must be always," said Pauline, with charming unconsciousness. "You especially, who are a writer of romances."

"Is that what you call the modern novel?" said the young man. "There are no modern romances."

"Why is that?" she asked.

"I suppose because we are too conscious. In our grandmothers' time young women sang such songs as 'I cannot tell thee all I feel,' and in real life young men turned down their collars in Byron fashion, and serenaded ladies with a guitar. Imagine a young man simple enough to stand out there in the moonlight, with a guitar suspended about his neck by a blue ribbon! We have passed that stage; we are afraid of being ridiculous."

"I wonder what sort of novels you write?" said Pauline.

"Oh, I attempt nothing so subtle as that. I am a true modern in fearing to be ridiculous, and I write something as simple as possible. I *wish* to write something like the Greek plays, if I dared, dealing with big, simple, abstract human emotions."

"But the Greeks wrote dramas, not novels."

"Yes, of course they wrote dramas."

"Virginia says that the drama deals with situations, the novel with emotions. And so that is the way you write."

"Oh, I really write very little. Writing books is a luxury. I must earn my living. I am an editor, and the night editor at that."

III.

Storrow's holiday was for a fortnight. It was a fortnight that his sister had been looking forward to for a year, for though Mrs. Bailey took an endless delight in her children, and had many a pleasant relation with a neighbor, the intimate companionship of her brother, who had a thousand delightful memories in common with her, was one of the blessings that served to gild over the dark places in her life.

She had been counting, as we said, on her brother's visit, and it required all her magnanimity to be glad that he spent a great deal of it at Mr. Robeson's; but she was glad and sympathetic, for she liked Pauline heartily.

Mr. Robeson no doubt explained with great urbanity all that he hoped the editor might do for him, for Oliver drank many a bottle of cool white wine with the ambitious politician, of pleasant summer nights on the piazza, while Pauline would be persuaded to sit at the piano in the dim recesses of the parlors and play, which she did with a charming tender touch and a good deal of skill, and Mr. Robeson, seeing how things were going, would presently slip away to his library, and leave the young people to find each other's society under the distant matron-

age of Miss Georgina, who read by a little shaded lamp at a small table. And so the fortnight passed.

"I shall try to get a Sunday off next month," Storrow said to his sister. "I don't know when you may see me; any day without warning."

But it was a Wednesday, and already early in September, when this busy man, with a travelling bag, as for one night's stay, made his sudden appearance in Mrs. Bailey's breakfast-room, looking pale and nervous.

"Give me a cup of your good coffee," he said: "it is all I want." And he went almost at once to his room. After he had dressed with great care he found his sister taking a constitutional up and down her garden walk, and watching the little girls at their lawn-tennis. She greeted him with a winning, humorous smile, saying, "Is all this gorgeousness for me, only?"

"I'm going to the Robesons'," he answered coldly.

"I thought so."

"I may as well go at once."

"And have it over?" she asked, giving his arm, where she had slipped her hand in a little affectionate caress.

"Not *over*, I hope," he answered; and after more delay he went.

As Oliver sped along the mile of road that lay between the Bailey cottage and the Robeson mansion, his brain and heart were in a wild commotion. He was a man capable of great excitement, and this seemed the very crucial moment of his existence.

He was at that period, mature but young, when ambition, unsatisfied desires, and sanguine expectations of himself and the world made life ideal. With him the age was twenty-eight. Few men, and most of those the very great, ever crystallize this supreme moment, and stamp it with their image and superscription: it is but a few years from this with most of us that we grow old, smile at that noble period as at an impracticable dream, and helplessly hand ourselves over to be stamped with the brazen die of worldliness.

And so Oliver walked on in a blaze of excitement, unconscious that he was then at the most beautiful and lovable period of his life, and likely to persuade almost any woman to take him at this promise.

He had tried hard enough to make his intentions plain, and during the months that he had been absent he had found one excuse or another to communicate with her. He had sent her books that were to be returned when read. They had come back to him with merely Miss Robeson's thanks written in an elegant unique little hand on the envelope that enclosed them. He fancied a significant care in the manner of their doing up. They were rolled in white tissue-paper, and tied with narrow ribbons of pale tones beneath the coarser wrapping that held the address. At last he had sent her two books of his own, begging her acceptance of them. They elicited a note, as he had hoped, but it amounted to nothing. He could make nothing definite of it all. The pleasure that she evidently took in his society might be that which any young companionship afforded her in this secluded place, her amiability mere innocent kindness of heart. He acquitted her before trial of all blame should she not accept him, for Oliver was a truly chivalric man. He thought of her love for her friend Virginia, so strangely absorbing to her, and wondered if that could stand in place of a rival, and a great rage rose up in his heart against this unknown obstacle. He had reached the Robesons' gate; a sort of faintness came upon him, and he saw before him dimly the straight avenue of elms and the white columns of the house.

IV.

Miss Georgina Robeson was reading at a bay-window in the parlor: her niece, at the piano, softly played a barcarolle of Rubinstein's. Miss Georgina took off her glasses to look at some distant object out of the window; then she sprang to her feet.

"Pauline! here comes the best man that ever came inside these doors, a rare, chivalric gentleman, a man of talent. If I were your age I should appreciate him;" and with these apparently obscure words Miss Georgina left the room and stepped out upon the piazza to extend a welcoming hand to Oliver, who was only conscious of her saying, graciously, "I think my niece is in the parlor."

Pauline needed no translation of her aunt's words. She knew who was there, and she knew why he had come, and she ran through the parlors, the dining-room, and the window that opened upon the lawn. Like some little dark Indian squaw

pursued by an enemy, she fled with palpitating heart till the clipped arbor-vitæ hedges hid her from view, and she never stopped till she reached the brook by her own garden. Down by the brook, in amongst the white lilies, grew a peculiar kind of bushy low willow that bore strange little green cones. Behind one of these willows she flung herself down, and plucking a cone, began to pick it to pieces with her trembling hands.

Oliver searched the parlor in vain. He went through all the rooms, as no one was there, and finding the dining-room window open, he went out into the garden to look for her, and then he remembered her own little garden, and sought her there. She heard him before he saw her, and suddenly she discovered herself to him, rising to her feet with a quiet dignity, and saying, "Are you here, Mr. Storrow?"

"Are *you here?*" he said, breathlessly. "I thought I should never find you." He took her hands and said, hurriedly and excitedly: "I can do no better than to say now what I came for—to ask you to marry me. I will not plead my cause, for it seems to me that I have none. If you will not take me on what you know of me, I will wait, and— No, I cannot wait. Take me now, Pauline."

Pauline turned her head away and began to cry softly.

"Oh! oh! don't cry. You must never cry."

She smiled now, and said, "It is easier to promise to marry you than to promise never to cry."

Then they sat down on the grass, and Pauline began to cry again. Oliver gathered her to his side. "May I speak to your father, Pauline?"

She did not answer, and presently she looked up and said, "I wonder what Virginia will say?"

Oliver smothered the imprecation that rose to his lips, and in a moment answered, soothingly, "What matter what any one says?"

Several hours later he was walking back to his sister's cottage, exhausted with the morning's excitement, and mingled with his happiness was a sense of disappointment. The moment of attainment is a terrible moment. Who can tell what the long-desired object will seem, viewed from the light of possession? The road, long, sunny, dusty, the sweat of the brow, the longing, aching heart, the fainting, doubting heart, the dimmed vision, despair, suddenly the goal, and then—— Is this all? Alas! the poor human creature, with his all-embracing imagination, and just so much power of realization!

Oliver would have pressed a whole existence into the supreme moment. The moment laughed at him, beat him back, bid him wait, him the conqueror.

Later, after long winter months of correspondence and occasional visits all too short, he had the laugh on his side, for he found his pleasure in the society of his betrothed very cumulative. She grew more and more charming to him; the absolute gentleness and benevolence of her heart were not to be guessed without knowledge. Her trust and belief in him made him ashamed; and if what they called love had quite a different meaning for him and for her, he began to find a strange refreshment in the gentle, devoted affection she returned him for his passion, guessing no lack in it.

V.

June had come round again, and Mrs. Bailey again sat beneath her apple-trees sewing, as we first knew her, the little girls at their everlasting lawn-tennis. She looked down toward the road every now and then as if expecting some one. The expected came at last: it was Oliver, who was spending his yearly holiday of a fortnight nominally at his sister's, really at the Robesons'. It was but begun, for he had arrived the day before. He seated himself by his sister, and loosened his necktie.

"I expected you, Olly, and yet I thought that you might come much later."

"Oh, we are in a great state over at our house," he said, sarcastically. "Virginia is coming. I have been plucking flowers for her room, and the whole house is beautified for her coming. Pauline is greatly excited, and wears a becoming new gown that the great Virginia designed for her. I am to make the best appearance my nature will allow, for my first introduction to Virginia in about two hours' time. Pauline is going to the station for her in the big carriage, so that the trunks of this august person may be brought along. I am not invited to assist."

Mrs. Bailey laughed merrily.

"Oh, it's all very well for now," said Oliver; "but Virginia must be bounced."

Mrs. Bailey laughed again. "You evidently do not know your enemy. I can't imagine any one's 'bouncing' Virginia."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"Because she will not wait to be 'bounced.' She will divine in an instant if you do not like her, and if I know Virginia, your battle will be won without blood being drawn."

VI.

Pauline had been watching steadily from her carriage window the stream of passengers that came from the cars, when Virginia, who had come from another side, playfully tapped her on the cheek. "Oh! oh!" said Pauline, drawing her friend into the carriage, taking her checks from her and handing them to the coachman. Then, leaning back into the shady, cushiony depths of the carriage, she embraced her friend fervidly.

Virginia looked at her with some curiosity. "You look quite natural," she said; "I thought that I should find you changed." She patted Pauline's gloved hand meditatively.

Pauline drew off her glove. "This is my ring," she said, showing a large turquoise on her third finger.

Virginia examined it, smiling. "Strange I never thought of your ring. It looks well on you. I like it very much."

"I wonder how you will like the man who gave it to me?"

"*What!*" cried her friend. "It's far more important how he likes me."

"Why?"

"Because, if he doesn't like me, it's all my loss. You surprise me. If ever I marry I shall not ask if any one likes my choice. I shall hope that he may like those near to me, for I shall surely give up the rest of the world for *him*."

Pauline remained silent and thoughtful for a moment; then with a gentle little voice she said, "I hope that you may marry a very generous man who will repay you." Suddenly she threw her arms round her friend, saying, "Oh, Virginia, I hope that you will marry as good a man as I shall! He is so fine, so noble!"

They had not noticed that the carriage was moving, and were surprised when it stopped at the avenue of elms, where they got out to walk up to the house, sending the carriage round by a back road to deposit the trunks, so that Oliver, waiting on the piazza, had seen the two girls some time before they saw him. Pauline leaned on her friend's arm, and Virginia, who was taller by a head, looked down as she talked to her, but with her head a little thrown back and up, after a pretty fashion she had. Oliver, although he was in a bad humor, was obliged to confess that her silhouette, in a tight-fitting olive-green travelling suit, seen against the light green foliage, was particularly elegant. Her motion was exquisite—free, strong, and graceful. When they reached the piazza he stepped forward to meet them.

Virginia extended her hand, and looked him full in the face with a searching glance that was as free from boldness as it was from coquetry. It was earnest, frank, and simple—proud as well as pleading. "I hope that you will like me, Mr. Storrow," she said, dropping her eyes with a sudden little embarrassment at the surprise in Oliver's face; "for Pauline is very dear to me, and I am really a very unobtrusive person. You must like me well enough not to mind me;" and a little humorous smile played about her mouth.

Oliver had cherished a theory that he disliked light eyelashes. Virginia's, which were a sort of chestnut, caught a golden glint as they were seen over the half-closed violet-gray eye, and he was obliged to admit that they were very beautiful. He found himself receiving a most vivid impression of the girl before him in every detail, from the thick waving reddish gold hair and well-set head, to the handsome foot that peeped out from her olive dress. He felt sure that such a woman could never be monotonous, and he did not wonder that Pauline liked her. He seemed held by a kind of helpless fascination, and apparently unconsciously kept his eyes upon her all dinner-time; so did Pauline; and Virginia told them, in her lively, often humorous way, what had been going on in society in Washington, as far as she knew it.

Mr. Robeson was away, and the three young people and Miss Georgina were all the company. Miss Georgina was in a temper before dinner was over, and after dinner sat and read by her little lamp, and refused to speak with any one.

For several days Oliver and the two girls were together most of the time, and it seemed a kind of carnival. The parlor

rang with laughter, with music, with waltzes and dancing, with the sound of battledoor and shuttlecock, which they played with three battledoors, and Virginia remembered some bows and arrows that she and Pauline used during a short passion for archery, and these were found, and a target set up on the lawn; and one morning this gay trio, finding themselves by Pauline's garden, amused themselves by jumping over the brook, which they did very successfully. The girls chose the narrower parts till Virginia became ambitious, and jumping a wide place, fell in and got wet. This produced as much merriment as anything else, but also a sore throat the next day, and Miss Georgina decreed that she should stay in bed two days for the cure.

It was fatal to quarrel with Miss Georgina, and Virginia submitted, and lay abed and thought a great deal during those two days, and to Pauline and Oliver the life seemed gone out of the house. "We shall have each other all to ourselves to-day," they said; but the day dragged. The second day Pauline was particularly devoted to her lover, and took a long walk with him, leaving Virginia to Miss Georgina's care; but Oliver was moody. On the third day Virginia came down-stairs.

Pauline and her lover were looking through a little portfolio of scenes in Italy, and were planning a tour there in some indefinite future, when she was called away to give some order to the gardener, and left him with the portfolio open on his knees. At this moment Virginia came into the room. "Ah!" he exclaimed, unconsciously, jumping to his feet and scattering the photographs right and left, "you are recovered." He colored and stood looking at her.

"Thank you, I am quite well," she said, a little coldly, not giving him her hand. "It was nothing. I should not have staid in bed but for Miss Georgina. Let me help you to pick up the photographs."

They were busy at this when Pauline came back. She explained to her friend what she and Oliver had been doing, and what they were planning, and Virginia looked at the photographs too, Oliver keeping his eyes on her, apparently unconsciously. She looked pale, for all that she made light of her indisposition, and presently she moved to the other side of Pauline, so that Oliver could not look at her. When invited by Pauline to accompany them for a walk, she excused herself, saying that it would be more prudent for her to remain in-doors, and during the afternoon Miss Georgina said that she had left word with her that she was taking a nap, and did not wish to be disturbed.

Virginia had come to stay a month; it was the beginning of the second week since her arrival, and on the morning of that day Oliver, while waiting for Pauline to get ready for a walk, had strayed down to the little garden by the brook; but he paused as he reached it, for he saw Virginia, a book thrown by her side on the grass, sitting at the edge of the brook with her face buried in her hands, and her whole attitude expressive of profound grief. Presently she threw back her head and pressed her hands to her side, giving vent to a faint moan, as if some torture were wringing her soul. Oliver stood still, and then turning, half ran, half stumbled back to the house. He threw himself down on the sofa in the parlor, for lack of strength to stand. The cold sweat stood upon his forehead; and he felt as if death were on him. So Pauline found him, and ran to him with a little cry, kneeling beside him and kissing his hands. She had been troubled in her mind for a day or two, and torn with doubts; now she forgot them all, and when in answer to her caress he opened his eyes, looking at her with unusual tenderness, and murmured, "My poor darling! it was the sun: I am better now," she felt a glow of delight and a deeper sense of security than she had ever known. They took a drive instead of their walk, and Virginia professing a headache and keeping to her room, Pauline read aloud to Oliver all the afternoon, and in the evening she played while he stood at her side, and Miss Georgina and Virginia sat on the piazza.

Pauline had never been so happy in all the time of her engagement as on this day. After Oliver had said good-night and gone over to his sister's, she in her own room, in a loose white wrapper, with her long black hair tied with a ribbon close to her head, and then allowed to hang down to her knees, leaned out of her window and listened to the soft sounds of the summer night with that peaceful happiness people feel after a danger has passed, a recovery from illness, a rescue from fire or drowning. She was so ab-

sorbed that a very audible knock on her door was repeated before she answered it. When she did so, Virginia entered. She too was in her wrapper; hers was of a pale pink, and her charming hair was wound into a tight little knot on the top of her head. Her face was pale, and she looked as tragic as if there was nothing enchanting in her appearance.

Pauline's peaceful happiness deserted her. She felt a kind of prophecy of all that came after. In a moment her whole feeling was one of yearning pity for Virginia. She put her arms up about her friend's neck and said: "How nice that [illegible] and have a good old time."

Virginia smiled in a lofty, absorbed way, and let her companion lead her to the window. "It looks very lovely out there, Pauline, and I am very sorry to [illegible]"

"To *leave* it, dear?"

"Yes: I am going home to-morrow or next day. Don't oppose me, my darling; it is better so. It is very difficult not to be in the way of two lovers. I am glad to have seen you happy and to know that you will be happy, and after you are married you will be glad some day to have me visit you again. You have both been as sweet as possible to me, and I thank you."

Pauline had risen, and, with her hands dropped at her sides, was looking at her friend with pathetic, troubled eyes. Then she said, slowly: "I did not wholly understand it: then I thought that I was mistaken; but I know it all clearly now. It is *I* who should go. Oliver does not love me, but you, and—and you are better fitted for him."

Virginia's pallor became deathly. She said, in a strange, stifled voice, "And you think that I would meanly come and steal your lover from you?"

"Only that, being what you are, Virginia, he could not help but love you. Why shall a man love me when he can love you?"

"But he *cannot*," said Virginia, standing up straight and tall against the window-casing. "I do not want him. I would not have him. He is yours, and he does and must love you."

"No," said Pauline, with a calmness that covered her excitement. "You need not think that I believe that you have either of you said or even looked anything to each other, but that fate is on you. It is well that I know it now while there is time. Oliver Storrow is as free from this moment as before he knew me." She slipped her turquoise ring from her finger and laid it on her dressing-table.

"Don't do that, Pauline; he will tell you how mistaken you are to-morrow."

"I am *not* mistaken."

"He has never given me the least reason to think that he feels as you say, Pau[illegible]"

"Virginia, do not say that you do not love him. I do not ask you to say that you do. It is for him to make you say that."

"He could not marry me, at any rate, if you did not exist, for I have no money, and he would be that wretched thing a professional man struggling with poverty. Pauline, you are mad. What you think is a dream. Let me go and leave you in peace."

Pauline, with sudden anger, said, "And do you think I hold myself so cheap that I would let him marry me for my money? and do you think that he would?" Her anger fled the moment it was expressed. The two girls kissed each other, mingled their tears, sat with entwined arms looking out upon the night till it grew very late.

Virginia left early the next morning. Miss Georgina saw the two girls part with embraces, and she was mystified, but she drew a breath of great relief. "If you are not busy," she said to her niece, "you might look at those skirts I have had made for you, before Oliver comes. I had them put in your room."

Pauline was glad of an uninterrupted interview with her aunt, and she felt that the sooner it was over, the better, for she dreaded Miss Georgina's anger. She looked carelessly at the skirts while the elder lady explained them at length.

"The other half-dozen will be done next week, my dear."

"It doesn't matter, Aunt Georgina; I sha'n't need them soon. I had better tell you at once that I mean to break off my engagement."

"Your engagement to Oliver Storrow?"

"Yes."

"Are you mad?"

"No; very sane."

"Idiot!" cried the old lady, falling into a passion. "Where do you expect to find another man like him?"



"DON'T DO THAT, PAULINE."

"I am not looking for one."

"Pauline, you do not know what you do. Have you quarrelled? I will go and make your peace with him."

"We have not quarrelled."

"Good Lord!" cried the old lady, hysterically. "I always felt a sort of prophecy that you would be an old maid."

"I do not wish to marry him. I do not think he loves me."

"What matter? What is love to a man? A passion of a year; then he is as happy with any good woman as with any other. You do him no injustice to marry him. And what indeed makes you think he does not love you?"

"I cannot say."

"Oh, I dare say not. All you say is so wise. Listen to me. He is in luck to marry you, a good girl like you, and with my money. You wish to rob him of this?"

"I should like you to leave it to him."

"I will leave none of it to you if you are an old maid."

"I have never asked you for it, aunt."

The Robeson fiery dark eyes were flashing and gleaming in Miss Georgina's elderly face. They confronted quite their match glowing and burning in Pauline's young countenance; but there was a dignity in the girl's regard that made her look like the victor. She had grown up in the last twenty-four hours. The intensity in her eyes was not for love of Oliver Storrow, but for the ideal of life. She felt exhilarated. She was strong enough to meet any fate.

Miss Georgina swept out of the room, banging the door. Pauline thought she would not see Oliver; she would write to him. It would be easier for him— Just at that moment a servant knocked. Pauline ran to the door.

"Mr. Storrow is down-stairs, miss."

"Say that I have a headache and am lying down—that I cannot come down-stairs now."

The servant returned soon with this note: "My darling, I am called to New York to-day. I must see you." He did not know that Virginia was gone. Pauline's hand trembled a little as she wrote: "I cannot come down. I will write to you. Good-by. Affectionately, Pauline."

VII.

Pauline's letter, written that day, followed Oliver to New York, and was delivered to him the next morning—a gentle, tender missive, carrying a benediction in every word. He read it as devoted Catholics might read their prayers every night, but when he thought of Virginia his brain was in a ferment. He became like one maddened. Several days had passed, and while yet a few days allotted to his holiday remained he thought that he must go to Washington only to try to see her once, and failing *that*, he would at least stand upon her door-step. He had determined to do this, when one evening, picking up a newspaper and reading idly, without receiving any impression, he began to read the notices of the steamers: there was a list of passengers who had sailed that morning on an Italian steamer for Genoa. He read on mechanically —names that he never heard before, and should forget in ten minutes—till among them he found "Mr. and Mrs. Starling, of Washington — Miss Starling." His heart stopped beating. He never knew whether he had fainted, only that he was next conscious that the light in the room was that of early morning, and that he felt cold and stiff and ill. When his thoughts began to gather themselves he wrote to Mrs. Bailey: "I can't come to see you, and I know that you can't leave home, but *if* you *could*—" He rang the bell and asked the janitor to mail this note, and then bring him some coffee. Having drank it, he lay there till the darkness came on, and till the light of the next day broke, and his sister knocked at his door.

She came in with an apprehensive face. "Are you ill, Olly?" She bent over him solicitously. "Has something happened to you since you came back?"

He got up and began to pace the room. "The whole thing is *horrible!*"

Mrs. Bailey, very much distressed, but quite controlled, watched him for a moment, and then said: "Have you breakfasted? Have you a janitor in this building? Can he get us some coffee and a beefsteak?" And having elicited some sort of an answer to these questions, she refused to hear anything more until a little breakfast was set before them in the sitting-room. Then she was obliged to open the conversation again herself. She had taken off her bonnet and seemed playing the hostess.

"Well, Olly, what happened?"

"Pauline has broken our engagement."

"What!"

"She thinks that I no longer love her, but —but Virginia."

Mrs. Bailey leaned back in her chair, and dropped her eyes in her lap, with her hands helplessly extended on the table.

Oliver went on: "She has written me a letter like an angel."

"And *do* you love Virginia? You have known her a week. I was there but once, and didn't notice you. *Do* you love her?"



"I am like a madman about her. She is absorbing. It is an occupation to be with her. Is it not terrible that I should be like this? And Pauline—Oh, if you could see that letter! I reverence her. I could kneel before her now."

"You seem to be in love with two women," said Mrs. Bailey, trying to be sarcastic and light. "I saw Pauline yesterday. She is not breaking her heart for you. She looked exalted. I thought her charming. Perhaps you had better see her again before you declare yourself to your siren."

"You wish to humiliate me," said Oliver, gloomily. "It is nothing to her to find that I do not love her."

"Even *you*," cried Mrs. Bailey. "The

egotism of men! You wish her to be broken hearted."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Very well. Now that you're angry you are probably in a more rational frame of mind. And Virginia, does she love you?"

"I have no grounds for thinking so: on the contrary—"

"Give me your reasons."

"She has gone abroad."

"Already?"

"I read it in the paper."

"That is good proof that she does care. What did you say to her?"

"Nothing—nothing. What do you take me for? I never meant to break with Pauline. It was her own act. I came away thinking Virginia was there, but she had left first. I meant to go back when she had gone, and try to hasten our wedding. Then came Pauline's letter. I meant to marry her."

"You would have done a very wicked thing," said Mrs. Bailey, solemnly, even bitterly. She seemed to be thinking of her own wrongs.

"What shall I do?"

"It seems to me that your course is plain."

"I see nothing plain. Pauline throws me off; Virginia runs away from me."

"She could hardly fall into your arms like ripe fruit. The suddenness of her going is the surprising thing. Father and mother too."

"She told me," said Oliver, "that it was a habit of theirs; that once on a Monday her father said, 'Let's go to Holland on Wednesday,' and they went; and once they went to France, having decided their going ten hours before. It is their going *now* that is significant; and what is my 'plain course'?"

"To go after her by-and-by; not at once."

"And after all what have I to offer her? The lot of a poor man's wife."

"You will have an incentive to become famous. Excuse me for saying that I have never thought you *enough* in love with Pauline." Mrs. Bailey rose a little languidly. "Well, I came summoned like a doctor, and I have given my prescription. I can do no more. I mean to spend the next three hours in sleeping on your sofa there, for I have travelled all night, and my nerves are much shaken. Later I will lunch with you, and you shall put me in my train, which goes out at three."

VIII.

In the Salon Carré in the Louvre a young girl stood before Giorgione's immortal picture called "The Pastoral," her eyes glowing with an expression that seemed half terror, half an exalted happiness. By her side stood a very carefully dressed young man with a pale and haggard countenance. He devoured the young girl with his eyes, in which there was but one simple look—that of the hunger of his soul. They had stood thus in silence for some minutes; then it was she who spoke, flashing her eyes into his, and dropping them back to the picture.

"When one looks at this picture, anything seems possible—the smell of flowers, the coolness of water, the sweet vibration of stringed instruments, golden sun-filled air, the harboring green trees, and the grass that is soft and has no rasping unsympathy. Oh! if all the world were like this, there would be no fear. If there could be no evil spoken of one—if one could think no evil of one's self!"

She paused. Her companion made no answer. He seemed hardly to have taken in the sense of her words. Presently she spoke again, with a less steady voice:

"You have cast yourself from a safe ship into the stormy sea. You are mad. Go back while it is not too late."

He answered, bitterly, "I have burned my ships, since you will be so metaphorical, and they are no longer mine; and if I must drown, then I must."

Still she looked at the picture and he at her. Presently he said: "There is nothing so complicated as you think. Your words do not blind me, and it is not from conceit, but because, as the heart knoweth its own bitterness, it knows its own love, and it knows that one being that is its own; and when a man and woman stand as we do to-day, they are as alone as Adam and Eve were in Paradise, and for them a new world is made, and to concern themselves with any other persons or things is sacrilege."

She turned and looked at him full, as when they had first met; a superb color flooded her face.

"I am a woman," she said, "and the sorrow of the world weighs heavily on me, marring my own joy. Lead me into your manly new world of light."

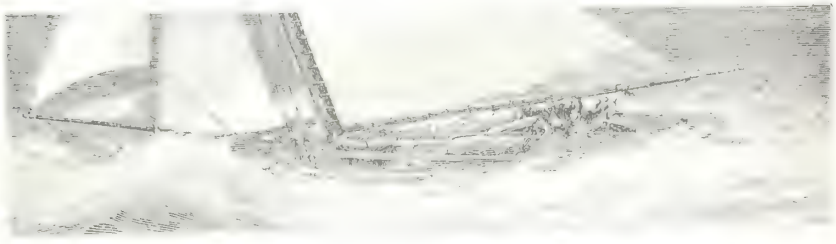
ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT.

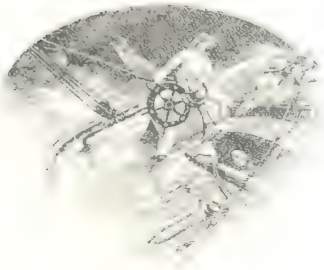
BY WALTER MITCHELL.



SHE looks well up in the eye of the wind,
Down-pressed by the weight of the northeast gale;
The fleet of fliers is left behind,
And the white foam kisses her low lee rail.

With the mainsail reefed and the topmast down,





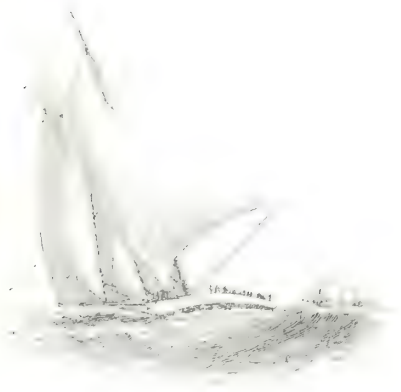
The lee shrouds curving, the weather shrouds taut,
Our bowsprit dips in the white-cap's crown,
And we know she is carrying all she ought.

Each sheet stands stiff as a rod of steel—
If anything parts, to the race good-by!—
And the firm, strong hands gripped hard on the wheel
Respond to the glance of the anxious eye,

As the helmsman watches the quiv'ring leach
Of the mainsail standing like a board,
Of the jib and topmast stay-sail, each
Dark with the spray against them poured.



Looming larger and dead ahead,
Heaving and rolling, the stake-boat black
Bars our road like a phantom dread—
The mark we must weather, or miss our tack.



If the wind would veer! might we only luff!
We should feel we were down in Luck's good books;
But we know we're holding her near enough.
And she'll fetch to windward of where she looks.

And as if aware that her hour is come,
Her hour when the laurel awaits her clutch,
Like a steed inspired by the battle drum,
She answers the helmsman's cunning touch.

One breathless moment as past we sweep,
And the gun-fire flashes, the whistles sound,
Then with sheets eased off and a gladsome leap,
The good yacht rushes the goal around.

A light hand leaps on the heel of the boom,
And with swift knife slashes the reef knots free;
Drops in the bunt as it yields him room,
While it brushes the crest of the sending sea.



And swift as a sea-bird spreads its wing,
When he springs inboard, ere there's time to speak,
The halyards are manned, with a steady swing
Mast-heading the mainsail, throat and peak.

And our spinnaker-boom to port is swung,
To balance the main to the starboard guyed;
The topmast rises, and fluttering fast,
The big club-topsail is bellying wide.

And squarely the wild northeaster before,
The white wake swirling a mile away,
With a sweeping roll and the foam flung o'er,
The "cup-defender" speeds up the bay.



LES PORTEUSES

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

I

WHEN you find yourself for the first time, upon some unshadowed day, in the delightful West Indian city of St. Pierre—supposing that you own the sense of poetry, the recollections of a student there is apt to steal upon your fancy an impression of having seen it all before, ever so long ago, you cannot tell where. The sensation of some happy dream you cannot wholly recall might be compared to this feeling. In the simplicity and solidity of the quaint architecture; in the eccentricity of bright narrow streets all aglow with warm coloring; in the tints of roof and wall, antiquated by streakings and patchings of mould greens and grays; in the startling absence of window-sashes, glass, gas lamps, and chimneys; in the blossom-tenderness of the blue heaven, the splendor of tropic light, and the warmth of the tropic wind—you find less the impression of a scene of to-day than the sensation of something that was and is not. Slowly this feeling strengthens with your pleasure in the colorific radiance of costume; the semi-nudity of passing figures; the puissant shapeliness of torsoes ruddily swart like statue metal; the rounded outline of limbs yellow as tropic fruit; the grace of attitudes; the unconscious harmony of groupings; the gathering and folding and falling of light robes that oscillate with swaying of free forms; the sculptural symmetry of unshod feet. You look up and down the lemon-tinted streets—down to the dazzling azure brightness of meeting sky and sea; up to the perpetual verdure of mountain woods—wondering at the mellowness of tones, the sharpness of lines in the light, the diaphaneity of colored shadows, always asking memory, "When—where did I see all this long ago?"

Then, perhaps, your gaze is suddenly riveted by the vast and solemn beauty of the verdant violet-shaded mass of the dead Volcano, high-towering above the town, visible from all its ways, and umbraged, maybe, with thinnest curlings of cloud, like spectres of its ancient smoking to heaven. And all at once the secret of your dream is revealed, with the rising of many a luminous memory—dreams of the Idyllists, flowers of old Sicilian song, fan-



"CHÂGE MOIN"

cies limned upon Pompeiian walls. For a moment the illusion is delicious: you comprehend as never before the charm of a vanished world, the antique life, the story of terra-cottas and graven stones and gracious things exhumed: even the sun is not of to-day, but of twenty centuries gone; thus, and under such a light, walked the women of the elder world.

Too soon the hallucination is broken by modern sounds, dissipated by modern sights—rough trolling of sailors descending to their boats, the heavy boom of a packet's signal gun—the passing of an American buggy. Instantly you become aware that the melodious tongue spoken by the passing throng is neither Hellenic nor Roman: only the beautiful childish speech of French slaves.

II.

But what slaves were the fathers of this free generation? Your anthropologists,

your ethnologists, seem at fault here: the African traits have become transformed; the African characteristics have been so modified within little more than two hundred years—by interblending of blood, by habit, by soil and sun, and all those natural powers which shape the mould of races—that you may look in vain for verification of ethnological assertions. No: this is a special race, peculiar to the island as are the shapes of its peaks—a mountain race, and mountain races are comely.

The erect carriage and steady swift walk of the women who bear burdens are especially likely to impress the observer; it is the sight of such passers-by which gives, above all, the antique tone and color to his first sensations; and the larger part of the female population of mixed race are practised carriers. Nearly all the transportation of light merchandise, as well as of meats, fruits, vegetables, and food stuffs, to and from the interior, is effected upon human heads. At some of the ports the regular local packets are loaded and unloaded by women and girls, able to carry any trunk or box to its destination. At Fort-de-France the great steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique are entirely coaled by women, who carry the coal on their heads, singing as they come and go in procession of hundreds; and the work is done with incredible rapidity. The creole *porteuse*, or female carrier, is certainly one of the most remarkable physical types in the world.

At a very early age, perhaps at five years, she learns to carry small articles upon her head. At nine or ten she is able to carry thus a tolerably heavy basket, or a *trait* (a wooden tray with deep outward-sloping sides) containing a weight of from twenty to thirty pounds; and is able to accompany her mother, sister, or cousin on long peddling journeys, walking barefoot twelve and fifteen miles a day. At sixteen or seventeen she is a tall robust girl—lithe, vigorous, tough, all tendon and hard flesh. She carries now a tray or a basket of the largest size, and a burden of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds weight. She can now earn about thirty francs (about six dollars) a month by walking fifty miles a day as an itinerant seller.

As a general rule the weight is such that no well-freighted porteuse can assisted either "load" or "unload" (*ch* or *déchâgé*, in creole phrase); the ef to do so would burst a blood-vessel, wre a nerve, rupture a muscle. She can even sit down under her burden with risk of breaking her neck: absolute fection of the balance is necessary for preservation. And no one ever ref to aid a woman to lift or to relieve her of her burden; you may see the wea iest merchant, the proudest planter, g ly do it. The meanness of refusing little kindness has only been imagine those strange Stories of Devils where the oral and uncollected literature of creole abounds.

III.

Preparing for her journey, the yo *màchanne* (marchande) puts on the p est and briefest chemise in her possess and the most worn of her light ca robes. She binds a plain *foulard* ne and closely about her head; and if hair be long, it is combed back and gat ed in a loop behind. Then, with a sec foulard of coarser quality, she make pad, or, as she calls it, *tòche*, and the mass is placed upon her head, over ornamental foulard. On this the g loaded *trait* is poised.

She wears no shoes: the soles of her are toughened so as to feel no asperi and present to sharp pebbles a surfac once yielding and resisting, like a cush of solid caoutchouc.

Besides her load she carries only a vas purse, tied to her girdle on the r side, and on the left a very small bottl rum, or white *tafia*—usually the lat because it is so cheap; for she may always find the Gouyave Water to dr —the cold clear pure stream conveye the fountains of Saint Pierre from highest mountains by a beautiful marvellous plan of hydraulic engin ing: she will have to drink betimes common fountain water of the rem high-roads, and this may cause dysen if swallowed without a spoonful of its. Therefore she never travels with a little liquor.

Lo! she is ready: "*Châgé moin, plé, chè!*" She bends to lift the en the heavy *trait*—some one takes other: it is on her head. Perhaps winces an instant: the weight is not

fectly balanced; she settles it with her hands, gets it in the exact place. Then, all steady—lithe, light, half naked—away she moves with a long springy step. So even her walk that the burden never sways; yet so rapid her motion that, however good a walker you may fancy yourself to be, you will tire out after a sustained effort of fifteen minutes to follow her up hill. Fifteen minutes!—and she will keep up that pace without slackening—save for a minute to eat and drink at mid-day—for at least eleven hours and forty-two minutes, the briefest length of a West Indian day.

Such travel in such a country would be impossible but for the excellent national roads, limestone highways, solid, broad, faultlessly graded, that wind from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, over mountains, over ravines, ascending by zigzags to heights of twenty-five hundred feet, traversing the primeval forests of the interior, now skirting the dizziest precipices, now descending into the loveliest valleys. There are thirty-one of these magnificent routes, with a total length of 488,052 metres (more than 303 miles), whereof the construction required engineering talent of the very highest order, the construction of bridges beyond counting, and devices the most ingenious to provide against dangers of storms, floods, landslips, etc.



ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

IV.

In every season, in almost every weather, the porteuse makes her journey, never heeding rain, her goods being protected by double and triple water-proof coverings well bound down over her *trait*. Yet these tropical rains, coming suddenly with a cold wind upon her heated and almost naked body, are to be feared; but the porteuse seldom suffers from them; she seems proof against fevers, rheumatisms, ordinary colds. When she does break down, however, the malady is a frightful one—a pneumonia that carries off the victim within forty-eight hours. Happily among her class these fatalities are very rare.

Murder for purposes of robbery is not an unknown crime in Martinique, but I am told the porteuses are never molested. And yet some of these girls carry merchandise to the value of hundreds of francs; and all carry money, the money received for goods sold, often a considerable sum. This immunity may be partly owing to the fact that they travel during the greater part of the year only by day, and usually in company. A very pretty girl is seldom suffered to journey unprotected; she has either a male escort or several experienced and powerful women with her. In the cocoa season, when carriers start from Grande Anse as early as two o'clock in the morning, so as to reach St. Pierre by dawn, they travel in strong companies of twenty or twenty-five, singing on the way. As a general rule the younger girls at all times go two together, keeping step perfectly as a pair of blooded fillies; only the veterans, or women selected for special work by reason of extraordinary physical capabilities, go alone. To the latter class belong certain



LUNCHING ON A BISCUIT AT FIVE MILES AN HOUR.—[illegible] photograph.

girls employed by the great bakeries of Fort-de-France and St. Pierre; these are veritable caryatides. They are probably the heaviest-laden of all, carrying baskets of astounding size far up into the mountains before daylight, so as to furnish country families with fresh bread at an early hour; and for this labor they receive about four dollars (twenty francs) a month and one loaf of bread per diem.

V.

Forty to fifty miles a day, always under a weight of more than a hundred pounds—for when the *trait* has been emptied she puts in stones for ballast—carrying her employer's merchandise and money over the mountain ranges, beyond the peaks, across the ravine, through the tropical forest, sometimes through byways haunted by the fer-de-lance; and this in summer or winter, the season of rains or the season of heat, the time of fevers or the time of hurricanes, at a franc a day! How does she live upon it?

There are twenty sous to the franc. The girl leaves St. Pierre with her load at early morning. At the second village, Morne Rouge, she halts to buy one, two, or three biscuits at a sou apiece; and reaching Ajoupa-Bouillon later in the forenoon, she may buy another biscuit or two. Altogether she may be expected to eat five sous of biscuit or bread before reaching Grande Anse, where she probably has a meal waiting for her. This ought to cost her ten sous, especially if there be meat in her ragoût, which represents a total expense of fifteen sous for eatables. Then there is the additional cost of the cheap liquor, which she must mix with her drinking water, as it would be more than dangerous to swallow pure cold water in her heated condition—five sous more. This makes the franc. But such a hasty and really erroneous estimate does not include expenses of lodging and clothing. She may sleep on the bare floor sometimes, and twenty francs a year may keep her in clothes; but she must rent the floor and pay for the clothes out of that franc. As a matter of fact she not only does all this upon her twenty sous a day, but can even economize something which will enable her, when her youth and force decline, to start in business for herself. And her economy will not seem so wonderful when I assure you that thousands of men here—huge men muscled like bulls and lions—live upon an average expenditure of five sous a day. One sou of bread, two sous of manioc flour, one sou of dried codfish, one sou of tafia: such is their meal.

There are women carriers who earn more than a franc a day—women with a particular talent for selling, who are paid on commission—from ten to fifteen per cent. These eventually make themselves independent in many instances; they continue to sell and bargain in person, but hire a young girl to carry the goods.

VI.

"*Ou lè machanne!*" rings out a rich alto, resonant as the tone of a gong, from behind the balisiers that shut in our garden. There are two of them—no, three—Maiyotte, Chéchelle, and Rina. Maiyotte and Chéchelle have just arrived from Saint Pierre; Rina comes from Gros-Morne with fruits and vegetables. Suppose we call them all in, and see what they have got. Maiyotte and Chéchelle sell on commission; Rina sells for her mother, who has a little garden at Gros-Morne.

"*Bonjou', Maiyotte; bonjou', Chéchelle! coument ou kallé, Rina, chè!*" Throw open the folding-doors to let the great

trays pass! Now all these are unloaded by old Théréza and by young Adon: all the packs are on the floor and the water-proof wrappings are being uncorded, while Ah-Maumzell, the adopted child, brings the rum and water for the tall walkers.

"Oh, what a medley, Maiyotte!" Ink-stands and wooden cows; purses and paper dogs and cats; dolls and cosmetics; pins and needles and soap and tooth-brushes; candied fruits and smoking-caps; *pelotes* of thread, and tapes, and ribbons, and laces, and Madeira wine; cuffs and collars, and dancing shoes, and tobacco *sachets!* *Jesis-Maïa!* the pretty *foulards!* Azure and yellow in checkerings, orange and crimson in stripes, rose and scarlet in plaidings, and bronze tints, and beetle tints of black and green.

"Chéchelle, what a *bloucoutoum* if you should ever let that tray fall—*aïe ya yaïe!*" Here is a whole shop of crockeries and porcelains—plates, dishes, cups, earthenware *canaris* and *dobannes*. And gift mugs and cups, and knives and forks, and cheap spoons, and tin coffee-pots, and tin rattles for babies, and tin flutes for horrid little boys, and pencils, and note-paper and envelopes.

"Oh, Rina, what superb oranges! fully twelve inches round! And these, which look something like our mandarines, what do you call them?" "Zorange-macaque!" (monkey-oranges). And here are avocados—beauties; guavas of three different kinds; tropical cherries (which have four seeds instead of one); tropical raspberries, whereof the entire eatable portion comes off in one elastic piece, lined with something like white silk. Here are fresh nutmegs; the thick green case splits in equal halves at a touch; and see the beautiful heart within—deep dark glossy red, all wrapped in a bright net-work of flat blood-colored fibre spun over it, like branching veins. This big heavy red and yellow thing is a *pomme-cythère:* the smooth cuticle, bitter as gall, covers a sweet juicy pulp interwoven with something that seems like cotton thread. Here is a *pomme-cannelle:* inside its scaly covering is the most delicious yellow custard conceivable, with little black seeds floating in it. This larger *corossol* has almost as delicate an interior, only the custard is white instead of yellow. Here are *christophines*, great pear-shaped things, white and green according to kind, with a peel prickly and knobby as the skin of a horned toad; but they stew exquisitely. And *mélongines*, or egg plants, and palmiste-pith, and *chadeques*, and *pommes-d'Haïti*, and roots that at first sight look all alike. But they are not: there are *camanioc*, and *couscous*, and *ziguames*, and *choux-caraïbes*, and various kinds of *patates* among them. Old Théréza's magic will transform these shapeless muddy things before evening into pyramids of smoking gold, into odorous porridges that will look like messes of molten amber and liquid pearl; for Rina makes a good sale.

Then Chéchelle manages to dispose of a tin coffee pot and a big canari; and Maiyotte makes the best sale of all, for the sight of a funny *biscuit* doll has made Ah-Maumzell cry and smile so at the same time that I should feel unhappy for the rest of my life if I did not buy it for her. I knew I ought to get some change out of that six francs; and Maiyotte, who is black, but comely as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon, seems to be aware of the fact.

Oh, Maiyotte, how plaintive that pretty sphinx face of yours, now turned in profile, as if you knew you looked beautiful thus, with the great gold circlets of your ears glittering and swaying as you bend! And why are you so long, so long untying that poor little canvas purse, fumbling and fingering it—is it because you want me to think of the weight of that *trait*, and the sixty kilometres you must walk, and the heat, and the dust, and all the disappointments? Ah! you are cunning, Maiyotte! No, I do not want the change!

Sundown approaches: the light has turned a rich yellow; long black shapes lie across the curving road—shadows of balisier and palm, shadows of tamarind and Indian-reed, shadows of ceiba and giant-fern. And the porteuses are coming down through the lights and darknesses of the way from far Grande Anse, to halt a moment in this little village. They are going to sit down on the roadside here before the house of the baker; and there is his great black workman Jean-Marie, looking for them from the doorway, waiting to relieve them of their loads. Jean-Marie is the strongest man in all the Champ-Flore: see what a torso, as he stands there naked to the waist! His day's work is done; but he likes to wait for the girls, though he is old now,

and has sons tall as himself. It is a habit; some say that he had a daughter once—a porteuse like those coming—and used to wait for her thus at that very doorway, until one evening she failed to appear, and never returned till he carried her home in his arms dead, stricken by a serpent in some mountain path.

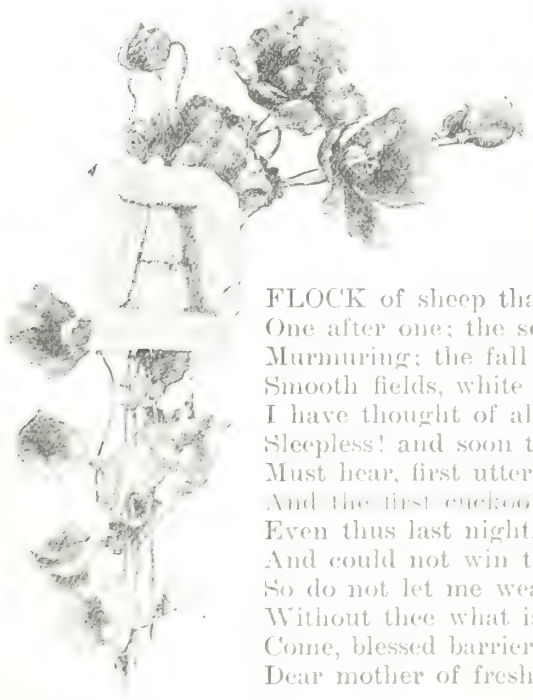
Here they come, the girls—yellow, red, black. See the flash of the yellow feet where they touch the light! And what impossible tint the red limbs take in the changing glow! Finotte, Pauline, Médelle—all together, as usual, with Ti-Clé trotting behind, very tired. Never mind, Ti-Clé, you will outwalk your cousins when you are a few years older—pretty Ti-Clé. Here come Cyrillia and Zabette, and Féfé and Dodotte, and Fevriette; and behind them are coming the two *chabines*—golden girls—the twin sisters who sell silks and threads and foulards; always together, always wearing robes and kerchiefs of similar color, so that you can never tell which is Lorrainie and which Édoualise.

And all smile to see Jean-Marie waiting for them, and to hear his deep kind voice calling, "*Coument ou yé, chè? coument ou kallé?*" (How art thou, dear? how goes it with thee?) And they mostly make answer, "*Toutt douce, chè; et ou?*" (All sweetly, dear; and thou?) But some, overweary, cry to him, "*Ah! déchâgé moin vite, chè! moin lasse, lasse!*" (Unload me quickly, dear, for I am very weary.) Then he takes off their burdens, and fetches bread for them, and says foolish little things to make them laugh. And they are pleased, and laugh, just like children, as they sit right down on the road there to munch their dry bread.

So often have I watched that scene! Let me but close my eyes one moment and it will come back to me, through all the thousand miles, over the graves of the days.

Again I see the mountain road in the yellow glow, banded with umbrages of palm. Again I watch the light feet coming now in shadow, now in sun soundlessly as falling leaves. Still I can hear the voices crying, "*Ah! déchâgé moin vite, chè! moin lasse!*" and see the mighty arms outreach to take the burdens away.

Only there is a change—I know not what! All vapory the road is, and the fronds, and the comely coming feet of the bearers, and even this light of sunset—sunset that is ever larger and nearer to us than dawn, even as death than birth. And the weird way appeareth a way whose dust is the dust of generations; and the shape that waits is never Jean-Marie, but one darker and stronger; and these are surely voices of tired souls who cry to Thee, thou dear black Giver of the perpetual rest, "*Ah! déchâgé moin vite, chè! moin lasse!*"



TO SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet to lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth;
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!



A FLOCK OF SHEEP THAT LEISURELY PASS BY.

ADRIAAN VAN DE VELDE.

BY E. [illegible]

ONE of the latest writers on the school of [illegible] Veldes form a dynasty in Dutch art, and the founder was one Esias van de Velde. However this may be, the youngest and last of the dynasty, Adriaan, born at Amsterdam in 1639, is the most important member. Nature always wore for him a smiling face. There are none of Ruysdael's desolate wastes or Wynants's dreary scenes, but fresh verdure, tranquil skies, bright sunlight, to be seen in his pictures.

Houbraken declares that as soon as Adriaan could read he could paint; that on his return from school he would borrow his father's or his brother Willem's



ADRIAAN VAN DE VELDE.

brushes and paint on the walls as far as his arms could reach. His father, who was a good draughtsman, intended that the boy should follow in his steps, so paid but scant attention to the subjects the youthful artist tried to depict; but one day finding on the side of the bed (for the boy, in default of wall space, would paint on furniture) a cow, well painted for so young a child, decided that it would be worse than useless to try to alter the boy's decided bent. He determined to take Adriaan with some of his sketches to his friend Jan Wynants and ask his opinion as to the child's talent. Wynants was astonished at the excellence of the sketches, and offered at once to take him as his pupil, and the story is that Wynants's wife, present at the interview, told her husband, "You will not have a pupil; he will soon prove to be your master." Whether the story be true or not, certainly, when even a young lad, Van de Velde almost verified the prediction—if prediction there was—for by the time he was twenty he painted for Wynants cattle and figures in his landscapes, and he and his master always remained firm friends, the elder artist taking pride in his pupil's success.

Adriaan soon mastered the technicalities of his art, and ere long Wynants declared unreservedly that he had nothing to learn from any master save one—who had always something to teach an artist—nature. And never had nature a more studious pupil—one who never permitted imagination to supplement nature. There are etchings of his that bear date 1653, showing that even when a lad of fourteen he was fully aware of the need of patient observation if he desired success. These etchings are perhaps somewhat feeble, done with a fine point, but, considering his age, wonderful productions. There are eight in the set; they are very rare, and whenever offered for sale command high prices.

Blanc, in his notice of Van de Velde, writes: "What appealed to him in nature was sweetness and serenity. His cattle graze upon velvet turf at the foot of fine trees, the leaves of which the soft air gently stirs, under skies of pale blue, in a species of terrestrial paradise, wherein the noise of the world is hushed, and the tumult of unquiet souls is calmed.

"Emulous of Paul Potter in the art of depicting animals, Adriaan van de Velde displays more richness in his accessories than did his illustrious predecessor. Potter employed all his genius in the endeavor to reproduce the expression, the physiognomy of the soul, if one may so express it, of animals. In his eyes the landscape was but an accessory; it was enough material for him for a picture to take a corner of a green pasture where one or two cows resting at the foot of an oak awaited the hour for returning to their stable. Van de Velde is not only a great animal painter, but likewise a great landscapist. His cattle are to be found in fields enriched with thick trees, bordered by lakes and rivers beyond which wide perspectives can be seen; a soft caressing wind bears through the sky clouds light and foamy, like those of Karl Dujardin. All the beauties of nature, in a word, contribute to the effect he wishes to produce. The cows, the horses, of Paul Potter are without doubt incomparable, and no other artist has ever been able to unite in such a degree vigor and simplicity of expression; but Adriaan van de Velde, by an entirely different love for nature, has also reached just as rare a perfection. In the works of this last excellent master grace is always married to truth. In looking at the

pictures of Paul Potter and Adriaan van de Velde, I picture to myself that the one must serve as the model of good-fellowship, the other as a mixture of grace and simplicity."

Although our artist paid such careful attention to his landscape, yet he made it subordinate to his cattle, who always occupied the principal place, and when with animals he introduced humanity, such figures were also subordinated. They never obtruded, though he painted them as well as did Wouvermans, as witness his celebrated "Blind Flute-Player." Wynants preferred to have his pupil paint his figures rather than any one else, and Hobbema, Van der Heyden, and even Ruysdael himself often made use of his skilful brush. Van der Nerf, who was called the Douw of architectural painters, received double the value of his works when they were peopled by the careful and imaginative spirit of Adriaan. Take, for example, the "Town-Hall of Amsterdam," now in the Louvre; more than half of its interest and value is owing to the charming groups of figures introduced by his friend.

When he chose to paint pictures where landscape and animals were to be subordinate, Van de Velde was perfectly capable of painting figures full of grace and action, such as "The Amusements of Winter," representing people skating, which has been most admirably engraved by Jacques Aliament, and the two views of the "Coast of Scheveningen."



"THE FARM COTTAGE."

By permission of A. Brandus & Co., Paris. From a photograph of the painting of the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

Some of his hunting scenes are as fine as Wouvermans's, and Sir Thomas Baring owns a "Rendezvous" representing the assemblage of the huntsmen on the terrace, which is a superb specimen of his style.

He seems never to have left his native place, Amsterdam. He died at thirty-three, yet nearly every public and private gallery of note in Europe owns one or more of his pictures. Some of his paintings, treating the most pathetic subjects in Christian art, show that he was able to portray the strong emotions as well as the tranquil joys of pastoral life.



SOCIAL PERSEVERANCE

Mrs. Onslow Peshington: "What a very singular woman Lady Masham is, Professor! I've called on her every Wednesday this month and the footman (who knows me perfectly) always said she was out, tho' Wednesday's her day at home and there were lots of carriages at the door! She never cuts me, never, and when I bow to her, as I always do, she always looks another way, as she did just now! I must really call *once* next Wednesday."

Drawn by George Du Maurier.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE great centennial commemoration of the inauguration of the government and of Washington fully satisfied the emotion with which it was anticipated. In fact, before the day dawned the celebration had acquired a popular momentum which assured its success. It was precisely the thing which could not be forecast or controlled, and was entirely independent of the arrangements that made the celebration so imposing and so memorable. The three days in New York were a revelation of the character of the city which was very striking. The entire good-nature and general good order were perhaps to be expected. They have appeared before under similar circumstances. But there was a conscious patriotism and national pride and sentiment of amity which were surprising in a population of such diverse nationality.

It was pleasant, also, to observe throughout the commemoration the heartiness of the love and honor for Washington. The light banter which has become almost a popular habit in allusions to him wholly disappeared, and although nothing could be more comical than many of the portraits and figures, which in every impossible and preposterous guise strained the reverence in which he is held, yet they were all seriously designed, and illustrated only an imperfect art, not a derisive purpose. The Father of his Country posing as a full-armored knight of the Middle Ages was an extraordinary conception. But one of the most accomplished of American sculptors has draped him in the Roman toga.

Washington serenely survives all jests and caricature, and extravagant expression of every kind, and one of the chief if not the greatest of the benefits of the great commemoration is that it has impressed him upon the universal American consciousness more clearly and strongly than ever. The myth has largely vanished before the fact. The grandeur of his actual service is better understood than ever before, and the actual Washington transcends the fabled hero. The civil war naturally stimulated interest in the history of the country, and we have learned since the war more in detail the situation from which the Constitution and Washington delivered us than was generally known before. There is one fact which was not made prominent during the commemoration, but which is not to be forgotten in considering the story of the century. The wonder-working Constitution not only prepared a complete organization of government, but it supplied the structure of a nation which was yet to be developed. There was already, indeed, the national instinct. There were in the colonies and in their Revolutionary association the possibilities of a nation. But it is true, as John Quincy Adams showed in his address at the jubilee fifty years ago, that the original States were never properly sovereign. And it was equally true, as Washington said, that a national government was indispensable for the common welfare.

But the nation was not yet a conscious existence. It was prospective, waiting to be born. The century has developed it. By the most powerful forces, by instinct and habit, by geographical situation and language, by the overpowering traditions of race and hereditary institutions, by the necessary co-operation and commingling of common interests and enterprise, and by a dominant homogeneity vital enough to assimilate immense foreign accretions, a new nation has arisen, to which by marvellous forecast the Constitution was perfectly adapted. This is one of the great facts which were commemorated by the celebration.

It is inevitable also that in the prodigious development of the century dangerous tendencies should have appeared. No greater or more timely word could be spoken at such a triumphant festival than that which reminded us that our true greatness is not in our institutions, but in ourselves. Institutions of the best design may be perverted. It is the commonplace of history that Cæsar founded the empire upon republican forms. The ship of state may be triply plated and of majestic port, but it is the captain and his crew that assure the prosperous voyage.

This was the apple of gold in a picture of silver which the Bishop of New York offered to Washington's successor in old St. Paul's. In the midst of our prodigious affluence and amazing material progress, in the magnificent pæan of triumph resounding through the country, naturally

pitched in the exulting major key, he touched a minor note. The progress and power and prosperity are undeniable. But with these there are tendencies and signs which every patriot will heed.

The details of the celebration will be long remembered. Nor can any similar scene be expected in the country for many a year. The little incidents of universal experience, the half-hour occupied in pressing up the steps to a station of the elevated railroad, the two hours of suffocating struggle to reach a door, the boarding up of steps and balconies to save them from the destroying crush of people, the resistless streams of masses of men and women, as insurmountable as the currents of a river rapid, all vividly depict the enormous throng and the terror of its might, as Boswell's description of Johnson's little personal peculiarities reproduces the man. Everybody has his own story to tell, and the detailed accounts of the three days in newspapers, books, letters, and traditions with which the bewildered patriot will have to deal at the bicentennial of the Constitution may well move the sympathy of his ancestry. As Uncle Sam says in the amusing cut in the number of *Harper's Weekly* which illustrates the celebration, "Whe-ew! what will the tew-hundredth be?"

THE centennial commemoration naturally suggested a comparison of the social and political aspects of the two years 1789 and 1889. The debate has proceeded vigorously in the newspapers, with trenchant assertion and counter-assertion, reply and rejoinder, and with the general pacific conclusion that "much may be said upon both sides." Fact can always be set against fact, and every age and year will supply incidents which illustrate the most diverse views. Does not the good book furnish texts for every side of every religious controversy? Are not the God of Love and the God of Battles equally invoked as essentially the same supreme being?

The memoirs of a hundred years ago, the letters of Fisher Ames, the diary of Maclay, and all the other letters and diaries and biographies of the time, the newspapers which bear testimony upon the pages of McMaster's history, and the graphic and interesting record of John Fiske's *Critical Period*, certainly reveal our fathers as men full of human nature, their press savagely criticising public men, and pouring out scorn upon the opposing party. John Adams, one of the toughest and testiest of the old combatants, in the midst of the storm and stress of angry controversy, appeals to posterity against the rascally falsehood and injustice of his own age and contemporaries.

His appeal has a familiar sound, and as the student penetrates farther and deeper into the long-hushed tumult of a dead century he recognizes the passions that he knows, and the prejudices and ignorance which are the same in Prince Albert coats and long trousers as in cocked hats and knee-breeches. Such details are constantly repeated, and one can be always quoted against another. But, for all that, every age is not a mere reproduction of another. Burke says that the ambition of Richard II.'s reign is the ambition of George III.'s. That is to say, man is man. But Burke would not have alleged that the national character and the political and social aspects of England in 1380 were those of England in 1780.

There is a certain appreciable tendency in every age, a general character founded upon the aggregate detail, by which the progress of civilization is determined. Because John Adams appealed to a later age it does not follow that the later age would be essentially superior, nor that John Adams did not confound his own discomfort with a universal condition. In general any change seems preferable to present suffering. The very young man thinks that to be rid of a present ill he would sacrifice a year or two at the other end of his life. But he is less liberal with those years as he approaches threescore and ten. It is only by the comparative study known to our modern historians that we can touch the real differences of times, or mark the change and progress, if such there be.

We may say unhesitatingly that there was a more general sense of the duty of charity and of the care of criminals in England at the end of the eighteenth century than in its middle years; and in the same way we may say that there are certain forms of public evil in this country now that did not exist here a hundred years ago. Politics in England from the Restoration to the end of the eighteenth century were unblushingly venal. But our colonial politics and those which immediately followed, however hot and

unmannerly, were not in any general sense corrupt. Duane's *Aurora* undoubtedly blackguarded Washington in a fashion which would not now be tolerated in any chief newspaper when speaking of the President. But this fact does not show that there was a wholesale use of money at elections, nor is it in any sense whatever an answer to the allegation that there is such a use of money now.

The assertion that men are pressed for high office solely because they are rich and will supply money liberally for the election is not countered by the statement that Hamilton publicly made a confession which would now startle the country if made by a Secretary of the Treasury. That is undoubtedly true; but it is no less true that such a confession made by a man like Hamilton to explain suspicious circumstances which implied a misuse of official position shows how very much more sensitive to such suspicion our fathers were. A candid student of history will no more deny that the ideals of public life in this country were higher in the day of Washington than they are now than he would deny that the political morality of Newcastle was infinitely below that of John Bright. There is no more certain sign of decadence than the disposition to excuse our own unquestionable delinquencies by alleging the peccadilloes of others. Shall we be content to steal because somebody else lied? Shall we insist upon bribing voters and buying elections to-day because a hundred years ago Rhode Island clung to paper money and New York held slaves?

That our political life has a more venal tone than in Washington's time can no more be truthfully denied than that Hamilton made a proposition to John Jay as Governor which Jay said it was not proper for him to entertain. But it was not a mercenary proposition, and it is not to be cited against the equally undeniable fact that the vast sum of the salaries of the civil service is used in our party strifes as a huge bribery fund. Such facts are as certain symptoms of political demoralization as heat and flushing of fever. They are not facts to be denied, and therefore their plain statement and careful consideration are a public duty. It is not statesmanship to be content with extolling our greatness and prosperity, nor patriotism to insist that we are as good as our fathers. Washington was not a Jeremiah because he pointed out to us dangers to be avoided, and whoever refreshes the memory of noble men and forcibly recalls lofty ideals of public duty is not a cynic nor a pessimist nor a despondent *laudator temporis acti:* he is what John Adams and George Washington were—patriots and benefactors.

A NEW holiday is a boon to Americans, and this year the month of May gave a new holiday to the State of New York. It had been already observed elsewhere. It began, indeed, in Nebraska seventeen years ago, and thirty-four States and two Territories had preceded New York in adopting it. If the name of Arbor Day may seem to be a little misleading, because the word arbor, which meant a tree to the Romans, means a bower to Americans, yet it may well serve until a better name is suggested, and its significance by general understanding will soon be as plain as Decoration Day.

The holiday has been happily associated in this State especially with the public schools. This is most fitting, because the public school is the true and universal symbol of the equal rights of all citizens before the law, and of the fact that educated intelligence is the basis of good popular government. The more generous the cultivation of the mind, and the wider the range of knowledge, the more secure is the great national commonwealth. The intimate association of the schools with tree-planting is fortunate in attracting boys and girls to a love and knowledge of nature, and to a respect for trees because of their value to the whole community.

The scheme for the inauguration of the holiday in New York was issued by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. It provided for simple and proper exercises, the recitation of brief passages from English literature relating to trees, songs about trees sung by the children, addresses, and planting of trees, to be named for distinguished persons of every kind.

The texts for such addresses are indeed as numerous as the trees, and there may be an endless improvement of the occasion, to the pleasure and the profit of the scholars. They may be reminded that our knowledge of trees begins at a very early age, even their own, and that it usually begins with a close and thorough knowledge of the birch.

rocking in the tree-top, and as the child hears the [illegible] a-bye, baby, it may imagine that it hears the wind sighing through the branches [illegible] sonal interest in it will make the public schools nurseries of sound opinion which [illegible]

The service of the trees to us begins with the cradle and ends with the coffin. [illegible] of almost unimaginable extent and variety. In this country our houses and their [illegible] are largely the product of the trees. The [illegible] the mineralized wood of past ages. The frames and handles of agricultural implements, wharves, boats, ships, India-rubber, gums, bark, cork, carriages, and railroad cars and ties—wherever the eye falls it sees the beneficent service of the tree. Arbor Day recalls this direct service on [illegible] and reminds us of the indirect ministry of trees as guardians of the sources of rivers—the great forests making the densely shaded hills, covered with the accumulating leaves of ages, huge sponges from which trickle the supplies of streams. To cut the forests recklessly is to dry up the rivers. It is a crime against the whole community, and scholars and statesmen both declare that the proper preservation of the forests is the paramount public question. Even in a mercantile sense it is a prodigious question, for the estimated value of our forest [illegible] times that of gold and silver, and forty times that of our iron ore.

It was high time that we considered the trees. They are among our chief bene- [illegible] to us than ever we have been to them. If as the noble horse passes us, tortured [illegible] blinders and nagged with the goad, it is impossible not to pity him that he has been delivered into the hands of men to [illegible] pitied. It seems as if we had never forgotten or forgiven that early and intimate acquaintance with the birch, and have [illegible] ourselves ever since. We have waged against trees a war of extermination like that of the Old Testament Christians of Massachusetts Bay against the Pequot Indians. We have treated the forests as if they were noxious savages or vermin. It was necessary, of course, that the continent should be suitably cleared for settlement and agriculture. But there was no need of shaving it as with a razor. If Arbor Day teaches the growing generation to [illegible] some trees should be left for shade and for beauty, it will have rendered good service. In regions rich with the sugar-maple tree the young maples are saved from the general massacre because their sap, turned into sugar, is a marketable commodity. But every tree yields some kind of sugar, if it be only shade for a cow.

Let us hope also that Arbor Day will teach the children, under the wise guidance of experts, that trees are to be planted with intelligence and care if they are to become both vigorous and beautiful. A sapling is not to be cut into a beanpole, but carefully trimmed in accordance with its form. A tree which has lost its head will never recover it again, and will survive only as a monument of the ignorance and folly of its tormentor. Indeed, one of the happiest results of the new holiday will be the increase of knowledge which springs from personal interest in trees.

This will be greatly promoted by naming those which are planted on Arbor Day. The interest of children in pet animals, in dogs, squirrels, rabbits, cats, and ponies, springs largely from their life and [illegible] upon human care. When the young tree also is regarded as living and equally dependent upon intelligent attention, when it is named by vote of the scholars, and planted by them with music and pretty ceremony, it will also become a pet, and a human relation will be established. If it be named for a living man or woman, it is a living memorial and a perpetual admonition to him whose name it bears not to suffer his namesake tree to outstrip him, and to remember that a man, like a tree, is known by his fruits.

Trees will acquire a new charm for intelligent children when they associate them with famous persons. Watching to see how Bryant and Longfellow are growing, whether Abraham Lincoln wants wa-

ter, or George Washington promises to flower early, or Benjamin Franklin is drying up, whether Robert Fulton is budding, or General Grant beginning to sprout, the pupil will find that a tree may be as interesting as the squirrel that skims along its trunk, or the bird that calls from its top like a muezzin from a minaret.

The future orators of Arbor Day will draw the morals that lie in the resemblances of all life. It is by care and diligent cultivation that the wild crab is subdued to bear sweet fruit, and by skilful grafting and budding that the same stock produces different varieties. And so you, Master Leonard or Miss Alice, if you are cross and spiteful and selfish and bullying, you also must be budded and trained. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, young gentlemen, and you must start straight if you would not grow up crooked. Just as the boy begins, the man turns out.

So, trained by Arbor Day, as the children cease to be children they will feel the spiritual and refining influence, the symbolical beauty, of the trees. Like men, they begin tenderly and grow larger and larger, in greater strength, more deeply rooted, more widely spreading, stretching leafy boughs for birds to build in, shading the cattle that chew the cud and graze in peace, decking themselves in blossoms and ever-changing foliage, and murmuring with rustling music by day and night. The thoughtful youth will see a noble image of the strong man struggling with obstacles that he overcomes in a great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales, and extorting a glorious music from the storms which it triumphantly defies.

Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Every little community, every school district, will contribute to the good work. The school-house will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful nature which is so friendly to us.

THE young man who, following Mr. Greeley's advice, should have gone West a few years since to grow up with the country, would have become part of the marvellous development and life of which Mr. Warner has given us such vivid glimpses in the pages of

The old fairy tales are outdone by the simple annals of the West, and the stories of the migration of races are repeated in the world beyond the Ohio and the Mississippi. It is just fifty years ago that Mrs. Kirkland called her bright little book

New Home: Who'll Follow? Half the world seems to have followed since. Margaret Fuller's *A Summer on the Lakes*, published a little later, recounts her journey to Lake Superior and Illinois, and it is strictly a tale of the frontier. Cooper's *Pioneers* was a story of central New York, but that was the West when his father settled upon the shores of Otsego Lake.

The great American romance is the settlement and growth of the West, a name which at any particular point fast loses its peculiar significance of remoteness and wildness, not only because of the refining touch of education and civilizing enterprise at every point, but because a more western West, the very child of the time, advances eastward from the Pacific shore to meet the incessant march from the older East. To the next generation, which will see the last traces of a true frontier

as the earlier part of this century understood the words, will have disappeared. Indeed, to the people of the Atlantic slope, whose minds by education and tradition and habit are set eastward, the wonder of the West is like a narrative of Marco Polo, or of Othello's

Sketches like Warner's reveal to Amer-

surprising and interesting. His general survey *Harper's Monthly* proposes to sup-

this number of the Magazine. In the gal-

the portrait of Iowa, which is hung in the present Magazine, is an omission which can be supplied only from without. It is

the work of one of the most eminent citizens of the State and of the country, Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who in describing his own State cannot very gracefully mention one of its chief men. It is the happy province of the Chair, therefore, to complete the artist's portrait of his State by adding a sketch of the artist.

Samuel Freeman Miller was born in Richmond, Kentucky, on the 5th of April, 1816, and passed his boyhood on his father's farm. When he was twelve years old he went to the high-school in Richmond, then "clerked it" in a drug-store, and at twenty entered the medical school of Transylvania University at Lexington, and graduating after two years' study, settled in Barboursville, on the upper Cumberland River, where he married, and was a successful physician. But his profession was not satisfactory to him, and in 1847 he was admitted to the bar. In 1848, at the election of delegates to the Kentucky Convention to amend the Constitution of the State, he ardently advocated emancipation, was overwhelmingly defeated, only one abolitionist being elected to the Convention, and found that his antislavery views had ended his career in Barboursville. He crossed the Mississippi, and settled in Keokuk, Iowa, a growing town of two thousand inhabitants. He arose at once to professional and political distinction, and became one of the ablest of Republican leaders. But he never sat in any legislative body, or held any official commission but that of Justice of the Supreme Court. To this office, upon the urgent recommendation of Western Senators and Representatives in Congress, Mr. Miller was appointed by President Lincoln on the 16th of July, 1862, to succeed Mr. Justice Daniels, of Virginia.

For twenty-seven years Mr. Miller has held the most important and dignified national office which has ever been filled by a citizen of Iowa. His appointment was the first which was made to the Supreme bench from beyond the Mississippi, and he is now the senior Justice of the court. His service has extended over a period not less interesting, from the importance of the questions submitted for judgment, than that of the early days of the court, and Justice Miller has delivered more of the decisions of the court construing the Constitution than any other judge in its history. Naturally he was invited to deliver the oration in 1887 at the centennial celebration, in Philadelphia, of the formation of the Constitution.

Among the chief opinions delivered by him is that in the slaughter-house case in 1872, defining the limit between a citizen's personal rights and the legislative power of a State; that in the Kilbourn case, considering the right of Congress to punish an individual citizen; and opinions upon legal-tender cases, inter-State railroad traffic, and other questions of the utmost importance. There is no higher living authority upon the vital question of the line of division between national and State authority, and upon the prerogatives of the various branches of the government. Upon these points the opinions delivered by Mr. Justice Miller are undoubtedly the mature and settled judgment of the best intelligence of the country, in accord with the soundest principles of interpretation and with "accomplished facts."

The services and the fame of such citizens are the pride and treasure of the country, and the few but significant facts which we have mentioned must be run like a luminous thread through the web of interesting detail which Justice Miller has wrought for these pages. He is a part of that which he describes, and a part which the reader will thank these hints for making more visible.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE paper of Mr. Brander Matthews on the "Dramatic Outlook in America," which was printed in the May number of this Magazine, touches certain aspects of the situation which we should have been glad to have it dwell upon more fully; for Mr. Matthews is one of the very few people among us authorized by knowledge and experience to treat of a matter so many are willing to handle without either. His wide acquaintance with dramatic literature affords him the right critical perspective, and his ventures as a playwright enable him to conceive of the subject from the theatrical point of view, and

to represent those claims of the stage which literary men are sometimes disposed to contemn. It is important when such a man concludes that if Americans are ever to write plays it must be with the advice and instruction, if not the active co-operation, of the theatre.

We believe that good plays were never otherwise written in any age or any country, and that if at any time or anywhere the drama seemed the creation of poets writing independently of the theatre, this was an illusion which very slight question would dispel. Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Goldoni, Molière, Lope, to mention only the greatest in their kind, wrote their plays in the theatre or in constant rapport with it, and from their intimacy with actors and acting learned how to make their words "speak to the eye," as Mr. Harrigan has fortunately phrased it; and so far as we yet have a drama, it has been produced on the same terms, and on these terms only.

II.

The author and actor named has already been recognized in these pages as an artist working on the lines of a natural and scientific development of drama from local origins, and we recur to his work now because we believe that the American drama, like the American novel, will be more and more a series of sketches, of anecdotes, of suggestions, with less and less allegiance to any hard and fast intrigue. In this view of the matter we take heart of hope from the very despair of Mr. A. M. Palmer, who has lately written so frankly of the present state of the drama amongst us, and who sees no future in such work as Mr. Harrigan's or Mr. Denman Thompson's because it lacks this allegiance. Mr. Palmer, like Mr. Matthews, is certainly authorized to speak on the subject; he is a manager of long experience, of unquestionable taste, and of uncommon literary sense; whatever he says must be received with deference. Yet here, we venture to suggest, he is not quite in touch with the most modern spirit. Because the drama has been in times past and in other conditions the creature, the prisoner, of plot, it by no means follows that it must continue so; on the contrary, it seems to us that its liberation follows; and of this we see signs in the very home of the highly intrigued drama, where construction has been carried to the last point, and where it appears to have broken down at last under its own inflexibility. In Paris itself during the past winter the two greatest dramatic events were the production at the Théâtre Libre of Tolstoï's *Powers of Darkness* and Goncourt's *Germinie Lacerteux*, mere series of impressions, with nothing of the close texture of the old-fashioned French play of artifice. In fact, if we go back of these, what is *Hamlet* even but "a prolongation of sketches," studying now one phase and now another of the same irresolute temperament, without necessary sequence and without final unity of effect?

III.

Mr. Palmer thinks that Mr. Harrigan's work and Mr. Thompson's work will not take a place in a national drama, because their plays were contrived for themselves and not for the general stage, and that they will pass away with their authors. He says one has produced "a prolongation of variety sketches," and the other "an entertainment." He does full justice to the charming qualities of both, but he denies that either has written a play; he holds by the old theory of what a play ought to be, and refuses to acknowledge as such any dramatic representation that does not conform to it. His position is interesting, and we wish to state it with entire respect, though we can in no wise agree with him, if the name of play is to stand for what is alone dramatically worthy. Whether Mr. Harrigan's work or Mr. Thompson's work can claim a place in a national drama or not, we feel pretty sure that we shall never have a national drama till our playwrights approach social and psychological problems in the spirit of their liberal art, and deal with them as simply, freely, and faithfully as those authors deal with the humble life of New York and New England. We believe, moreover, that a national drama can arise with us only as it has arisen with other peoples: that is, out of some such wilding native growths as these authors are cultivating.

IV.

Up to this time the only contributions which we have made to the stock of histrionic character are the Darky as the minstrels evolved him, the Yankee, and the low-down New-Yorker in his various phases. These are in their sort the Amer-

ican masks, as much ours as Pantalone was Venetian, or Policinello was Neapolitan, or Stenterello is now Florentine; they are indistinctly and unmistakably ours. Strictly speaking, we have nothing else on the stage that is our own, excepting the continental type of Colonel Sellers. Of the others, the Darky mask is obsolescent, if not obsolete, through the operation of historical events. Slavery gave him to art, but the conditions that characterized him so sharply are past, and he is no longer distinctly representative. He survives, however, in the scenes of Mr. Harrigan, who studies him as one variety of the low-down New-Yorker, together with the German, the Irishman, the Chinaman, the Italian of our streets. Mr. Palmer says that none of these is native American, which is true; and he implies that they cannot therefore have a place in a national drama, which is not true, to our thinking. Our civilization has differentiated them from all others of their kind, and they are naturalized, if not native. Mr. Harrigan likes to portray them; that is his taste, his preference; but his art is applicable to the most indigenous of our citizens, and when it is employed by some one whose taste, whose preference, is in their direction, we can only hope that it may be with his excellent fidelity and refined perception. We use our adjectives consciously, and in spite of a rankling disappointment with his last play, as a whole. In *Waddy Googan* the effort to work out a plot of the sort supposed essential to a play warped him from his true function as a painter of life, and merged in the coarse colors of a melodrama the delightful *nuances* with which he realizes character both in his writing and his acting. His art is essentially sympathetic and delicate, and we hope he will yet have the courage to discard altogether the traditional allegiance to intrigue, and in some framework as simple as that of *The Old Homestead* frankly commit himself to a "prolongation of sketches." People may or may not call it a play: we are sure it will be a charming piece of dramatic art.

V.

We like to speak of Mr. Harrigan and Mr. Thompson together, because we find them in their different ways working to the same effect of refinement and truth. Mr. Thompson has taken the old mask of Yankee life as Mr. Harrigan took the old mask of New York life, and through his study of nature has produced a series of pictures as true to Swanzy, New Hampshire, as Mr. Harrigan's work is true to the Bowery, to Mott Street, and to Mulberry Bend. We must congratulate him upon having worked with even greater contempt of the dramatic superstitions, and made his "entertainment" a play almost without a plot. There is a succession of natural situations in which the simple characters develop themselves; the scene follows the boy who left his home, after the bank robbery, from Swanzy to New York and back to the country again; nobody, if we remember rightly, is married, and certainly nobody killed; the interest centres upon the love of an old Yankee farmer for his son, and this is sufficient to hold all hearts, while the faithfulness, the courageous sincerity, in the study of this old farmer's nature and circumstance sparkle into humor as wholesome and genuine as the pathos. Of course the piece has its defects, its moments of weakness, when the humor lapses into burlesque and the pathos approaches bathos; but these moments are comparatively rare; and it is little short of astonishing to find a veteran manager and actor inviting Nature into the theatre and making her at home there with a cordiality which she has seldom known in that place. Mr. Thompson has not only gone back into his own early life for the truth about the country, but he has used his larger and later experience to verify the facts of the city. The hackneyed conception of the case, as cruel and vulgar as it is false, would have shown Joshua Whitcomb's old friend, grown rich and grand in New York, ashamed of the farmer when he comes to visit him. The truer art of Mr. Thompson makes him glad of every rustic quaintness that recalls the days when they were barefoot boys together in Swanzy. The scene which follows, when the millionaire and the farmer sit down together and begin to talk over those days, and to clap each other on the back, and nudge each other in the side, and to laugh and laugh, is one of the most beautifully veracious we remember on the stage, and it is played with a naturalness that enriches the spectator like some happy experience of his own. We could not praise it too much; in conception and execution it is a master-

piece. Its homeliness may not appeal to those whose sensibilities have been coarsened by the world, but we should confidently trust it to move any man who had kept his boyhood uncontaminate in his heart, and the finer the spirit the more deeply should we expect this lovely piece of art to move it. Many other passages approach it in excellence: the play abounds in delightful touches; and is faithful, so far as it goes, both to country and to city. Joshua Whitcomb talking to the tramp before his door, and Joshua Whitcomb furtively peering into the faces of the passers before Grace Church for the face of his son, are different aspects, alike true, of the same wholesome, natural, and winning character; but we do not know that they are better or more charming than others of other characters in the piece. These were in fact so well imagined and so well played that we doubt whether the piece will necessarily cease to be given when Mr. Thompson ceases to take the leading part. To be sure, we cannot suppose any one else playing, or rather *being*, Joshua Whitcomb with his exquisite perfection. There is not a false note in the old Yankee's personality from first to last; every fibre of the actor's body, as well as every faculty of his mind, seems attuned to its expression; the illusion is without a flaw, and the sense of what is truly fine and good within the rustic simplicity is unbrokenly imparted. It is a surpassingly subtle study; and yet we can imagine the character in the hands of a less accomplished artist without ruinous detriment to the piece. It is by no means a one-part piece; one has as great pleasure at moments in the old fellow who comes in and stumps round in a belated effort to court Joshua's sister as in Joshua himself. This old-maid sister and her Irish help, Rickety Ann from the poor-house and the whistling hobbledyhoy farm boy, the tramp and Joshua's millionaire friend in New York—they are all conceived in the same delightful sincerity, and they are all played with the same honest art, insomuch that you can hardly resist the inference that the actor would not fail to hold the mirror up to nature so often if the author oftener gave him the mirror to hold up. But we have before now paid our duty to the general excellence of the acting on our stage: it is indefinitely better than the material it usually has to deal with; and in the high level kept by the players in *The Old Homestead* we see what pleasure the theatre might give us if we had a drama worthy of it. We cannot leave speaking of this piece without reminding the reader of the adequacy of its setting, especially the New England landscape which forms the background for the scenes of the first act, and the night view of Grace Church in the second. As mere accessories, inarticulately appealing to the imagination, the choral outburst from the church and the procession of the Salvation Army before it are finely thrilling; when those girls lift their tambourines and face about as they beat them, and their wild hymn rises, you cannot refuse to share their exaltation.

In fact, on a wider plane than any one else has yet attempted, Mr. Thompson gives us in this piece a representation of American life. Of course it is mere suggestion, mere intimation in places, but at its sketchiest it is true, and that is the great matter. Where it is most satisfyingly full, however, is in its proof that the simpler phases of our life still make the strongest appeal to all. It is the old homestead in the country which has remained the ideal of a nation tossed in a wilder rush of interests and ambitions than ever tempted men before; the heart yearns forward or backward to it, "a home of ancient peace," amidst the turmoil and the strife. The existence of this sentiment foreordains the success of any piece of art which deals with it, and other playwrights have not been slow to take a hint from Mr. Thompson's work. So far, indeed, as we now have any drama, outside of Mr. Harrigan's work, it mainly deals with New England country life. We do not forget the excellent work of Mr. Gillette and Mr. Bronson Howard on other lines, but we think our words indicate the prevailing tendency. If we have any school, it is the school which is developing the old American mask of Yankee character; but we shall not go so far as to boast that we have a school in speaking of the work of Mr. Neil Burgess and Mr. Charles H. Hoyt in this direction. It is not on the level of Mr. Thompson's work, and any recognition of its amusing qualities should frankly include some such confession at the outset. We do not know who gets Mr. Burgess's pieces together; perhaps he does it himself; but *The County Fair*, as well as *Vim*, is con-

trived to throw into constant relief the character of a bustling Yankee housekeeper. So far as they concern her they are deliciously true, and as they concern very little else, we need not criticise them. If we remember rightly, the scheme of *Vim* was a little broader than that of *The County Fair;* it included not only Tryphena Puffy, but another real character in her slow, taciturn, evasive husband, who had his own deliberate way in spite of all her volubility, energy, and rapidity. *The County Fair* includes no character but that of a like ineffectively bustling housewife. In both cases Mr. Burgess is homicidally funny; but it is an easy matter to kill people with laughing, and yet not win their admiration. Mr. Burgess does win it, because he is an accomplished artist. He helps himself out with vastly more farce than Mr. Thompson uses; but for the most part Tryphena Puffy and her analogue (we really forget the name in *The County Fair*, but it does not matter; the character is so much the same) are rendered with an accuracy, a closeness, quite worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with the characterization of Joshua Whitcomb. When Mr. Burgess begins to talk, you want him to go on forever; every most satisfying accent makes you hunger for more. All of us know Tryphena Puffy; we remember her from childhood, or we have summer-boarded with her, or our lot is still cast with her in the country; we instantly recognize the type, and if Mr. Burgess will allow us to spend the evening in her company we can ask nothing better of him. When she sits down with her knitting and begins to rock, and asks, "Who'd you see at the post-office?—anybody 't I know?" it is enough. The drama can do no more, and in fact it does very little more than show this phase and that of her peremptory, kindly, shrewd, trusting nature; it really is not of the slightest consequence otherwise, and need not be.

VII.

In Mr. Hoyt's play of *A Midnight Bell* we have something more structural; a plot that rather unfortunately recalls *The Old Homestead* in its bank robbery and its irrelevantly whistling and singing overgrown boy. It lacks both in character and incident the sweetness of Mr. Thompson's pastoral; the fun is harsher, and the serious passages are without tenderness; a spirit of caricature and exaggeration prevails. There is a villain, a bad, black-hearted villain, whose very walk is full of wickedness, and who is so obviously the real bank robber from the beginning that you resent the self-sacrifice of the good nephew, who proclaims himself the thief to divert suspicion from the good uncle, rather more than you commonly resent the self-sacrifice of the stage hero; no one outside of that simple community could have suspected any other than that villain with that abandoned walk and those truculent side whiskers and that deadly manner. It is perhaps too much to ask Mr. Hoyt to recast his work for our comfort; but we really think he missed a charming and novel effect in failing to make the dismissal of the minister for protecting the school-mistress the pivotal fact of his drama. All the action could have moved naturally and probably about that fact, and the elimination of the villain and the robbery would have been gain incalculable. The minister and the school-mistress are both well imagined, and at times the school-mistress is well realized; but Mr. Hoyt's work seems to suffer from the keeping of a company trained to the performance of his riotous farces. One perfectly charming moment it has, when the little girl speaks her piece at the school examination; this is extremely pretty. The piece shows familiarity with country life and love of it; at times it is very amusing; but because it is never more than amusing, and when most amusing not half so amusing as Mr. Hoyt's riotous farces, we prefer the riotous farces. These are full of actuality, and in all their exaggeration there is truth to our characteristics and conditions. *The Rag Baby*, *A Tin Soldier*, *A Hole in the Ground*, *The Brass Monkey*—they are not achievements of high art, but they are genuinely funny, and for the most part harmlessly so, wholesomely so. Sometimes you are a little ashamed to have laughed, but they never make you hang your head in despair, as some serious American dramas do—dramas which have kept the stage for hundreds of nights. They are the work of a real humorist, a comic talent perfectly sensible of their limitations, and willing to transcend them, as we see in such an effort as *A Midnight Bell*.

VIII.

It is impossible not to wish Mr. Hoyt well when you read those little prefaces to his comedies in the play-bills in which he confides to the spectator his own modest estimate of them; and the desire to prophesy greater things for him is almost irresistible. But perhaps it is best to modify our predictions to the opinion that his development lies rather in the line of *The Rag Baby* than in that of *A Midnight Bell*. The purely comic is by no means a bad thing nor a low thing; and again we wish to put forward our heresy that for a play a plot of close texture is no more necessary than for a novel. That for either in dealing with modern life, it would be an anachronism. We will not disparage the endeavor of other dramatists to give us plays of the sort to which Mr. Palmer would confine the name; we will even ask the reader to abate somewhat from the praises we have been bestowing so freely upon the work of Messrs. Thompson, Harrigan, Burgess, and Hoyt; we do not at all pretend that they have produced a great drama. But we do pretend that in such prolongations of sketches as they have given they have made the right beginning of an American drama. With the exception of Mr. Hoyt, they are all actors and managers, and they build their plays on their own stages. We believe Mr. Hoyt has his company, and is in effect a manager. They absolutely control the conditions under which they appear to the public — no other sort of dramatist could hope to do; and if literary men are ever to reach the public on equal terms it must be by some such means. In our time, as in all times, the dramatic poet should be part of the theatre. All managers are not dramatic poets nor all dramatic poets managers; but the apparent enmity between them is needless, and they must work together in amity and mutual respect before we can have American plays in such quantity and quality as will satisfy even American play-goers. This is saying with Mr. Matthews that co-operation is the solution of the problem, and it is perhaps not saying more. But we have gone a long way roundabout to say it, and that is something. It is something also to have differed so distinctly with Mr. Palmer on one point that we can self-respectfully agree with him on others, and especially upon the existence of a public taste in regard to the drama. This taste, he reminds us, exists only in countries where "dramatic art has for centuries been fostered by the people, and oftentimes protected and patronized by intelligent governments." Perhaps we may yet, when the people really come to their own, have a municipal theatre in every city and town, sustained by a tax, where the best dramas may be seen for a tenth of the price one now pays to see the worst.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of May. — President Harrison made the following appointments: May 7th, Frank W. Palmer as Public Printer, and Theodore Roosevelt and Hugh S. Thompson as Civil Service Commissioners: May 9th, Frank C. Loveland as Pension Agent at New York, Asa Matthews as First Comptroller of the Treasury.

A proposed prohibition amendment to the Constitution of Massachusetts was defeated at a State election, April 22d, by a majority of 44,000 votes.

The Representatives of the United States, England, and Germany appointed to confer in regard to Samoan affairs met in Berlin April 29th.

Advices from Massowah, received May 3d, state that King John of Abyssinia and his generals were killed in an engagement with the dervishes at Seterameli March 10th.

The centennial of the French Revolution of 1789 was celebrated May 5th by the opening of the Paris Exposition.

The centennial of the Inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States and the organization of the present government, was celebrated in New York April 29th and 30th and May 1st. Following the route taken by General Washington, President Harrison and the leading officers of the government passed through Trenton, New Jersey, on their way from Washington, and after reviewing a parade in Elizabeth, on the 29th of April, embarked in the United States steamer *Despatch* at Elizabethport, and were escorted by an immense flotilla to the foot of Wall Street, New York city. There they were received by Governor Hill and Mayor Grant, together with the chairman of the Centennial Committee. After an official reception held in the Equitable Building, the party pro-

ceeded to the City Hall, where a public reception took place. A ball was held that evening in the Metropolitan Opera-house. On the following day President Harrison, after the fashion of the first President, attended the services in St. Paul's Church, and later took part in the ceremonies at the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street. Afterward he reviewed the military parade, over 50,000 men being in line. A banquet was held at the Metropolitan Opera-house in the evening. A civic and industrial parade, in which 75,000 persons participated, completed the celebration on May 1st.

The King of Holland, having improved in health, resumed control of the Netherlands and the Duchy of Luxemburg on May 13th.

DISASTERS.

April 28th.—Nineteen persons killed by the derailment of an express train near Hamilton, Ontario.

May 9th.—Accident in Kaska William colliery, near Middleport, Pennsylvania. Ten miners killed.

OBITUARY.

April 10th.—At Kalawao, Hawaii, Rev. J. Damien de Veuster, missionary to the leper colony at Molokai, aged forty-nine years.

April 19th.—In Newton, Massachusetts, Rev. Bradford Kinney Pierce, D.D., formerly editor of *Zion's Herald*, aged seventy years.

April 20th.—In Highwood, New Jersey, Henry George Pearson, postmaster at New York city, aged forty-six years.

April 21st.—In New York city, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, ex-President of Mexico, aged sixty-three years.

April 23d.—In Stockholm, Princess Charlotte Eugénie Augustine Amélie Albertine, sister of the King of Sweden, in her fifty-ninth year.

April 27th.—In New York, Rev. Frederick A. P. Barnard, S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D., President of Columbia College, in his eightieth year.

April 30th.—In Lime Rock, Connecticut, William N. Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, aged seventy years.

—In Paris, Carl August Nicholas Rosa, impresario, aged forty-six years.

May 1st.—In New York city, Professor Robert W. Weir, N.A., U.S.A., in his eighty-sixth year.

May 7th.—In St. Petersburg, Count Demetrius Andreevich Tolstoï, Russian Minister of the Interior, aged sixty-six years.

May 9th.—In Orlando, Florida, General William S. Harney, U.S.A., aged eighty-eight years.

May 11th.—In Rome, New York, Henry A. Foster, ex-Senator of the United States, aged eighty-nine years.



WE are so much accustomed to kings and queens and other privileged persons of that sort in this world that it is only on reflection that we wonder how they became so. The mystery is not their continuance, but how did they get a start? We take little help from studying the bees—originally no one could have been born a queen. There must have been not only a selection, but an election, not by ballot, but by consent some way expressed, and the privileged persons got their positions because they were the strongest or the wisest or the most cunning. But the descendants of these privileged persons hold the same positions when they are neither strong nor wise, nor very cunning. This also is a mystery. The persistence of privilege is an unexplained thing in human affairs, and the consent of mankind to be led in government and in fashion by those to whom none of the

original conditions of leadership [illegible] is a philosophical anomaly. How many of the living occupants of thrones, dukedoms, earldoms, and such high places are in position on their own merits, or would be put there by common consent? Referring their origin to some sort of an election, their continuance seems to rest simply on [illegible]. Here in America we are trying a new experiment. We have accepted the principle of election, but we have supplemented it with the equally authoritative right of deposition. And it is interesting to see how it has worked for a hundred years, for it is human nature to like to be set up, but not to like to be set down. If in our elections we do not always get the best—perhaps few elections ever did—we at least do not perpetuate forever in privilege our mistakes or our good hits.

The celebration in April last of the inauguration of Washington was an instructive spectacle. How much of privilege had been gathered and perpetuated in a century? Was it not an occasion that emphasized our republican democracy? Two things were conspicuous. One was that we did not honor a family, or a dynasty, or a title, but a character; and the other was that we did not exalt any living man, but simply the office of President. It was a demonstration of the power of the people to create their own royalty, and then to put it aside when they have done with it. It was difficult to see how greater honors could have been paid to any man than were given to the President when he embarked at Elizabethport and advanced, through a harbor crowded with decorated vessels, to the great city, the wharves and roofs of which were black with human beings—a holiday city which shook with the tumult of the popular welcome. Wherever he went he drew the swarms in the streets as the moon draws the tide. Republican simplicity need not fear comparison with any royal pageant when the President was received at the Metropolitan, and, in a scene of beauty and opulence that might be the flowering of a thousand years instead of a century, stood upon the steps of the "dais" to greet the devoted Centennial Quadrille, which passed before him with the courageous *Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutamus.* We had done it—we, the people; that was our royalty. Nobody had imposed it on us. It was not even selected out of four hundred. We had taken one of the common people and set him up there, creating for the moment also a sort of royal family and court for a background, in a splendor just as imposing for the passing hour as an imperial spectacle. We like to show that we can do it, and we like to show also that we can undo it. For at the banquet, where the Elected ate his dinner, not only in the presence of, but *with*, representatives of all the people of all the States, looked down on by the acknowledged higher power in American life, there sat also with him two men who had lately been in his great position, the centre only a little while ago, as he was at the moment, of every eye in the republic, now only common citizens without a title, without any insignia of rank, able to transmit to posterity no family privilege. If our hearts swelled with pride that we could create something just as good as royalty, that the republic had as many men of distinguished appearance, as much beauty, and as much brilliance of display as any traditional government, we also felicitated ourselves that we could sweep it all away by a vote and reproduce it with new actors next day.

It must be confessed that it was a people's affair. If at any time there was any idea that it could be controlled only by those who represented names honored for a hundred years, or conspicuous by any social privilege, the idea was swamped in popular feeling. The names that had been elected a hundred years ago did not stay elected unless the present owners were able to distinguish themselves. There is nothing so to be coveted in a country as the perpetuity of honorable names, and the "centennial" showed that we are rich in those that have been honorably borne, but it also showed that the century has gathered no privilege that can count upon perma-

But there is another aspect of the situation that is quite as serious and satisfactory. Now that the ladies of the present are coming to dress as ladies dressed a hundred years ago, we can make an adequate comparison of beauty. Heaven forbid that we should disparage the women of the Revolutionary period! They looked as well as they could under all the circumstances of a new country and the hardships of an early settlement. Some of them looked exceedingly well—there were beauties in those days as there were giants in Old Testament times. The portraits that have come down to us of some of them excite our admiration, and indeed we have a sort of tradition of the loveliness of the women of that remote period. The gallant men of the time exalted them. Yet it must be admitted by any one who witnessed the public and private gatherings of last April in New York, contributed to as they were by women from every State, and who is unprejudiced by family associations, that the women of America seem vastly improved in personal appearance since the days when George Washington was a lover: that is to say, the number of beautiful women is greater in proportion to the population, and their beauty and charm are not inferior to those which have been so much extolled in the Revolutionary time. There is no doubt that if George Washington could have been at the Metropolitan ball he would have acknowledged this, and that while he might have had misgivings about some of our political methods, he would have been more proud than ever to be still acknowledged the Father of his Country.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"LEGIBLE, BUT ——!"

A READER of the Drawer, wearied by oft-repeated complaints over the illegibility of his handwriting, has taken unto himself a typewriter. The subjoined note to an offending uncle is the first-fruit of that machine:

NEW YORK Feb. 28TH 1886 188

Dear uncleehorace.

You mayY nqtgee that g am writeeng this plainly so that AUNTJENNY may have no reason to cqmplain of my penmanDhip. i beg to hand you heerwith N$;,.

ALl vell at home thi$ A.m.

your$ trooly.

fRank nelson D!!**ledJv:

His family are endeavoring to persuade him to return to pen and ink.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC SAGAMORE.

MR. SAGAMORE—this is not the gentleman's real name, but it will do as well as another—is seventy-eight years of age, and, like many others well advanced in life, has decided views on the subject of "the Egotism of Youth."

"Why, young man," said he to an acquaintance who has yet to see his twenty-eighth winter—"young man, when I was your age I thought I knew it all. And did I know it all? No, indeed! *It was not until two years ago, sir, that I got to where I then thought I was.*"

The "young man," who is of a literary turn of mind, is now engaged in the preparation of a paper dealing with what he calls the "Encyclopædicism of Age."

A SLIGHT OBJECTION.

A NAÏVE individual, recently returned from Oklahoma, in the course of his remarks was heard to say: "Now thar's Guthrie. Reg'lar daisy of a place, but they 'ain't got a water supply, and they ain't no use talkin', yer can't git along without water whar y'have cattle."

A REMARKABLE RELIC.

AMONG the articles on exhibition at the recent centennial celebration in New York there was, according to a metropolitan newspaper, the identical lead-pencil with which Washington dictated his despatches. Beside this, the trumpet on which Lord Nelson "played his commands at Trafalgar Square" sinks into insignificance.

BULLS AND TERSE PROLIXITY.

I AM not aware that the natural propensity of the Irishman proper to that humorous mixture of metaphors commonly known as the "bull," and that of the Scotchman to a dry and terse prolixity of dialogue, have ever been anecdotally contrasted. But the two instances following recur to my mind, and were personal experiences. On the first occasion, just after the baccalaureate examination in Dublin, I was driving down on a jaunting-car with some friends to the races at the Curragh of Kildare. As we would say in Ireland, "it came on to rain very hard"; as would be said in America, "there was a heavy rain-storm"; and on reaching the first road-side inn I told the driver to halt, and as we, his passengers, jumped from the car, I said, we having had the comparative shelter of umbrellas:

"Come in quick, Denny; you must be wet."

"Faith, your honor," was his ready answer, "if I was as wet inside as I am outside I would be as dry as a bone!"

On the second occasion alluded to I was travelling by stage-coach through a Highland district of Scotland with my father—a clergyman, by-the-way—and managed temporarily to escape from his immediate paternal supervision. Having done so, I found myself in contiguity with two cattle-drovers, whose conversation amounted virtually to the following:

"Eh, Donal', and hoo are ye?"

"Weel."

"That's guid."

"No sae guid eyther."

"Hoo's that?"

"I marrit a bad wife."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad eyther."

"Hoo's that?"

"She had a wheen o' sheep."

"No sae bad that."

"Ay, but they had the rot."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad eyther."

"Hoo's that?"

"I selt them and bought a hoose."

"That's guid."

"No sae guid eyther."

"Hoo's that?"

"The hoose was burnt."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad eyther."

"Hoo's that?"

"She was in it."

A NORTH of Ireland anecdote which I well remember as narrated at clerical dinners by my dear father, who loved a joke as fully as he deprecated the semblance of irreverence, was to this effect: At country singing-schools it was considered profane to use in musical practice the words, metrical or prose, of the inspired psalms, but it was the habit of the various male members of the class, as their ability permitted, to "give out" lines suitable to the metre to be melodiously employed. On one occasion a certain bucolic, aggrieved by a rival's success with a neighboring Dulcinea, delivered the following chaste lines after the tune had been announced:

When Satan entered into swine,
This world for to destroy,
He left one broad-nosed boar behind—
Macginley, you're the boy.

Deponent saith not of the event.

MILK AND WATER.

THAT sagacious Italian prince who, having kindly prepared a particularly deadly poison for the benefit of a political adversary, was so unlucky as to drink it himself, must have made many sage reflections in his last moments (if the poison gave him time to reflect at all) upon the folly of setting traps for one's neighbors. But a similar [illegible] recorded in any history, occurred in England on a humbler scale not many years ago, and the victim of it was a London milkman.

To water his milk every morning before starting on his rounds was with this worthy fellow as much a part of his daily duty as to get up and dress. But it happened one day that by some miracle the usual watering had been omitted, and therefore it seemed to our honest milkman quite a providential interposition in his favor when he found at the door of the first house at which he called (which was a fine [illegible] in one of the fashionable squares) a huge cask strongly banded with iron, and filled to the brim with water, the head having apparently been only just taken on.

Such a chance of repairing his omission was too good to be lost. To work went John Skimmer's ready "scoop," and he had just succeeded in watering his whole stock of milk most satisfactorily when he heard a voice addressing him from the steps of the front door overhead, which startled him, as well it might, for it was that of the noble earl to whom the house belonged.

"Ar[illegible] water, my man?" asked his lordship, eying him with a grim smile.

"Oh, my lord—my lord—" stammered poor John, petrified at finding himself so completely caught.

"Nay, it's no business of mine," remarked the earl, very quietly; "but if I had been you I would have chosen some other cask than that. My doctor has ordered me a course of sea-water baths, and so it happens that you have just mixed all your milk with *salt-*[illegible]



A FUNNY STORY.

DUDLEY [illegible]
FLAMBEAU [illegible]

A PARTIAL CRITIC.

"O LITTLE girl, whose twenty years
Make you seem none the older
Since that spring day when love's glad tears
Bade Bashfulness be bolder,
Tell me, and have you grown more wise,
Or any more discerning,
Or are you more inclined to prize
The benefits of learning?"

This to my love—a birthday rhyme—
I gave when she was twenty.
Her little head up to that time
I'd filled with books in plenty;
I'd offered Thackeray and Scott,
Shakespeare, and some of Milton,
To show her in a measure what
An education's built on.

I'd offered Wordsworth—not too much—
Keats all, and bites of Shelley;
In Browning, whom I didn't touch,
I feared a *casus belli*;
I'd offered Tennyson and some
Of Swinburne, that would go well
As spice with my selections from
Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell.

And now, the fruitful year at end,
The ripe result I sought for,
And wondered if her words would lend
The wisdom that I thought for.
Alas!—yet I confess it fell
Like "Paid" upon a debtor—
Said she, "I liked them very well;
I like what you write better."

P. MEDERST.

A TOUCHING OBITUARY.

THE following lines are copied from the obituary column of a rural New York journal:

"It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of G—— H. M——, of ——, New York. He passed away on Monday morning, March 25th, after an illness of little more than three days.... We had been acquainted for five years. We began in the poultry business at the same time, both buying Wyandotte eggs of the same man. The writer soon gave up the breed and kept only Langshans. But George kept his Wyandottes, bought only the best, bred carefully; and though we have seen many fine birds, we know of few which lay more and larger eggs or breed finer chicks than his do. We have had many fowls and eggs of him, and would as quick trust him as ourself to ship eggs or to select stock."

UNQUESTIONING FAITH.

A LADY had engaged a new cook, who entered upon her duties with two bright little encumbrances of four and six years. Some days after their arrival the mistress of the house discovered the eldest child laboriously dragging a rough box, some sizes larger than himself, up the stairs to his loft over the kitchen.

"What on earth are you going to do with that box?" was the surprised query.

"Dis my chist. I bringed it outen dar by de wood-pile."

"But what do you want of a chest, child?"

"Gwine put my clo'es in it, co'se," was the prompt reply.

"Your clothes! You haven't any but those you have on."

Suspending his tugging for a moment, he looked up with an expression of the most perfect confidence and assurance, exclaiming, "You's gwine give me clo'es—you is."

It is needless to say that such faith in a beneficent providence in the person of his mistress brought its legitimate reward in the shape of a well-supplied "chist."

GIRLS' BIRTHDAYS.

AN old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking and studious of fashion plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a *penchant* for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects. WILLIAM H. SIVITER.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

ELDERLY SPINSTER (*going through insane asylum with party of friends*). "I declare, Mirandy, if there isn't an old lover of mine! Poor fellow! I wonder what brought him to this dreadful place?"

MIRANDY (*to guide*). "Is that gentleman near the window a patient?"

GUIDE. "Yes, ma'am; but not a dangerous one; he is harmless and simple."

ELDERLY SPINSTER (*simpering*). "What was the immediate cause of his losing his mind, Mr. Guide?"

GUIDE. "He made a nuisance of himself by making love to old women, and we had to lock him up."



"DESERTS AWHILE THE STAGE OF STRIFE."

See "Prologue and Epilogue to 'The Quiet Life,'" page 54

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THE KREMLIN AND RUSSIAN ART.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

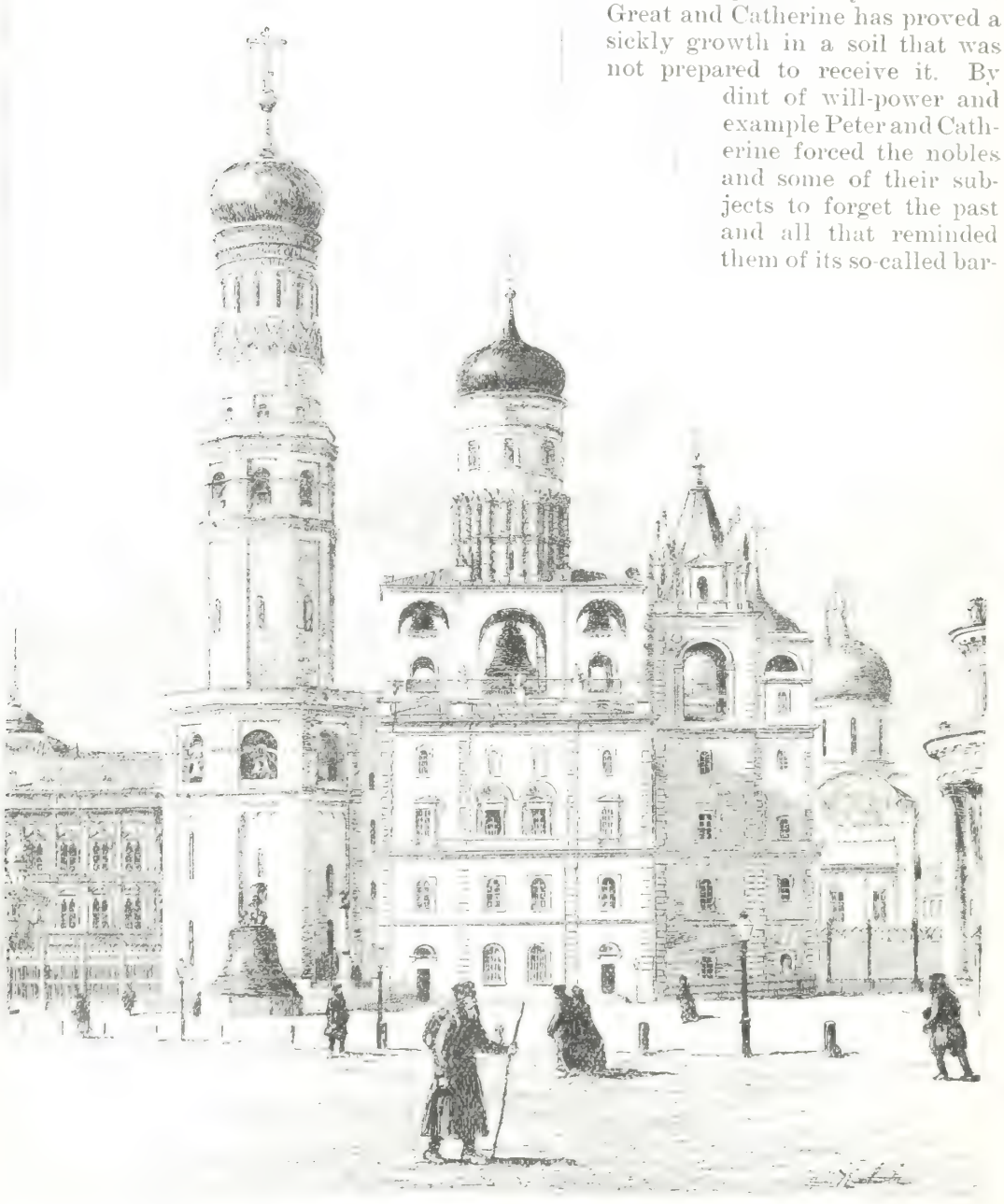
"BOW thy head, faithful child of Russia, the immortal Kremlin rises before thee. It has grown great amidst tempests, and master of its destiny, its brow laden with centuries, it stands powerful and steadfast, dominant above Moscow like the genius of glory. Here the proudest spirit becomes humble, thought remains still, but the heart of a true Russian is flooded with joy." So sings the poet Stankievitch in presence of the sacred towers and cupolas of the Kremlin, that sanctuary and fortress where the imperial eagle has placed his eyrie in the midst of the hills, covering the whole of Holy Russia with his gigantic wings. The Kremlin is the centre around which are grouped the great historical souvenirs of Russia. It is the cradle of the Grand-Dukes and Tsars who founded the unity of ancient Russia, and the cradle of Peter the Great and Alexander II., who were the great reformers, the one of the exterior and the other of the interior life of the empire. It is here that the Tsars receive their crown from God and the father-land; it is here that they come to act and to speak in the decisive moments of their reigns; it is here that the incursions of the Lithuanians, of the Polish armies, and of the Tartar hordes have been victoriously repulsed; and here that the might of Napoleon I. was broken. In its obscure temples the believers bow before the relics of the most venerated saints and before the tombs of the great men of the past. The Kremlin is truly the treasury of all that is dear to the Russian heart.

The spectacle of the Kremlin is unique in the world, and utterly unlike anything that the traveller may have seen anywhere. Its buildings are not blackened by time. The aspect is white, relieved with brilliant color and burnished gold. After the same manner as the Alhambra, the Kremlin occupies the plateau of a hill, which it envelops within its rosy white walls, with their battlements indented like the notch of an arrow. These walls, flanked by green-roofed watch-towers, of which no two are alike, and pierced by five roseate brick gate towers, each surmounted by spires of various design, form an irregular triangle, within which are enclosed four large open squares or places, three cathedrals, seven churches, a convent, a monastery, three imperial palaces, the Senate House, the Synodal buildings, the tower of Ivan the Great, with at its foot the "Tsar-Kolokol," or King of Bells, which has never been rung, and the Arsenal, with at one corner the "Tsar-Pushka," or King of Guns, which has never been fired—a monster weighing forty tons, cast in 1586. Seen from the quays of the Moskwa River, the Kremlin suggests one of those fairy towns which the imagination of the Eastern story-tellers loves to build: it is neither Italian nor Byzantine nor Indian in style, but partaking of all these inspirations, and yet remaining novel, unheard of, and strange as a dream, something individual and unique—a prodigious architectural efflorescence of bulbous cupolas, pinnacles, spires, and pyramids.

Here, indeed, is something new and strange in aspect; here is character; here is Russian architecture; here truly are the productions of an original and national art. The moment we saw the Kremlin we marvelled all the more at the prodigious absurdity of the counterfeits of Italian, French, and German architecture which we had seen at St. Petersburg, and appreciated more completely the aspirations of the Panslavists and of the old Russians whose influence is once more becoming dominant in the empire. It is only a few years since the Western critics scoffed at the very idea of such a thing

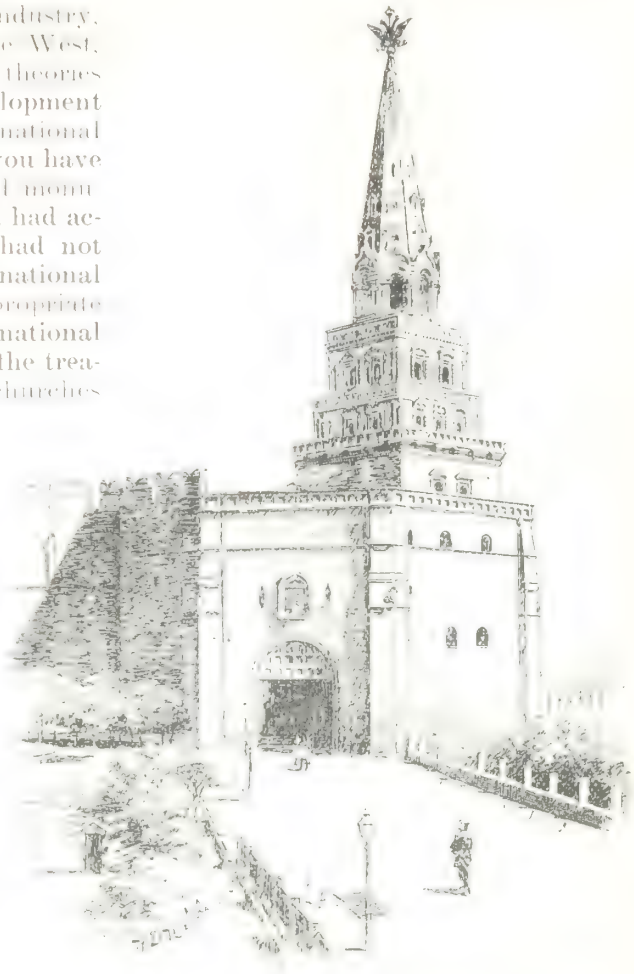
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as an original Russian art, and even now most people ignore the origin, history, and manners of the Russian nation, and still persist in recognizing only the Europeanized and cosmopolitan Russians, the descendants of the noblesse who aped the foreigner in order to curry favor at court, the amiable men and fascinating women to whom their native language is less familiar than the idioms of France, Germany, and England. Such a state of affairs as this cannot be natural or durable; a nation of imitators cannot be a great nation. Of this fact the true Russians are convinced. "We are young," say the Slavophiles; "our national life dates only from yesterday; our traditions are scarcely formed; for the Western civilization transplanted by Peter the Great and Catherine has proved a sickly growth in a soil that was not prepared to receive it. By dint of will-power and example Peter and Catherine forced the nobles and some of their subjects to forget the past and all that reminded them of its so-called bar-



THE IVAN VELIKI BELL TOWER IN THE KREMLIN.

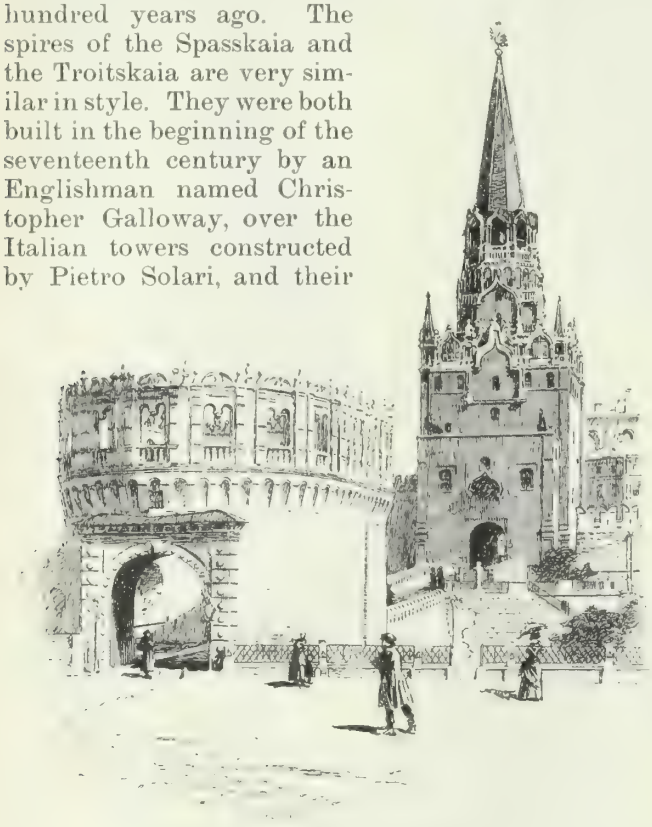
barism, in order to imitate the industry, the arts, and the methods of the West, and even to assimilate Western theories and aspirations. Thus the development of Russian art and of Russian national life was brusquely arrested; but you have only to look at our churches and monuments to see that our national art had acquired a distinct existence if it had not attained maturity; we have our national architecture, our peculiar and appropriate methods of construction, and our national styles of decorative art; and in the treasures of the Kremlin and of the churches and monasteries of the empire may be seen arms, enamels, and objects wrought in the precious metals which testify to the taste and skill of the Muscovite artisans during their period of glorious activity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But this interruption of the free development of Russian and national art and life has not stifled our native qualities or our instinctive aspirations. The great mass of the nation has not been affected by the imitation of foreign models; it has remained indifferent and uncontaminated; we shall join the links of broken chain of our history, and then Russia will become Russian once more."



BOROVITSKAIA GATE IN THE KREMLIN.

In our visit to the Kremlin we will first of all examine its towers and walls, which measure 7280 feet in circumference. Originally, it appears, the town and citadel of the Kremlin were protected by oak palisades and wooden towers. Dmitri Donskoi in the fourteenth century had walls built of stone; at the end of the fifteenth century Ivan III. extended the limits of the citadel, and between the years 1485 and 1492 he had the present walls and the more important towers built by Italian architects. This fact accounts for the peculiar battlements, which are of the same form as those of the Ponte Vecchio at Verona, for instance, and of the walls of many other northern Italian towns. The great gate towers, namely, the Spasskaia, the Borovitskaia, the Troitskaia, the Tainiskaia, and the Nicholas Gate, all remarkable for their imposing and original silhouettes, were built by the Italians, while the smaller towers placed at intervals along the fortifications are more probably due to Russian workmen. This conjecture is based on their peculiar form, which seems to be a reproduction in masonry of the old wooden towers of relatively colossal proportions, in the combination of which the Russian artisans had achieved great skill, thanks to the frequent fires that gave them constant opportunities of exercising their ingenuity, and perfecting themselves in the art of stupendous carpentry. In spite of restorations these walls preserve their primitive style and character; their color alone has changed to warm rosy gray through the whitewash not having been renewed so liberally as it was in former days; the *chemin de ronde* paved with square flags, the casemates, the staircases, the corridors in the thickness of the walls (twelve to sixteen feet), the powder-magazines, etc., remain

intact, and the quaint conical or pyramidal roofs, with their imbricated covering of glazed green tiles, still glitter in the sun exactly as they did three hundred years ago. The spires of the Spasskaia and the Troitskaia are very similar in style. They were both built in the beginning of the seventeenth century by an Englishman named Christopher Galloway, over the Italian towers constructed by Pietro Solari, and their



TROITSKAIA GATE IN THE KREMLIN.

Gothic silhouettes are chief amongst the rare evidences of Western influence in this Oriental dream-town.

Now let us direct our steps toward the Red Place, in order to enter the Kremlin by the Spasskaia; but first of all let us examine that wonder of wonders, the strangest of all edifices ever conceived and executed, the Church of Vasili Blagennoi, which occupies the end of the Place with its bouquet of fantastic cupolas and spires. The history of this church is as strange as its aspect: it was built by order of Ivan the Terrible, at the expense of the principality of Kazan, as an expression of gratitude to God for the Tsar's conquest of that country. The name of the architect, an Italian, is unknown, but tradition relates that his eyes were burnt out by order of Ivan to prevent his designing in future any more wonderful monument. "It is my wish," said the terrible autocrat, "that this sanctuary remain the unique and glorious monument of the genius of this man." In the basement of the edifice are two chapels, and on the upper story nine chapels, surmounted by nine cupolas, each different in shape, dimensions, color, details, style, and structural disposition. The spire, too, is placed at the east and not at the west, as orthodoxy demands. The façades, again, are all different and without discernible plan, and the whole structure, with its suggestions of Hindoo, Byzantine, Gothic, and nondescript architecture, and its profusion of painted ornaments and masses of crude yellow, blue, red, and green, forms an admirable and mysterious harmony, the secret of which none can explain, and the charm of which no words can describe. The whole exterior, with its superimposed arches, its profusion of color and gilding, its painting of roses and other flowers in panels all over the walls, is strangely original. On the pedestal formed by the nine chapels and their basement are placed belfries and cupolas starting upward from masses of masonry resembling the imbricated foliage of the artichoke, the scales of the pine cone, or the opening buds of the cactus flower. In the chief belfry the Italian element is clearly perceptible in the first three stories, above which is a story resembling an Indian pagoda, which in its turn is surmounted by a hexagonal crocketed spire, on the summit of which is a lantern and an onion-shaped gilt cap. Another belfry supports a cupola in the shape of a pineapple all covered with pointed facets; on another the pineapple cupola is laced over with a symmetrical net-work through whose meshes the points alone are visible. Another cupola imitates the ribbed form of a melon; another, the twisted folds of a monumental turban; another, the close scales of the serpent. Let it be remembered, too, that each of these cupolas is of a different color—one orange, another sky blue, another apple green, another deep red; and that, besides paint in profusion, the mouldings, cornices, consoles, panels, pinnacles, imbrications, and tiers of arches



CHURCH OF VASILI BLAGENNOI.

are lavishly decorated with brightly colored glazed faience. Of this fantastic architectural dream, suggestive of uncanny sea-monsters, half fish and half flower, of gigantic fruits, or of vegetables and Oriental turbans of such capricious and impossible proportions as one might conceive in a nightmare, Théophile Gautier has given us a poet's description, which we cannot do better than cite:

"The Church of Vasili Blagennoi," he says, "is without doubt the most original

monument in the world; it recalls nothing that one has ever seen, and belongs to no known style. One might imagine it to be a gigantic madrepore, a crystallized colossus, a stalactite grotto turned upside down —a thing which has neither prototype nor similitude. It might be taken for a Hindoo, Chinese, or Thibetan pagoda. In looking at this impossible church one is tempted to ask if it is not a whimsical will-o'-the-wisp, an edifice formed of clouds fantastically colored by the sun, which the movement of the air will presently cause to change in form or vanish into nothingness."

Having entered the Kremlin by the Spasskaia or Spasski Vorota, which we pass bareheaded out of respect for the venerated image suspended over the archway, we shall find ourselves on a vast esplanade, with, on our left, a guard-house, and beyond, the panorama of half Moscow; on our right, the Ascension convent and its dazzlingly white churches richly ornamented; before us is the belfry of Ivan the Great, the imperial palace, with its colossal gilt dome-like belvedere, and the churches of the Kremlin, with their forests of cupolas and crosses brilliantly gilt, and as it were rigged with festooning chains. The first impression is that of stupefaction at the novelty of the outline. The pictures of Bellini and Carpaccio had prepared our eyes for the bulbous and tulip-shaped extravagances of Oriental backgrounds, but the gigantic belfry of Ivan Veliki and the quaint dwarfed and archaic churches at its base surpassed all that we had dreamed. The tower, which dates from 1600, consists of five stories, four being octagonal and the fifth cylindrical, the whole rising to a height of 325 feet, including the gilded cupola and cross. Beneath the cupola is an inscription in huge gilt Slavonic letters, that form at the same time ornamental bands, and of which the translation is, "Under the protection of the Holy Trinity, by order of the Tsar and Grand-Duke Boris Feodorovitch, autocrat of all the Russias, and of his son the Tsarevitch and Grand-Duke Feodor Borisovitch, this tower was finished and gilded the second year of their reign, 7180" (1600). The belfry building is a curious mixture of styles: the tower is Arabian and Byzantine, with a suggestion of Indian ornament over the fourth story; the adjacent central building is Byzantine; the end section is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance; and the whole is thoroughly Muscovite as it rears its tall silhouette against the clear



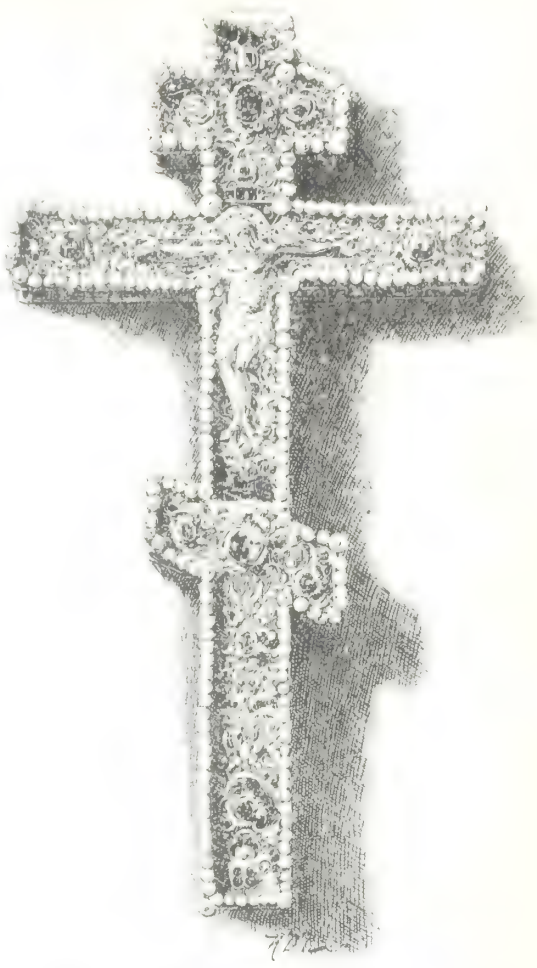
RELIQUARY AND INCENSE BURNER, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

blue Northern sky, and crowns the highest peak of the Kremlin hill.

We remark particularly, after admiring the elegance of proportions, the graceful slenderness, the *sveltesse*, of the tower, the happy effect of the gigantic Slavonic lettering below the bulging cupola. Such inscriptions form a distinctive feature of Russian decorative art, and the almost constant accompaniment of Russian silversmiths' work, particularly in cursive borders around the lips of loving-cups or *bratinas*, either engraved in relief or nielloed.

We may also take this opportunity of noticing the peculiar form of the cross that surmounts the cupola, with its characteristic double arms. The upper cross piece is evidently a development of the *titulus*, and the lower that of the rest for the feet. This lower cross-piece is usually inclined at an angle, either on account of an idea of perspective, or, as some suppose, as the representation of the effect of the earthquake. The slanting disposition, it may be noticed, is retained in the small pastoral and liturgical crosses also. Another form of cross frequently seen on churches is the simple Greek cross standing on a crescent. The crescent was an old symbol in Byzantium; its position below the cross is intended by the Russian Church to typify the issuing of the cross from the Mother of God. These crosses on the tops of Russian churches are made of wood, lead, silver, and even gold; often they are wrought with elegant open-work designs. The Russian ceremonial and pectoral crosses are most various in form and richness. Indeed, owing to the universal habit of wearing them in Russia, there is no object which has more exercised the skill and inventiveness of the goldsmith and jeweller.

The tower of Ivan Veliki serves as a campanile for the three cathedrals of the Kremlin, and contains thirty-four bells, of which the largest, weighing sixty-four tons, hangs in the central arcade of the middle building. At the foot of the tower the largest bell in the world stands on a granite pedestal—a monster of ample and pure lines, impressive not only on account of its immensity, but also of its fine shape. Cast by order of the Empress Anna in 1733, it fell during a fire, and remained buried in the ground until 1836, when it was unearthed and placed in its present position, with the broken fragment beside it. The height of this "Tsar-Kolokol" is twenty-six feet, its circumference nearly sixty-five feet, and its weight two hundred tons.



GOLDEN CROSS WITH PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES, SACRISTY OF CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

Behind the tower, to the left, we pass through an iron gate and enter the paved enclosure of the cathedrals; to our right is the Synodal building; in front the Cathedral of the Assumption; then to the left the Palace, the Red Staircase, and the Cathedral of the Annunciation; and between that and the Ivan Veliki tower the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael. Of these three sanctuaries the most sacred is that of the Assumption, which is also the oldest. The original wooden church was built in 1326, and when, 146 years later, in the reign of Ivan III., the wooden edifices of the Kremlin were replaced by others of stone, this cathedral was rebuilt by Russian workmen, but collapsed before it

was finished. It was then that the Italian Aristotle Fioraventi, of Bologna, was called upon, and he built the church between 1475 and 1479, after the model of a cathedral

ments, it retains to the present day almost its primitive form and aspect. It is almost square, and, like nearly all Russian cathedrals, it is so small that we should rather call it a chapel. The outside walls are plain, whitewashed, pierced with the necessary windows and doors, and divided by the evident supporting pillars of the edifice, which terminate in



arches, upon which rest in turn the vaulted roof and the crowning bulbous cupolas overlaid with thickly gilt metal plates. Beneath the exterior archivolts traced by the arches in the tympanums are colossal paintings, sheltered from the weather by broadly projecting semicircular pentthouses carried on wood-work brackets. The inside of the cathedral is dimly light-

pillars, as large as towers, support the

Asiatic style, and flanked by four smaller cupolas. The sanctuary, the principal altar, and the two side altars are separated from the rest of the church by the screen and choir. The nave is square, and the walls rise straight up to the roof. This arrangement produces a grandiose effect merely by the simplicity and severity of the lines, while the massive pillars give an air of stability to the whole interior structure. These pillars and every inch of wall space are covered with paintings on gold ground: all round the walls are sacred images and shrines framed in gold and precious stones, together with the tombs of Patriarchs and Metropolitans: the iconostase or screen is a high wall of burnished vermeil, with five superposed rows of figures framed in richly ornamented cases of embossed metal, that leave visible, according to the Byzantine tradition, only the brown faces, hands, and feet. These virgins and saints are bedecked with breastplates, aureoles, necklaces, and bracelets literally ablaze with diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, pearls, sapphires, turquoises, and rubies. The splendor and richness of this screen pass all conception: it is such as we might imagine the façade of some fabulous palace of gold and precious stones. Add to this the magnificence of silver and vermeil lustres hanging from the roof, and a profusion of burning tapers and lamps suspended from gilt brackets glimmering before each holy image, and casting mysterious reflections over the multitude of militant archangels sombre monks, noble chevaliers, and silent saints, with fixed eyes, hieratic gestures, and Byzantine stiffness, that march in files and theories, zone above zone, and people the golden expanse of walls and cupolas with austere semblances of formidable life. In the splendid luxury and pompous ceremonial of its worship the Greek Church surpasses the Roman even, although the latter may claim superiority from the point of view of pure art. But so far as regards the effect to be obtained from the combinations of precious metals, jewels, rich stuffs, and painting of the hieratic and orna-



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

mental kind, the interior of this Cathedral of the Assumption is unique.

Amongst the many treasures of the sacristy of the Church of the Assumption we will select a series of objects which have the double interest of art and of religious tradition, and which form part of the Russian communion plate. Mr. Maskell explains in his *Hand-Book* that the Greek rite for the celebration of the holy eucharist requires three things which are not used in the Western Church. These are the knife or spear, the star or asterisk, and the spoon for the administration of the chalice, as the sacrament is received by the laity under both kinds. It may naturally be supposed that such sacred objects would be the subjects of high artistic workmanship. The paten itself is often elaborately enamelled and otherwise decorated, whereas in the Western Church the rubrics require it to be plain. In one of these beautiful patens the rim is divided into sections by means of large roughly cut stones, between which are floriated panels bearing the inscription in enamel; the centre is graven and enamelled with figures of angels, the symbolic dove, and the Divine Child in the chalice protected by the asterisk. On the right of it is the spoon, and on the left the spear with a beautifully enamelled handle.

The preparation of the communion bread, which is leavened, and in the form of a small loaf, is very complex. Portions are cut out for consecration, and for this purpose an arrow-shaped knife, called a "spear," is used. These portions, placed on the paten, are covered with a veil, and in order to prevent the latter from touching the elements a piece of metal is placed over them—two strips crossed and bent so as to have four feet. The beautiful gold star figured in our illustration, with its exquisite floral design wrought in colored enamels, is one of these simple asterisks beautified into a splendid work of art: the two strips of metal bent and crossed so as to have four feet have been developed into a wavy efflorescence of gold and



PANAGIAS IN THE TREASURY OF THE PATRIARCHS.

color, centring in a precious stone engraved with the Greek cross and its symbolic lettering, and suggesting at once the shield of some fairy warrior, the weird flower of an orchid, and the diaphanous tentacles of a sea anemone.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael is partly a copy of the Cathedral of the Assumption. It is a square whitewashed building with five gilded bulbous domes, constructed in its present form about the year 1500 by the Italian architect Alevisio Novi, of Milan, and since frequently profaned, pillaged, and damaged, but always carefully restored. The interior presents the usual system of massive pillars, iconostases glittering with gold and precious stones, and walls covered with Byzantine paintings. These paintings, however, unlike those of the Cathedral of the Assumption, are not on gold ground. They represent for the most part scenes of the last judgment and portraits of the ferocious-looking Tsars whose catafalques occupy the greater part of the floor of the edifice, each covered with a crimson velvet pall and adorned with a silver plaque whereon are inscribed the dates of the birth and of the death of the sovereign. Up to the time when Peter the Great transferred his capital to St. Petersburg, this Church of the Archangel Michael served as the burying-place of the Grand-Dukes of Russia, the vassal princes, and the Tsars of Muscovy. Forty-seven sovereigns of the houses of Rurik and Romanoff are buried here, and one emperor, namely, Peter II.

The Cathedral of the Annunciation, built in its present form in 1554 on the site of the original cathedral founded in 1291, differs in various particulars from the other two sanctuaries of the Kremlin. Its form is rectangular, but it has also a sort of covered vestibule or gallery along three of its sides, and the number of its cupolas is nine instead of five. Originally the Russian churches had only one cupola, which was gradually surrounded by others—two signifying the two natures of Jesus Christ; three, a symbol of the Trinity; five, Christ and the four evangelists; seven, the seven sacraments or the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; nine, the nine celestial hierarchies; and thirteen, our Lord and the twelve apostles. The number of cupolas even reached twenty or thirty, and it was not until 1589, the date of the establishment of the Patriarchate, that these were restricted to five, which is now the orthodox and obligatory number. The interior of the Cathedral of the Annunciation is covered with frescoes; from the pillars are suspended gold and silver jewelled crosses worn on golden chains by Russian princes, and the floor is paved with a mosaic of jasper and agate. In this cathedral the Russian Tsars were baptized and married; in the Cathedral of the Assumption they were and still are crowned; in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael they were buried. The three sanctuaries together form, so to speak, the Westminster Abbey of Russia, and at the same time they present three thoroughly typical monuments of Russian ecclesiastical architecture and decorative art.

The reader will have remarked our frequent mention of Italian architects. It was through these master-builders, whose names were Fioraventi, Pietro Solari, Alevisio Novi, Mario and Pietro Antonio, that Russia in the fifteenth, six-

teenth, and seventeenth centuries had a sort of Renaissance, though its manifestations were hampered by the traditions of orthodoxy in church architecture, while the domain of painting remained absolutely closed to its influences, owing to those hieratic exigencies which still cause the Russians to paint the Madonna precisely as Panselinos painted her in the tenth century in the churches of Mount Athos. The Russian Renaissance was marked chiefly by the introduction of improved methods of construction, and by the number and magnificence of the temples with which the Italian architects adorned old Russia, making "holy Moscow," as the proverb said, the city of "forty times forty churches," and rendering it by its monumental splendor worthy to be the capital of a great empire. Nevertheless, were it not for documentary and irrefutable evidence, we should find it hard to believe that the sombre Cathedral of the Assumption is of the same epoch as the luminous churches of the Renaissance, and that its architect, Fioraventi, had worked for Cosimo dei Medici, François I., Matthias Corvinus, and Pope Sixtus IV., before Tolbousine, the ambassador of Ivan III., met him at Venice and engaged him in the service of the Tsar. But Fioraventi was a man of prodigious versatility: not only did he build churches for his Russian master; he also designed and made coins for him, built a bridge of boats over the Volkow at the time of the expedition against Novgorod, cast the cannons that bombarded Kazan, and was the first organizer of the Russian artillery.

Before leaving the enclosure of the cathedrals let us glance at the Synodalnaya,



GOLDEN CHAMBER, OR TSARINA ROOM, IN THE PALACE OF THE KREMLIN

or sacristy of the former Patriarchs, which is a marvellously rich museum of sacerdotal robes and ornaments, ecclesiastical objects, rich vestments embroidered with pearls and precious stones, mitres, panagias, or portable pyxes worn on chains round the necks of bishops, pastoral staffs, incense burners, goblets, dishes, cups, communion plate, and other priceless relics.



SILVER CHAIN BRIDLES, TREASURY OF THE KREMLIN.

Next let us visit the Grand Palace of the Kremlin, whose immense mass crowns the hill, and whose dome-shaped gilt belvedere is visible at a distance of ten miles, surrounded by the shining cupolas and the eagle-pointed spires of the Kremlin towers. It is a modern structure, built between 1835 and 1849 on the site occupied from time immemorial by the dwelling of the sovereign. Compared with its frontage, the palace is very lofty, and its style is an incongruous mixture of various periods and forms of architecture; like many other Russian buildings, its chief merit exteriorly is its immensity. The building is in the form of a square, of which the principal façade makes the south side, and the Belvedere Palace the north, while on the east stands the imperial Cathedral of the Annunciation, the Granovitaya Palace—so called from the facets into which the stone walls have been cut—and the passage leading to the house of the Patriarch. In the centre of the square is the ancient Church of St. Saviour in the Forest, and on the west is the Winter Garden, which connects the palace with the apartments of the hereditary Grand-Duke, the Treasury, and the Potestiny or Diversion Palace. North of the Belvedere Palace are the barracks of the Chevaliers-Gardes, officers and grenadiers, and the kitchens and other appurtenances. To attempt even to describe this huge palace would be weariness and lost labor; let it suffice to say that the interior, containing about 700 chambers, is as sumptuous and magnificent as Russian architects, decorators, and upholsterers can make it. The state apartments are particularly rich, and generally arranged in good taste, while the halls dedicated to different orders of chivalry, and ornamented with appropriate heraldic motifs, are for the most part well decorated in conventional Western styles. Such is the hall of St. George, 200 feet by 65 feet, and 58 feet high, the halls of St. Alexander Nevsky, of St. Andrew, and St. Catherine, all very fine in proportions and rich in decoration. But amidst the chimerical strangeness of the old Kremlin, this new palace, with its sober façade, its cold and classical lines, and its splendidly correct interior, pains rather than delights the eye. We should have preferred to see some structure in the true Muscovite style, like the Granovitaya and the old Terem, which are now incorporated within the perimeter of the New Palace. This remnant of the past, the residence of the ancient Tsars of Moscow, is a labyrinth of low passages and vaulted rooms adorned with barbaric magnificence, the epithet barbaric being here used in a eulogious sense. Such a room is the Golden Chamber, or Tsarika Room, probably built in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and restored during the reign of Nicholas I. in the style of the seventeenth century. Were it not for the obtrusively modern parquet floor, this room would present a complete aspect of

antiquity, with its arched roof consolidated by massive gilt girders, its narrow windows with deep embrasures, its ceilings with their polychrome arabesques on gold ground, and the feudal and saintly frescoes painted on the walls in old style. In former days the Tsarines received here visits of felicitation on grand solemnities, or gave audience to the Patriarchs, to the Boyars and Boyarines of high rank, as well as to the Tsarevitches of Georgia, Kassimoff, and Siberia. Very interesting, too, is the gold dining hall in the old Terem, with vaulted roof resting on a square column in the middle of the room. Here, after his coronation, the Emperor wears for the first time all the imperial insignia, dines amidst his nobles, and receives the congratulations of the foreign ambassadors. This hall, built by Italian architects in 1491, has been restored during the present reign in a simple and archæologically exact manner, the primitive mural paintings having been reproduced with the aid of ancient descriptions thereof in archaic style by peasant image-painters. Around the pillar in the centre of this hall is a series of shelves forming a buffet, on which the imperial plate is displayed on grand days during the visits of the Tsar. We are sorry to add that the inestimable precious treasures of ancient gold and silver plate which we marvel at in the glass cases of the Treasury figure on the buffet, and are polished up for the occasion by the careless hands of lackeys. In vain the curators have been warned that this repeated rubbing diminishes the value of the objects, and will in the end materially damage them; the only answer that they give is, "Our father the Tsar is coming; the plate must shine brightly on the buffet."

The display of this collection of plate has always struck travellers who have witnessed the magnificence of the court of the Tsars. Margaret, a Burgundian captain of the time of Boris Godunov, in his *Estat de l'Empire de Russie* (1669), gives a glowing picture of the rich collection of plate which was used in the daily service of the Tsar. The Treasury, he says, "is full of all kinds of jewels in great number, particularly of pearls; for in Russia more pearls are worn than in all the rest of Europe.... There are great numbers of gold plates, large and small, and drinking-cups; besides this an infinite quantity of silver plate, gilt and not gilt, as may be judged from the fact that after the election of Boris Federvits, when he gathered his army at Serpo, during six weeks he feasted almost daily ten thousand men each time, and all were served in silver plate." Margaret mentions six silver barrels, a number of big bowls and basins of silver which required four men to carry them, each provided with drinking-cups, the whole of Russian work. "Also a great number of silver pieces from Ger-



BIT OF THE BANQUET HALL IN THE OLD TEREM

many, England, Poland, which are either presents of princes sent by their ambassadors, or which have been bought for the rarity of the workmanship."

Olearius, who visited Russia in 1633, the narrator of Lord Carlyle's embassy in 1663, Richard Chancellor, Sir Jerome Horsey, Dr. Giles Fletcher, Sir Henry Willoughby, and other early travellers, all testify to the marvellous wealth of the Tsar, and to the quantity of plate displayed on the "great cupboard," as they called the buffet around the central pillar of the banqueting room. Richard Chancellor says: "In the midst of the chamber stood a table or cupboard to set plate upon which stood full of cups of gold, and



CHAIR OF TSAR MICHAEL FEDOROVITCH.
TREASURY OF THE KREMLIN.—PERSIAN WORK.

amongst all the rest there stood four marvellous great pottes, or crudences, as they call them, of gold and silver. I think they were a good yard and a half high. The number that dined there that day was two hundred persons, and all were served in golden vessels."

Sir Henry Willoughby, speaking of a dinner given by the Tsar, says: "In the middle of the dining-room was a table covered with cups of gold. The number of persons that dined was about two hundred, all served in vessels of gold, and the gentlemen that waited were all in cloth of gold."

It is interesting to identify many of the remarkable pieces mentioned by the old travellers amongst the objects now in the cases of the Treasury. Furthermore, in several accounts of the entries of embassies into Moscow we read of the companies of Boyars who rode out to meet them at the gates of the city, and whose horses were richly caparisoned with velvet housings embroidered with precious stones, and bridled, not with leather reins, but with chains of silver or gold rings preciously wrought with chiselling or niello-work. These chains tinkled musically, and, as an old English writer says, made "a majestic noise" as the procession passed along, and invariably excited the astonishment of the ambassadors and of their suite. In the Treasury of the Kremlin many of these chain bridles and cruppers are still preserved.

The rest of the buildings of the Terem, built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and restored between 1839 and 1849, form a palace four stories high, disposed in a series of small, low, and generally vaulted rooms, entirely decorated with polychrome ornaments and figures painted on gold or other grounds, the furniture and arrangement being of the epoch or of the styles of the seventeenth century. The apartments consist of reception, dining, throne, sleeping, and council rooms, all in the true Muscovite style, uncorrupted by that mistaken imitation of the arts of the West which is responsible for so many monotonous monstrosities in modern Russian towns. It has been said that the progress of civilization deprives nations of the sense of architecture and of ornament, and certainly the old edifices of the Kremlin, when compared with those of the present day, prove the truth of this apparently paradoxical assertion. The arabesques, the fantastic flowers, the color combinations, and the inexhaustible invention and variety of the decoration of the walls of these chambers are bewildering and charming at the same time. The mysterious chambers of the Terem are the equivalent in civil architecture of the Church of Vasili Blagennoi in ecclesiastical architecture.

The Treasury, or Orujeinaya Palata, built in 1851, forms the right wing of the great palace, and, next to the marvellous spectacle of the ensemble of the Kremlin and its churches, constitutes the greatest curiosity of Moscow, and one of the most



THRONE ROOM OF TSAR ALEXIS IN THE TEREM

wonderful museums in the world, being the depository of venerated historical objects, and of the treasures hereditary in the imperial families. The regalia, arms, armor, carriages, costumes, thrones, crowns, enamels, sceptres, gold and silver ware, precious stones, jewelry, and other objects of art displayed in the Kremlin constitute a collection with which those of Dresden and of the Louvre can alone be compared. The total of pieces in the Treasury of the Kremlin amounts to sixteen hundred. By far the greater number belong to the seventeenth century, one only to the twelfth, and some few to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. After the Polish occupation and the disasters of 1612 all the ancient plate for the service of the Tsar's table was melted down and converted into money, which fact explains why there are few examples of gold and silver work anterior to the dynasty of the Romanoffs. The Treasury contains also some of the most highly venerated crosses and reliquaries of Russia, the thrones, crowns, and regalia of the ancient Tsars, and objects in gold, silver, and enamel, of which verbal description can give no adequate idea.

During our visit to the Kremlin we may be supposed to have obtained some impression of Russian art and its productions. We have seen specimens of its ecclesiastical and civil architecture in the cathedrals and in the old palace or Terem. In the interior of these edifices and in the treasuries of the sacristies and of the Orujeinaya Palata we have seen examples of Russian decorative and applied art. Now let us endeavor to set forth the

characteristics of this Russian art, and to trace them to their source. The latter problem is not easy: *savants* are at variance; ascertained facts on the subject are few, so that all we can pretend to do is to state the questions at issue and the solutions offered, though not always accepted. In the first place, who are the Russians? How far can the Slavs or Slavonians be identified with the Scythians of Herodotus? In the Kertch and Scythian collections, the chief treasures of the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg —a treasure far richer and more curious, but unfortunately less known, than the famous discoveries of Dr. Schliemann— are several objects, and more especially the silver Nikopol vase, which furnish valuable evidence. We may mention also the equally fine vase from the Koul-Oba tomb in the vicinity of Kertch, on which Scythian men are represented dressed in belted blouses, full trousers tucked into their boots, with their national bow cases and implements, long flowing hair, full beards, and, in short, with the physiognomies, characteristics, and costumes of the Russian mujiks of the present day. In the sixth century these pagan Slavs occupied a large part of the country from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and possessed more than the rudiments of art. In the same sixth century we hear of the invasion of the Avars, who spread as far as Bulgaria and the Peloponnesus, and whose Khan treated with Byzantium. At the same time northern Russia was overrun by the Finns, who were followed by the Varangians, and the period of Scandinavian influence began. In the seventh century the Khazars, a race of Huns coming from the frontiers of China, invaded Russia, and were followed by other hordes in the eighth and ninth centuries, during which periods the Russians were in constant communication with Byzantium, whence in the tenth century they received the Christian faith in the reign of Vladimir, the great prince of Kiew. The legend gives us to understand that the change from paganism to Christianity was immediate. Vladimir sent envoys to Constantinople to report upon the Greek faith, and the legend says that they were so much dazzled by the splendor of the service celebrated in the Church of Saint Sophia that they did not hesitate to prefer this system to Mohammedanism, Judaism, Romanism, and all other forms of worship which they had examined. "The Russians," says a Byzantine chronicler, "were struck by the multitude of the lights and the chanting of the hymns; but what most filled them with astonishment was the appearance of the deacons and subdeacons issuing from the sacristy with torches in their hands, at whose presence the people fell on their knees and cried, 'Kyrie Eleison.' The Russians took their guides by the hand, and said: 'All that we have seen is awe-inspiring and majestic, but this is supernatural. We have seen young men with wings in dazzling robes, who without touching the ground chanted in the air, "Holy, holy, holy," and this is what has most surprised us.' The guides replied, 'What! do you not know that angels come down from heaven to mingle in our services?' 'You are right,' said the Russians; 'we want no further proof. Allow us to return home to our prince and master.'"

Such, we read, was the origin of Christianity in Russia, and through the obscure whisperings of the legend we discern the fact of close intercourse with Byzantium, which naturally furnished the models for the form and ornament of the new edifices that were needed for the new order of things. In the south of Russia in the early ecclesiastic structures the Byzantine element is marked; as we proceed toward the North the original Byzantine influence is modified by the introduction of Lombardic and other elements; finally a special Russo-Byzantine type of edifice was produced, resembling in plan the Christian churches of the Peloponnesus, Attica, and Thrace, but characterized by a system of more lofty construction than the Byzantine type, which is low. The tall walls and towering cupolas are suggestive of Asiatic rather than Byzantine influence. In short, at the time of the Mongolian invasion in the twelfth century the Russian Empire, then in the third century of its national existence, possessed a national architecture and art ready to be modified once more by Indo-Tartarian influences—an original and living art susceptible of progress, in close relation with Byzantine art, and yet not identical with it. That luminous and profound historian of architecture, Viollet-le-Duc, shall be our guide in this delicate sifting of the constituent elements of Russian art: and in the first place we must remark that Byzantine art



ICON IN THE CONVENT OF NOVO-DEVITCHY.

is itself composed of very different elements, and its originality, so far as it has any, is due to the harmony established between these elements, which are borrowed, some from the extreme East, others from Persia, many from Asia Minor, and others from Rome. Now from her geographical position, sandwiched, so to speak, between the East and the West, and inevitably on the passage of the great migrations of the Aryan tribes, Russia was always in communication with the East. She received at first hand Oriental traditions of great value; she borrowed directly from many Oriental sources without having recourse to Byzantium; furthermore, at a very early epoch, she assimilated Greco-Byzantine arts. In other words, Viollet-le-Duc protests against the tendency of many to consider as an absolute imitation of Byzantine art what is really the result of similitude of origin. Sufficient account, he thinks, has not been taken of the prodigious development of the arts in the East at the beginning of our era, when many vast countries east of the Caspian, now deserted, were occupied by flourishing empires, since devastated by the Tartars, and at present lost in the sand. Through these vanished civilizations, of which Marco Polo and other ancient travellers have made distinct mention, the countries west of the Volga were in communication with the extreme Orient; and so, long before the thirteenth century, Russia could receive the elements of art from the East by a route which is nowadays almost closed. In short, amongst the divers origins of Russian art, Persian, Armenian, and Asiatic, Byzantine art holds certainly the principal place; but from a time already far distant other elements belonging to Asia may be perceived, principally in ornament. These Asiatic elements take a more important place when Constantinople is no longer the seat of the Eastern Empire, and when the Mongols dominate over Russia, without, however, altogether displacing the principle of Byzantine structure in architecture and the hieratism of religious painting.

Taking as specimens of Russian architecture the buildings of the Kremlin and of old Moscow, we shall remark, in the first place, that they are all rationally constructed: the form of the edifice harmonizes with its purpose; the architectonic means are evident, frank, and logical; the form is never in contradiction with the material conditions of the building. Russia is not rich in building stone; the natural materials of the country are wood, brick, and rubble. Its building methods, therefore, are either carpentry or concretion; that is to say, masonry of some kind covered with plastering. Now to build edifices of these national materials in a style of architecture which has been invented for utilizing the qualities of stone or marble is an evident absurdity, as is proven, if proof were needed, by the pilasters, columns, cornices, and entablatures of the counterfeit classical palaces of St. Petersburg, where this added decoration, obtained with great difficulty by means of plaster and stucco applied over the bricks, cracks and peels off every winter. There is not one form only of beauty in art. In architecture, for instance, diversity results from manners, from climate, from the needs of man, from the materials employed, and from the manner in which they are utilized. Nature herself teaches us that beauty does not exclude variety, and that one of the essential conditions imposed upon beauty is to harmonize perfectly the form with the conditions of existence if we are concerned with animals or vegetables, and with the conditions of cohesion and duration if it is a question of matter.

Whether we take as a specimen the

Cathedral of the Assumption, the Cathedral of the Annunciation, or the marvellous Church of Vasili Blagennoi, we shall notice the same characteristics. These edifices are all built of small materials after the concrete method; the means of construction are left apparent; the surfaces are covered with plaster, and the plaster, in its turn, is protected with coatings of whitewash or paint. In all of them the architects have shown a delicate sense of proportions; the silhouette and the peaked crown of cupolas are elegant; the ornamentation never impairs the purity of the contours, being, so to speak, engraved rather than sculped in the round, and forming almost invariably a sort of tapestry destined to embellish places that are to be looked at specially and separately for the pure pleasure of contemplating their adornment. Furthermore, in the parts of the structure at any considerable elevation from the ground this ornamentation ought to consist especially of colorations, for, as we have already seen, Russian architecture is polychrome; its concrete structure demands exterior coatings of plaster or casings of some kind, which naturally assume the form either of paint or of ceramic facings. In the Church of Vasili Blagennoi both these systems are employed, and the very mode of construction dictates what should be the nature of the decoration of the edifice: in order to last, the coats of plaster must offer few projections and be well sheltered; broad surfaces must be avoided, and hence the breaking up of the wall space by means of panels, where the plaster coating is held firmly by the surrounding mouldings; richness must be sought in the minuteness and delicacy of low-relief carving in the Persian and Indian styles, by the use of decorated faience, and by imbrications of tiles of different colors.

Another point which strikes us in connection with Russian art is that it is essentially religious: it has developed and spread over the country simultaneously with the growth and spread of religious sentiment. On the other hand, the great means of the unification of the Russians into a nation has been religion, so that it may be said that in Russia religion and patriotism are one. In religious iconography Russia frankly adopted Byzantine hieratism; the first monks would naturally bring with them devotional images or icons from Constantinople, which served the ignorant in lieu of a written book or illuminated catechism. Hence, owing to the wide dissemination of the population, and the difficulty of communications and interchange of ideas, when once these archaic Byzantine images had acquired, from the teachings of the first missionaries, a conventional signification and a definite value as sacred hieroglyphics, there could no longer be any question of modifying them. The icon, it has been well said, is in the eyes of the Russian the bond which unites the members of the nation; it is something equivalent to the flag; it is the language that all un-



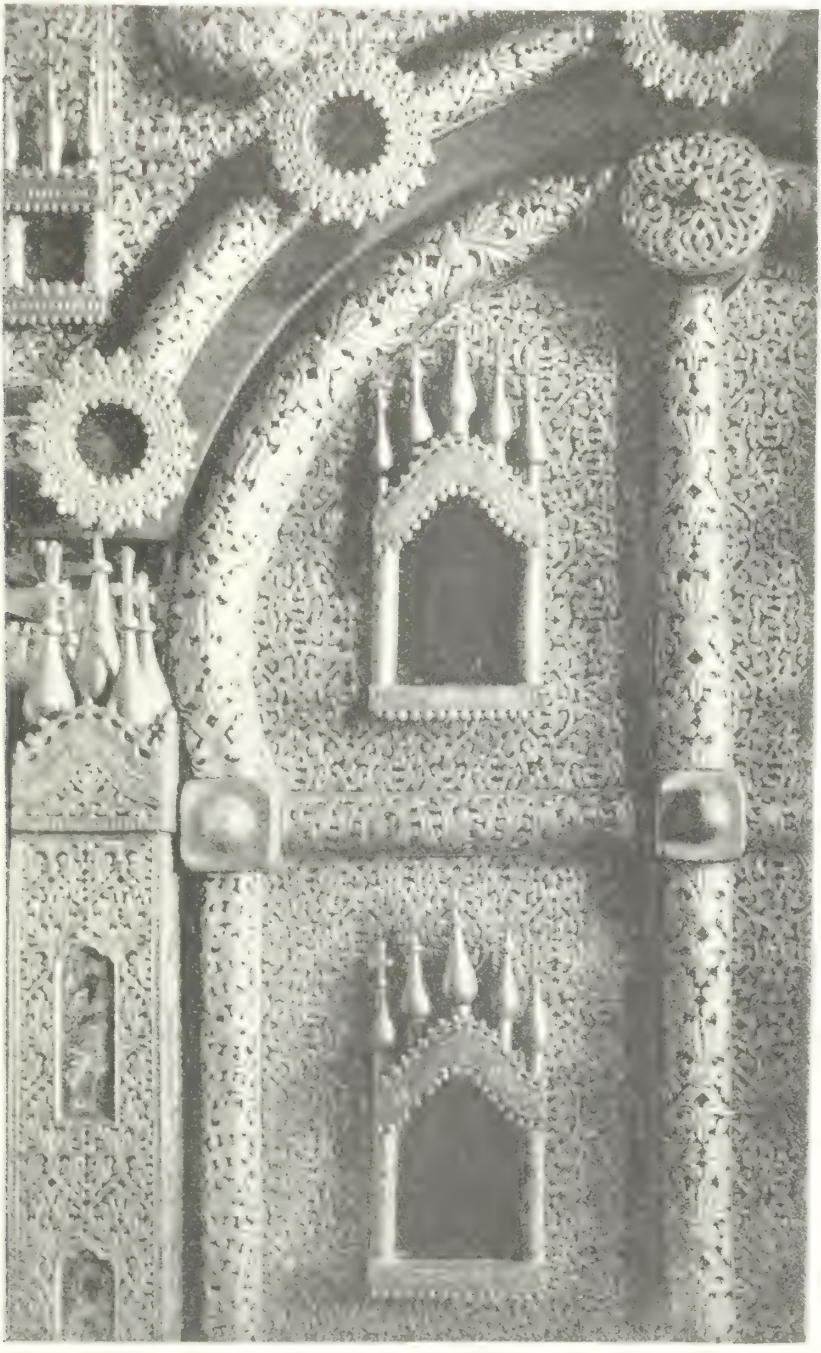
"TSÉNINA" ENAMELLED STOVES IN THE PALACE OF THE KREMLIN.

derstand, and which makes all join in one common thought. In the churches each and all the icons are the subjects of visits and pilgrimages. They are found everywhere in Russia: at the street corners, in numerous little street chapels, over gateways, in shops, in the taverns, in private houses, and in every bedroom and dwelling-room the sacred image hangs, with the lamp ever burning before it. They are to be found in the palaces and in the peasants' huts, in the village inn and in the soldier's tent: far and near they are the symbol of patriotism, and therefore no more to be modified and tampered with than the heraldic immortality of the double-headed imperial eagle.

In the interior decoration of Russian churches we have seen how important a place the icon holds: the whole walls are covered with images of saints with lean wild faces, emaciated limbs, lank hair, and most austere aspect, all executed according to the orthodox formula laid down in the iconographist's manual of painting. Byzantine pictorial art and its offshoot Russian iconography are not arts in the sense which we are accustomed to attach to the word: they are susceptible neither of progress nor of decadence: they exist independently of conditions of time: such as they were in the sixth, the tenth, or the twelfth century, so they are now: they borrow nothing, and are inspired only by themselves: they are not creative, but simply reproductive: they have but one school and one epoch: every line, attitude, and gesture, every fold of drapery, every shade of color, is fixed by tradition and governed by religious laws. The general aspect of the Russian icons is brown, ascetic, austere, and more terrible than the pictures of Cimabue. Happily, however, we see only the faces, hands, and feet of the figures, the rest being hidden by the case, which combines the arts of metal-work, enamel, and jewelled decoration. In a richly decorated icon of the most ancient description, such, for instance, as the one which we have selected from the treasury of the Convent of Novo-Devitchy at Moscow, the heads both of the Virgin and the Child are adorned with crowns and nimbuses of gold and precious stones: the Virgin wears a peculiar collar or "barmi" of gold in relief, set with jewels, and a magnificent breastplate of pearls and precious stones, so that very little of the painting remains visible except the faces and hands. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century, according to Mr. Maskell's statement in his excellent and very complete South Kensington *Hand-Book of Russian Art*, the practice was introduced of almost entirely covering the picture with a plate of metal simulating the contours of the human figure and the robes, and allowing only the faces and hands to appear through openings. All the icons in the old cathedrals of the Kremlin are framed in this manner, and on some of them the repoussé or graven arabesque-work is very delicate, while on others it is vulgar, heavy, and indicative of Western influence. In the modern churches, like St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg and the new Church of the Saviour at Moscow, it must be confessed that the ancient type of iconography has been departed from to a large extent. At St. Isaac's, stained glass of Munich manufacture, sculptured figures, and paintings in the Western style have been introduced. This is true also in the case of the new Church of the Saviour. However, it seemed to us during our visits to these sanctuaries that these new Western paintings did not excite the fervor of the humble worshippers to any appreciable extent, while the more modest and old-fashioned metal-cased icons were besieged with adorers.

The ornamental art of Russia may be observed in architectural ensembles, in arms and other metal-work, in embroidery, and in illuminated manuscripts, of which many fine specimens are preserved in the sacristies of the churches and convents of the empire. In this very complex art of ornament and pattern designing we may distinguish in general two principles—the geometric, and the imitative or naturalistic, the former more especially Eastern, and the latter Western. In Asiatic ornament one of the great motives is *entrelacs*, or strap-work, which is geometric, and derived from the combinations of cords, or suggested by the products of the loom. That such should be the characteristic of Eastern ornament is only natural when it is remembered that the Asiatics have always been the great weavers of fine tissues. In Western ornament, on the other hand, the models copied are natural objects, selected from the fauna and flora of the country, from jewels, particularly pearls, and from usual objects, such as arms, torches, and vases, treated

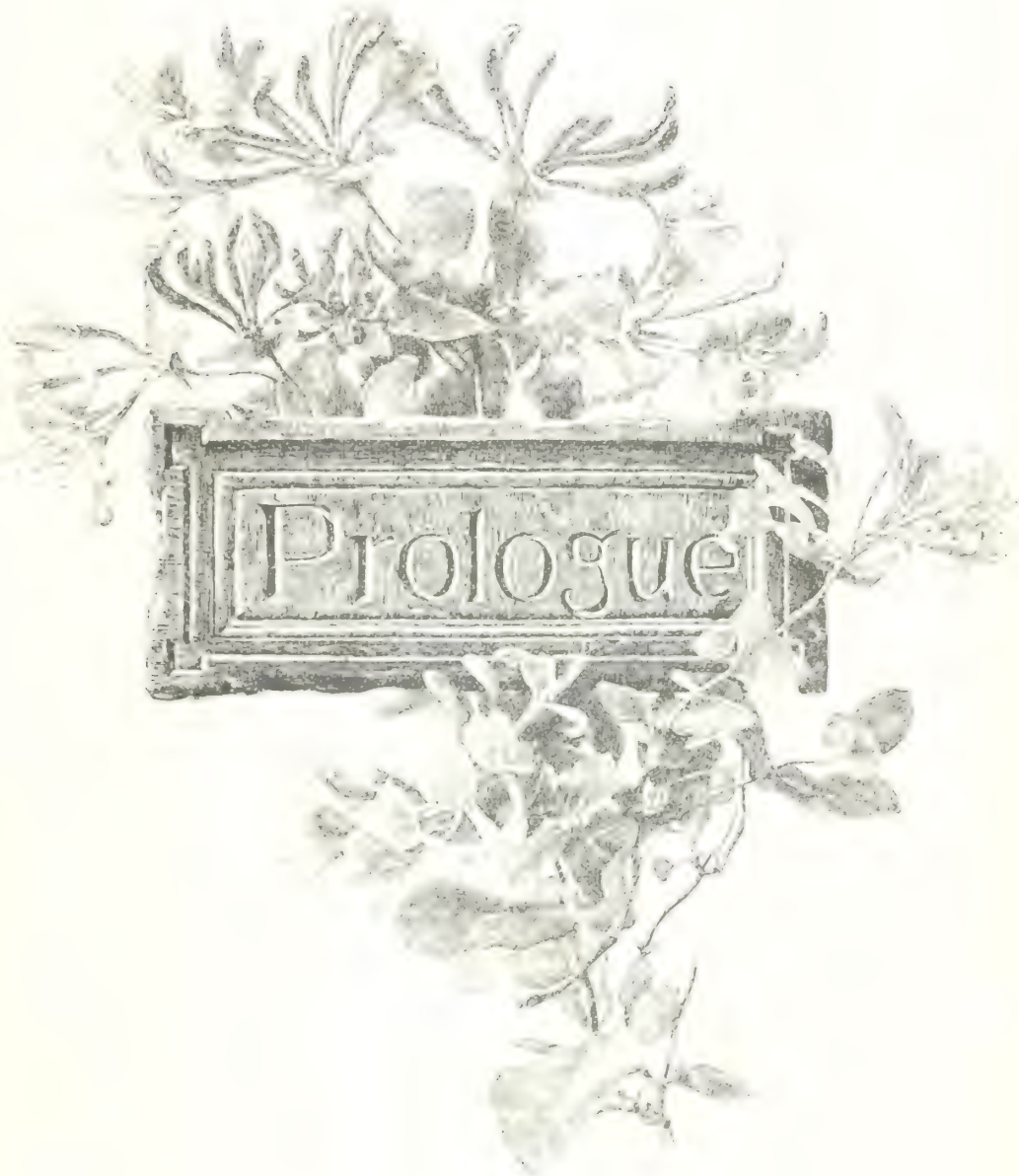
realistically. Combined with the strap-work we find floral motives, and also birds and animals, but always treated in the style of arabesques or grotesque silhouettes. From these two principles have been formed the ornamental styles of India, Persia, Syria, China, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium. From all of these styles Russia borrowed elements and suggestions, at the same time contributing a local Scythian element of her own. To illustrate this immense subject would require more space and wood-cuts than we can command, and also the aid of color, for in Russian ornament color is absolutely essential; the Russian sense of the har-



WOODEN ALTAR AT ROSTOFF.

mony of color is marked, and its preferences very striking and original. Those who wish to study Russian art thoroughly will find abundant material in the many splendid publications concerning the antiquities and treasures of the empire, illustrated with remarkable reproductions in chromo-lithography, which have been issued within the past twenty years from the imperial presses, mostly with text in the Russian tongue; but in spite of these works and of the recent activity of governmental art and archæological commissions, the great mass of the treasures of Russian art remains more or less inaccessible, and therefore very little known. The reader, however, may be referred to the familiar instances offered by Russian embroidery and needle-work, the designs of which are distinctly Asiatic, and go back to the earliest times of the Russia of history. This work is for the most part embroidered with the pattern on one side only in red cotton, in simple lines or cross stitches, or in white with threads drawn out, or in cottons, silks, and wools of different colors. The patterns comprise mosaics, lozenges, and crosses, with denticulated edges, floral motives of Persian aspect, men, animals, trees, and monsters. Many of these combinations are religious signs and symbols, whose signification has been lost for centuries to the vulgar, but which *savants* trace back to the worship of Mithras and other primitive creeds. In the old palace of the Terem we may study Russian ornament in all its variety of design and color on every wall, every window-case, every door-frame, and also on the monster stoves faced with enamelled pottery known as *tsénina*—a kind of fine faience introduced into Russia by the Byzantines in the tenth century, and manufactured to perfection by the Russians in the sixteenth. We may study it in the sanctuaries of the churches, on the altars like the curious carved wooden altar to be seen at Rostoff, on the towers and cupolas, on the arms, saddles, and harness, and on the thousand and one objects of metal-work, jewelry, embroidery, and stuffs exhibited in the Treasury of the Kremlin. Often, perhaps, we shall be shocked by the excessive glitter and display of Russian art objects, by the exaggerated barbaric magnificence, by the love of solid material, by the lavish display of material wealth. We shall deny the Russians the delicate taste and refined elegance of the Indians and Persians, and still we shall admire in their work a certain grandeur and marked originality. In their architecture and in their sentiment of the silhouette and ensemble of an object we shall see a peculiar elegance and slender grace, and also a rare respect of the purity of the contour. Whether the object be a bratina, a drinking bowl, or the façade of a cathedral, the Russians, like the Persians and Arabs, reserve for decorative sculpture the discreet and logical rôle of enlivening with beauty and incident what would otherwise be a blank space: the ornament of the Russian architect and of the Russian goldsmith and metal-worker is always a sort of tapestry or embroidery in very low relief, which never interferes with the architectonic or structural lines of an edifice, or of an object of use or luxury.

When we have seen Moscow and its treasures, its walls and towers, its antique churches and palaces, its ancient relics, and its carefully renovated monuments of the time of the old Tsars, we can say that there exists a Russian national art bearing as distinct a *cachet* as its village architecture, its embroidery, its music, and its costume. This art is composed of a multitude of elements; it has been moulded and modified by innumerable influences of neighborhood and intercourse; in the formation of it foreign artists and workmen took an indisputably large part. Byzantium, Persia, and India contributed a large contingent; Lombard architects came to build the churches; English, Germans, Poles, and Hungarians also entered the workshops of the Tsars, bringing each an element of skill and formative energy. It must, however, be remarked that there is always a difference between the work which such imported labor produces from its own genius and that which it produces with the collaboration of native artists or to please native tastes. The artist transplanted to a foreign soil both gives and receives; he adapts himself to his changed conditions; he engrafts types and elements found in his new country upon the art of his own, and according as his new impressions or his souvenirs are stronger, the art he produces will be more or less imbued with the spirit of his adopted country or with reminiscences of his original father-land.


Prologue



PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE QUIET LIFE."

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

EVEN as one in city pent,
Dazed with the stir and din of town,
Drums on the pane in discontent,
And sees the dreary rain come down,
Yet, through the dimmed and dripping glass,
Beholds, in fancy, visions pass,

Of Spring that breaks with all her leaves,
Of birds that build in thatch and eaves,
Of woodlands where the throstle calls,
Of girls that gather cowslip balls,





Of kine that low and lambs that cry,
Of wains that jolt and rumble by,





of brooks that sing in happier ways
of sunburnt hills that stand at ease.

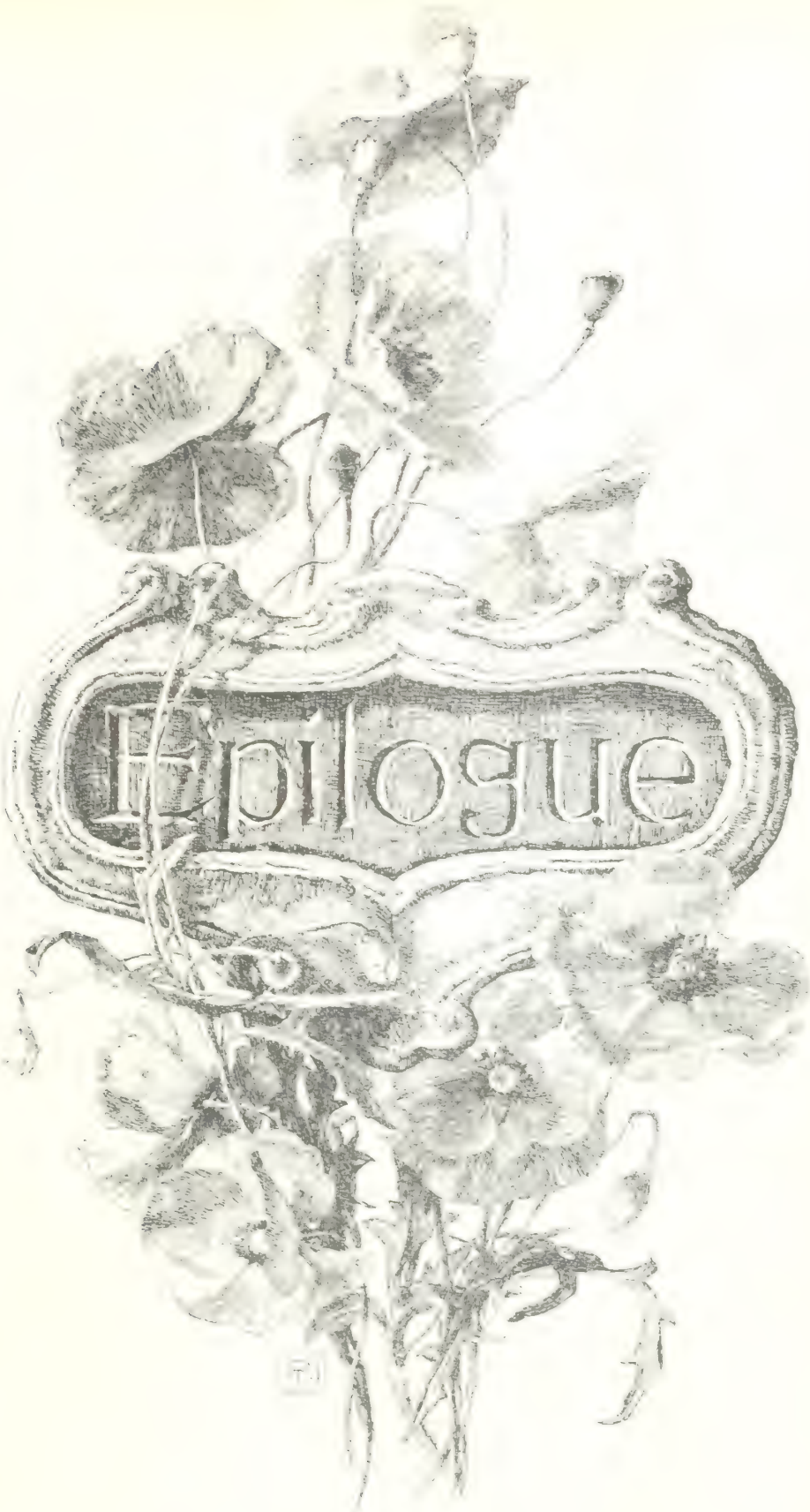




So, in its hour, the artist brain,
Weary of human ills and woes,
Weary of passion and of pain,
And vaguely craving for repose,

Deserts awhile the stage of strife,
To draw the even, ordered life,
The easeful days, the dreamless nights,
The homely round of plain delights,
The calm, the unambitioned mind,
Which all men seek, and few men find.




Epilogue



LET the dream pass, the fancy fade!
We clutch a shape, and hold a shade.
Is Peace *so* peaceful? Nay,—who knows!
There are volcanoes under snows.

FIFTY YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

CAN our readers picture to themselves the comic situation of a victim of the daguerreotypist of 1839, screwed to the back of a chair, his face dusted over with a fine white powder, his eyes tightly closed, obliged to sit a full half-hour in the sunlight? Dr. Draper, of the University of the City of New York, to lessen the painful fatigue of the brilliant light, placed between the sitter and the sun a large glass tank filled with ammonia sulphate of copper, a transparent blue liquid which filtered out most of the heat rays, and before the end of 1840 succeeded in doing away with the whitened face, and reduced the sitting to a few minutes.

Contrast this with the possibilities of to-day, when in the darkest of dark caves or cellars, or on the blackest of nights, the tyro photographer, armed with his little camera, and pistol loaded with magnesium cartridge, can obtain a picture full of vigor and marvellous in detail. This chasm has been bridged over in the fifty years since Daguerre gave before the French Academy of Sciences the secret of his wonderful process. The journey down the photographic history of those fifty years is full of wonderful struggles of mind over matter, strange hopes awakened, magical discoveries set aside, fascinating theories exploded, practical inventions pushing to the front, larger areas covered, and more and more individuals of both sexes benefited by the discovery of the progressive scene-painter, until to-day hundreds of thousands contribute to our knowledge and happiness in the practice of photography whilst gaining their daily bread.

The story of Daguerre's struggles and victory may well be told at this time, after a lapse of fifty years since his grand discovery. It was on the 19th of August that Arago, the noted French astronomer, before crowded halls and courts, gave the practical details of the process for fixing upon a prepared plate the images of the camera-obscura, and France, by giving an annual stipend to Daguerre and his associate, M. Isidore Niepce, provided that all their compatriots should be free to practise the new art. Arago's speech is even now most entertaining reading, and should be familiar to all votaries of the art of photography; but we must content ourselves with little more than a review of some of the points which may indicate the appreciation in which the discovery was held at the time, and the prophetic insight that saw how full of value to science as well as art this great invention would prove to be. M. Arago dealt with the scientific problems of optics and chemistry involved in the search, showing the length of time after the knowledge that nitrate of silver blackened in the light before any successful experiments were made to fix the images of the camera by its use. He paid a tribute to the memory of M. Joseph Nicéphore Niepce, describing the process by which, after three days' exposure, he had succeeded in forming an image which could be retained on the plate. Such a process could of course only serve for copying engravings or drawings, and was impracticable for landscape, architecture, or portraiture.

By an accident a meeting was brought about between Daguerre and Niepce, and a partnership formed, which ended only with the death of Niepce in 1833, after which time his son Isidore continued the researches. Here it may be well to say, though it is not a part of M. Arago's speech, that Daguerre's processes proved to be so much more rapid and perfect than those Niepce was using that in the latter part of 1837 an agreement was signed between the two partners permitting the name of Daguerre to be associated with the discovery, and it was many years before the small d headed the word Daguerreotype.

Up to the time of Arago's explanation public curiosity had for a year or more been awakened by accounts of the wonderful pictures, and some of the pictures had been shown. Baron von Humboldt, Biot, Arago, and other *savants* were mentioned as having been made familiar with the work, and offering their testimony to the value they placed upon the discovery. One story was afloat that the Emperor of Russia stood ready to give Daguerre 500,000 francs for the secret, and English papers of the day expressed themselves as surprised that so magnificent a reward should have been declined. The sum finally paid was 10,000 francs annually to



LOUIS JACQUES MANDÉ DAGUERRE.

Drawn & Engraved on Wood by [illegible] Photo. by Meade Brothers, New York. Published by Appleton, Bigelow & Co., New York.

both of the inventors—6000 to Daguerre and 4000 to Niepce, Daguerre receiving the larger sum as he also divulged his secret for making his very popular dioramas.

A hasty biographical sketch may not here be out of place. One hundred years ago Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre was born near Paris, in the village of Cormeilles; consequently he was just fifty years old when his great discovery was announced to the world. When quite young he became a scene-painter, and early won renown in that field. Not content with painting for theatres, he tried higher forms of art with success, and then invented the diorama, which first greatly excited the curiosity of the Parisians, and made his name familiar out of his own country. As early as 1814 M. Nicéphore Niepce, a man of some means at Châlons-sur-Saône, had devoted his leisure to striving to fix the images of the camera-obscura. Long before, Wedgwood and Sir Humphry Davy had striven to that end. In 1827 M. Niepce had gone to London and in a paper before the Royal Society had explained a successful process for making pictures, and today in the British Museum some of his rude experiments may be seen. Then came the meeting with Daguerre brought about by the optician Chevallier, and the partnership of 1829, Niepce's death in 1833, the son assuming the place of the father in the partnership, and the final victory of Daguerre in making practical the process to which his name was given.

It would be proper here to describe this process, but other and more pressing matter crowds upon us. It is now practically obsolete, and though very beautiful, more delicate even than any processes by which it has been set aside, it still had shortcomings which soon condemned it. Other methods of picture-making, admitting a practically endless multiplication, became in time more popular, and have held their own to the present time. The daguerreotype was a *positive* process; that of Mr. Fox Talbot, of England, to which later improvements can be traced, was a *negative* process. In 1839, before Daguerre's methods were explained, we find Mr. Talbot writing to the French Academy claiming priority of invention, which certainly, in the light of what we know of Niepce's success, could not be awarded him. Mr. Talbot's process differed so entirely both in means and result from the daguerreotype that it was useless to compare results, so greatly superior was that of the Frenchman to the Englishman's. The one employed highly polished silver-covered plates of copper; the other, sensitized paper with a grain which deprived the resulting print of much delicacy. Daguerre did not with his invention succeed in portraiture, and the honor of first making a likeness has been always awarded Dr. J. W. Draper. From the time the news reached America we learn that experiments were made in constructing rude cameras and attempting picture-making according to Daguerre's principles; but the rules were not laid down very definitely, and no such helps existed then, as now, from published accounts of experiments. It was about a year after the report of Arago's speech reached this country before a firm of enterprising men started in business as portrait daguerreotypists.

Of them we read that they executed "miniatures by the Daguerreotype process with considerable success,.... correct as likenesses, and devoid of that severity of expression which, it has been thought, makes the Daguerreotype an unfit instrument for taking portraits." In England Daguerre obtained a patent before receiving his pension from France for giving his secret to the world, consequently the English were barred from the free use of the process which the French, Germans, and especially Americans, profited by. Dr. Draper's paper, published in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* in September, 1840, contains much of interest. In it he tells of his first dusting the face with white powder (which he soon abandoned), of his success out-of-doors, of his use of mirrors as reflectors, and of his contrivance for holding the head and body still in the chair. Here, too, we find his warning against placing the hands upon the chest, as the motion of respiration made them look clumsy and thick in the picture, and at the same time he suggests the temporary placing of a drab false front over the white shirt. There was no retouching in those days, and "persons whose faces are freckled all over give rise to the most ludicrous results—a white mottled with just as many black dots as the sitter had yellow ones." We now have a fair idea of the state of things in 1839 and 1840.

In a few words we might lead up to Daguerre's discovery by rapid strides.

Without the camera it would have been impossible. That invention we owe to the brilliant experimentalist Porta, who in the sixteenth century was a leading scientist. It is a long jump from the so-called beginning of the art of drawing by the tracing of the pretty girl's shadow on the white wall to the chemical discoveries which made it possible to fix permanently that shadow. There is to be found the published record of a discovery by Fabricius, in 1536, when seeking the elixir which was to restore youth. He threw some sea-salt into nitrate of silver, and noted that the chloride of silver precipitated, though of a white color, became black as ink by exposure to sunlight. But this knowledge does not seem to have been utilized until Scheele in 1777 rediscovered the fact, and a few years afterward Professor Charles, the inventor of the hydrogen gas balloon, spread the chloride of silver on paper, and placing the head of one of his pupils in a beam of sunlight, saw that the shaded portion remained clear, whilst the rest of the paper rapidly darkened. Still there was no chemical substance known that would retain the image, so, unless the sheet were put away in a dark place, the whole of it would soon blacken. It might be looked at from time to time in a subdued light or by artificial light, or the silhouette thus formed could immediately be cut out and the perfect profile thus saved. The long-sought compound, hyposulphite of soda, was invented in 1799, but it was not until twenty years later that Herschel found its power of dissolving haloid salts of silver. Three other chemicals, chlorine, iodine, and bromine, were discovered respectively in 1774, 1811, and 1826, so that we find the materials ready only a little while before the final discovery of their marvellous powers.

Miniature painting, which was a popular mode of portraiture when photography was first discovered, was little by little driven from the field by its less expensive and generally more faithful rival. It is true the daguerreotype was a costly process at first, and efforts were constantly being made to cheapen it. It held its sway until 1851, but soon after that time was set aside by the albumen and the collodion process, this latter soon having the field all to itself. We may not permit ourselves to enter into the respective merits of processes, yet there are four great divisions, or perhaps we may say three great divisions and one small one, which it is well to bear in mind in reviewing the last fifty years. These would be the daguerreotype from 1839 to 1851; the albumen process on glass plates made practicable in 1849, but soon, in 1851, set aside by the collodion process; and fourth, the great popularizer of photography, the gelatino-bromide dry plate in 1871.

One of the first of illustrated works in which photography was employed was Mr. Fox Talbot's *The Pencil of Nature*, though in 1840, amongst holiday books advertised as suitable for presents is one in "beautiful binding," *Excursions Daguerriennes*.

The photographic art was early put to the service of medical study, and "delicate dissections, microscopic objects, and blood globules" were reproduced. After a few years' practice the need for orthochromatic photography was felt, and researches were made which have now borne fruit, though the new plates are still far from perfect. All through the years we note the patient search for the power not only to translate the image into black and white, but to retain the gradations of color so beautifully pictured on the ground glass in the camera.

A binocular camera was invented by Sir David Brewster for taking pictures for use in Professor Wheatstone's new stereoscope. Lenses of similar power were placed side by side, distanced by the average measurement between the eyes. This was in 1849. We must remember that up to that year paper and the silvered metal were the grounds sensitized for use in the camera. Then came the use of albumen spread upon glass so that it would hold the material used to sensitize the paper in the calotype process. This avoided the grain of the paper, and gave a more perfect picture.

In the United States it was estimated that there were ten thousand daguerreotypists by 1850, and some five thousand workmen who were engaged in the manufacture and sale of plates, cases, chemicals, and apparatus, or in other ways receiving their support from indirect connection with the art.

But the story is too long to tell how and when photo-lithography, photographing on blocks of wood for engravers, and the various uses to which photography is now put, were first employed. Little by little it has travelled the world over, edu-

cating and delighting everywhere. When we try to note the spread of this art we are astonished at the uses to which it is now put. How active the human brain is still in invention the thick octavo volume published each year by the Patent Office, containing only patents bearing upon photography, improvements in cameras, shutters, tripods, etc., etc., testifies. Many hundreds of books have been written upon the history of photography and its practice in every direction. Last year's *Annual* gives the titles of 44 added to the list. There are over 60 periodicals, appearing in different countries, some weekly, others monthly, a few semi-monthly. Of societies the list gives in America 54, and in foreign countries 107. Even in Japan there is a periodical devoted entirely to photographic matters, called *Sashin Shimpo*. It is a monthly, and sells for 15 sen, or about 12 cents.

The facility with which the prepared plates can be manipulated, the ease with which hundreds of the new celluloid films can be carried about, the quality they possess of retaining their sensitiveness for months, the fact that exposures may be made in Central Africa or in the neighborhood of the north pole, and the image not developed until the traveller returns to his comfortable laboratory at home, are all magical advances in the fifty years since Daguerre told his secret. What the next half-century will do with the subtle powers of the sensitive plate remains to be seen. To artists familiar with the study of color any hope that the gradations of hues shall be retained by a negative image and communicated to a positive print seems absurd. Constant progress is being made toward the bettering of the interpretation of color values. The mysteries of chemistry are being tested; chlorophyl, eosin, erythrosine, and other new compounds are being employed. Bright, thoughtful, intelligent men are reaching into the unknown world of light and chemistry, experimenting and recording with scientific accuracy the story of their researches. The difficulty consists in obtaining gradations of black and white corresponding to the luminosity of the colors of nature. In copying paintings this is especially desirable, and already a great advance has been made. Even the amateur finds in the market prepared plates with which he can produce results in which equivalent gradations of tones stand for the various tints of color. These plates are called orthochromatic (right color). Experiments in this direction will continue until the full beauty of the image of the camera will be kept in so far that our reds will no longer be coal-black, our blues not faded or white, and our bright yellows dull and gloomy. Experiment in photographing an orange by the ordinary and by the orthochromatic plate will show the advantage of using the latter.

Bearing upon this point comes the latest news, that the modern theory of color sensation due to the excitement of the three sets of nerve fibrils is put to service by Mr. F. E. Ives. He, the account says, "produces simultaneously three negatives from three differently prepared plates by light passed through three screens of various colors, his object being to produce negatives each representing the intensity with which light affects one of the sets of nerve fibrils in the eye. Lantern pictures are made from these negatives, and projected on a screen by a triple lantern. One picture passed through a red that affects only the fibrils excited by red, one through a similar green, and one through a suitable violet, the result being a representation of the landscape or object photographed in its true colors." Mr. Ives has published a book dealing with this subject, which he calls *A New Principle in Helichromy*.

Against the clumsy apparatus of the first daguerreotypists we can set an array of cameras of most perfect mechanical construction, each fitted with some special contrivance endearing it to its inventor, and possibly to others. We find the colossal structures in use in certain galleries, and the popular so-called "detectives," the inconspicuous vest camera, or still smaller ingeniously contrived boxes for photographic purposes. To the advance in the construction of lenses, and to improvements in the shapes and principles of cameras, is due, as well as to improved chemical processes, the quality of late photographic work. It is interesting to learn why the lenses in existence at the time of the invention of the daguerreotype could not do the work they were called upon to perform. The lenses constructed for use in the telescope and microscope embraced too small a field, including only at most a few degrees, whilst that for the camera frequently now embraces ninety degrees

portrait lens needed a much smaller field, twenty or thirty degrees being enough, but required to be so large as to let plenty of light through it, and thus reduce the time of sitting. Many were the defects in the early time due to badly constructed lenses. The fifty years have brought improvements of inestimable advantage, and the variety and quality of the lenses now in the market show the progress of the optician's art.

One of the latest improvements, for which the tourist must be very grateful, is the use which has been made of celluloid, on which, instead of glass, is spread the sensitive film. One firm calls these plates "ivory films." Where once the traveller burdened himself with boxes of heavy glass, he may carry to-day twelve dozen "films" for each box of one dozen glass plates. Stripping films or gelatine and the sensitive emulsion on rolls of paper are admirable for the traveller.

It is needless to dwell on the value photo- [illegible] the statement of the tourist who returns from a strange and little-known country. M. Le Plongeon told me of the incredulity with which his friends regarded the drawings he brought back from his first visit to Central America. Any artist of an inventive turn could have made such pencillings. Not so with the photographs taken during his second visit. The statements of the camera were accepted, their authenticity undoubted. However untrained in drawing, the author may now [illegible] ings as he journeys up and down the land, for from the lightning express even he may make his "snap shot," feeling quite certain he has a valuable record, which the trained artist can "work up" for him.

The uses to which photography is being put in this year 1889 can hardly be told. Its value in illustration is well known to all. Here it has helped popularize artistic work, and cheapen the cost of its production to a surprising extent. Now but a few hours need pass before the thought of the artist is made the joy of the reader, drawing, photographic copy, relief plate, and printing following one another with nineteenth-century speed. From the coarse outline of the newspaper "cut" to the wonderful reproduction of paintings by the photogravure process we mount on stepping-stones of victorious achievements in photography, made to serve with reliable accuracy the common and the elevated, the political cartoon and the *édition de luxe*. The reproductions in color of the works of aquarellistes are imitatively deceptive, and their educational influence of incalculable value.

We must not pass over the scientific value of Mr. Muybridge's publications on the action of man and the lower animals, or *The Horse in Motion*. Upon these records, however absurd and laughable some may be, we must base our knowledge, intelligently using it for artistic [illegible] era can tell us what it sees when the plate is exposed but $\frac{1}{2000}$ part of a second, whilst the human eye can open and shut in about the $\frac{1}{10}$ part of a second. We cannot then say that photography is true for us when it pictures the rapidly revolving wheel as if it were motionless. If an artist paints the spokes, the wheel does not appear to go round: if he paints the blurred effect of the whirling wheel, we accept it as a representation of speed. There are photographic and optical as there are microscopic and optical truths. We do not paint a drop of blood as it looks through the microscope, but as it appears to our eyes. From the unquestioned statement of fact as concerning the action of animals we must train our eyes to see better the combination of position of body and action of limbs, and determine how far old methods are good, though false, and how far the new scientific truths must force us to change the ordinarily accepted and conventionalized forms.

The uses to which science has put photography are very numerous, from records of the infinitely little to the infinitely great, from microscopy, which deals with the invisible, to the vastness of astronomical wonders. The latest contributions to our knowledge of the sun, moon, and stars made by photographs taken by the aid of the powerful telescope at the Lick Observatory strongly contrast with the researches into the invisible world of nature revealed through the microscope. Dr. Draper made the first daguerreotype of the moon in 1840: Foucault of Paris first succeeded in making a picture of the sun in 1845: and it was 1850 before Professor Bond, of Harvard College, made the first daguerreotype of a star. In 1851 Dr. Busch, of Koenigsberg, photographed

a solar eclipse. Two scientists, Professor Schuster and Mr. Lockyer, in 1882 obtained a photograph of the spectrum of the eclipsed sun. In 1881 Dr. Henry Draper had successfully photographed a nebula, and later the spectrum of a star. Even the aurora borealis has been photographed this year.

In connection with the study of spectrum analysis, photography has played a most important part, for it has recorded lines not visible to the naked eye—lines revealed only by the photograph in that part of the spectrum in the violet and lavender regions, and even beyond, where all is dark to us.

In the study of stars by this procedure we learn how some are like our sun, others glowing masses of matter just beginning to burn, and still others nearly burnt out, like Arcturus and Aldebaran. We marvel, when we think how feeble seems the light of the stars, to learn that only as much light as can come through a slit $\frac{1}{350}$ of an inch is permitted to affect the sensitive plate. Again, the movement of the earth would in the two hours required to form an image soon carry the light off the plate were there not ingenious mechanical apparatus by which the image is always kept at the same place on the plate.

And now photography is not only used for mapping out the known heavens, but the camera reveals to us the presence of stars which the human eye has not seen. For many years Miss Maria Mitchell and her assistants have photographed the ever-changing sun spots. Astronomers from all over the world have met in Paris and arranged a plan for using photography to obtain a picture of the entire heavens. Cameras will be set up in numbers of observatories in many countries, and many negatives made of the entire contents of the universe. It is proposed to catalogue two millions of the brightest stars and note their position with great precision, as until such maps exist many other astronomical problems cannot be solved. We know, for instance, that our sun with its planetary system is voyaging through space. These charts will help determine the route and circumstances of the journey.

We have already referred to the early use to which medical art put the daguerreotype, but now so rapid and sensitive are the plates that Dr. William G. Thompson, of New York, has been able to experiment in picturing the heart beats of animals, and enlarged our knowledge in a heretofore unexplored field. The ingenuity of the instrument he constructed, working somewhat on the principle of a Gatling-gun, capable of taking six pictures in a second, commands our admiration.

Dr. Galton's composite photography has been too well described to claim more than a word in recognition of an attempt to put photography to a scientific use. In this country Professor Stoddard, of Smith College, has made many interesting studies and published several articles upon the subject; and Dr. Noyes, in two pictures of the insane, gives composite types showing expressions that perpetuate themselves in individuals during mental disease.

Photography enables publishers to duplicate in little valuable works and store away small negatives of large folios or MSS. during the process of publication.

Trade uses photography to picture its new furniture, gas fixtures, china, etc., reproducing thus objects too bulky for "the drummer" to carry about with him. Instead of the slow process of copying by hand the geometrical designs furnished by the kaleidoscope, numberless changes can be readily photographed in a short time, and furnish suggestive material from which to work. The wall-paper manufacturer uses photography to reduce or enlarge patterns; the delicate figures on watch faces can now be made by its use. These watch dials have been painted by hand at a cost of a dollar apiece. Now, it is said, a photographic process has been purchased by a watch company by which these dials can be made at the slight expense of ten cents each, electric light serving as well as daylight for their manufacture. Even the quality of steel has been tested by photographic examination. The microscope shows steel to be composed of an agglomeration of crystals, by the difference in which its quality may be determined. The piece of steel to be examined at a certain foundry was heated until it was white, when it was photographed, and the resulting negative examined by the microscope.

Those little toy pictures in watch charms have to be made by the aid of the microscope: it is said that only one man in New York can do such work. Even fraud can be proved by the use of the camera. A Berlin merchant was detected in crooked

ways, and illegitimate after-entries of a number of his accounts were shown by photography. Blue inks appear much lighter than brown. A chemical test destroys the original, but the faithful plate leaves it intact whilst telling the story of the fraud.

In war photography has been used since the English made pictures in the Crimea. Balloon photography has become quite an art. Balloons are said to be perfectly safe from rifle or artillery fire if seven hundred yards above the ground. Electricity is made to play its part in exposing the plate in the camera attached to the balloon. During the Franco-Prussian war and the siege of Paris small photographic copies of valuable documents and daily papers were made and rolled into quills, which were fastened to carrier-pigeons, and thus taken to their destination without the lines.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris has been offered Professor Marey to enable him to make studies in photography of birds in flight, and very instructive results are anticipated.

Many will remember the picture of the experiment at Willett's Point when the donkey's head was blown off by the use of dynamite, but the picture was taken before the body fell.

The late Mr. Baden Pritchard, whose work in the Woolwich laboratory made him famous, conceived the very valuable as well as feasible idea of reducing the map of a country on little gelatine films so small that fifty or more could easily lie in the top of a field case. They could readily be employed and clearly read by the aid of a magnifier. To render them very serviceable they were so tanned as to be water-proof.

In the English army a photographic wagon is used which is fitted up with two cameras and several lenses, so as to make plates of different sizes or for varied purposes. One of the outfits is so contrived as to be readily packed on a mule. Bromide paper and materials for making platinotypes are also carried.

Both in our army and navy photographic outfits are furnished, and some of our officers have become very expert. Photography may be applied to surveying, as Lieutenant Reed, of the United States army, has described. It may also serve for studies in meteorology. Photographing rifle bullets and cannon-balls in motion has become an every-day matter, but a novel experiment is said to have been made not long since in Berlin by Professor Treeson, who arranged within a cannon-ball a sort of camera which recorded the character of its flight. A tiny pin-hole admitted light, and a sensitive plate within the ball recorded the twists and turns of the projectile in its passage through the air. The gun was fired point-blank at the sun, which sent a beam upon the plate, recording itself as a point, but as the ball swerved more away from the sun a spiral line was formed and marked upon the plate.

In Germany there are many photographic schools, and in one establishment in the midst of very beautiful scenery in the Bavarian Alps more than one hundred pupils have been educated. Last year there was a summer school of photography at Chautauqua, and lectures are given each winter at Columbia College. The result of such systematic study ought eventually to advance the art, though at present the students deal principally with practical and scientific problems. At the Cooper Institute and Young Women's Christian Association, in New York, students are trained to skilfully retouch negatives, and thus photography helps a large class in obtaining a livelihood.

There is a side of the practice of photography which humanitarians will welcome. It has been suggested that the camera be used as a substitute for the gun, and pictures rather than corpses be bagged. In all seriousness the suggestion is well worthy of consideration, for the health-giving tramp and the difficulty of the sport are equal in both cases. There would be a test of the veracity of the sportsman that would doubtless advance the morals of the hunting fraternity. To the fisherman the camera might be valuable to chronicle the marvellous size or number of the day's catch, even if it could not quite take the place of Ik. Walton's favorite sport. The naturalist might gain much information of the habits of wild birds and game from the sportsman's album at the end of a season.

There is one service to which photography has been profitably applied which demands consideration, and as it is practised most effectively in France, it may be well to make a few notes of the photographic establishment at the Prefecture of Police in Paris. Here there is a system

of picturing criminals, which in connection with another system of measurement, makes it easily possible to identify them. Head, ear, index finger, waist, foot, and the height of the whole figure, as well as the breadth of the extended arms, are carefully measured and recorded, as are also any distinctive birth marks, moles, scars, etc. Then the prisoner is taken to well-lighted galleries in the upper story of the building, where pictures of the face in front view and profile, of hand and full figure, are made. Since the late improvements in rapid plates it is possible to obtain these pictures even when the subject is refractory. By the use of artificial light 20,000 pictures the size of postage-stamps can be made in a single night, and sent broadcast over the country to the police force. There are said to be over 100,000 photographs of different criminals, 40,000 of this number being of women and children. These pictures are now, by the assistance of the classified measurements, so arranged that it is an affair of but little time to determine whether the new-comer has ever been in the clutches of the law or no; and if he has, to fix upon him his past crimes and punishments. Modern police the world over have found photography of great assistance, but the systematic care shown by the French might profitably be employed everywhere. The law recognizes the authoritative testimony of photography, and often employs it. Photography for the purpose of identification is not necessarily confined to the criminal class. It was employed in 1876 on the season tickets of exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

Another way in which it is serviceable is in reproducing, in small size, so that they can be mailed unmounted, the newly finished oil-paintings of artists, who may thus reach patrons and show the subject of the new work. Art dealers in America are constantly receiving such photographic notes from European correspondents, and, familiar with the general character of workmanship, they can readily determine whether they wish to order or no. Sometimes notes of color accompany the photograph.

Artificial light in the practice of photography has long been found serviceable. The burning of magnesium wire and the electric light furnished sufficient illumination under full control. Within the past two years various compounds have been put upon the market which have popularized the taking of pictures by night, either using fulminating compositions or employing the alcohol lamp and the dry powdered magnesium.

Early in the history of photography its service to architecture was discovered. To-day it brings to every student authentic records of the past, the story of every age, from the lintel architecture of far-away Egypt to the primitive log hut of the Western settler. In the quiet of one's study one may consult details of Moorish intricacy of design, the stately temples of Greece, or the strange gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral. Reproductive processes have cheapened the cost without lessening the value of these pictures, so that the student may store away treasures in his portfolios. Even in more practical ways the blue print is made to duplicate the design of the architect, and enable him by a little outlay of time and money to give his patrons a copy of his own elaborate work. So, too, may the architect keep informed of the progress of buildings being constructed in distant places away from his office, from plans he has made. Careful photographs taken frequently will show every stage of the work, and avoid many journeys which would otherwise be necessary. By this means our government is able to control from the central office the payments for work done in foreign lands. Engineers also employ photography for a similar purpose.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton may be quoted as an appreciator of photography when he writes in one of his thoughtful essays on landscape:

"Instantaneous photography is not so valuable for stormy seas in sunshine as in dull weather, because it confounds foam and glitter, but the fidelity with which it renders minor waves is quite beyond all human rivalry. The excellent photographs of yachts in motion which are now so common contain endless and most authentic information about all kinds of minor waves and ripples. A collection of them is even better than nature itself, so far as form only is concerned, for no memory can retain the natural forms with any approach to photograhic accuracy. Painters make constant use of these invaluable memoranda, and by their help, and the education they give to the eye in preparing it to see nature itself, a greatly increased veracity in the drawing of water has penetrated even our current newspaper illustrations."

One cannot close even so incomplete a review as this of the first half-century of photography without a reference to the position it holds with regard to art. Though it would require a long essay to deal with the subject as it merits treatment, it is important to make certain confessions of blighted hopes, and at the same time to look with tempered enthusiasm into the future. As an aid to science, as a recorder, as a duplicator, photography has helped advance civilization. Of itself it has failed to occupy the place it may yet hold as a means for expressing original thought of a fine order. With its recognized qualities, and in the hands of a thoroughly trained worker perfectly familiar with the laws of chemistry and optics, and with artistic feeling and training, it may be placed on a plane where its beauties will force from all acknowledgment that it has powers which rank it as one of the finest of the graphic arts.

A GENTLE GHOST.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

OUT in front of the cemetery stood a white horse and a covered wagon. The horse was not tied, but she stood quite still, her four feet widely and ponderously planted, her meek white head hanging. Shadows of leaves danced on her back. There were many trees about the cemetery, and the foliage was unusually luxuriant for May. The four women who had come in the covered wagon remarked it. "I never saw the trees so forward as they are this year, seems to me," said one, gazing up at some magnificent gold-green branches over her head.

"I was sayin' so to Mary this mornin'," rejoined another. "They're uncommon forward, I think."

They loitered along the narrow lanes between the lots: four homely, middle-aged women, with decorous and subdued enjoyment in their worn faces. They read with peaceful curiosity and interest the inscriptions on the stones; they turned aside to look at the tender, newly blossomed spring bushes—the flowering almonds and the bridal wreaths. Once in a while they came to a new stone, which they immediately surrounded with eager criticism. There was a solemn hush when they reached a lot where some relatives of one of the party were buried. She put a bunch of flowers on a grave, then she stood looking at it with red eyes. The others grouped themselves deferentially aloof.

They did not meet any one in the cemetery until just before they left. When they had reached the rear and oldest portion of the yard, and were thinking of retracing their steps, they became suddenly aware of a child sitting in a lot at their right. The lot held seven old leaning stones, dark and mossy, their inscriptions dimly traceable. The child sat close to one, and she looked up at the staring knot of women with a kind of innocent keenness, like a baby. Her face was small and fair and pinched. The women stood eying her.

"What's your name, little girl?" asked one. She had a bright flower in her bonnet and a smart lift to her chin, and seemed the natural spokeswoman of the party. Her name was Holmes. The child turned her head sideways and murmured something.

"What? We can't hear. Speak up; don't be afraid! What's your name?" The woman nodded the bright flower over her, and spoke with sharp pleasantness.

"Nancy Wren," said the child, with a timid catch of her breath.

"Wren?"

The child nodded. She kept her little pink curving mouth parted.

"It's nobody I know," remarked the questioner, reflectively. "I guess she comes from—over there." She made a significant motion of her head toward the right. "Where do you live, Nancy?" she asked.

The child also motioned toward the right.

"I thought so," said the woman. "How old are you?"

"Ten."

The women exchanged glances. "Are you sure you're tellin' the truth?"

The child nodded.

"I never saw a girl so small for her age if she is," said one woman to another.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holmes, looking at her

critically; "she is dreadful small. She's considerable smaller than my Mary was. Is there any of your folks buried in this lot?" said she, fairly hovering with affability and determined graciousness.

The child's upturned face suddenly kindled. She began speaking with a soft volubility that was an odd contrast to her previous hesitation.

"That's mother," said she, pointing to one of the stones, "an' that's father, an' there's John, an' Marg'ret, an' Mary, an' Susan, an' the baby, and here's—Jane."

The women stared at her in amazement. "Was it your—" began Mrs. Holmes; but another woman stepped forward, stoutly impetuous.

"Land! it's the Blake lot!" said she. "This child can't be any relation to 'em. You hadn't ought to talk so, Nancy."

"It's so," said the child, shyly persistent. She evidently hardly grasped the force of the woman's remark.

They eyed her with increased bewilderment. "It can't be," said the woman to the others. "Every one of them Blakes died years ago."

"I've seen Jane," volunteered the child, with a candid smile in their faces.

Then the stout woman sank down on her knees beside Jane's stone and peered hard at it.

"She died forty year ago this May," said she, with a gasp. "I used to know her when I was a child. She was ten years old when she died. You 'ain't ever seen her. You hadn't ought to tell such stories."

"I 'ain't seen her for a long time," said the little girl.

"What made you say you'd seen her at all?" said Mrs. Holmes, sharply, thinking this was capitulation.

"I did use to see her a long time ago, an' she used to wear a white dress, an' a wreath on her head. She used to come here an' play with me."

The women looked at each other with pale shocked faces; one nervous; one shivered. "She ain't quite right," she whispered. "Let's go." The women began filing away. Mrs. Holmes, who came last, stood about for a parting word to the child.

"You can't have seen her," said she, severely, "an' you are a wicked girl to tell such stories. You mustn't do it again, remember."

Nancy stood with her hand on Jane's stone, looking at her. "She did," she repeated, with mild obstinacy.

"There's somethin' wrong about her, I guess," whispered Mrs. Holmes, rustling on after the others.

"I see she looked kind of queer the minute I set eyes on her," said the nervous woman.

When the four reached the front of the cemetery they sat down to rest for a few minutes. It was warm, and they had still quite a walk, nearly the whole width of the yard, to the other front corner where the horse and wagon were.

They sat down in a row on a bank; the stout woman wiped her face; Mrs. Holmes straightened her bonnet. Directly opposite across the street stood two houses, so close to each other that their walls almost touched. One was a large square building, glossily white, with green blinds; the other was low, with a facing of whitewashed stone-work reaching to its lower windows, which somehow gave it a disgraced and menial air; there were, moreover, no blinds.

At the side of the low building stretched a wide ploughed field, where several halting old figures were moving about planting. There was none of the brave hope of the sower about them. Even across the road one could see the feeble stiffness of their attitudes, the half-palsied fling of their arms.

"I declare I shouldn't think them old men over there would ever get that field planted," said Mrs. Holmes, energetically watchful. In the front door of the square white house sat a girl with bright hair. The yard was full of green light from two tall maple-trees, and the girl's hair made a brilliant spot of color in the midst of it.

"That's Flora Dunn over there on the door-step, ain't it?" said the stout woman.

"Yes. I should think you could tell her by her red hair."

"I knew it. I should have thought Mr. Dunn would have hated to have had their house so near the poor-house. I declare I should!"

"Oh, he wouldn't mind," said Mrs. Holmes; "he's as easy as old Tilly. It wouldn't have troubled him any if they'd set it right in his front yard. But I guess *she* minded some. I heard she did. John said there wa'n't any need of it. The town wouldn't have set it so near, if Mr. Dunn had set his foot down he wouldn't have it there. I s'pose they wanted to

keep that big field on the side clear; but they would have moved it along a little if he'd made a fuss. I tell you what 'tis, I've 'bout made up my mind—I dun know as it's Scripture, but I can't help it—if folks don't make a fuss they won't get their rights in this world. If you jest lay still an' don't rise up, you're goin' to get stepped on. If people like to be, they can; I don't."

"I should have thought he'd have hated to have the poor-house quite so close," murmured the stout woman.

Suddenly Mrs. Holmes leaned forward and poked her head among the other three. She sat on the end of the row. "Say," said she, in a mysterious whisper, "I want to know if you've heard the stories 'bout the Dunn house?"

"No; what?" chorussed the other women, eagerly. They bent over toward her till the four faces were in a knot.

"Well," said Mrs. Holmes, cautiously, with a glance at the bright-headed girl across the way—"I heard it pretty straight—they say the house is haunted."

The stout woman sniffed and straightened herself. "Haunted!" repeated she.

"They say that ever since Jenny died there's been queer noises 'round the house that they can't account for. You see that front chamber over there, the one next to the poor-house; well, that's the room, they say."

The women all turned and looked at the chamber windows, where some ruffled white curtains were fluttering.

"That's the chamber where Jenny used to sleep, you know," Mrs. Holmes went on; "an' she died there. Well, they said that before Jenny died, Flora had always slept there with her, but she felt kind of bad about goin' back there, so she thought she'd take another room. Well, there was the awfulest moanin' an' takin' on up in Jenny's room, when she did, that Flora went back there to sleep."

"I shouldn't thought she could," whispered the nervous woman, who was quite pale.

"The moanin' stopped jest as soon as she got in there with a light. You see Jenny was always terrible timid an' afraid to sleep alone, an' had a lamp burnin' all night, an' it seemed to them jest as if it really was her, I s'pose."

"I don't believe one word of it," said the stout woman, getting up. "It makes me all out of patience to hear people talk such stuff, jest because the Dunns happen to live opposite a graveyard."

"I told it jest as I heard it," said Mrs. Holmes, stiffly.

"Oh, I ain't blamin' you; it's the folks that start such stories that I 'ain't got any patience with. Think of that dear, pretty little sixteen-year-old girl hauntin' a house!"

"Well, I've told it jest as I heard it," repeated Mrs. Holmes, still in a tone of slight umbrage. "I don't ever take much stock in such things myself."

The four women strolled along to the covered wagon and climbed in. "I declare," said the stout woman, conciliatingly, "I dun know when I've had such an outin'. I feel as if it had done me good. I've been wantin' to come down to the cemetery for a long time, but it's most more'n I want to walk. I feel real obliged to you, Mis' Holmes."

The others climbed in. Mrs. Holmes disclaimed all obligations gracefully, established herself on the front seat, and shook the reins over the white horse. Then the party jogged along the road to the village, past outlying farm-houses and rich green meadows, all freckled gold with dandelions. Dandelions were in their height; the buttercups had not yet come.

Flora Dunn, the girl on the door-step, glanced up when they started down the street; then she turned her eyes on her work; she was sewing with nervous haste.

"Who were those folks, did you see, Flora?" called her mother, out of the sitting-room.

"I didn't notice," replied Flora, absently.

Just then the girl whom the women had met came lingeringly out of the cemetery, and crossed the street.

"There's that poor little Wren girl," remarked the voice in the sitting-room.

"Yes," assented Flora. After a while she got up and entered the house. Her mother looked anxiously at her when she came into the room.

"I'm all out of patience with you, Flora," said she. "You're jest as white as a sheet. You'll make yourself sick. You're actin' dreadful foolish."

Flora sank into a chair and sat staring straight ahead with a strained, pitiful gaze. "I can't help it; I can't do any different," said she. "I shouldn't think you'd scold me, mother."

"Scold you; I ain't scoldin' you, child;

but there ain't any sense in your doin' so. You'll make yourself sick, an' you're all I've got left. I can't have anything happen to you, Flora." Suddenly Mrs. Dunn burst out in a low wail, hiding her face in her hands.

"I don't see as you're much better yourself, mother," said Flora, heavily.

"I don't know as I am," sobbed her mother; "but I've got you to worry about besides—everything else. Oh dear! oh dear, dear!"

"I don't see any need of your worrying about me." Flora did not cry, but her face seemed to darken visibly with a gathering melancholy like a cloud. Her hair was beautiful, and she had a charming delicacy of complexion; but she was not handsome, her features were too sharp, her expression too intense and nervous. Her mother looked like her as to the expression; the features were widely different. It was as if both had passed through one corroding element which had given them the similarity of scars. Certainly a stranger would at once have noticed the strong resemblance between Mrs. Dunn's large, heavy-featured face and her daughter's thin, delicately outlined one—a resemblance which three months ago had not been perceptible.

"I see, if you don't," returned the mother. "I ain't blind."

"I don't see what you are blaming me for."

"I ain't blamin' you, but it seems to me that you might jest as well let me go up there an' sleep as you."

Suddenly the girl also broke out into a wild cry. "I ain't going to leave her. Poor little Jenny! poor little Jenny! You needn't try to make me, mother; I won't!"

"Flora, don't!"

"I won't! I won't! I won't! Poor little Jenny! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"What if it is so? What if it is—*her?* 'Ain't she got me as well as you? Can't her mother go to her?"

"I won't leave her. I won't! I won't!"

Suddenly Mrs. Dunn's calmness seemed to come uppermost, raised in the scale by the weighty impetus of the other's distress. "Flora," said she, with mournful solemnity, "you mustn't do so; it's wrong. You mustn't wear yourself all out over something that maybe you'll find out wasn't so some time or other."

"Mother, don't you think it is—don't you?"

"I don't know what to think, Flora." Just then a door shut somewhere in the back part of the house. "There's father," said Mrs. Dunn, getting up; "an' the fire ain't made."

Flora rose also, and went about helping her mother to get supper. Both suddenly settled into a rigidity of composure; their eyes were red, but their lips were steady. There was a resolute vein in their characters; they managed themselves with wrenches, and could be hard even with their grief. They got tea ready for Mr. Dunn and his two hired men; then cleared it away, and sat down in the front room with their needle-work. Mr. Dunn, a kindly, dull old man, was in there too, over his newspaper. Mrs. Dunn and Flora sewed intently, never taking their eyes from their work. Out in the next room stood a tall clock, which ticked loudly; just before it struck the hours it made always a curious grating noise. When it announced in this way the striking of nine, Mrs. Dunn and Flora exchanged glances; the girl was pale, and her eyes looked larger. She begun folding up her work. Suddenly a low moaning cry sounded through the house, seemingly from the room overhead. "There it is!" shrieked Flora. She caught up a lamp and ran. Mrs. Dunn was following, when her husband, sitting near the door, caught hold of her dress with a bewildered air; he had been dozing. "What's the matter?" said he, vaguely.

"Didn't you hear it? Didn't you hear it, father?"

The old man let go of her dress suddenly. "I didn't hear nothin'," said he.

"Hark!"

But the cry had in fact ceased. Flora could be heard moving about in the room overhead, and that was all. In a moment Mrs. Dunn ran upstairs after her. The old man sat staring. "It's all dum foolishness," he muttered, under his breath. Presently he fell to dozing again, and his vacantly smiling face lopped forward. Mr. Dunn, slow-brained, patient, and unimaginative, had had his evening naps interrupted after this manner for the last three months, and there was as yet no cessation of his bewilderment. He dealt with the simple, broad lights of life; the shadows were beyond his speculation. For his consciousness his daughter Jenny had died and gone to heaven; he was not capable of listening for her ghostly moans

in her little chamber overhead, much less of hearing them with any credulity.

When his wife came down-stairs finally she looked at him, sleeping there, with a bitter feeling. She felt as if set about by an icy wind of loneliness. Her daughter, who was after her own kind, was all the one to whom she could look for sympathy and understanding in this subtle perplexity which had come upon her. And she would rather have dispensed with that sympathy, and heard alone these piteous uncanny cries, for she was wild with anxiety about Flora. The girl had never been very strong. She looked at her distressfully when she came down the next morning.

"Did you sleep any last night?" said she.

"Some," answered Flora.

Soon after breakfast they noticed the little Wren girl stealing across the road to the cemetery again. "She goes over there all the time," remarked Mrs. Dunn. "I b'lieve she runs away. See her look behind her."

"Yes," said Flora, apathetically.

It was nearly noon when they heard a voice from the next house calling, "Nancy! Nancy! Nancy Wren!" The voice was loud and imperious, but slow and evenly modulated. It indicated well its owner. A woman who could regulate her own angry voice could regulate other people. Mrs. Dunn and Flora heard it understandingly.

"That poor little thing will catch it when she gets home," said Mrs. Dunn.

"Nancy! Nancy! Nancy Wren!" called the voice again.

"I pity the child if Mrs. Gregg has to go after her. Mebbe she's fell asleep over there. Flora, why don't you run over there an' get her?"

The voice rang out again. Flora got her hat and stole across the street a little below the house, so the calling woman should not see her. When she got into the cemetery she called in her turn, letting out her thin sweet voice cautiously. Finally she came directly upon the child. She was in the Blake lot, her little slender body, in its dingy cotton dress, curled up on the ground close to one of the graves. No one but Nature tended those old graves now, and she seemed to be lapsing them gently back to her own lines, at her own will. Of the garden shrubs which had been planted about them not one was left but an old low-spraying white rose-bush, which had just gotten its new leaves. The Blake lot was at the very rear of the yard, where it verged upon a light wood, which was silently stealing its way over its own proper boundaries. At the back of the lot stood a thicket of little thin trees, with silvery-twinkling leaves. The ground was quite blue with houstonias.

The child raised her little fair head and stared at Flora, as if just awakened from sleep. She held her little pink mouth open, her innocent blue eyes had a surprised look, as if she were suddenly gazing upon a new scene.

"Where's she gone?" asked she, in her sweet, feeble pipe.

"Where's who gone?"

"Jane."

"I don't know what you mean. Come, Nancy, you must go home now."

"Didn't you see her?"

"I didn't see anybody," answered Flora, impatiently. "Come!"

"She was right here."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Jane was standin' right here. An' she had her white dress on, an' her wreath."

Flora shivered, and looked around her fearfully. The fancy of the child was overlapping her own nature. "There wasn't a soul here. You've been dreaming, child. Come!"

"No, I wasn't. I've seen them blue flowers an' the leaves winkin' all the time. Jane stood right there." The child pointed with her tiny finger to a spot at her side. "She hadn't come for a long time before," she added. "She's staid down there." She pointed at the grave nearest her.

"You mustn't talk so," said Flora, with tremulous severity. "You must get right up and come home. Mrs. Gregg has been calling you and calling you. She won't like it."

Nancy turned quite pale around her little mouth, and sprang to her feet. "Is Mis' Gregg comin'?"

"She will come if you don't hurry."

The child said not another word. She flew along ahead through the narrow paths, and was in the almshouse door before Flora crossed the street.

"She's terrible afraid of Mrs. Gregg," she told her mother when she got home. Nancy had disturbed her own brooding a little, and she spoke more like herself.

"Poor little thing! I pity her," said

Mrs. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn did not like Mrs. Gregg.

Flora rarely told a story until she had ruminated awhile over it herself. It was afternoon, and the two were in the front room at their sewing, before she told her mother about "Jane."

"Of course she must have been dreaming," Flora said.

"She must have been," rejoined her mother.

But the two looked at each other, and their eyes said more than their tongues. Here was a new marvel, new evidence of a kind which they had heretofore scented at, these two rigidly walking New England souls; yet walking, after all, upon narrow paths through dark meadows of mysticism. If they never lost their footing, the steaming damp of the meadows might come in their faces.

This fancy, delusion, superstition, whichever one might name it, of theirs had lasted now three months—ever since young Jenny Dunn had died. There was apparently no reason why it should not last much longer, if delusion it were; the temperaments of these two women, naturally nervous and imaginative, overwrought now by long care and sorrow, would perpetuate it.

If it were not delusion, pray what exorcism, what spell of book and bell, could lay the ghost of a little timid child who was afraid alone in the dark?

The days went on, and Flora still hurried up to her chamber at the stroke of nine. If she were a moment late, sometimes if she were not, that pitiful low wail sounded through the house.

The strange story spread gradually through the village. Mrs. Dunn and Flora were silent about it, but Gossip is herself of a ghostly nature, and minds not keys nor bars.

There was quite an excitement over it. People affected with morbid curiosity and sympathy came to the house. One afternoon the minister came and offered a prayer. Mrs. Dunn and Flora received them all with a certain reticence; they did not concur in their wishes to remain and hear the mysterious noises for themselves. People called them "dreadful close." They got more satisfaction out of Mr. Dunn, who was perfectly ready to impart all the information in his power and his own theories in the matter.

"I never heard a thing but once," said he, "an' then it sounded more like a cat to me than anything. I guess mother and Flora air kinder nervous."

The spring was waxing late when Flora went upstairs one night with the oil low in her lamp. She had neglected filling it that day. She did not notice it until she was undressed; then she thought to herself that she must blow it out. She always kept a lamp burning all night, as she had in timid little Jenny's day. Flora herself was timid now.

So she blew the light out. She had barely laid her head upon the pillow when the low moaning wail sounded through the room. Flora sat up in bed and listened, her hands clinched. The moan gathered strength and volume; little broken words and sentences, the piteous ejaculations of terror and distress, began to shape themselves out of it.

Flora sprang out of bed, and stumbled toward her west window, the one on the almshouse side. She leaned her head out, listening a moment. Then she called her mother with wild vehemence. But her mother was already at the door with a lamp. When she entered, the moans ceased.

"Mother," shrieked Flora, "it ain't Jenny. It's somebody over there—at the poor-house. Put the lamp out in the entry, and come back here and listen."

Mrs. Dunn set out the lamp and came back, closing the door. It was a few minutes first, but presently the cries recommenced.

"I'm goin' right over there," said Mrs. Dunn. "I'm goin' to dress myself an' go over there. I'm goin' to have this affair sifted now."

"I'm going too," said Flora.

It was only half past nine when the two stole into the almshouse yard. The light was not out in the room on the ground-floor, which the overseer's family used for a sitting-room. When they entered, the overseer was there asleep in his chair, his wife sewing at the table, and an old woman in a pink cotton dress, apparently doing nothing. They all started, and stared at the intruders.

"Good-evenin'," said Mrs. Dunn, trying to speak composedly. "We thought we'd come in; we got kind of started. Oh, there 'tis now! What is it, Mis' Gregg?"

In fact, at that moment, the wail, louder and more distinct, was heard.

"Why, it's Nancy," replied Mrs. Gregg,

with dignified surprise. She was a large woman, with a masterly placidity about her. "I heard her a few minutes ago," she went on; "an' I was goin' up there to see to her if she hadn't stopped."

Mr. Gregg, a heavy, saturnine old man, with a broad bristling face, sat staring stupidly. The old woman in pink calico surveyed them all with an impersonal grin.

"Nancy!" repeated Mrs. Dunn, looking at Mrs. Gregg. She had not fancied this woman very much, and the two had not fraternized, although they were such near neighbors. Indeed, Mrs. Gregg was not of a sociable nature, and associated very little with anything but her own duties.

"Yes; Nancy Wren," she said, with gathering amazement. "She cries out this way 'most every night. She's ten years old, but she's as afraid of the dark as a baby. She's a queer child. I guess mebbe she's nervous. I don't know but she's got notions into her head, stayin' over in the graveyard so much. She runs away over there every chance she can get, an' she goes over a queer rigmarole about playin' with Jane, and her bein' dressed in white an' a wreath. I found out she mean Jane Blake, that's buried in the Blake lot. I knew there wa'n't any children round here, an' I thought I'd look into it. You know it says 'Our Father,' an' 'Our Mother,' on the old folks' stones. An' there she was, callin' them father an' mother. You'd thought they was right there. I've got 'most out o' patience with the child. I don't know nothin' about such kind of folks." The wail continued. "I'll go right up there," said Mrs. Gregg, determinately, taking a lamp.

Mrs. Dunn and Flora followed. When they entered the chamber to which she led them they saw little Nancy sitting up in bed, her face pale and convulsed, her blue eyes streaming with tears, her little pink mouth quivering.

"Nancy"—began Mrs. Gregg, in a weighty tone. But Mrs. Dunn sprang forward and threw her arms around the child.

"You got frightened, didn't you?" whispered she; and Nancy clung to her as if for life.

A great wave of joyful tenderness rolled up in the heart of the bereaved woman. It was not, after all, the lonely and fearfully wandering little spirit of her dear Jenny; she was peaceful and blessed, beyond all her girlish tumults and terrors; but it was this little living girl. She saw it all plainly now. Afterward it seemed to her that any one but a woman with her nerves strained, and her imagination unhealthily keen through watching and sorrow, would have seen it before.

She held Nancy tight, and soothed her. She felt almost as if she held her own Jenny. "I guess I'll take her home with me, if you don't care," she said to Mrs. Gregg.

"Why, I don't know as I've got any objections, if you want to," answered Mrs. Gregg, with cold stateliness. "Nancy Wren has had everything done for her that I was able to do," she added, when Mrs. Dunn had wrapped up the child, and they were all on the stairs. "I 'ain't coaxed an' cuddled her, because it ain't my way. I never did with my own children."

"Oh, I know you've done all you could," said Mrs. Dunn, with abstracted apology. "I jest thought I'd like to take her home to-night. Don't you think I'm blamin' you, Mis' Gregg." She bent down and kissed the little tearful face on her shoulder: she was carrying Nancy like a baby. Flora had hold of one of her little dangling hands.

"You shall go right upstairs and sleep with Flora," Mrs. Dunn whispered in the child's ear when they were going across the yard; "an' you shall have the lamp burnin' all night, an' I'll give you a piece of cake before you go."

It was the custom of the Dunns to visit the cemetery and carry flowers to Jenny's grave every Sunday afternoon. Next Sunday little Nancy went with them. She followed happily along, and did not seem to think of the Blake lot. That pitiful fancy, if fancy it were, which had peopled her empty childish world with ghostly kindred, which had led into it an angel playmate in white robe and crown, might lie at rest now. There was no more need for it. She had found her place in a nest of living hearts, and she was getting her natural food of human love.

They had dressed Nancy in one of the little white frocks which Jenny had worn in her childhood, and her hat was trimmed with some ribbon and rose-buds which had adorned one of the dead young girl's years before.

It was a beautiful Sunday. After they

left the cemetery they strolled a little way down the road. The road lay between deep green meadows and cottage yards. It was not quite time for the roses, and the lilacs were turning gray. The buttercups in the meadows had blossomed out, but the dandelions had lost their yellow crowns, and their filmy skulls appeared. They stood like ghosts among crowds of golden buttercups; but none of the family thought of that; their ghosts were laid in peace.

WESTMINSTER EFFIGIES.

BY JOHN LILLIE.

TO most Americans, and even to many English who know London well, the fact that Westminster Abbey contains a royal waxwork show will be a surprise. Only one, I think, of the modern guide-books makes mention of it, the vergers who guide strangers through the Abbey never refer to it, and probably not one visitor in a thousand dreams of its existence, yet there is now preserved in the sacred edifice, and has been for centuries, a collection of wax figures of surpassing interest and historical value, which used to be counted one of the sights of London, and which any one who can obtain an order from the Dean may see to-day.

Until fifty years ago the only requisite for admission to the mysterious chamber they inhabit was sixpence, and from this source the minor canons and lay vicars used to reap an abundant harvest. But in 1834 Madame Tussaud set up in Baker Street a waxwork show in brand-new clothes, and with a thrilling Chamber of Horrors, which soon proved a formidable rival to the somewhat tattered royal show. With the falling off of receipts, doubts grew in the minds of the Abbey officials as to the propriety of conducting a waxwork exhibition within its walls, and since 1839 the "Ragged Regiment," or "Play of the Dead Volks," as it was disrespectfully called by the populace, has been closed to sight-seers, and well-nigh forgotten.

Before entering upon a description of the figures themselves, some account must be given of their origin, and of a curious custom that prevailed in England for nearly five centuries, only falling into disuse about 150 years ago. In the early Saxon and Norman times it was customary when a sovereign died to embalm the body, clothe it in the richest robes of state and attributes of royalty, and carry it to the tomb upon an open bier, with face uncovered. This we know upon the authority of various old chronicles and state records of the period preserved at the British Museum, where one may read detailed accounts of the mediæval burials; and of these the following, which is the briefest I can find, will give an idea. It describes the obsequies of Henry II., in 1189, "the manner of whose burial was thus. He was cloathed in Royal Robes, his Crown upon his Head, white gloves upon his Hands, Boots of Gold upon his Legs, gilt Spurs upon his Heels, a great ring upon his Finger, his Sceptre in his Hande, his Sworde by his side, and his Face uncovered and all bare." An ancient illuminated missal, called the *Liber Regalis*, which seems to have been the official book of instructions for coronations, funerals, and all state and religious ceremonies, says that after the body of a king was embalmed with salt and spices, it lay for a certain time in state, with tapers burning on either side, and the attendants in "close mourning" (with hoods drawn over their heads), before the burial, which was then conducted as above described.

With the English era which followed there came a change in the manner of royal obsequies. The body of the sovereign was no longer visible while lying in state, or being borne to its last resting-place, but was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and an image of the deceased, dressed in the coronation robes, and equipped with the crown and regalia, was placed upon the bier, or borne before it in the procession.

This image, or "lively effigy," as the chroniclers called it, was in the earliest times carved in wood like a modern ship's figure-head, and painted; later, this was improved upon by covering the wooden face with boiled leather artificially moulded and stretched over it like a skin, which was painted to resemble life. In Elizabeth's day, and probably for a century earlier, wax was employed for the face

instead of wood and leather, and the body was a padded structure of the sort used to-day by tailors.

Another feature of ancient funerals was the "herse," which had no connection with the modern vehicle we call by the same name, differently spelled. The herse was the precursor of our catafalque, but far more splendid than any funeral trappings of our day. It was a temple-shaped structure of wood, gilded, and draped with rich hangings, and decorated in every available part, especially the roof, with small flags, banners, and hatchments bearing the arms of the deceased. In winter-time, or when the funeral took place at night, as was not uncommon, the herse was covered with lights in great numbers. We read of one which bore no less than three thousand lighted candles, and the effect of these, supplemented by the myriad torches, lamps, and candles of the picturesque procession, as it wound through the dimly outlined nave and choir chanting the *De Profundis*, may be imagined. On the arrival of the funeral procession, the wax effigy was placed in the herse, erected usually in the nave or Henry VII.'s chapel, and the body in its leaden coffin was deposited in a tomb beneath the floor. The sermon was followed by the "offering"—a curious ceremony of that period, to which I shall refer later on. After the reading of the burial service the heralds broke their staves and threw them into the grave, and the Garter King at Arms formally "proclaimed the style"—that is to say, the titles in full of the deceased King, and then of his successor—with which the ceremony always ended. In this way all the English sovereigns and their children were buried, nearly all in Westminster Abbey, but a few in the cathedrals of Canterbury and Winchester, and one, I think, in York Minster.

The herse used to remain in the Abbey for an indefinite period—months or even years—until it became shabby, perhaps, or its place was required for another; so the church was never without several of these imposing structures. Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James I., died in 1619, but in an account of the Abbey in 1624 mention is made of her herse being still there, and it may have remained years afterward for all we know. It was the custom to pin short laudatory poems or epitaphs to the herse, and many of these have been handed down to us, the best known, perhaps, being that which Ben Jonson wrote for the Countess of Pembroke:

> "[illegible]
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> [illegible]
> Fair and wise and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

This famous epitaph was written only for temporary use on the herse, and is not inscribed on the countess's monument in Salisbury Cathedral.

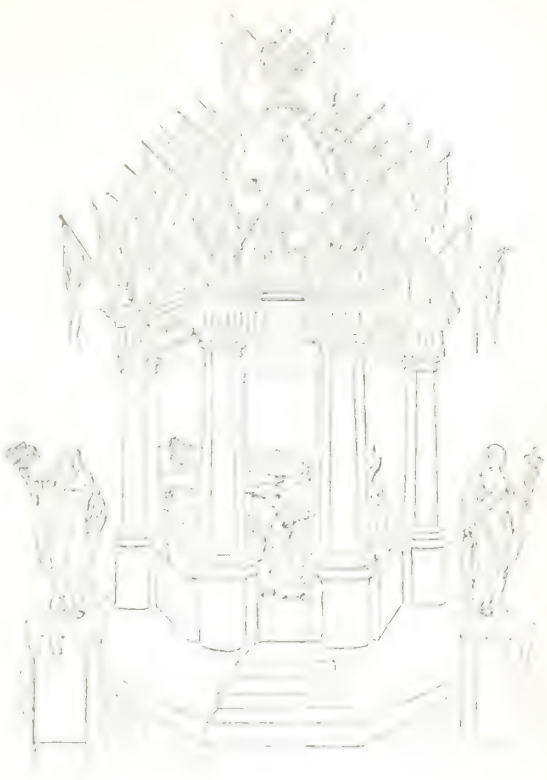
When the time came for the removal of the herse and its contents, the effigy was put into a glass case, and either placed over the tomb of the deceased personage, to serve as a monument until a permanent one of stone could be erected, or deposited in some chapel or unoccupied space in the Abbey. By degrees the place became so crowded with accumulating effigies that the oldest and shabbiest had to be drafted off into the crypt, and into a room built over Abbot Islip's chapel, which eventually became the receptacle for all of them. Here and in other parts of the Abbey they were seen in the sixteenth century by Stow, the antiquary, who gives a list of them, and nearly a century later by Dryden, who mentions (1658) the figures of Edward I., Henry V., Henry VII., and James I., and their Queens, Prince Henry, and Queen Elizabeth. The effigies of Edward III. and Philippa, mentioned by Stow, seem to have disappeared before Dryden's time, and less than a century later all the above-named had gone to ruin, though their dilapidated remains were preserved, as they still are, in a cupboard not open to visitors. Dart, in his *Westmonasterium* (1742), after describing Abbot Islip's chapel, says of the royal effigies:

"There are many of them, but sadly mangled, some with their faces broke, others broken in sunder, and most of them stripped of their robes, I suppose by the late rebels. I observe the ancientest have escaped best, I suppose by reason their cloaths were too old for booty. There is, as I take it, Edward III., with a large robe once of crimson velvet, but now appears like leather. There is Henry V., but I can't suppose it is that carried at his funeral, for that was made of tann'd leather, but this is of wood, as are all the old ones. The later are of stuff, having the heads only of wood, as Queen Eliza-

beth, who is entirely stripped, and James I."

Another writer, describing Elizabeth's effigy a few years earlier, says all that remains of the royal robes is "a dirty old ruff."

It will be seen from the above that the present collection is comparatively modern; in fact, it includes none of the ancient effigies save that of Queen Elizabeth, which is known to have been restored in 1760. Still it is of sufficient antiquity to be highly interesting, the oldest figure being that of Charles II.; and as all are in fine preservation, and all but two of undoubted authenticity, we gain from them such a vivid impression of the times they represent as could hardly be got in any other way. Before proceeding to examine the effigies that now remain, we ought, however, to take another glance at the ancient ones and their history, and first of all to look into the origin of the remarkable custom that prevailed for so many centuries, and lent so much picturesqueness to the Middle Ages. The value of the mediæval effigies to art and archæology cannot be overestimated, for it is to them and to the monumental brasses and effigies in stone for which they served as models, that we owe nearly all that we know of the costumes and regalia of the Plantagenet and early Tudor periods, when painting and engraving were lost arts, and English literature was in its swaddling clothes.



HERSE OF JAMES I.

One hardly knows whether to call the effigy of the Middle Ages a survival or a restoration of a very ancient institution. The first mention I have been able to find of the funeral effigy in England is in a description of the obsequies of Edward I., who died in 1307; but the chronicler does not speak of the image as a novelty or innovation upon the funeral customs of that day, though of course it might have been. At all events, we find no instance later than this of the body being carried uncovered to the tomb in England, though in France and southern Europe that custom was kept up for a time, and in some parts of Italy is practised even now at funerals of the humbler and middle classes. But the employment of effigies in funeral processions is of very ancient date. The Romans during the Commonwealth carried at aristocratic funerals not only an effigy of the deceased, but also the statues or masks of his ancestors, which usually occupied a conspicuous place in the atrium of his house, and testified to the position and pedigree of his family.* No doubt the soldiers of the Commonwealth who invaded Britain under Cæsar brought with them, among other novelties, the Roman funeral customs; but the theory that a trace of these survived in tradition for eight hundred years after the Romans quitted Britain is perhaps too fanciful to be considered. In fact, no such theory is needed, for, uninventive as the people of those times were, they could hardly fail to see in the cold, motionless figure of their king, as he lay in state, the suggestion of a recumbent statue, for which they required a model bearing his likeness, and attired in his robes and royal attributes. For this likeness the earliest effigies depended upon the skill of the wood-carver, whose art had been brought in those days to great perfection. In the

* Polybius, who wrote about 150 B.C., says that in his day patrician families either carried in the procession or seated in a chair in the Forum a wax effigy of the deceased, dressed in a costume suited to his rank and age.

cathedrals of Winchester, Canterbury, and elsewhere you may see monumental effigies of certain bishops carved in oak, the robes, mitre, crosier, etc., as well as the face, showing traces of having been painted or gilded, and it is quite possible these may have been carried in the funeral processions. But with the introduction of wax instead of wood for the head, the effigy gained greatly in interest, for it no longer depended absolutely upon the artist's accuracy of eye and deftness of touch for its truth. A cast made from the features of the defunct served as a mould, from which an exact image of the royal face could be reproduced in wax; and though great artistic skill was afterward necessary to give this dead mask—for such it was—the appearance and color of life, the lines and contour of the face were not altered by the manipulation of the artist, who dealt only with the expression, and with the aid of flesh tints, glass eyes, and a proper wig, produced, so far as his skill went, a speaking likeness of the original as he lived.

In mediæval times funerals must have been the subject of far greater, or at least more popular, interest than now. Religion meant more to those devoted people who built the great cathedrals. Religious observances, and grand ceremonials of church and state, and funeral pageants, were almost the only sources of mental occupation the humble citizen possessed outside of his own domestic affairs, unless he happened to be drafted into some of the wars that were pretty constantly going on. Until the eighteenth century there were practically no newspapers, no theatres save in the London inn yards, no books within reach of the poor man, almost no travel or commerce or politics, save for the rich. Naturally the popular appetite for public shows was keen, and the accounts that have come down to us show that in the reign of the Tudors, and for a century or two before, the coronations and royal progresses and pageants of all kinds, royal, civic, and religious, were carried out on a scale of splendor and extravagance not approached in modern times. Of this fact we have not only the evidence of current descriptions by eye-witnesses, but also the bills of expenses in many instances, proving the fabulous sums lavished upon public displays. The interior of the Abbey must have presented a striking appearance during the centuries when these customs existed; for, as we shall see later on, the depositing of herses and "lively effigies" there was not limited to royalty, but was the privilege of distinguished personages in the church and state and noble families. Even knights and squires were given state funerals at their own expense, which vied in splendor with those of the nobility, and this sepulchral ambition finally led to such extravagance, in the fifteenth century, that strict regulations were laid down fixing every detail of dress, decorations, and fees of attendants at fashionable funerals, in the same way that Elizabeth's sumptuary laws, a century later, served the double purpose of checking extravagance and crushing her rivals in dress.

The early chronicles give graphic descriptions and sometimes minute details of all the coronations, and of all but three or four of the royal funerals and effigies, as far back as the Norman period. In the case of three of these exceptions there was melancholy reason for the omission: Henry VI. died in the Tower under suspicious circumstances, and no public funeral took place; Edward V. was murdered in the same place by the Duke of Gloucester; and Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall, and his body privately buried in Windsor Castle, where its leaden coffin was discovered only a few years ago.

There is in all the descriptions of royal funerals a certain sameness, and our purpose will be answered if I quote in very condensed form the account of one or two. One of the most picturesque now before me is that of Henry VII., who died at Richmond in 1509, and after lying in state at the palace for a month, as was usual with royalty while the funeral preparations were being made, his body was brought to London, with its effigy, in a car covered with cloth of gold. The car was drawn by five great coursers half hidden in black velvet housings. The effigy was in rich robes, with crown, sceptre, and orb, on cushions of gold cloth, and surrounded by the arms of all his dominions, titles, and genealogies. A great number of prelates followed, praying, and 600 torches. The cortége was received by the Lord Mayor and liverymen at St. Paul's Cathedral, where it remained during the night, and proceeded next day to Westminster, led by a mounted knight in the King's coat of arms, carrying a banner. Here the effigy was "placed on cloth of

gold, in a curious herse full of lights." On the following day three masses were sung by the bishops, the offering was made, the officials broke their staves and threw them into the grave, and the Garter King of Arms, after proclaiming the King's style, cried, with a loud voice, "Vive le Roy Henry le Huitesme, Roy d'Angleterre et de France, Syre d'Irlande"; after which the officials went to the palace and had a "great and sumptuous feast."



As I have said above, the splendor of the funeral pageant increased with each successive reign till in the period of Elizabeth and James it reached its culmination. Elizabeth's funeral, in 1603, was attended by the ill-fated Lady Arabella Stuart as chief mourner, accompanied by two marchionesses, sixteen countesses, and thirty baronesses, with all their train, besides the greater part of the nobility, and all the council and officers of the household. As carriages had not been introduced in those days, this august company, with the exception of a few horsemen, followed the effigy on foot. The bare catalogue of the procession fills a book, but a more interesting impression of the spectacle may be gained from a fine series of plates in the *Vetusta Monu-*

menta, vol. iii., taken from drawings made by William Camden, the antiquary, at the time.

The funeral of James I., the "British Solomon," which took place a month after his death, in 1625, was conducted on a scale of magnificence unparalleled either before or since, and it is difficult to resist quoting from the graphic accounts of it that have been preserved (Landsd. MSS., Hist. MSS. 885, *Nichol's Prog.* [illegible], etc.). The herse was designed by Inigo Jones, the famous architect, who is said to have ingeniously made the draperies of the statues that adorned it out of white calico and starch, and the heads of plaster of Paris. After being brought from Theobalds, where the King died of ague, the body lay in state at Somerset House, in the Strand, and we may form some notion of the magnitude of the procession, or at least of its unwieldiness, from the fact that it was six hours in marching from Somerset House to Westminster, a journey that a slow walker could cover in fifteen minutes. The young King (Charles I.) followed the cortége on foot as chief mourner, his train borne by a duke, a marquis, an earl, and two barons, and it is interesting to note that among the twelve knights who immediately preceded him in the procession, carrying bannerols, was Sir Oliver Cromwell. After the sermon came the "offering," a curious custom of the period. The chief mourner and court dignitaries, in order of precedence, advanced to the altar and placed upon it the hatchments (arms), the sword, target, helm and crest, spurs and gauntlets, of the deceased, and the knights presented the standards and banners they had carried in the procession, all the above being in hoods and gowns. Then all the other lords and their sons offered," and the Lord Chancellor and Treasurer broke their staves and threw them into the grave; after which "Sir William Segar, Garter Principall Kinge of Armes, proclaymed the defunct's style:

[illegible] of this transitory lyfe to his devyne mercy the late right high, mighty, and right excellent Prynce James, by the grace of God Kinge of Great Brittaine, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Fayth, and Sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter.

"Let us beseech Almighty God to blesse and preserve with long lyfe and health, honour, and all worldly happines, the right high, mighty, and right excellent Prince Charles, now by the grace of God Kinge [illegible] of the Fayth, and Sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter.

And soe ended the Ceremonie."

After this passing glimpse into the origin and significance of the early effigies, let us betake ourselves to the little room in the Abbey where all of them that have survived are assembled together. Of the eleven that stand before us when we reach the top of the narrow staircase, one, the figure of Elizabeth, instantly rivets our attention, and holds us by a spell. In the picturesque words of Hare, "She looks half witch, half ghoul; her weird old head is crowned by a diadem, and she wears the huge ruff laden with a century of dust, the long stomacher covered with jewels, the velvet robe embroidered with gold and supported on paniers, and the pointed, high-heeled shoes with rosettes familiar from her pictures." This effigy, as we have already seen, is a restoration; but that fact does not destroy its interest, for the face, if not actually the original mask renovated, as some believe, is a copy of the old one; and it was easy to reproduce the dress, for the original effigy was clothed in her Parliamentary robes, of which accurate descriptions are preserved. The following extract from the official description of the dress in question may, perhaps, assist the reader to understand and appreciate the accompanying illustration:

Item.—One mantle of crimson vellat, furred throughoute with powdered armyons, the mantle-lace of silke and golde, with buttons and tassells to the same.

Item.—One kirtle and sircoate of crimson vellat, the traine and skirts furred with powdered armions, the rest lyned with sarconet, with a cappe of maine-tenance to the same, striped down right with passa-maine* lace of golde, with a tassell of golde to the same, furred with powdered armyons, with a whoode of crimson vellat, furred with powdered armyons, with a pair of bodies and sleeves to the same.

A newspaper paragraph which has recently made the tour of Great Britain and America states that Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe comprised 3000 gowns. This is probably an exaggeration, though an official list in 1600, three years before her death, mentions (exclusive of her coronation, mourning, and Parliament robes, and those of the Order of the Garter) "99 robes, 96 cloaks, 85 doubletts, 102 French gownes, 100 loose gownes, 126 kirtells, 67 round gownes, 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 43 saufegards and juppes, 27 fans,"

* Passamaine was open-work edging; armyons was ermine.

and many pages full besides, with descriptions in detail, indicating great splendor.

The next in point of date of the wax-work collection is the wonderfully char-



acteristic effigy of Charles II., robed in blue and red velvet, with collar and ruffles of real point-lace. This figure in its glass case stood for 150 years over his grave in Henry VII.'s chapel, and with one exception is the only monument the "merry monarch" ever had. The exception was a marble statue erected during his life by Sir Robert Viner, a London goldsmith, who was enriched and knighted by the King, and the circumstances were so curious that I cannot forbear quoting the story in abbreviated form. "In a single transaction, recorded by Pepys, Sir Robert cleared £10,000 by a timely loan to Charles II. Exuberant of loyalty, he determined to erect a statue to the careless monarch, whose lavish propensities and consequent necessities proved so profitable to him. But knowing little of art or artists, his principal object was to procure a statue as soon and cheaply as he could,



and this he accomplished through one of his mercantile correspondents in Leghorn. The statue was of white marble, and having been executed in honor of John Sobieski, King of Poland, in commemoration of his victory over the Turks, represented that hero on horseback, the animal trampling upon a prostrate Mussulman. A little alteration, not by any means an improvement, was made in the faces of the figures. Sobieski was converted into an exceedingly bad likeness of Charles, and the prostrate Mussulman transformed into Oliver Cromwell; but the artist, leaving the Turkish turban on the head of the latter figure, most ludicrously revealed the original import of the work. The statue was erected on a conduit in Stocks Market in 1675, and Sir Robert Viner keeping his Mayoral feast on the same day, the King dined with him at Guildhall. On this occasion, as mentioned in Chambers's *Book of Days*, Sir Robert became too familiar with the King, who tried to steal away, but Viner intercepted and brought him back, Charles quoting an old song, 'He that is drunk is as great as a king.' The statue remained for over sixty years, but gave place in 1736 to the Mansion House. Then it remained many years in a shed, but finally was presented by the corporation to Mr. Robert Viner, a descendant of the Lord Mayor, who set it up in his grounds in the country."

If Charles II. has been left without a proper monument in the Abbey, it may be called a case of poetical justice, for we are told he thought so little of the necessity of a monument to his royal father that he appropriated to his own use the £70,000 voted by Parliament for that purpose. On the other hand, his wax effigy cannot fail to impress all beholders as an admirable specimen of a somewhat undignified branch of art; and except for its draggled and dust-laden finery, it has stood for two centuries without more show of damage than some of its marble contemporaries.

An effigy of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the famous Parliamentary general who after Cromwell's death was so influential in bringing Charles to the throne, used to stand by his side in the Abbey, clad in full armor. This figure, which is no longer shown, has been in its time the target for a good deal of pleasantry, because the Abbey guides used to

Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, [illegible] nese philosopher, and in the *Ingoldsby* than his Queen, as he was in life, and this disparity has been emphasized by propping him up on a platform. The horse [illegible]



Legends it is the subject of some humorous verses. The famous cap is gone, but the armor-clad figure still exists.

William and Mary stand together in a large glass case. Mary's majestic figure, [illegible] velvet and brocaded skirt, and loaded with ornaments of imitation diamonds and pearls. William is much shorter made by Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to have been the last horse used for a sovereign. Her funeral was further memorable as being the first that was ever [illegible] state, the Lords in their robes of scarlet and ermine, and the Commons in long black mantles.



wearing a motherly look, as befits the mother of eighteen children. All doubts upon this point, by-the-way, were set at rest a few years ago by Dean Stanley, who discovered in a vault in Henry VII.'s chapel the eighteen small lead coffins of Queen Anne's children, all of whom died in infancy, except the Duke of Gloucester, who died at the age of eleven, "of a fever occasioned by excessive dancing on his birthday." In a neighboring case stands the very artistic effigy of the beautiful Duchess of Richmond (La Belle Stuart), in the court dress she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. By her side is her favorite parrot, which is said to have lived with her for forty years, and to have survived her only a few days. The Duchess is said to have sat for the figure of Britannia on the penny of her day.

The effigy of Catherine, Duchess of [illegible] is probably the latest of the genuine effigies. Her little son, the Marquis of Normanby, is by her side, and she wears the robe she wore at George II.'s coronation. Her husband, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, must not be confused with Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was the accepted lover of Anne, the second daughter of James II., who was afterward Queen, but married Catherine, the King's natural daughter, who proved to be a very eccentric character. Edmund Sheffield, their only son who survived boyhood, died at Rome in 1736, and his effigy, of which an illustration is given, reposes in the centre of the room.

There remain in the collection two other wax figures, which, however, must not be taken seriously. They are likenesses of Lord Chatham in his Parliamentary robes, and Lord Nelson in his admiral's uniform, but both were made long after the burial of the originals, and were introduced by the minor canons and lay vicars of the Abbey as fresh attractions for their show. The likenesses, however, are said to be good, and the clothes and hat of Nelson's figure to be actually his own, with the exception of the coat.

Some people laugh at wax figures, and indeed it is impossible to feel the same respect for them that we feel for paintings or statuary. Much as one may admire the very mixed waxwork company at Madame Tussaud's and the Musée Grévin, we must all confess to an occasional smile in the presence of the modern figures. They have not yet learned to wear their clothes jauntily, their boots especially look so painfully new and hard, and their hands with the white finger-nails are so ghastly. But in the presence of the royal effigies we have been considering no one feels any disposition to scoff. In spite of the devastation that Time has wrought, there is a dignity and impres-

siveness about them which not even their draggled features and faded moth-eaten garments, laden with the dust of centuries, can efface. The reason of this is clear: they are really extraordinary works of art, masterpieces of a handicraft that is almost unknown at the present day. As historical portraits, too, the wax effigies have a fascination all their own. Not only are they wearing the very garments worn by their originals in life, but the wax faces were moulded in the cast that actually touched the royal features. As we turn from one figure to another of this curious assemblage, each life-like portrait in its stately clothes seems to speak to us from the past with strange distinctness, and bring us suddenly into close communion with bygone centuries. The effect, if one is left alone with this strange company, is indescribable. The mellow tones of the organ reach you from the nave, where choir boys are practising the evening hymn, as other choir boys did centuries ago; above and around you are the glorious Gothic arches and rich carved tracery and jewelled windows of the Plantagenets. Everything that is in sight speaks of antiquity. You can hear a verger in the aisle below marshalling a troop of hushed and awe-struck visitors to the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Are they pilgrims in hose and doublets, hoods and gowns, and have you been transported back into the fifteenth century.



Let us go down and see.

COUNTY COURT DAY IN KENTUCKY.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

I.

THE local institutions of the Kentuckian have one deep root in his rich social nature. He loves the human swarm. The very motto of the State is a declaration of good-fellowship, and the seal of the commonwealth the act of shaking hands. Divided, he falls. To be happy, the Kentuckian must be one of many: must assert himself, not through the solitary exercise of his intellect, but the senses: must see men about him who are fat, grip his friend, hear cordial, hearty conversation, realize the play of his light and deep emotions. Society is the multiple of himself.

Hence his fondness for large gatherings: most of all for open-air assemblies of the democratic sort—great agricultural fairs, race-courses, political meetings, barbecues and burgoos in the woods—where no one is pushed to the wall, or reduced to a seat and to silence, where all may move about at will, seek and be sought, make and receive many impressions. Quiet masses of people in-doors absorb him less. He is not usually fond of lectures, does not build splendid theatres or expend lavishly for opera, is almost of Puritan excellence in the virtue of church-going, which in the country is attended with neighborly reunions.

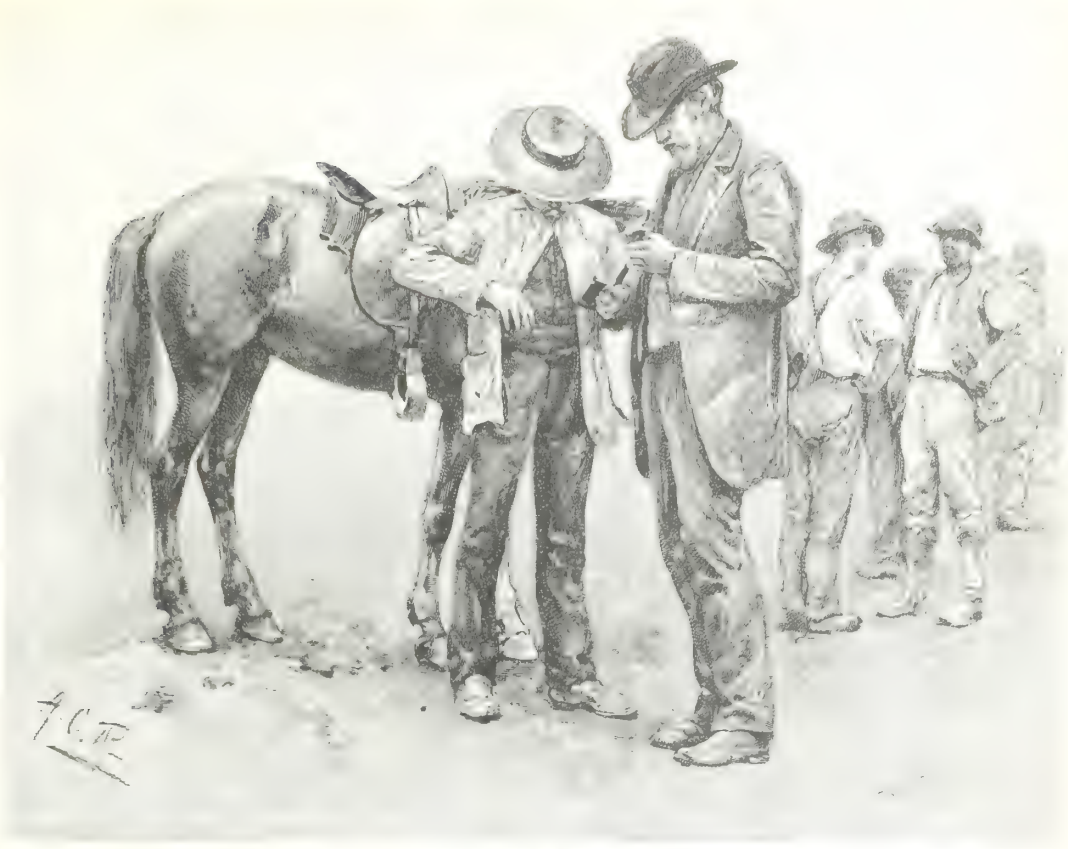
This large social disposition underlies much of the history of the most social of

all his days—a day that has long had its observance imbedded in the structure of his law, is invested with the authority and charm of old-time usage and reminiscence, and still enables him to commingle business and pleasure in a way peculiarly his own. Hardly more characteristic of the Athenian was the agora, or the forum of the Roman, than is county court day characteristic of the Kentuckian. In the open square around the courthouse of the county-seat he has of old had the centre of his public social life, the arena of his passions and amusements, the rallying-point of his political discussions, the market-place of his business transactions, a civil unit of his institutional history.

It may well be that some stranger has sojourned just long enough in Kentucky to have grown familiar with the wonted aspects of a county town. He has remarked the easy swing of its daily life: amicable groups of men sitting around the front entrances of the hotels; the few purchasers and promenaders on the uneven brick pavements; the few vehicles of draught and carriage scattered along the level white thoroughfares. All day long the subdued murmur of patient local traffic has scarcely drowned the twittering of English sparrows in the maples. Then comes some Monday morning when the whole scene changes. The world has not been dead, but only sleeping. Whence this sudden surging crowd of rural folk—these lowing herds in the streets? Is it some animated pastoral come to town? some joyful public anniversary? some survival in altered guise of the English country fair of mellower times? or a vision of what the little place will be a century hence, when American life shall be packed and agitated and tense all over the land? What a world of homogeneous, good-looking, substantial, reposeful peo-



WET GOODS FOR SALE—BOWLING-GREEN.



CONCLUDING A BARGAIN.

ple with honest front and amiable meaning! What bargaining and buying and selling by ever-forming, ever-dissolving groups, with quiet laughter and familiar talk and endless interchange of domestic interrogatories! You descend into the street to study the doings and spectacles from a nearer approach, and stop to ask the meaning of it all. Ah! it is county court day in Kentucky; it is the Kentuckians in the market-place.

II.

They have been assembling here now for nearly a hundred years. One of the first demands of the young commonwealth in the woods was that its vigorous, passionate life should be regulated by the usages of civil law. Its monthly county courts, with justices of the peace, were derived from the Virginia system of jurisprudence, where they formed the aristocratic feature of the government. Virginia itself owed these models to England; and thus the influence of the courts and of the decent and orderly yeomanry of both lands passed, as was singularly fitting, over into the ideals of justice erected by the pure-blooded colony. As the town meeting of Boston town perpetuated the folkmote of the Anglo-Saxon free state, and the Dutch village communities on the shores of the Hudson revived the older ones on the banks of the Rhine, so in Kentucky, through Virginia, there were transplanted by the people, themselves of clean stock and with strong conservative ancestral traits, the influences and elements of English law in relation to the county, the court, and the justice of the peace.

Through all the old time of Kentucky State life there towers up the figure of the justice of the peace. Commissioned by the Governor to hold monthly court, he had not always a court-house wherein to sit, but must buy land in the midst of a settlement or town whereon to build one, and the contiguous necessity of civilization — a jail. In the rude court-room he had a long platform erected, usually running its whole width; on this platform he had a ruder wooden bench placed, likewise extending all the way across; and on this bench, having

ridden into town, it may be, in dun-colored leggings, broadcloth pantaloons, a pigeon-tailed coat, a shingle-caped overcoat, and a twelve-dollar high fur hat, he sat gravely and sturdily down amid his peers, looking out upon the bar, ranged along a wooden bench beneath, and prepared to consider the legal needs of his assembled neighbors. Among them all the very best was he; chosen for age, wisdom, means, weight and probity of character; as a rule, not profoundly versed in the law, perhaps knowing nothing of it—being a Revolutionary soldier, a pioneer, or a farmer—but endowed with a sure, robust common-sense and rectitude of spirit that enabled him to divine what the law was; shaking himself fiercely loose from the grip of mere technicalities, and deciding by the natural justice of the case; giving decisions of equal authority with the highest court, an appeal being rarely taken; perpetuating his own authority by appointing his own associates: with all his shortcomings and weaknesses a notable historic figure, high-minded, fearless, and incorruptible, dignified, patient, and strong, and making the county court days of Kentucky for wellnigh half a century memorable to those who have lived to see justice less economically and less honorably administered.

But besides the legal character and intent of the day, which was thus its first and dominant feature, divers things drew the folk together. Even the justice himself may have had quite other than magisterial reasons for coming to town; certainly the people had. They must interchange opinions about local and national politics, observe the workings of their own laws, pay and contract debts, acquire and transfer property, discuss all questions relative to the welfare of the community—holding, in fact, a county court day much like one in Virginia in the middle of the seventeenth century.

III.

But after all the business was over, time still hung idly on their hands, and being vigorous men, hardened by work in forest and field, trained in foot and limb to fleetness and endurance, and fired with admiration of physical prowess, like riotous school-boys out on a half-holiday, they fell to playing. All through the first quarter of the century, and for a longer time, county court day in Kentucky was, at least in many parts of the State, the occasion for holding athletic games. The men, young or in the sinewy manhood of more than middle age, assembled once a month at the county-seats to witness and take part in the feats of muscle and courage. They wrestled, threw the sledge, heaved the bar, divided and played at fives, had foot-races for themselves, and quarter-races for their horses. By-and-by, as these contests became a more prominent feature of the day, they would pit against each other the champions of different neighborhoods. It would become widely known beforehand that next county court day "the bully" in one end of the county would whip "the bully" in the other end; so when court day came, and the justices came, and the bullies came, what was the county to do but come also? The crowd repaired to the common, a ring was formed, the little men on the outside who couldn't see, Zaccheus-like, took to the convenient trees, and there was to be seen a fair and square set-to, in which the fist was the battering-ram and the biceps a catapult. What better, more time-honored, proof could those backwoods Kentuckians have furnished of the humors in their English blood and of their English pugnacity? But, after all, this was only play, and play never is perfectly satisfying to a man who would rather fight; so from playing they fell to harder work, with a more indemnifying motive, and throughout this period county court day was the monthly Monday on which the Kentuckian regularly did his fighting. He availed himself liberally of election day, it is true, and of regimental muster in the spring and battalion muster in fall—great gala occasions; but county court day was by all odds the preferred and highly prized season. It was periodical, and could be relied upon, being written in the law, noted in the almanac, and registered in the heavens.

A capital day; a most admirable and serene day for fighting. Fights grew like a fresh-water polype—by being broken in two: each part produced a progeny. So conventional did the recreation become that difficulties occurring out in the country between times regularly had their settlements postponed until the belligerents could convene with the justices. The men met and fought openly in the streets, the

COURT HOUSE SQUARE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

friends of each standing by to see fair play and whet their appetites.

Thus the justices sat quietly on the bench inside, and the people fought quietly in the streets outside, and the day of all the month set apart for the conservation of the peace became the approved day for carrying on individual war. There is no evidence to be had that either the justices or the constables ever interfered.

These pugilistic encounters had a certain law of beauty: they were affairs of equal combat and of courage. The fight over, all animosity was gone, the feud ended. The men must shake hands, go and drink together, become friends. We are touching here upon a grave and curious fact of local history. The fighting habit must be judged by a wholly unique standard. It was the direct outcome of racial traits powerfully developed by social conditions.

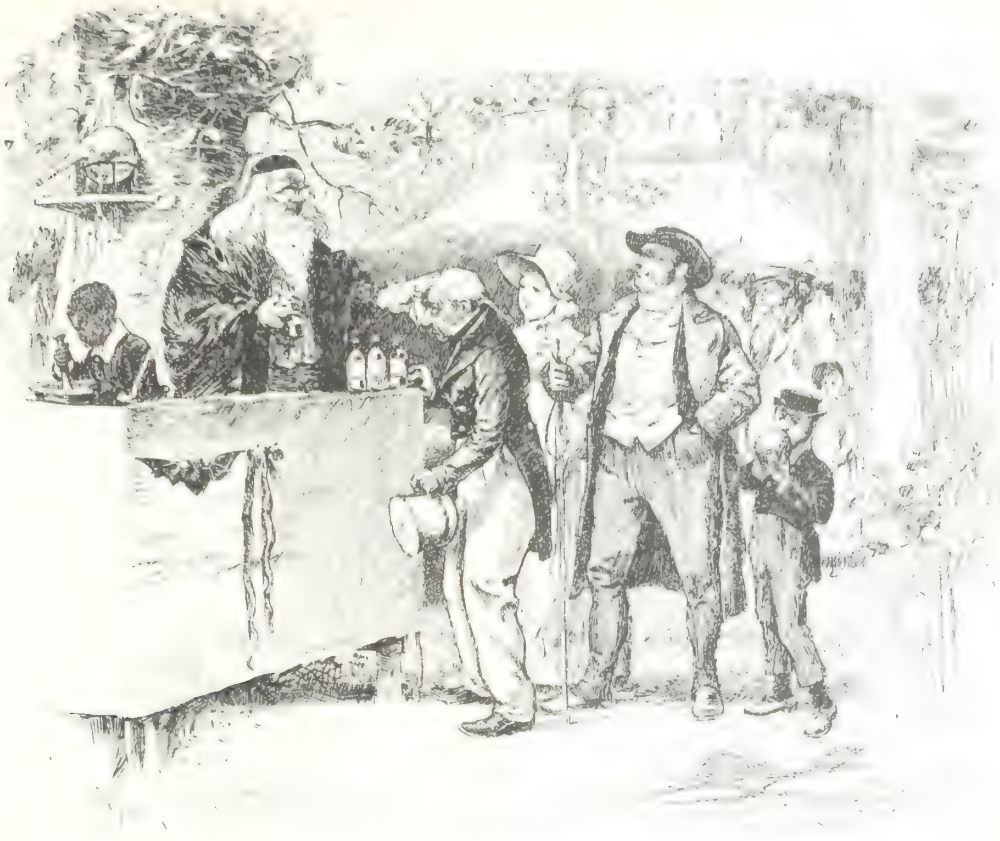
IV.

Another noticeable recreation of the day was the drinking. Indeed the two went marvellously well together. The drinking led up to the fighting, and the fighting led up to the drinking; and this amiable co-operation might be prolonged at pleasure. The merchants kept barrels of whiskey in their cellars for their customers. Bottles of it sat openly on the counter, half-way between the pocket of the buyer and the shelf of merchandise. There were no saloons separate from the taverns. At these whiskey was sold and drunk without screens or scruples. It was not usually bought by the drink, but by the tickler. The tickler was a bottle of narrow shape, holding a half-pint—just enough to tickle. On a county court day wellnigh a whole town would be tickled. In some parts of the State tables were placed out on the sidewalks, and around these the men sat drinking mint-juleps and playing draw poker and "old sledge."

Meantime the day was not wholly given over to playing and fighting and drinking. More and more it was becoming the great public day of the month, and mirroring the life and spirit of the times—on occasion a day of fearful, momentous gravity, as in the midst of war, financial distress, high party feeling; more and more the people gathered together for discussion and the origination of measures determining the events of their history. Gradually new features encrusted it. The politician, observing the crowd, availed



A "TICKLER."



THE QUACK DOCTOR.

himself of it to announce his own candidacy or to wage a friendly campaign, sure, whether popular or unpopular, of a courteous hearing; for this is a virtue of the Kentuckian, to be polite to a public speaker, however little liked his cause. In the spring, there being no fairs, it was the occasion for exhibiting the fine stock of the country, which was led out to some suburban pasture, where the owners made speeches over it. In the winter, at the close of the old or the beginning of the new year, negro slaves were regularly hired out on this day for the ensuing twelvemonth, and sometimes put upon the block before the court-house door and sold for life.

But it was not until near the half of the second quarter of the century that an auctioneer originated stock sales on the open square, and thus gave to the day the characteristic it has since retained of being the great market-day of the month. Thenceforth its influence was to be more widely felt, to be extended into other counties and even States; thenceforth it was to become more distinctively a local institution without counterpart.

To describe minutely the scenes of a county court day in Kentucky, say at the end of the half-century, would be to write a curious page in the history of the times; for they were possible only through the unique social conditions they portrayed. It was near the most prosperous period of State life under the old *régime*. The institution of slavery was about to culminate and decline. Agriculture had about as nearly perfected itself as it was ever destined to do under the system of bondage. The war cloud in the sky of the future could be covered with the hand, or at most with the country gentleman's broad-brimmed straw hat. The whole atmosphere of the times was heavy with ease, and the people, living in perpetual contemplation of their superabundant natural wealth, bore the quality of the land in their manners and dispositions.

When the well-to-do Kentucky farmer got up in the morning, walked out into the porch, stretched himself, and looked

at the sun, he knew that he could summon a sleek kindly negro to execute every wish and whim—one to search for his misplaced hat, a second to bring him a dipper of ice-water, a third to black his shoes, a fourth to saddle his horse and hitch it at the stiles, a fifth to cook his breakfast, a sixth to wait on him at the table, a seventh to stand on one side and keep off the flies. Breakfast over, he mounted his horse and rode out where "the hands" were at work. The chance was his overseer or negro boss was there before him: his presence was unnecessary. What a gentleman he was! This was called earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow. Whose brow? He yawned. What should he do? One thing he knew he *would* do—take a good nap before dinner. Perhaps he had better ride over to the blacksmith shop. However, there was nobody there. It was county court day. The sky was blue, the sun golden, the air delightful, the road broad and smooth, the gait of his horse the very poetry of motion. He would go to county court himself. There was really nothing else before him. His wife would want to go too, and the children; so away they went, he on horseback or in the family carriage, with black Pompey driving in front and yellow Cæsar riding behind. The turnpike reached, the progress of our family carriage is interrupted or quite stopped, for there are many other carriages on the road, all going in the same direction. Then pa, growing impatient, orders black Pompey to drive out on one side, whip up the horses, pass the others, and get ahead, so as to escape from the clouds of white limestone dust, which settles thick on the velvet collar of pa's blue cloth coat and in the delicate pink marabou feathers of ma's bonnet, which Pompey can't do, for the faster he goes, the faster the others go, making all the more dust; so that pa gets red in the face, and jumps up in the seat, and looks ready to fight, and thrusts his head out of the window and knocks off his hat; and ma looks nervous, and black Pompey and yellow Cæsar both look white with dust and fear.

A rural cavalcade indeed! Besides the carriages, buggies, horsemen, and pedestrians, there are long droves of stock being hurried on toward the town—hundreds of them. By the time they come together in the town they will be many thousands. For is not this the great stock-market of the West, and does not the whole South look from its rich plantations and cities up to Kentucky for bacon and mules? By-and-by our family carriage does at last get to town, and is left out in the streets along with many others to block up the passway according to the custom.

The town is packed. It looks as though by some vast suction system it had with one exercise of force drawn all the country life into itself. The poor dumb creatures gathered in from the peaceful fields, and crowded around the court-house, send forth, each after its kind, a general outcry of horror and despair at the tumult of the scene and the unimaginable mystery of their own fate. They quite overflow into the by-streets, where they take possession of the sidewalks, and debar entrance at private residences. No stock-pens wanted then; none wanted now. If a town legislates against these stock sales on the streets and puts up pens on its outskirts, straightway the stock is taken to some other place, and the town is punished for its airs by a decline in its trade.

As the day draws near noon, the tide of life is at the flood. All mixed in with the tossing horns and nimble heels of the terrified, distressed, half-maddened beasts, are the people. Above the level of these is the discordant choir of shrill-voiced auctioneers on horseback. At the corners of the streets long-haired—and long-eared—doctors in curious hats lecture to eager groups on maladies and philanthropic cures. Every itinerant vender of notion and nostrum in the country-side is there; every wandering Italian harper or musician of any kind, be he but a sightless fiddler, who brings forth with poor unison of voice and string the brief and too fickle ballads of the time, "Gentle Annie," and "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." Strangely contrasted with everything else in physical type and marks of civilization are the mountaineers, who have come down to "the settlemints" driving herds of their lean, stunted cattle, or bringing, in slow-moving, ox-drawn "steamboat" wagons, maple-sugar, and baskets, and poles, and wild mountain fruit—faded wagons, faded beasts, faded clothes, faded faces, faded everything. A general day for buying and selling all over the State. What purchases at the dry-goods stores and groceries to keep all those negroes at home fat and comfortable and comely—cottons, and

gay cottonades, and gorgeous turbans, and linseys of prismatic dyes, bags of Rio coffee and barrels of sugar, with many another pleasant thing! All which will not be taken home in the family carriage, but in the wagon which Scipio Africanus is driving in; Scipio, remember; for while the New-Englander has been naming his own flesh and blood Peleg and Hezekiah and Abednego, the Kentuckian has been giving even his negro slaves mighty and classic names, after his taste and fashion. But very mockingly and satirically do those victorious titles contrast with the condition of them that wear them. A surging populace, an in-town holiday for all rural folk, wholly unlike what may be seen elsewhere in this country. The politician will be sure of his audience to-day in the court-house yard; the seller will be sure of the purchaser; the idle man of meeting one still idler; friend of seeing distant friend; blushing Phyllis, come in to buy fresh ribbons, of being followed through the throng by anxious Corydon.

And what, amid all this tumult of life and affairs—what of the justice of the peace, whose figure once towered up so finely? Alas! quite outgrown, pushed aside, and wellnigh forgotten. The very name of the day which once so sternly commemorated the exercise of his authority has wandered away into another meaning. "County court day" no longer brings up in the mind the image of the central court-house and the judge on the bench. It is to be greatly feared his noble type is dying. The stain of venality has soiled his homespun ermine, and the trail of the office-seeker passed over his rough-hewn bench. So the new constitution of the commonwealth comes in, to make the autocratic ancient justice over into the modern elective magistrate, and with the end of the half-century to close a great chapter of wonderful county court days.

V.

Since then what changes—the last decade of the old South and a quarter of a century of the new! How has it fared with the day meantime? What development has it undergone? What contrasts will it show? For assuredly it has rolled onward as a stone in the path of State progress, always dropping the most of the past and gathering the most of present growth and usage.

Undoubtedly, as seen now, the day is not more interesting by reason of the features it wears than for the sake of comparison with the others it has lost. A singular testimony to the conservative habits of the Kentuckian, and to the stability of his local institutions, is to be found in the fact that it should have come through all this period of upheaval and downfall, of shifting and drifting, and yet remained so much the same. Indeed it seems in no wise liable to lose its larger meaning of being the great market and general business day, the great social and general laziness of the month and the State. Perhaps one feature has taken larger prominence—the eager canvassing of voters by local politicians and office-seekers for weeks, sometimes for months, beforehand. Is it not known that even circuit court will adjourn on this day so as to give the clerk and the judge, the bar, the witnesses, an opportunity to hear rival candidates address the assembled crowd? And yet, for all the general similarity, if we look closely enough and deeply enough we shall discover momentous differences. These people—these groups of twos and threes and hundreds, lounging, sitting, squatting, taking every imaginable posture that can secure bodily comfort—are they in any vital sense new Kentuckians in the new South? If you care to understand ever so little whether this be true, and what it may mean if it is true, you shall not find a better occasion for doing so than a contemporary county court day.

The Kentuckian is not come in to county court to-day to pick a quarrel or to settle one. He *has* no quarrel. His fist has reverted to its natural use and become a hand. Nor does he go armed. Positively it is true that gentlemen in this State do not now get satisfaction out of each other in the market-place, and that on a modern county court day a three-cornered hat is hardly to be seen. And yet you will go on defining a Kentuckian in terms of his grandfather, unaware that he has changed faster than the family reputation. The fighting habit and the shooting habit were both more than satisfied during the civil war. Nevertheless, it is necessary to make a sectional discrimination in this respect, and to draw the line of peaceableness along the base of the mountains.

Another old-time feature of the day has

disappeared—the open use of the pioneer beverage. Merchants do not now set it out for their customers; in the country no longer is it the law of hospitality to offer it to a guest. To do so would commonly be regarded in the light of as great a liberty as to have omitted it once would have been considered an offence. The decanter is no longer found on the sideboard in the home; the barrel is not stored in the cellar.



Some features of the market-place have disappeared. The war and the prostration of the South destroyed that as a market for certain kinds of stock, the raising and sales of which have in consequence declined. Railways have touched the eastern parts of the State, and broken up the distant toilsome traffic with the steamboat wagons of the mountaineers. No longer is the day the general buying day for the circumjacent country as formerly, when the farmers having great households of slaves sent in their wagons, and bought on twelve months' credit, knowing it would be twenty-four months' if they desired. The doctors too have nearly vanished from the street corners, and the itinerant venders, though on the highway one may still happen upon the ped-

dler with his pack; in the midst of an eager throng still may find some monsieur lecturing to the Kentuckians on the art of making and eating waffles; and still meet the swaying, sightless old fiddler, singing to ears that never tire the gay ditties of cracked and melancholy tone.

Through all changes one feature has remained. It goes back to the most ancient days of local history, and appertains to the local historian as a phenomenon of manners. The Kentuckian *will* come to county court "to swap horses"; it is in the blood. In one small town may be seen fifty or a hundred countrymen assembled during the afternoon in a back street to engage in this delightful recreation. Each rides or leads his worst, most objectionable beast; of these, however fair-seeming, none is above suspicion. It is the potter's field, the lazar-house, the beggardom, of brute conditions. The stiff and aged bondsman of the glebe and plough looks out of one filmy eye upon the hopeless wreck of the erewhile gallant roadster, and the poor macerated carcass that in days gone by bore its thankless burden over the glistening turnpikes with the speed and softness of the wind has not the strength to return the contemptuous kick which is given him by a lungless, tailless rival. Prices range from nothing upward. Exchanges are made for a piece of tobacco or a watermelon to boot. You may not care for the business, but here are curious ethics of trade, and argument and humor, and human nature at a rare angle.

But always let us return from back streets and side thoughts to the central court-house square and the general assembly of the people. Go among them; they are not dangerous. Do not use fine words, at which they will prick up their ears uneasily; or delicate sentiments, which will make you less liked; or indulge in flights or sallies of thought, which they despise. Remember here is the dress and the talk and the manners of the street, and fashion yourself accordingly. Be careful of your speech; they are human. If you can honestly praise them, do so. How they will glow and expand! Censure, and you will get the rough cold shoulder. For to them praise is friendship and censure enmity. They have wonderful solidarity. Sympathy will on occasion flow through them like an electric current, so that they will soften and melt, or be set on fire. There is a Kentucky sentiment, expending itself in complacent, mellow love of the land, the people, the institutions. You speak to them of the happiness of living in parts of the world where life has infinite variety, nobler general possibilities, greater gains, harder struggles; they say, "We are just as happy here." "It is easier to make a living in Kentucky than to keep from being run over in New York," said a young Kentuckian, and home he went.

If you attempt to deal with them in the business of the market-place, do not trick or cheat them. Above all things they hate and despise intrigue and deception. For one single act of dishonor a man will pay with life-long aversion and contempt. The rage it puts them in to be charged with lying themselves is the exact measure of the excitement with which they regard the lie in others. This is one of their idols—an idol of the market-place in the true meaning of the Baconian philosophy. The new Kentuckian has not lost an old-time trait of character: so high and delicate a sense of personal honor that to be told he lies is the same as saying he has ceased to be a gentleman. Along with good faith and fair dealing goes liberality. Not prodigality; we have changed all that. The fresh system of things has produced no more decided result than a different regard for material interests. You shall not again charge the Kentuckians with lacking either "the telescopic appreciation of distant gain," or the microscopic appreciation of present gain. The influence of money is active, and the illusion of wealth become a reality. Profits are now more likely to pass into accumulation and structure. There is more discussion of costs and values. Small economies are more dwelt upon in thought and conversation. Actually you shall find the people higgling with the dealer over prices. And yet how significant a fact is it in their life that the merchant does not, as a rule, give exact change over the counter! At least the cent has not yet been put under the microscope.

Perhaps you shall not accept it as an evidence of progression toward these that so many men will leave their business all over the country for an idle day once a month in town—nay, oftener than once a month; for many who are at county court in this place to-day will attend it in another county next Monday. But do not

RESTAURANT
BEER SALOON

be deceived by the appearance of the streets. There are fewer idlers than of old. You may think this quiet group of men who have taken possession of a buggy or a curb-stone are out upon a costly holiday. Draw near, and it is discovered that there is fresh, eager, intelligent talk of improved agricultural implements and of scientific farming. In fact the day is to the assembled farmers the seed-time of ideas, to be scattered in ready soil—an informal, unconscious meeting of grangers.

You shall not forget, either, that the occasion is very democratic. There seems to be a striking equality of stations and conditions. Having travelled through many towns, and seen these gatherings together of all classes, you will be pleased with the fair, attractive, average prosperity, and note the almost entire absence of paupers and beggars. Somehow misfortune and ill fortune and old age save themselves here from the last hard necessity of asking alms on the highway. But in regard to the other social extreme, the appearance of the people will easily lead you to a wrong inference. They are at least much less democratic than they seem when thus meeting, and their dress and speech and manners in the market-place are not their best equipment. You shall meet with these in their homes. In their homes, too, social distinctions begin and are enforced, and men who find in the open square a common footing may never associate elsewhere. But even among the best of the new Kentuckians will you hardly observe fidelity to the old social ideals, which adjudged that the very flower of birth and training must bloom in the bearing and deportment. With the crumbling and downfall of the old system fell also the structure of fine manners, which were at once its product and adornment.

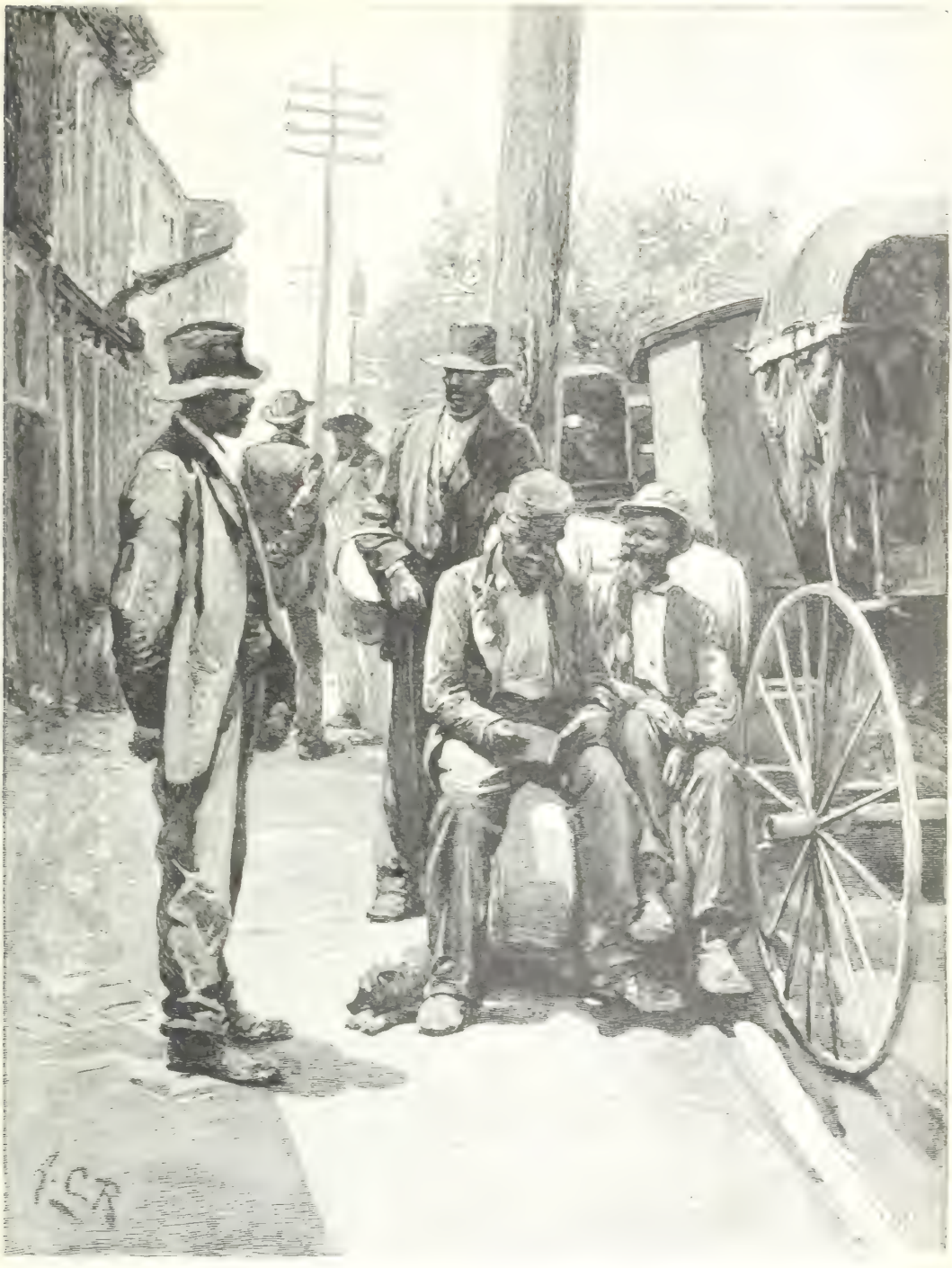
Naturally there is little room for women among the crowds of the day. It has ceased to be an in-town gala occasion for the rural members of this sex. Sweet, artless Phyllis was long ago chased out of the street by the cattle, which liked not her fluttering ribbons and the hues of her bright attire; and as for finding her aristocratic urban contemporary shopping on such a day, why, one might equally have expected to catch the noble Aspasia higgling for stale fish in the most disreputable quarter of the agora, or the high-born Lucretia bartering for beccafichi and surrounded by the parasites of Rome.

VI.

A new figure has made its appearance in the Kentucky market-place, having set its face resolutely toward the immemorial court-house and this periodic gathering together of freemen, beyond comparison the most significant new figure that has made its way thither and cast its shadow on the people and the ground. Writ all over with problems that not the wisest can so much as even read. Stalking out of a fiery awful past into what far uncertain future? Clothed in hanging rags, it may be, or a garb that is a mosaic of strenuous patches. Ah! Pompey, or Cæsar, or Cicero, of the days of slavery, where be thy family carriage, thy master and mistress, now?

He comes into the county court, this old African, much because he is a colored Kentuckian and must honor the stable customs of the country. He will not buy and sell; he is not a politician; he has no debt to collect, and no legal business. Still example is powerful and the negro imitative, so here he is at county court. It is one instance of the influence exerted over him by the local institutions of the Kentuckian, so that he has a passion for fine stock, must build amphitheatres and hold fairs and attend races. Naturally, therefore, county court has become a great social day with his race. They stop work and come in from the country, or from the outskirts of the town, where they have congregated in little frame houses, and exhibit a quasi-activity in whatever of business and pleasure is going forward. In no other position of life does he exhibit his character and his condition more strikingly than here. Always comical, always tragical, light-hearted, sociable; his shackles stricken off, but wearing those of his own indolence, ignorance, and helplessness; the wandering Socrates of the streets, always dropping little shreds of observation on human affairs and bits of philosophy on human life; his memory working with last Sunday's sermon, and his hope with to-morrow's bread; citizen, with so much freedom and so little liberty—the negro forms one of the conspicuous features of a county court day at the present time.

A wonderful, wonderful day this is that does thus always keep pace with civiliza-



GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.

tion in the State, drawing all elements to itself, and portraying them to the interpreting eye. So that to paint the scenes of the county court days in the past is almost to write the history of the contemporary periods; and to do as much with one of the present hour is to depict the oldest that has survived and the newest that has been born in this local environment. To the future student of governmental and institutional history in this country, a study always interesting, always important, and always unique will be county court day in Kentucky.



"HOW SWEET IT IS, WHEN MOTHER FANCY ROCKS
THE WAYWARD BRAIN, TO SAUNTER THROUGH A WOOD."

HOW SWEET IT IS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HOW sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood,
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors, and ground flowers in flocks,
And wild-rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks—
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things that at last in fear I shrink!
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

THE FAN.

BY LOUISA PARR.



FROM the sixteenth century up to the present day throughout the whole of Europe, the dress of no fashionable lady *en grande tenue* appears to have been complete without the addition of a fan. So prominent a part has this little "modish machine" played in intrigue, love, and scandal that it has been aptly termed "the woman's sceptre." Invitations were given by it, assignations were made; a gracious furl encouraged the lover; a disdainful furl plunged him into despair. To read aright this language became a necessity in the education of all fine gallants, who must know how to understand each movement and interpret each flutter.

The praises of the fan have been sung by poets in various ages and in various climes. In England our great essayist Addison thought it not unworthy of a place in the *Spectator*, and in an amusing skit called "The Fan Academy" he describes "the angry flutter, the modish flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious," he says, "if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked

it to come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it."

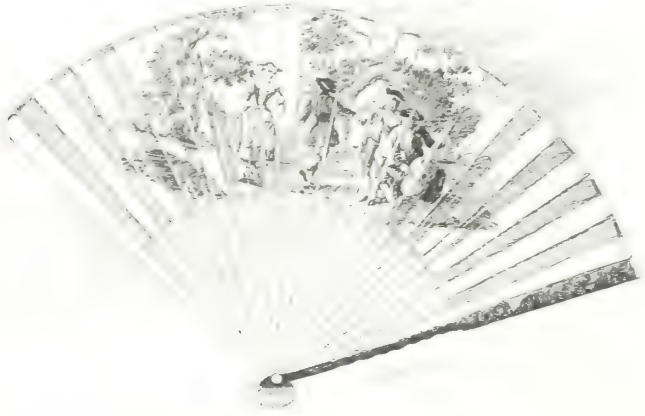
Thus from its introduction among us to a time within the memory of some when the tap of a fan given to a French consul led to the subjection of a free and turbulent race, the literature of the fan has been rich in satire, verse, and epigram, notwithstanding which we possess no history or guide in English to help us to the study of old fans, their origin or their birthplace.

Natali Roudot has touched on this part of the subject in his monograph *Les Objets de Parure;* but this work, though only published in 1854, is so little known that the British Museum does not possess a copy. More recent French works, while drawing their information from him, have added nothing to his researches. During the past twelve years three exhibitions of fans ancient and modern have been held in London, at each of which were exhibited specimens most celebrated and well authenticated; but the periods to which they were assigned were often erroneous, and in many cases greatly calculated to mislead the amateur.

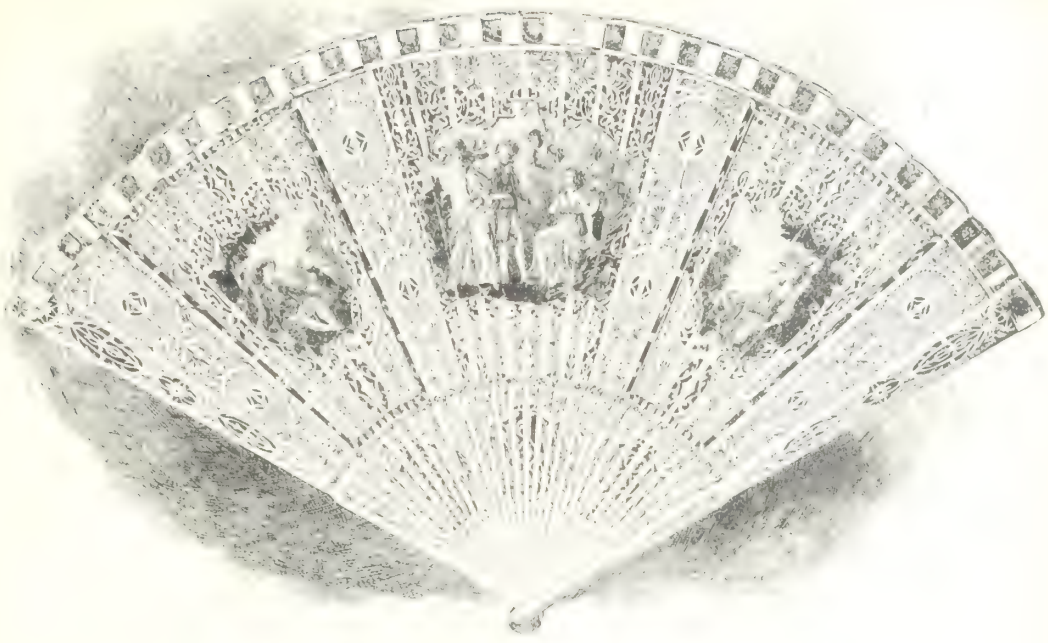
As an instance of the errors circulated about fans may be cited Captain Basil Hall's assertion that the punkah was an invention of officers serving in the Mysore campaign, 1791-2, under Lord Cornwallis, whereas Blondel points out that Guez de Balzac, writing in Italy centuries before, says, "I have a fan which makes such a wind in my room that it would cause a shipwreck"; and he speaks of such fans being suspended to the ceilings over the dining-tables. A very similar apparatus has been discovered on a bass-relief among the ruins of Koyoundjik, showing its use among the ancient Assyrians.

In his entertaining preface to the Catalogue of the Fan-makers' Exhibition at Drapers' Hall in 1878, Mr. George Augustus Sala says, "If a thorn was the first needle, no doubt a palm leaf was the first fan"; and ancient monuments show us that such natural objects as the palm leaf and the bird's wing were originally adapted to this use. To the present day at shops dealing in Eastern produce may be purchased palm-leaf fans exactly similar to those which we see figured on monuments dating from long before the Christian era. Frescoes on the temple of Medinet-Habau at Thebes represent Rameses III. (whose reign began 1235 B.C.) accompanied by princes bearing screen-shaped fans. These fans were semicircular in shape, painted in brilliant colors, with long handles twisted or party-colored. They served as standards, and were borne only by royal princes, or men of high rank and approved bravery. Hand-screen fans made of leaves and of ostrich feathers were also in general use. In the British Museum may be seen specimens with half-yard-long wooden handles.

In India the earliest fans were of palm leaves. In Persia and among the Arabs ostrich-feather fans were in use early in the Christian era. Screen fans are mentioned as being in use in China about the same date that Rameses III. was reigning in Egypt, and, as in Egypt, they were carried as standards in war. The earliest kinds, made of feathers, were royal or imperial gifts. Later on white and embroidered silk was apparently used, for we find its application to this purpose forbidden in 405 A.D. Ivory had been employed at an anterior date, and in the early part of the Christian era a Chinese workman whose name is handed down as Chi-ki-long, was renowned for screen-shaped hand fans, which he made by beating out a sheet of gold to excessive thinness. "He then painted them with



FAN THAT BELONGED TO BISHOP BURNET'S DAUGHTER, 1668 (NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE).



MRS. FITZHERBERT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES (ENGLISH)

gods, with extraordinary birds, and with rare animals; varnished them and covered them with transparent sheets of mica." The fan is mentioned by Euripides, Virgil, Ovid, etc., and it is frequently to be found figured on Etruscan vases. Boettiger states that the earliest Greek screen fans were shaped like the plane-tree leaf. But in the fifth century B.C. the fashion of peacock-feather fans was introduced from Asia Minor, and was readily adopted by the Greek women. A fresco at Herculaneum depicts an ostrich-feather fan. The "tabellæ" mentioned by Ovid and Propertius were hand screens of thin wood; at times these were trimmed with feathers.

But none of these screen fans, large or small, whether made of feathers, of leaves, of ivory, or of gold, whether semicircular or tail-shaped, could be folded. They were either attached to long handles, like the Chinese and Egyptian war fans, or to small handles for the convenience of personal use.

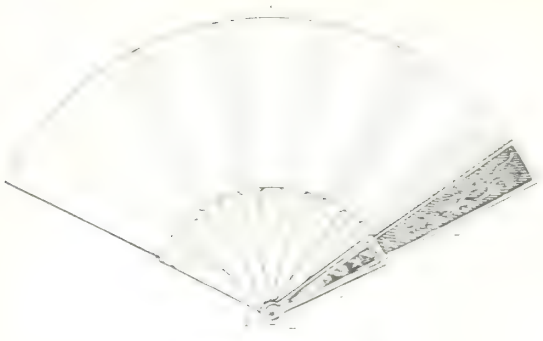
With the last of the Cæsars the screen fan disappears from Europe, not to reappear until the time of the Crusades, when the flag-shaped fan, probably of Saracenic origin, was introduced, and continued in use in Venice, Naples, and Padua.

In the mean time Christianity had transmuted the fan into an instrument of devotion. St. Jerome had named it as the emblem of chastity, and henceforth it took its place in the sanctuary, where at the altar it served to keep flies from the chalice and the sun's rays from the celebrant. The "flabellum" thus used has come down to us in actual specimens—such as the flabellum of the Abbey of Tournus, figured in M. du Sommerard's work. The flabellum is also mentioned in many inventories, notably one of silk at Salisbury, A.D. 1214; one in peacocks' feathers at St. Paul's Cathedral, 1295. They continued in general use until the end of the thirteenth century, and still form one of the most marked features in all grand papal ceremonies.

Closely related in shape to the flabellum were the earliest fans of peacocks' feathers worn by ladies. Such a fan is held by Maria Luisa de Tassis in her portrait by Van Dyck.

These fans are known to have been of considerable value, worth £40 or more. The handles were of ivory or of gold, worked and jewelled. The feathers were ostrich, peacock, or some other bright plumage, and the fan hung by a slender chain from the heavier girdle then worn round the waist. This mode of hanging the fan continued fashionable to the seventeenth century.

In illuminated manuscripts of the thir-



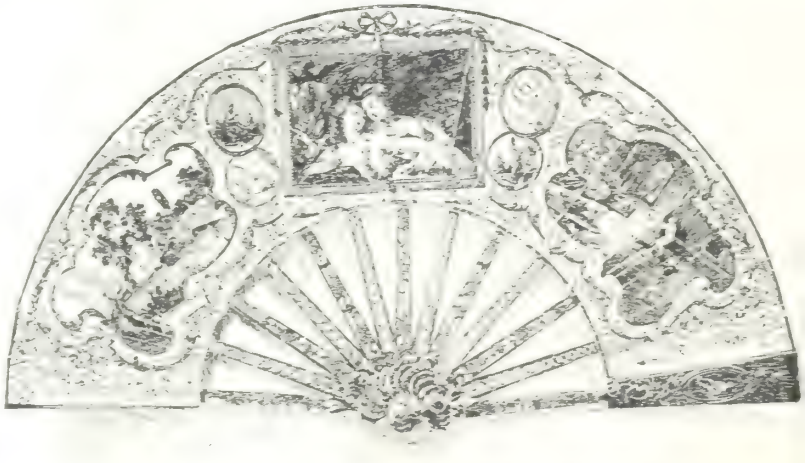
A. The Mount. B. The Stick. C. Blades. D. Guard. E. Handle-end. F. Pin. G. Shoulder.

teenth and fourteenth centuries may be seen flag fans similar in form to that in use in Tunis to this day, and in an inventory of Charles the Fifth of France, dated 1380, we read for the first time of "un *esmouchoir* rond qui se playe, en Quoire, aux armes de France et de Navarre, à manche d'ybenus." Folding screens of this shape were used until the reign of Francis the First, when they gave way to folding fans more or less of the shape we now use.

The earliest representation of the folding fan—the fan proper—is found in the hands of the Japanese god of happiness. Between 900 and 960 of our era it was adopted in China, and brought from that country to Portugal during the fifteenth century. During the sixteenth century it appears to have been in general use in Portugal, Spain, and Italy, from which last country it found its way to France with the Italian perfumers, who went there in the train of Catherine de Medicis. In England fans were an adornment of female dress in Henry the Eighth's reign. Queen Elizabeth wore a fan, and there is a portrait of her holding a small folding fan in her hand. It is recorded that she received a present of a fan on her birthday, and after her death twenty-seven fans were enumerated in the inventory of her wardrobe. During the first half of the sixteenth century the number of the blades in the fan varied in France from four to eighteen. The mount of vellum or skin was sometimes painted, sometimes cut to a lace-like pattern. The fan when open was a quarter circle. By the last third of the century the blades had increased to twenty-four or twenty-six. Silk came into use for the mounts, and the fan as then worn is seen in a sketch in Fabri, 1593, of a French lady wearing the quarter-circle fan thus described.

Before entering on the several changes which at different periods were made in the fan it will be well to give a word in explanation of the technical terms used when speaking of its various parts by us and by our neighbors. A fan is made up of two parts, the stick (*la monture*) and the mount (*la feuille*). The stick is composed of a varying number of blades (*brins*), which fold in between two guards (*panaches*), and in counting the blades it is not usual to include these panaches. The shoulder (*gorge*) is the height of the fan from the lower edge of the mount to the end of the handle (*la tête*), through which passes the pin (*rivure*). In proportion to the depth of the mount this height at different times has varied, notably about 1720 and 1841.

In the seventeenth century the use of the fan spread generally over Europe. Coryate, the traveller, writing in 1608, found men and women carrying fans in Italy. In Spain the use of the fan had become universal. In England the fashion spread more rapidly on account of the



JUPITER AND [illegible] FRENCH.



edict of Nantes. In France for many
not until we reach the reign of the Grand
Monarque that, after much petitioning and
agitating, the corporation or guild of mas-
vary in number from eighteen to twenty-



surface of ivory or
mother-of-pearl, rich-
ly decorated in gold
or silver. The shoul-
der is low, leaving a
coloring vivid. The
fan opens out to a
mount is of leather,
chicken-skin, silk, or
cimens of fans of this
date are exceeding-
ly rare. A fan much in fashion belong-
ing to this same period is the "éventail
brisé," so named because these fans have
no mounts, but are entirely made up of
the stick, which is painted, carved, or

duction to the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Fans held at South Kensington in 1870, thinks it probable from the evidence of style afforded by an examination of the fans known as Vernis Martin that Martin not only varnished but also painted them, but no certainty can be felt on the subject. Indeed, what evidence there is beyond that of style (and whether Martin had a style is the point at issue) rather leads to a different conclusion, for a newspaper of the Revolution reports that a lady had erased from her carriage (as all were then compelled to have erased) emblems "painted by Huet, varnished by Martin." Whether he painted or not, Martin discovered a remarkable varnish—hard, translucent, brilliant, and lasting. This he applied over paintings on various objects, such as carriages, sedan-chairs, snuff-boxes, étuis, and ivory fans. The secret died with him, and all reproductions by his imitators are very inferior. At the present day a fine Vernis Martin fan will command from £50 to £100. A most splendid example is in the possession of Queen Victoria; it had formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette. Another "éventail brisé," although not a Vernis Martin, belonging to the unfortunate Queen, was exhibited by Monsieur de Thiac at South Kensington in 1870. This fan is of ivory, carved by the great ivory worker Le Flamand, spoken of by Bernardin de St.-Pierre, when he visited Dieppe in 1775. The blades, twenty in number, are run on a slender blue ribbon. The carving represents the interview of Alexander and Porus. It was presented by the town of Dieppe to the Queen on the birth of the Dauphin (Louis XVII.), in 1785. When the Queen was forced to quit Versailles in 1789 she gave this fan to Madame du Cray, who was at that time keeper of her Majesty's laces. From Madame du Cray it passed into the hands of her daughter Madame la Bruyère, who at her death bequeathed it to its present owner, Monsieur de Thiac.

Toward the close of Louis XIV.'s reign the "éventail brisé" was much in fashion, as were also fans richly decorated with gold flowers on mounts of silver paper. A very marked improvement took place at this period in the carving of sticks, due no doubt to the importation of Chinese fans, which now began to reach France, and which were used as models, or as sticks for favorite mounts.

During the reign of Louis XV. the blades, eighteen to twenty-two in number, were narrowed and put further apart. Toward 1720 the shoulder was raised, leaving in the length of the fan less space to the mount. The fan also no longer opened to the full half-circle.

The width to which a fan opens cannot of course alone suffice to settle the period or the country to which it belongs. Many Dutch and English fans open but to two-thirds of the half-circle, and a fan of this fashion may even be French, and yet not be a Louis XV. fan. As not unfrequently happens, a part of the fan may be missing, and so it may no longer extend to its original half-circle; this has been the case with many of the fans in the exhibitions spoken of; less frequently some of the blades of the stick are absent. But a careful examination will usually show whether this is the case, or whether, as is often done, the absent part has been more or less skilfully replaced.

The mounts of the Louis XV. period are much less boldly treated—the figures are smaller, the paintings, frequently in medallions, are surrounded or joined by festoons of flowers. To this period belong the fans called "Cabriolet." In these the mount is in two parts, the lower and narrower mount being half-way up the stick, the second mount in the usual place at the top of the stick.

In the reign of Louis XVI. the fan again opened to the full half-circle. The blades were made narrower, they were wider apart, and varied in number from twelve to fourteen, sixteen, or more. The depth of the mount remained as in the previous reign. An exquisite example of this date was sold at a recent sale of a celebrated collector for £50. It had been purchased by him some years before for £18. The subject, Jupiter and Callisto, is attributed to the pencil of Greuze, with two other charming cartouches attributed to Boucher.

The greatest difficulty exists to determine to whose hand is due the painting on many a fan which the owner unhesitatingly asserts to be by Watteau or by Boucher. Monsieur Roudot has found but one fan which had any claims to having been painted by Watteau. It was in the Bruzard sale, and had never been folded; the subject was a harlequinade. Examples by Boucher are almost



ADELAIDE OF SAVOY, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY—BRIDAL FAN BY WATTEAU (FRENCH, 1709).

as scarce. One belonging to Dr. Piogey, of Paris, was exhibited at South Kensington. In the Galerie des Dessins at the Louvre, 794 and 795 are designs for fans by Raymond de Lafage. The fact is that few painters of eminence have ever touched these delicate toys. Diderot, in his "Salon" of 1767, said of an artist whose style combined hardness with undue finish, "Toutes vos petites compositions ne sont que de riches écrans, de précieux éventails." And yet the cost of some fans is so great as to encourage the belief that their production is due to a master-hand. Mr. Sala speaks of one once possessed by Madame de Pompadour, the mount of which alone remains, that cost nine years of labor and £6000 in money. It is of paper most elaborately cut to imitate lace, and is exquisitely painted with five large and several small miniatures, the centre compartment commemorating "La puce de Mlle. Desroches."

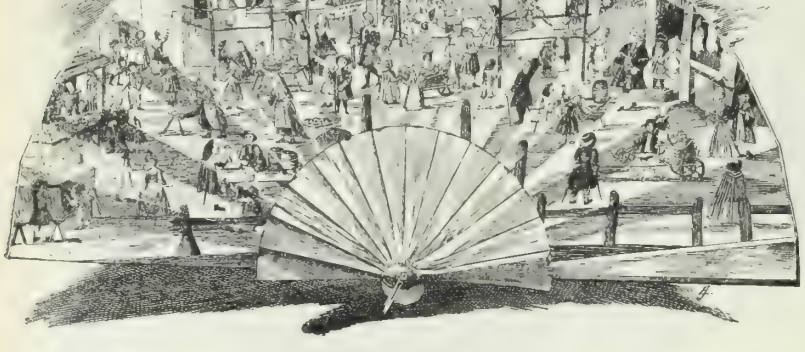
It was in 1579 that Etienne Pasquier, in a gathering of wits at Poitiers, perceived a flea on the neck of Mlle. Desroches, and exclaimed that "la petite bestiole" deserved to be immortalized. The idea was received with acclamation, and the result was a collection of poems in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, which was published in Paris in 1582, under the title *La Pulce de Mademoiselle Desroches*. According to La Monnaye, the best lines were from the pen of the lady herself.

During the Louis XVI. period many fans were executed in imitation of the Chinese. Gold and colored spangles became fashionable as enrichments to needle-work embroidery. The guards were often mounted with figures set in motion by a pin underneath.

We now reach a long period of decadence. The "éventail brisé" again became fashionable, and the fan carried by a "Merveilleuse" or an "Incroyable" was almost imperceptible.

It is asserted that Charlotte Corday killed Marat without letting go her fan, which she continued to hold in one hand, while with the other she plunged the dagger into the breast of the monster. During the Revolutionary and Consulate period sandal and cedar wood fans cut in fret-work were greatly in fashion. They were usually mounted with medallions engraved by Bartolozzi and others, with portraits of Louis XVI., Lafayette, or scenes such as the taking of the Bastile printed in colors.

During the whole of these several periods the many beautiful examples of fans produced in Holland, Italy, and Spain may be easily recognized by the impress they bear of the art and style of those countries. All the finest skins, known as "chicken-skin," although the skin was kid's skin subject to peculiar treatment (art lost since the time of Louis XVI., when silk mounts came into fashion),



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

were brought from Italy. Painted sticks also were in much favor for Italian fans.

Spanish fans had usually richly colored mounts, with paintings representing some incidents of love or gallantry; the sticks, sometimes of mother-of-pearl, sometimes of horn, were elaborately carved, and usually ornamented with gold.

The Dutch treatment, again, is so characteristic as to be hardly mistaken. The fan shown on page 400 (in the writer's possession) belonged to a daughter of Bishop Burnet, who in 1688 accompanied William III. from Holland in his expedition to England. It was bequeathed by Dr. Thomas Burnet, his great-grandson, to its late possessor, from whom the now owner obtained it, and is preserved in its original case of black shagreen.

The immigration of foreign workmen, the trade with China, the communication with Holland, combined to give to the fan in England a very mixed character, so that it is almost impossible to fix with certainty the date of a specimen, unless—as is likely to be the case—it is painted or decorated so as to connect it with some contemporary event.

In the reign of Queen Anne the London manufacturers obtained a charter of incorporation, and from that time the trade of fans within the city was limited to members of the corporation. The corporation yet remains, although in 1871 it was asserted that there was not a single fan-maker in London. In the writer's possession is a fan case the label on which announces that Robt. Clarke, Fan-Maker to their Royal Highnesses the Dutchess and Princess of Gloucester, at his Warehouse No. 26 Strand near Charing Cross, is sole proprietor of the Fanology, or Conversation Fan with these Fans Ladies may Converse at a distance on any subject without Speaking. There were fortune-telling fans; fans with the witty Lady Townshend's riddles and charades, with rules for various games, the pack of cards forming the upper border; programme fans, made of asses' skin, fashionable to carry to routs and balls. Indeed, by the early part of the eighteenth century it is evident that the use of the fan was general, even in the streets of London, and from this period fans may be said to represent and commemorate, more than any other article, the follies and fashions of the day—we might almost say of the hour. To Gravelot is attributed a fan which is painted in body color on vellum, with the drawing of the lottery at the Guildhall. The design is similar to the engraving by Parr, and is given in Chambers's *Book of Days*. Hogarth's Progresses and his "Mariage à la Mode" were often pirated for fan mounts. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1753, speaks of fans representing "the humors of Change Alley" and Vauxhall Gardens, with the company. In the loan collection of the South Kensington Museum is a fan mount with George the Third and his family at a private view of the Royal Academy. In the writer's possession is a fan—an illustration of which is given—with a paper mount of Bartholomew Fair in 1721. The figure on the right with a star is supposed to be Sir Robert Walpole, then prime-minister. Fawkes, the famous conjurer, is a conspicuous character. On the platform of Lee and Harper's show is the earliest representation of an English harlequin, dressed in the same fashion as we see him now. The boy picking the gentleman's pocket shows that the artist had not forgotten to represent that the picking of pockets succeeded the cutting of purses. "Indeed," says Hone, in

is *Every-day Book*, "this fan print is xceedingly curious, and indispensable to very 'Illustrator of Pennant' and collector of manners."

After a long interval, a long period of eglect, the year 1829 saw a revival in the aste for fans. It chanced that a grand all was preparing at the Tuileries, at hich several "costume quadrilles" were o be danced. Madame la Duchesse de new under the sun, we must not be surprised to find this charming idea is but a revival of a very old-world fashion. M. Achille Poussiègle relates in *Voyage en Chine de M. and M^d. Bourboulon*: "There are fans of two kinds, open and folding. The former are made of a sheet of ivory or paper, and are used as autograph albums; and it is on one of these white fans that a Chinaman begs his friend to leave

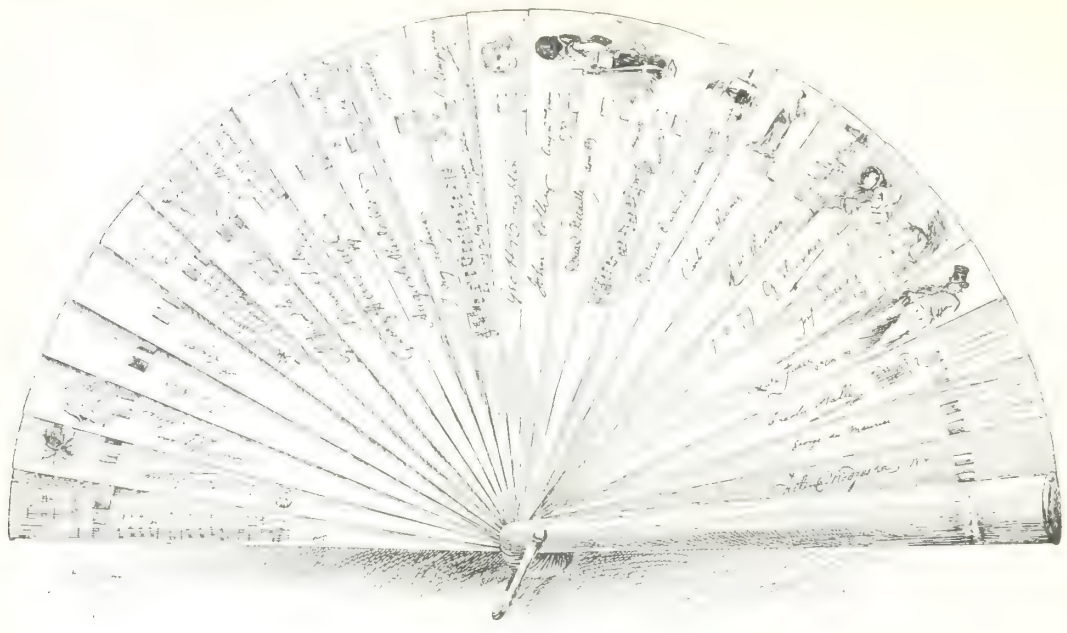


MRS. ARTHUR LEWIS'S FAN.

erri had undertaken to get up a Louis V. quadrille, and was seeking everyhere—had sought everywhere in vain—or fans of that period. Suddenly some ne remembered having seen some old ans in the shop window of a perfumer amed Vanier, who lived in the Rue Cauartin. Vanier had collected old fans or some time as an amateur. His fans ere taken to the palace; in the quadrille ey created a furor, and were all purhased. The Duchesse de Berri's ball beran the renaissance of the fan. Since at date, in certain exclusive circles, the an has never lost favor. Fashion, twin ister in fickleness to Fortune, has somemes smiled, sometimes frowned on it, ut the skill, delicacy, exquisite taste of y-gone days have never been rivalled by odern examples. One of the happiest nspirations of the last few years is seen n the autograph fans possessed by a few ortunate ladies; but as there is nothing a sentence, a drawing, or some characters which shall recall the absent to his memory. These album fans, to which great or noted men affix their seals, become of great value."

Such were some of the fans in the Negroni collection, sold in London about 1866, after the Chinese war. They were richly decorated, covered with inscriptions, and were said to have belonged to emperors and empresses of China.

The charming specimens here illustrated show how varied the treatment may be. Emblems, mottoes, monograms, initial letters, a dozen devices, will readily suggest themselves to those who desire to carry in their hands a memento of friends, poets, painters, authors. Alas! that the thought did not come when Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, might each have left some impress on these "women's sceptres!" Then we might have gazed on a Siddons, a Farren, an Abing-



MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S FAN.

don, with the same interest and pleasure with which those to come will look on the sketch of the charming actress to whose equally talented sister this specimen belongs.

The reverse blades are reserved for the autographs of musicians, in several instances accompanied by a few written bars of melodies which have enraptured the world. Clara Schumann, Rubinstein, Joachim, Henschel, Sarasata, Josef Hofmann, Christine Nilsson—what ravishing echoes the bare mention of each name seems to bring to our ears!

In the example shown by Mrs. Alma-Tadema these sign-manuals of talent have not been so separated. The autographs of painters, actors, musicians, men of letters, are side by side, or in some instances together on one blade. It now remains for some *bel esprit* of artistic taste to start a novel treatment of this happy idea.

Among the various picturesque objects that go to the decoration of certain studios, one is certain to note the prevalence of the fan. Sometimes a grizzly humorist, a stranded bachelor, in order to give color to "what might have been," will hang up a few time-worn feminine trophies—a fan, a limp bow of faded ribbon, a crumbling bunch of flowers dry as stubble, a dainty high-heeled shoe, and over them, in mocking agony, he writes: "Alas! Alas!"

The common Japanese fan, elementary in form and ridiculously low in price, was a moving influence in the awakening breeze of modern "renaissance," that under the various guises of æstheticism first developed the "art craze" some twenty years ago. By what happy circumstance the lovely fans of Japan were first whirled into the artistic move we do not pretend to say, but it is certain that their advent was welcomed with as wild a show of enthusiasm as the intense disciples of the new *culte* ever permitted themselves to indulge in. At first they began modestly to adorn and brighten a few superselect but hitherto dingy studios. Not as fans proper, or even as fire-screens—as by many they were inaptly termed—but as notes of color, harmonizing elements of tone, and points of "sweetness and light."

Liberally scattered about, nowhere did they seem out of place except when used as fans generally are. Leaning lovingly from stray bits of old blue, they were likened by a new-born æsthete to Rossetti's blessed damozel, who "leaned out from the gold bar of heaven." They were to be seen tacked to the walls in timid groups, or sent careering in meteor flights from the floors to the very centres of the ceilings, and it needed but a few shillings to flood the humblest painting-room with color and make it glow with light. The

first importation of these delightful bagatelles was by far the best that ever came. Exquisite in quaint design, full of subtle fancy, simple and direct in such drawing as they saw sufficient, they were lessons in delicacy of tone, tint, and freshness of composition to many a school-trained artist who before had flattered himself that he knew most things worth knowing. By this happy introduction the key-note was struck by which certain "coming men" startled the contented doze of the Philistines of England and France into wide-awake wonder as to the source of inspiration whence came those vagaries of mysterious design and subtle simplicity of touch and color. Those who already knew and loved the tottering lily and the radiant sunflower smiled as they recognized the spring; but all the same they gave welcome to the little art breeze fresh wafted from almond-blossom land. But to return to the fan proper. As already said, in its first progress through Europe, France seemed by election to be chosen as the home of the fan; that home it still remains. In no other country are dress fans of so costly a character made. In Paris at the present day a modern fan will sometimes command £100. Artists of great note have condescended to embellish these charming playthings. Both Gérôme and Hamon painted fans for the Empress of the French and the Princess Mathilde. Gustave Doré also executed several fan mounts. The Parisian fan-maker is, so to speak, the inventor or designer. He decides on the nature of the mount, whether to be painted or of silk or lace, the style of the stick, its decoration, and its carving. And the several parts having been produced under his guidance, he combines the whole with a directing taste which stamps his individuality on a work of art. In England M. Duvelleroy answers to this description; his collection of choice specimens of old fans (which, in the true spirit of a collector, he is pleased to show to all who take interest in them) cannot fail to instruct the amateur fan lover.

The Lady Wyatt permanent collection at the South Kensington Museum will also be found worthy of a visit.



MEXICAN LUSTRED POTTERY.

BY Y. H. ADDIS.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY one who reads books has read more or less about the superb works of the Italian potters of the sixteenth century, decorated with paintings and brilliant lustre. For the information of those who have not seen specimens of these wares it is not easy in words to give an intelligent idea of their lustre decorations. No expressions can be too extravagant in describing their splendor. They vary greatly in colors, some being red, others green, others blue, yellow, golden, silvery, all reflecting light with the most intense brilliancy, many changing color as they are seen at different angles, and all reaching their highest sheen when, as many are, they are iridescent, flashing out every color of the spectrum from every minute point on the surface.

The history of these metallic lustres as used in pottery decoration has been of great interest to students of pottery, and to not a few of the great potters of modern times. The earliest specimens of lustred wares which are known are of Saracen production. While it is impossible as yet to determine with exactness the dates of many Saracen tiles which have reached Western collections, there can be no doubt that the Oriental potters produced brilliant gold and other lustres in the fourteenth century, and probably at an earlier period. In the fifteenth century the Italian potters of Pesaro knew the lustre art, which they had probably learned from the Saracens. But it was not until the sixteenth century that it was brought to that perfection which blazes in the Gubbio lustres of Maestro Giorgio. During the first half of the sixteenth century Italy practised the art in the decoration of dishes, vases, and various articles of domestic use and decoration. At the same time the Saracens continued to practise it in the East and the West. But the Italians far surpassed the Saracens in the richness and variety of colors they produced and in the gorgeous iridescence of their lustres. A distinguishing feature of the art in Italy was the ability of the decorator at will to produce a lustre of one or another predominant color: to apply a dash of ruby lustre here, of gold lustre there, of green or blue or silver wheresoever he desired it. This fact implies a knowledge of the component parts of the lustre glaze or pigment, which could be varied with more or less certainty of producing the desired effect; for it can hardly be necessary to tell any one now that all glazes, enamels, and paintings on pottery are artificial surface applications, which are vitrified by firing in the furnace.

The art of which we are talking continued in use until the middle of the sixteenth century, when it began to decline. It declined among the Saracens as well as among the Italians. The splendor of the Saracen gold lustres faded into mere copper lustres. Why the art decayed in Italy does not appear, but we may safely charge it to that omnipotent power in art production, the changing tastes of the purchasers of art objects. Even the employment of able artists to decorate potteries with color painting ceased in Italy. Only in the Abruzzi the general style of the sixteenth-century wares was continued until the eighteenth century, with now and then a well-painted object; but the gorgeous lustres of Gubbio were forgotten, and the art of producing them was among the lost arts.

Copper lustre, as we commonly call it, was perhaps everywhere, as it certainly was in Spain, the descendant of our ancient art. It is possible that the well-known export of Spanish copper-lustred wares to Bristol, in England, directed the minds of English potters toward producing like decorations. However that be, the English potters of the eighteenth century, a company of men illustrious in art history, produced much ware for domestic use decorated with this brilliant copper surface, without iridescence, and this decoration continues in use to the present time. Platinum and other substances were also used to cover potteries with that surface which is familiarly called silver lustre. A very beautiful decoration, which may be described as pink copper lustre, the prettiest descendant of the ancient art, was in use in England at the end of the last and in the early part of this century. But the splendor of the old art had vanished in the sixteenth century.



SPECIMENS OF MEXICAN LUSTRED POTTERY.

In the nineteenth century, when the study of the history of pottery revived with the general revival of interest in all art history, the attention of collectors was directed to the Italian wares of the quattrocento and succeeding periods. It is unnecessary here to describe the rise and growth of the desire—perhaps it might well be called a mania—to possess specimens of those wares. Prices advanced rapidly, varying, of course, according to the quality of the specimens. But as they were the most rare, so the most esteemed and desired were lustred pieces, and especially the works of the great master Giorgio. A thousand dollars was and is a moderate price for a fair specimen, and for elaborate works, where the paintings of distinguished artists are heightened with Giorgio's gorgeous touches, there is no limit to the price asked and paid.

During the past thirty years many great potters, and not a few amateurs, have devoted much money, experiment, and labor to seeking the secret of the Gubbio lustres. It would do no good to recite the various experiments which have been made. Occasionally a bright, even a brilliant, result has come from the furnace; but it is fair to say that most if not all such pieces have been the result of accident, and in no case has it been found practicable to repeat the process with certainty of like result. The accounts given of the methods used by the Italian potters do not prove correct when subjected to experiment. The art remains a lost art.

From time to time I have acquired specimens of the experimental works of modern English, French, and Italian potters who were seeking the Gubbio secret. They at least afforded examples of that admirable quality in many great European potters, the willingness to sacrifice money in seeking a new field for their industries. It is this quality which has given to the pottery industries of all parts of Europe such vast success. Those who have been familiar with the wide-spread desire to reproduce Gubbio lustres, and the steady failures of all experiments, will understand the surprise and aston-

ishment produced by the receipt from Mexico, two years ago, of a half-dozen specimens of a coarse pottery, decorated with rude reliefs, and entirely covered with a lustre rivalling in brilliancy and iridescence the best old Italian pieces. They had been discovered by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in a shop in a Mexican city.

Here was certainly a marvel. No European or American potter can produce such a surface. Properly manipulated, this decoration would be a fortune to a skilful potter. But these wares are produced in a secluded part of Mexico, and, as Mr. Warner learned, by Indians. Had their ancestors made an independent discovery of the glaze; or have we here, transmitted from Italy and Spain of the sixteenth century, an art which has been lost in Europe? The subject was one of such interest that Mr. Warner took measures to trace these iridescent wares to their origin. The result is given in the brief account of an adventurous journey of discovery which follows.

It only remains for me to add as clear a description of these wares as I am able to do in words. It is impossible, of course, to describe colors or intensities of colors. These can only be known by the eye. The specimens which I have are various in shape and size—a platter or dish about ten inches by eight, a candlestick eight inches high, small vases, plates of breakfast size and smaller—in short, a considerable variety of forms—in about fifteen specimens. The pottery is a gritty reddish-buff body, not very compact, quite brittle, apparently having considerable sand in the paste. The dishes are ornamented with low reliefs, some evidently produced in the mould by impressing cheap medallions or metal ornaments, others very archaic in character, and possibly the work of an Indian artist. They show a striking intermingling of good old and modern barbaric art. One has a small medallion four times repeated, which may be from the end of a modern match box or any other convenient punch, while another has an archaic tree, like an ancient "tree of life," drawn in barbaric style, with large birds on the extreme branches.

The iridescent glaze is spread uniformly over the surface, and reflects light in brilliant patches of ruby, green, blue, and other colors. The Indian potter has, of course, no idea of varying his glaze to effect specific colors at will. In two specimens I find the glaze has bubbled, so that quite large spots are separated from the body. Two years ago I hung three of the plates on a wall opposite a large window in strong light. When first placed they were very gorgeous bits of iridescence. They have since lost that gorgeousness, and have decidedly faded. This remarkable fact is noteworthy, because other specimens retain their original iridescence.

While this Mexican pottery arrests our attention as an extremely interesting example of North American Indian art, and a possible relic of old European art, it seems well deserving the attention of potters in this country and Europe. If the information which has been obtained with so much labor and perseverance by the lady whose paper follows shall furnish to potters a clew to the Gubbio secret, it will prove an inestimable gift to ceramic art. The fact stands that to-day in San Felipe unskilled Indians are producing and selling for daily use in Mexico wares decorated with a lustre incomparably finer than any metallic lustre produced in Europe, and which, if potters can by experiment learn so to use it that different colors can be produced as desired, will practically restore to modern uses the lost Saracen and Italian lustres.

W. C. PRIME.

My attention was called by an American visitor in Mexico, some two years ago, to remarkable specimens of iridescent pottery which he had found at Patzcuaro. It was known that it was manufactured somewhere in Mexico by Indian potters, but he could obtain no clew to the place of the factory. I undertook at the time to make inquiries both as to the place and the process of this manufacture.

After a year of investigation I found that San Felipe was the source of *loza irisada*—and an occasional detail tended to distinguish among numerous towns and villages of that name one with the surname Torresmochas (Incomplete Towers), in the state of Guanaxuato. I had found the supply of the ware small, and this scarcity, together with the fact that each variety of Mexican pottery is peculiar to a

certain district, to which it is readily referable, led, with other collateral evidence, to the conclusion that this sort emanated from one place only.

In the capital city of Guanaxuato the information obtainable concerning the objective point was still vague and meagre. The impression given was that San Felipe of the Unfinished Towers was a small and remote mining camp. I was also warned that the Indians, who are the potters, are shy, surly, secretive, and very suspicious of strangers. So it was with no little misgiving that I set out for San Felipe, under escort of a party going thither on business.

The distance from Guanaxuato is only some sixty-five miles, yet we were in the saddle six days, during four of which we made only the inevitable stops: this because of the broken character of the country, and the bad roads, which constrain the traveller to slow riding. The way lay in great part through a wild mountainous region, said to be infested with bandits: we feared them not, nor saw any. The people we met were simple, respectful peasants, sincere, hospitable, and kindly—typical mountaineer people. The trail was rough, in some places dangerous: but all of our little band were seasoned travellers, and we found the novelty pleasing and the hardships piquant.

On nearing San Felipe great was our surprise to find it a thriving town of some 11,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, a picturesque little city lying in a wide, fruitful valley, and plying a distinct and considerable commerce with the outlying districts. Here pottery-making, instead of being the vital industry, is only a detail, albeit one of sufficient importance.

Here again, at the fountain-head, the subject was lighted most faintly. The ware was abundant enough, but it was not a favorite variety with housewives, probably owing to its brittleness, and its æsthetic value was not taken into account.

The views of our entertainers—Don Narciso E——, the leading merchant and banker, with his circle of acquaintance—concurred with those of certain European *savants* long resident in Guanaxuato, viz., that the Indian makers, being of suspicious and jealous nature, would refuse to afford us any enlightenment. These friends kindly ciceroned us to the factory—that is to say, to the adobe corral where the work was in progress—and once the place was reached, sat down with an "I wash my hands of the business and wish you well out of it" air that was not inspiring of hopefulness.

Among the many potteries of San Felipe [illegible] descent ware. The kiln was a structure of adobe, or sun-dried brick, some six feet high, on a base of perhaps eight feet square. The manufacture was carried on in the open air, or in the brush huts that shouldered a few fruit trees in the enclosure, and the paraphernalia was the raw material, the simplest of lathes, and a long pole with a hook on the end for lifting the ware while hot after firing. The chief potter was a lithe but sturdy fellow, apparently of almost pure Indian blood, who spoke Spanish but indifferently. He had on a pair of ancient overalls, a tattered "merino knitted under-vest," a battered greasy hat set well over the bridge of his nose, and rawhide sandals. Around his neck and over his bare brown breast depended a rosary made from the gray berries of a plant known in old-fashioned gardens, called "Job's-tears." He was assisted by divers women and urchins shy as antelopes. We installed ourselves on the ground with infinite composure, and our time being limited, at once set up the camera that had travelled out from Guanaxuato upon the brawny shoulders of Pancho, the porter, whom we paid the extravagant sum of three reals thirty-seven and a half cents per day "and find himself" for carrying this and some hundred pounds of other matters. It is certain that these Indians had never seen or heard of a photographic outfit, but they complied with a fair grace with the stereotyped request to "keep perfectly still, and do not move the least little bit until I tell you."

The negatives secured, I proceeded to question them: and as we talked, little by little the air of startled distrust wore away, and, to the extreme surprise of the visitors, Mexicans as well as Americans, the workers became positively communicative, not to say enthusiastic. They told me freely the ingredients of their preparations, bringing me samples of each component part, "because you might not know what we mean by our name for it," rating the cost and the profits per gross on each class of vessel, and urging me to await the unloading of the kiln, then in firing. The process, then, of making the ware is as follows: the vessels, once



AT THE KILN

ning. After application the glaze comes a second firing—the one ...ss at the time of the visit. T...

monacal fumes to a lustrous brilliance, with the shifting, varying hues that gleam on the breast of the peacock. The secret, if secret there be, seems to lie in two of ... with the ammonia treatment, for I am sceptical as to the potter's assertion that the effect is due to peculiar properties in the clay of San Felipe. Its distinguishing trait seems to be that, at least when baked, of brittleness, as I have found to my cost by experiments in shipping and by observation, at the pottery, where the ground was almost completely covered by the *débris* of freshly broken vases, cups, plaques, candlesticks, and censers.

Not ungermane to the subject is a feature which illustrates the character of these people. I received many felicitations on the success of my exploit, whose happy issue was attributed by the courtier-like Mexicans to the power of personal influence and "sympathetic charm." This

was flattering, but to me not conclusive or satisfactory, and an after-occurrence furnished me with an explanation which is plausible and I think the true one. Having to choose between extra raiment and the camera in the matter of luggage, I elected to take the camera, and so had to adapt my riding-habit to the requirements of walking. The long simple folds and severe finish caused these unsophisticated creatures to mistake me for a nun, and they could, I take it, refuse nothing to one of the venerated "little mothers," whom they have seen so seldom since the establishment of the reform laws abolished convents in Mexico. I felt myself a rank impostor and unspeakably guilty when I discovered the deception I had all innocently practised to achieve my little triumph in winning a secret that has been handed down in this out-of-the-way corner, no doubt, since it was taught there to the Indians by some artist-souled priest of the conquistadores.

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XXVII.

ON the second day after the alarm, Paul took the Indians back to Bois Blanc and dismissed them, after handing the ringleader to the proper authorities; the others slunk away in their dark trousers and calico shirts, with their long black hair hanging down below their white man's hats, their eagle profiles, in spite of fierceness of outline, entirely unalarming. Paul then selected three long-upper-lipped Irishmen, the least dilapidated he could find (the choice lay between Indians and Irishmen), and brought them to Jupiter Light to take the place of the crestfallen aborigines. He remained there a few days to see that all went well; then he returned to Bois Blanc for a week's stay. "Come a little way down the lake to meet me," he said to Eve, as he bade her good-by. "I shall be along about four o'clock next Wednesday afternoon."

His manner still remained a little despotic. But to women of strong will despotism is attractive; when it is a despotism of love it is enchanting. Eve, who always domineered, and, though perhaps unconsciously, wished to domineer, had now met her master, and her feeling was, "Oh, to have at last found some one who is stronger than I!"

Even now not for a moment did she bend her opinions, her decisions, to his of her own accord (she was surprised at herself that she did not, because she adored him; still she did not). Each time it was simply that she was conquered. After contesting the point as strongly as she could—for she was always sure that her view was the right one—how she gloried, nevertheless, in feeling herself overridden at last! She would look at Paul with delighted eyes, and laugh in triumph. To have yielded because she loved him would have had a certain sweetness; but to be conquered unyielding, that was a deep satisfaction whose intensity could go no further.

Since that walk in the darkness from the Indian quarters to Cicely's lodge, when suddenly she had let her love have its way, she had allowed herself to be carried along by chance events whithersoever they pleased. She had defied conscience; she had accepted the bliss that hung temptingly before her; and now she did not think, she only enjoyed. Once or twice she had sent forth mentally this defiance, "If you feel as I do, *then* you may judge me." To whom was this said? To Fate? To the world at large? In reality it was said to all women who in that summer of 1869 were young enough to love: "If you feel—if you *can* feel as I do, then you may judge me." But it was only once or twice that this mood had come to her; only once or twice that she thought of anything but Paul and her love. His offered hand taken, her acceptance of it was at least superb in its completeness; there was no looking back, no fear, no regret; nothing but the fulness of satisfying joy. She was like a person who has been for long days thirsty; a bowl of spring-water is placed at his lips; oh, but it is sweet to drink!

Still sweeter was it to feel that, deeply as she loved, she was loved as deeply.

* Begun in January number, 1880.

ness, which puzzled Hollis in other matters, showed itself also here: he had little to say—that was possible—but no woman could have misunderstood the language of his eyes, or of the touch of his hand; or fail to be thrilled by it. The feeling that possessed him went straight to its end, namely, Eve Bruce for his wife: the same Eve whom he had not liked at all at first; to whom he had found it difficult only a few weeks before to write a short letter. The inconsistency did not trouble him: love had arrived, had descended upon him in some way, he knew not how, had taken possession of him by force and forever

women: this had been one of the settled convictions in the depths of his mind, and it was not much changed even now. Yet this same Paul, with his mediæval opinions, made a lover much more indomitable than a hundred, a thousand other men, who would have said, perhaps, that they revered women more. "Revered?" Paul would have answered: "I don't know what you mean. I don't revere Eve: I *love* her."

Whatever name he gave it, she knew that she held the joy of his life in her hands: that he would come to her for this —had already come; and that it always would be so. This was happiness enough for her.

The happiness had existed only ten days. But these days had seemed like months of joy, she had lived each moment so fully. "Sejed, Prince of Ethiopia, vowed to have three days of uninterrupted happiness—" She might have remembered the old fable and its ending. But she remembered nothing, she scorned to remember: let the unhappy, the forlorn, dwell in the past; she would drink in all the sunshine of the present; she

Row down a little way to meet me," Paul had said. At half past three of the afternoon he had indicated, she went to the beach; one of the Irishmen, under her direction, began to push down a canoe. The

she had done everything since that night—was in itself an effectual disguise; no one

going to meet Paul. As she was about to take her place in the canoe, Hollis appeared.

Going far? We don't know much

"Only to meet Paul."

"If he's late, you may have to go a good way.

"He won't be late."

"Well, he may be," answered Hollis, patiently. "I guess I'll take you, if you'll let me. And then, when we meet, I'll come back with his man in the other canoe."

"Very well," Eve responded. She did not comment upon his offer, nor upon her own acceptance of it. She did not care what he thought. She took her place, and he paddled westward.

After a while she threw off her gipsy hat and hung it on her arm. It was a beautiful afternoon; a slight coolness, which made itself felt through the sunshine, showed that the short Northern summer was approaching its end. As she sat with her back to the prow, she was obliged to turn her head to look for the other canoe. This she did many times. After one of these quests, she saw that Hollis's eyes were upon her.

"Is there any change in me?" she asked, laughing.

"Rather."

"What is it?"

But poor Hollis did not know how to say. "You are so much more beautiful."

"It's my white dress," Eve suggested, in rather a troubled voice. "I had it made in Bois Blanc, and the cut is outlandish. It's only piqué." She smoothed the folds of the skirt for a moment, doubtfully.

I guess white favors you," answered Hollis, with what he would have called a festive wave of his hand.

Her mood had now changed. "It's no matter; I'm not afraid." She was speaking her thoughts aloud, sure that he would not understand. But he did understand.

The other canoe came into sight after a while, shooting round a point. Eve waved her handkerchief in answer to Paul's hail. The two boats met.

"Mr. Hollis knows that you are to take me back," said Eve, as eagerly as a child.

Paul glanced at Hollis. But the other man bore the look bravely. "Proud to be of service," he answered, waving his hand again, with two fingers extended lightly.

He changed places with Paul. Paul and Eve in their canoe glided away.

It was at this moment that Cicely, who had been asleep, opened her eyes. Her lodge was quiet; Mrs. Mile was reading near the window, her seat carefully placed so that the light should fall over her left shoulder upon the page.

Cicely gazed at her for some time; then she jumped from the couch with a quick bound. "It's impossible to lie here another instant, and see that History of Windham, Connecticut. The next thing you'll be proposing to read it aloud to me; you look exactly like a woman who loves to read aloud." She began to put on her little kid boots.

"You are going for a walk? It's a sweet day. I shall be glad to go too," answered Mrs. Mile, with professional cheerfulness, putting a marker in her book, and rising.

"No," responded Cicely, with decision; "I can't have those shoes of yours come pounding along beside me to-day. They are like spile-drivers, Martha Jane; precisely that."

"Well, I do declare!" said Mrs. Mile, reduced in her surprise to the language of her youth. "They can't pound much, Mrs. Morrison, in this sand; there's nothing but sand here."

"They grind it down," answered Cicely. "You can call grandpa, if you don't want me to go alone; but come with me to-day you shall not, you clean, tiresome, broad-faced, turn-out-your-toes, do-your-duty relict of Abner Whittredge Mile!" She looked at Mrs. Mile consideringly as she said this, bringing out each word in a soft, clear tone.

The Judge was listlessly roving about the beach. Mrs. Mile gave him Cicely's request. "She is saying very odd things to-day, sir," she added, impersonally.

The Judge, alarmed, hurried to the lodge with his swiftest trotting step. Mrs. Mile could not keep up with him.

"Martha Jane is short-winded, isn't she?" remarked Cicely, at the lodge door, as he joined her. "Whenever she comes up hill, she always stops, and says, 'What a beautiful view! What a *privilege* to see it!' And then she turns her back, and gorges."

The Judge grinned: he too had heard Mrs. Mile speak of "privileges." "What does she gorge?" he asked.

"Air, of course; she inflates herself like a rubber cushion. Come for a walk, grandpa." She took his arm; they went away together, followed by the careful eyes of the nurse, who had paused at the top of the ascent from the beach to take breath.

"This is a ruse, grandpa," Cicely said, after a while. "I wanted to take a little walk alone, and she wouldn't let me. But you will."

"Why alone, my child?"

"Because I'm always being watched. I'm just like a person in a cell, don't you know, with one of those little windows cut in the door, through which the sentinel outside can always look in. I am *never* alone."

"It must be dreadful," the Judge answered, with conviction.

"Wait till you have seen Martha Jane Mile in her night-gown," responded Cicely, with equal conclusiveness.

"Heaven forbid!" said the Judge, with a shrill little chuckle. Then he turned and looked at her; she seemed so much like her old self.

"You will let me go, grandpa?" She put up her face and kissed him.

"If you will promise to come back soon."

"Of course I will."

He let her go on alone. She looked back and smiled once or twice; then he lost sight of her. He returned to the beach by a roundabout way, in order to deceive Mary Ann: he was almost as much pleased as Cicely to outwit her.

Cicely went on through the forest. She walked slowly and thoughtfully, not stopping to gather flowers as usual. After nearly half an hour her vague glance rested upon two figures in the distance; she stopped, and as, by chance, she was standing close beside the trunk of a large tree, her own person was concealed. The two figures were coming in her direction; they drew nearer; they paused. And then there followed a picture as old as Paris and Helen, as old as Tristram and Isolt: a lover taking in his arms the woman he adores. And it was Paul Tennant who was the lover; it was Eve who looked up at him with all her heart in her eyes.

A shock passed over Cicely; the expression of her face changed rapidly as her gaze remained fixed upon Eve: first, surprise; then a strange quick anger; then perplexity. She left her place, and went rapidly forward.

Eve saw her first; she drew herself

away from Paul. But immediately she came back to him, laying her hand on his shoulder as if to hold him, to keep him by her side.

"Paul," said Cicely, still looking at Eve, "something has come to me. Eve told me that she did a dreadful thing; that she shot somebody." And now she transferred her gaze to Paul, looking at him with earnestness, as if appealing to him to lighten her perplexity.

"Yes, dear; let us go back to the camp," said Paul, soothingly.

"Wait till I have told you all. She came to me, and asked— I don't know where it was exactly?" And now she looked at Eve, inquiringly.

Eve's eyes met hers, and the deep antagonism of the expression roused the dulled intelligence of the dormant mind. "How you hate me! how you hate me, Eve! It's because you love Paul. I don't see how Paul can like you, when you were always so hard to Ferdie. For from the first she was hard to him, Paul; from the very first. I remember—"

Eve, terrified, turned away, thus releasing Cicely from the spell of her menacing glances.

Cicely paused; and then went back to her former narrative confusedly, speaking with interruptions, with pauses. "She came to me, Paul, and she asked, 'Cicely, do you know how he died?' And I said: 'Yes; there were two negroes. They got away in a boat.' And she said: 'No; there were no negroes. I shot him myself—I, Eve Bruce.'"

"Dreams, little sister. Every one has dreams like that."

"No. I have a great many dreams, but this was not one of them," answered Cicely, decidedly.

"Take her back to the camp. Carry her," said Eve, in a sharp voice.

"Oh, she'll come without that," Paul answered, smiling at the peremptory tone.

"You go first, then; go on in advance. I will bring her."

"Don't leave me alone with Eve," pleaded Cicely, shrinking close to Paul.

"Take her back," said Eve. And her voice expressed such acute suffering that Paul did his best to content her.

"Come," he said, gently, taking Cicely's hand.

"Wait," answered Cicely, putting her other hand on Paul's arm, as if to hold his attention. "And then she said: 'Don't you remember that we escaped through the woods to the North Point, and that you tried to push off the boat, and couldn't? Don't you remember the yellow gleam of the candle down the road?'"

Eve made an involuntary movement.

"I wonder what candle she could have been thinking of?" pursued Cicely, in a musing voice. "There are a great many candles in the Roman Catholic churches, that I know."

Eve looked across at Paul joyously, with triumph in her eyes.

"And she said that a baby climbed up by one of the seats; and that this man— I don't know who he was exactly—saw him, and made a dash forward; then it was that she fired. If her shot killed him, what is she? What is she at this moment? I call her a murderer. It was that I wanted to tell you, Paul, when I saw you taking her in your arms." Her face altered, a strange expression came into her eyes. "Why don't I see him over there on the other beach?" she asked, quickly. She put one hand on each side of her mouth, and called, "Ferdie? Ferdie?" listening for the reply.

"You see?" said Eve, with trembling lips.

"Yes," answered Paul, watching the quivering motion. "I haven't had my walk out, Eve; remember that."

"I can come out again. After we have got her back."

Cicely had ceased calling. She turned and searched Eve's face with eyes that dwelt and lingered. "Now I know! Now I know! It has all come back to me. It was Ferdie! She shot *Ferdie!*" And, with a terrible cry, she threw herself on Eve, her eyes narrowed to two gleaming black lines.

But Paul easily caught her; he drew her away. Lifting her, he carried her quickly toward the camp. Eve had disappeared. He looked for her in vain; he decided that she had hurried forward to make preparation for Cicely's coming. But when he reached the lodge there was no one there but Mrs. Mile.

In the early evening, as still she had not appeared, he asked for her. Cicely was sleeping quietly; Hollis and the Judge, with their hats on, were playing euchre by the light of a kerosene lamp which stood on the rough table by the camp fire. Mrs. Mile volunteered to go in search. And presently Eve came gliding out of

the shadow, looking like a spirit in her white dress. Paul drew her hand through his arm, and they went down to the beach. Over the wide lake twilight still lingered, its gray veil pierced by stars. "We will stroll up and down," he said; "I didn't have my walk out, you know."

"Do you love me? Do you love me the same as ever?" said Eve.

He could scarcely hear her. Her whisper was almost like that of death.

"Do you think I have had time to change since afternoon?" he asked, laughing. "How cold your hands are! What is the matter with you?" He took her in his arms, tenderly.

And then life came back to the woman he held; came back in the red that flushed her cheeks and her white throat, in the thrill that passed over her, in her quickened breath. She left him, and walked by herself. But she was no longer unhappy.

"Paul," she said, after a while, "send Cicely home. Send her home with her grandfather; she can travel now without danger."

"I can't desert Cicely," said Paul, surprised.

"It wouldn't be desertion. You can always help her; we can both do that. She will be much happier in her old home."

"She's not going to be very happy anywhere, I am afraid."

"The Judge will be happier," said Eve, shifting her ground.

"I dare say. Poor old man!"

"A winter in Bois Blanc would kill him," Eve continued.

"I expected to go South with them before the real winter begins."

"Mrs. Mile could go now. And—and perhaps Mr. Hollis."

"Kit? What could Kit do down there?"

"Marry Miss Sabrina," suggested Eve, with a sudden burst of wild laughter, in which Paul joined.

"They are all to go, are they? But you and I are not to go. Is that your plan?" he went on.

"Yes."

He kissed her. "Paul Tennant and his wife will take poor Cicely South themselves," he said, stroking her hair caressingly. "It's always braided so closely, Eve. How long is it when down?"

But she did not hear these whispered words; she drew herself away from him with passionate strength. "No; she must go with some one else; she can go with any one you please; we can have two nurses, instead of one. But you—you must not go. You must stay with me."

"Why, Eve, I hardly know you! Why do you feel so about poor little Cicely? Why do you strike a person who's down?"

"Oh yes—down; that is what you all say. Yet she has had everything—even if she has lost it now—and some people go through all their lives without one single thing they really care for. She shall not rob me of this; I will not let her. I defy her; she shall not."

"She shall go back to Romney," said Paul. What these disagreements between the two women were about he did not know; probably they were unimportant. His idea was that he would marry Eve as soon as possible—within the next ten days. After they were married he would tell her that it was best that they should take Cicely South themselves, and she would see the good sense of his decision. She could not have any real dislike for poor little Cicely.

Eve came back to him humbly enough. "I am afraid you do not like my interfering with your plans?" she said.

"You may interfere as much as you like," answered Paul, smiling.

"And you are not angry with me?"

Paul's answer, though silent, contented her.

XXVIII.

The next day Paul started at dawn for Bois Blanc. He wished to make the house ready for his wife. He had not much money; but there was one room in the plain cottage which should be beautiful. No suspicion came to him that there would be any difficulty in making it beautiful; his idea was simply that it was a matter of new furniture.

He reached Bois Blanc at night, and let himself into his cottage with his key; lighting a candle, he went to his room. He had never been dissatisfied with this simple apartment; he was not dissatisfied now; there was a good closet, where he could hang up his clothes; there was a broad shelf, where he could put his hand in the dark upon anything which he might want; there was his iron bedstead, and there was his white-pine bureau; two wooden chairs; a wash-hand stand, with

a large bowl; a huge tin pail for water, a flat bath-tub in position on the floor, and plenty of towels and sponges—what could man want more?

But a woman might want more; and he gave a little laugh, which had a thrill in it, as he thought of Eve standing there, and looking about her at his plain masculine arrangements. The bare floor would not please her, perhaps; he must order a carpet. "Turkey," he thought, vaguely; he had heard the word, and supposed that it signified something very light in color, with a great many brilliant roses. "Perhaps there ought to be a few more little things," he said to himself, doubtfully. Then, after another moment's survey: "But I needn't be disturbed; she'll soon fill it full of tottlish little tables and dimity; she'll flounce everything with white muslin, and tie everything with blue ribbons; she'll overflow into the next room too; this won't be enough for her. Perhaps I'd better throw the two into one, with a big fire-place—I know she likes big fire-places; if it's as large as that, I sha'n't be suffocated, even with all her muslin." And, with another fond laugh, he turned in.

The morning after Paul's departure, Eve did not go near Cicely. She asked Mrs. Mile, in a tone which even that unimaginative woman found haughty, how Mrs. Morrison was. (In reality, the haughtiness hid a trembling, panting fear.)

"She seems better, Miss Bruce, as regards her physical state. Truth compels me to add, however, that she says extremely irrational things."

"What things?" asked Eve, with a pang of dread. For the things which Mrs. Mile would call irrational might indicate that Cicely was herself again, Mrs. Mile's idea of the rational being always the commonplace.

"When she first woke, ma'am, she said, 'Oh, what a splendid wind!—how it does blow! I must go out and run and run. Can you run, Martha Jane?'—when my name, ma'am, is Mary Ann. Seeing that she was so lively, I began to tell her a dream which I had had—a dream which was very amusing. I was dressing her, putting on her shoes; she interrupted me as I was kneeling before her. 'Martha Jane,' says she, fixing me with her big black eyes, 'dreams are the reflections of our thoughts by day. I know all your thoughts by day; they are wearing. I don't want repetitions of them by night.' Now, ma'am, could anything be more irrational?"

"She is herself again," thought Eve. She went off into the forest, and did not return until the noon meal was over. Going to the kitchen, she ate some bread: she was fond of dry bread. Coming back after this frugal repast, she still avoided Cicely's lodge; she went down to the beach. Here her restlessness ceased for the moment; she sat looking over the water, her eyes not seeing it, seeing only Paul. After half an hour, Hollis, with simulated carelessness, passed that way and stopped. As soon as he saw her face he said to himself, "They are to be married immediately."

"We sha'n't be staying much longer at Jupiter Light, I guess," he said aloud, in a jocular tone.

"No," Eve answered. "The summer is really over," she added, as if in explanation.

"Don't look much like it to-day."

She made no reply.

"Paul went back to Bois Blanc rather in a hurry, didn't he?" pursued Hollis, playing with his misery.

"Yes. He has a good deal to do," she continued. If he could not resist playing with his misery, neither could she help exulting in her happiness, parading it for her own joy in spoken words, which she did not suppose that he could interpret.

"Good deal to do? He didn't tell me about it; perhaps I could have helped him," Hollis went on, awkwardly, but looking at her with all his heart in his eyes—his poor, hungry, unsatisfied old heart.

"You *could* be of use to us," said Eve, suddenly. ("Us!" thought Hollis.) "The very greatest, Mr. Hollis. If you would go South with Judge Abercrombie and Mrs. Morrison, it would be everything. They will probably go in a week or ten days. Mrs. Mile accompanies them, of course; but if you could go too, it would be so much safer."

"And you to stay in Bois Blanc with Paul," thought Hollis. "I don't grudge it to you, Evie, God knows I don't—may you be very happy, sweet one!—but I shall have to get out of this all the same. I'm ashamed of myself, old fellow that I am, but I can't stand it; I shall have to go. I'll go West."

Eve, meanwhile, was waiting for his reply. "Of course I'll go, Miss Bruce," he answered aloud; "should like nothing better than a little run down South. Why, the old Judge and me, we'll make a regular spree of it!" And he slapped his leg loudly in confirmation.

Eve gave him a bright smile by way of thanks. But she was too much absorbed to talk long with anybody, and presently she left him, taking a path through the woods.

In fifteen minutes her restlessness brought her back again. She stopped at the edge of the camp. Porley, near by, was making "houses"—that is, squares and pyramids of the little white pebbles of the beach, which Master Jack demolished when completed, with the shouts of a conqueror. "Porley, go and ask the nurse how Mrs. Morrison is now;—whether she is more quiet."

"Mis' Morrison, she's ebber so much weller to-day," volunteered Porley. "When she *ain't* so quiet, Miss Bruce—droppin' off inter naps all de time—*den* she's weller."

"Do as I tell you," said Eve.

The girl went off.

"House," demanded Jack.

Eve took him on her shoulder instead.

"Sing to Jacky; poor, *poor* Jacky!" said the child, gurgling with glee.

"Mis' Mile, she say Mis' Morrison done gone ter sleep dish yere minute," reported Porley, with a crestfallen air, returning.

Eve's spirits rose. "Oh, Jack, Jack, what a naughty boy!" She laughed convulsively, lifting up her shoulder, as the child tried to insert one of his pebbles under her little linen collar, selecting a particularly ticklish spot on her throat under the ear for the purpose. "Do you want to go out on the lake?"

Jack dropped his pebble; he was always wild with delight at the prospect of a voyage. Porley picked up his straw hat, and brought his little coat, in case the air should grow cool; in ten minutes they were afloat. Eve turned the canoe up the lake, rowing eastward.

After a voyage of half an hour she headed the boat shoreward and landed; the woods hereabout had a gray-green look which tempted her; they brought back the memory of the first walk she had taken alone with Paul. "See to Jack," she said to Porley, briefly, lifting the child safely to the beach. "I shall be back in ten minutes or so." Entering the wood, she walked on at random, keeping within sight of the water.

She was lost in a day-dream, one of those day-dreams which come sometimes to certain temperaments with such vividness that the real world disappears; she was with Paul, she was looking at him, his arm was round her; their future life together unrolled itself before her day by day, hour by hour, in all its details; in her happiness all remembrance of the past even, with its horror and its fear, vanished away.

How long this state lasted she never knew. At a certain point a distant cry crossed the still ecstasy; but it reached her vaguely, it did not bring her back. A second summons was more distinct. But it seemed an impertinence which it was not necessary to answer. A third time came the sound, and now there were syllables: "Miss E-eve! Miss E-eve!" Then, a moment later, "Oh, *Ba-by!*" She recognized the shrillness of a negro woman's voice; it was Porley. "Baby?" That could only mean Jack! The trance was over; she remembered not only the child, but his father; she felt as if a whip had been brought suddenly down upon her shoulders. She rushed to the lake, and from there down the beach toward the spot where she had left the child.

The screams grew louder. A bend hid that part of the beach from her view; would she never reach the end of that bend! She ran with all her strength, possessed by a great fear. The words of her brother's last letter came to her, so full of pride and joy in the "little son." "O Jack, don't let anything happen to Baby! O Jack, don't!"

At last she was nearing the end of the bend. She had made her greatest haste, her face was flushed with dark red, her limbs trembled; breath was almost gone. But she forgot that she was suffering when she saw what had happened: the child, alone in the canoe, had been carried out to deep water.

Porley, frantic with grief, had waded out as far as she could; she was standing with the water up to her chin, sobbing aloud. Eve's crimsoned face turned white. As yet she could not speak; with her eyes half closed from dizziness, she beckoned to Porley to come to her. Then, with her head thrown back, she forced herself to stand motionless, in order to be

able to breathe freely again. As Porley came up, "Stop crying!" she managed to say. Then, after a moment: "We must not frighten him. Go back under the trees where he cannot see you, and sit there quietly. Don't speak."

When she was left alone she walked up the beach until she was on a line with the canoe; the boat moved waywardly and slowly; but it was being carried all the time still farther from the shore. "Jacky, are you having a good time out there?" she called, with a smiling face, as though the escapade had been his own, and he had cleverly out-witted them.

There was not a grain of the coward in the child. "Ess," he called back, triumphantly. He was sitting on a folded shawl in the bottom of the canoe, holding on with his hands to the sides; his eyes came just above its edge.

"Aunty Eve is going to get a boat and come out after you," Eve went on. "Then we'll go fishing. But Jack must sit perfectly still, or else she won't come. Perfectly still. Does Jacky hear?"

"Ess," called Jack again.

"If you are tired, put your head down and go to sleep. Aunty Eve will come, soon if you are still; not if you move about."

"I's still," called Jack, in a high key.

"If there was only a man here! A man could swim out and bring the boat in," she thought, wringing her hands, and then stopping, lest Jack should see the motion. She did not allow herself to think. "If *Paul* were only here!" It was on Paul's account, to be able to think of him by herself, to dream of their daily life together—it was for this that she had left her brother's child on that solitary beach, with only a careless negro girl to watch over him. But there was no man near, and there was no second boat; the canoe was already visibly farther away; little Jack's eyes, looking at her, were becoming indistinct, she could see only the outline of his head and the yellow of his golden curls. She waved her hand to him and sang, clearly and gayly:

"Row the boat, row the boat, up to the strand;
Before our door there is dry land."

And Jack answered with a distinct "Ess." Then he tried to go on with it. "Who pums idder, all booted an' spur-r-rd," he chanted, straining his little lungs to the utmost, so that his auntie should hear him.

The tears poured down Eve's cheeks as she heard the baby voice; she knew he could not see them. For an instant, she thought of trying to swim out to him herself. "I can swim a little; I've heard that people sometimes swim instinctively, if thrown suddenly into deep water." She began to unbutton her boots. But there was no rock from which she could throw herself, she would have to wade out; that instinctive knowledge—perhaps it only came with the shock of a plunge. In addition, if she should sink, there would be no one to save Jack. She rebuttoned her boots and ran to Porley. "Go to the beach, and walk up and down where Jack can see you. Call to him once in a while, but not too often. Call gayly; don't let him see that you are frightened; if he thinks you are frightened, he will become frightened himself and move about; then he will upset the boat. Do you understand what I mean? I am going back to the camp for another canoe. Keep him in sight; and try—do try to be sensible."

She was off. Without much hope, trembling with foreboding, she began her race. Before she passed beyond hearing, Porley's voice came to her: "Hi-yi, dah, Jack? Yo're kyar'in on now, ain't yer! Splendid fun, sho! Wisht I was 'long!" And then followed a high chuckle, which Porley intended as a gay laugh. At least the girl had understood.

Eve could run very swiftly; her light figure, with its long step, made running easy to her. Yet each minute was now so precious that instinctively she used every precaution: she let her arms hang lifelessly, so that no energy should be spent in poising them; she kept her lips apart, and her eyes fixed on the beach about two yards in advance of her, so that she could select as she ran the best places for her feet, and avoid the loose stones. Her slender feet, too (undressed they were models for a Greek sculptor), aided her by their elasticity; she wore a light boot, longer than her foot, and the silken web of her stocking was longer, so that her step was never cramped. But with all her effort she could not run as rapidly as her canoe had skimmed the water under her strong strokes when it brought her the other way; and that voyage had lasted a long half-hour—she remembered this with dread. Could she run for a half-hour or longer? How much might happen in that time!

For the first ten minutes she ran rapidly—too rapidly; then, feeling that her breath was labored, she forced herself to slacken her pace and make it more regular; as much as possible like a machine. Thus she ran on for another ten minutes. Then gradually she fell into a long swinging step, throwing her body forward a little from right to left as her weight fell now upon one foot, now upon the other; this change was such a relief that she felt as if she could run for ten miles more; and she did go on for another twenty minutes with comparative ease. But still fifteen minutes must pass before the camp could come within her sight; and ère they were over, she had reached the end of all her arrangements, experiments, and subterfuges; she was exhausted, she could hear herself breathe with a panting sound.

"If I can only keep on until they see me!"

The camp had an unusually quiet look; so far as her eyes, injected with red by the effort she had made, could see, there were no moving figures anywhere; no one sitting on the benches; no one on the beach. Where were all the people? What could have become of them? Hollis and the Judge? Even the cook and the Irishmen? Nothing stirred; it seemed to her as if the very leaves on the trees and the waters of the lake had been struck by an unnatural calm. Usually there was the wash of the wavelets on the beach, today there was not a sound; the water lay flat on the pebbly bottom, and one could not get rid of the impression that nowhere was it more than a foot deep, even far out; a great lifeless pond.

At last she came to the first stakes, where the nets were sometimes spread out. The nets were not there now. Then she came to the cistern—a sunken cask to which water was brought from an ice-cold spring; still no sound. Then the woodpile; the Irishmen had evidently been adding to it that day, for an axe remained in a severed trunk; but no one was there. Though she had kept up her rapid pace without break as she ran past these familiar objects, there was now a singing in her ears, and she could not see with distinctness, everything being rimmed by the hot red blur which seemed to exhale from her own eyes—a red blur with yellow flashes in it which were dazzling. She reached the line of lodges at last; leaving the beach, and going through the wood with the same rushing speed, she went straight to Cicely's door. It was closed. She opened it. "Cicely?" she said, or rather her lips formed the name without a sound.

"Where is Jack?" cried Cicely, springing up as soon as she saw Eve's face.

They met, grasping each other's hands.

"Where is he? What have you done with him?" Cicely repeated, holding Eve with a grasp of iron.

Eve could not talk. But she felt the agony in the mother's cry. "Safe," she articulated.

Cicely relaxed her hold. She brought a glass of water and held it to Eve's lips. Eve drank; she sank to her knees without a sound; thence to the floor.

Cicely seemed to understand; she brought a pillow with business-like swiftness, and placed it under Eve's head; then she waited. Eve's eyes were closed; her throat and chest labored so, as she lay with her head thrown back, that Cicely bent down and quickly took out the little arrow pin, and unbuttoned the top buttons of her dress. This relieved Eve; the convulsive panting grew quiet.

But with her first long breath she was on her feet again. "Come!" she said. She opened the door and left the lodge, hurrying down to the beach; thence she ran westward along the shore to the point where the canoes were kept. Cicely ran by her side without speaking: they had no need of words.

Reaching the boats, Eve began to push one of them toward the water. "Call Mr. Hollis. Go up to the edge of the wood and call," she said to Cicely, briefly.

"Gone fishing," Cicely responded, helping to push the boat on the other side.

At this moment some one appeared—one of the Irishmen.

"Take him and follow in that other canoe," said Eve. "We want all the help we can get."

As they pushed off rapidly—three minutes had not passed since they left the lodge—Mary Ann Mile came hurrying down to the shore; she had been taking her daily exercise—a brisk walk of half an hour, timed by her watch. "Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Morrison, where are you going? Take me with you."

Cicely did not even look at her. "Go on," she said to the man.

Eve was paddling rapidly; the second canoe followed hers.

[illegible] said Ere. She turned her boat and pad-

[illegible] Late [illegible] to him. He will be asleep."

[illegible] of the Indian canoe, as if it were gliding [illegible] over the surface of the water. The twi-

There came a little gust, and lightning

"Is there going to be a storm?" She

"Have you ever been out in a canoe

[illegible] leaving her own boat well away from

"Take Mrs. Monsoon back to shore.

There came another gust. The man, perplexed by the contrary orders, turned [illegible] sighed itself.

"Take her back," called Ere, starting [illegible]

[illegible] yell. For a moment Ere thought he had gone overboard. But he had only crouched.

And this time he obeyed her.

"Ere, take me with you—take me!" cried Cicely, in a tone that went to the

"We couldn't both of us die." Ere answered.

As she went forward on her course.

"If only there's no gale!" she thought. [illegible] baby's cradle: but now she lost it. She

rowed on at random; then she began to call. Nothing answered. The lightning grew brighter, and she blessed its flashes; they would show her, perhaps, what she was in search of; with every gleam she scanned the lake in a different direction. But she saw nothing. She called again: "Jacky? Jack-y?" A great bird flew by, close over her head, and startled her; its wings made a rushing sound. "Jack-y? Jack-y?" She rowed on, calling desperately.

It was now perfectly dark. Presently an unusually brilliant gleam revealed for an instant a dark object on her left. She rowed toward it. "Jacky, speak to Aunty Eve. Aunty Eve is close beside you." She put her whole heart into this cry; then she waited, breathless.

From a distance came a sound, the sweetest which Eve Bruce had ever heard. "Ess," said Jack's brave little voice.

She tried to row toward it. Before she could reach the spot a wind coming from the south drove her canoe back. "Jacky, Jacky, say yes again."

"Ess," said the little voice, fainter and farther away.

The wind was stronger now, and it began to make a noise too as it crossed the lake.

"Jacky, Jacky, you *must* answer me."

"Ess."

A crashing peal of thunder broke over their heads. When it had ceased, she could hear the poor little lad crying. His boat must have drifted, for his voice came from a new direction.

"I am coming directly to you, Jacky," she called, altering her course rapidly.

The thunder began again, and filled her ears. When it ceased, all was still.

"Jacky! Jacky!"

No answer.

And now there came another cry: "Eve, where are you? Wait for me." It was Cicely.

"This way," called Eve, loudly.

She never dreamed that Cicely was alone. She supposed that the Irishman had taken heart of grace and ventured back. But presently a canoe touched hers, and there in the night she saw Cicely all alone, like a phantom. "Baby?" demanded Cicely, holding the edge of Eve's boat.

"I heard him only a moment ago," answered Eve, as excited as herself. "Jacky! Jacky!"

No reply.

Then Cicely's voice sounded forth clearly: "It's mamma, Jack. Speak to mamma."

"Mam-ma!" came the answer. A distant sound, but full of joy.

Eve put her paddle in the water again. "Wait," said Cicely. And she stepped from her canoe into Eve's, performing the difficult feat without hesitation or tremor. The other canoe was abandoned, and Eve was off with a strong stroke.

"Call," she said.

Cicely called, and Jack answered.

"Call again."

"His poor little throat will be so tired!" said Cicely, her own voice trembling.

"We *must*," said Eve.

"Jack-y?"

"Ess."

On they went, never reaching him, though he answered four times. For, in spite of the intensity of Eve's effort, the sound constantly changed its direction. Cicely called to her child; she sang to him; she even laughed. "How slow you are!" she said to Eve. "Don't stop!"

"I stopped to listen."

But presently they were both listening in vain. Jack's voice had ceased.

The wind now blew not in gusts, but steadily. Eve still rowed with all her strength, in reality at random, though. With each new flash of lightning she took a new direction, so that her course resembled the spokes of a wheel.

"He has of course fallen asleep," said Cicely; "he is always so good about going to bed."

Their canoe now rose and fell perceptibly; the strange tranquillity of the lake was broken: it was no longer gray glass, nor a black floor. First there was a swell, then little waves showed themselves, by-and-by the waves had crests. Eve, kneeling on the bottom, exerted all her intelligence to keep the boat in the right position.

"These canoes never tip over when left alone: it's only when people try to guide them," said Cicely, confidently. "Now Jack's just like no one, asleep as he is on the bottom; he's so very light, you know."

Words were becoming difficult. Their canoe rose on the crest of one wave, then plunged down into the hollow behind it, then rose on the next. A light flared on the left; it was low down, seeming below their own level.

"They have kindled—a fire—on the

beach," called Eve. She was obliged to call now, though Cicely was so near.

"Yes. Porley," Cicely answered.

They were not so far out as they had thought: the light of the fire showed that. Perhaps they had been going round in a circle.

Eve was now letting the boat drift; Jack's canoe was drifting; the same currents and wind might take theirs in the same direction. It was not very long since they had heard his last cry; he could not be far away. The lightning came in great sheets of white light. These were blinding, but if one could bear to look, they lit up the surface of the water for an instant with extraordinary distinctness. Cicely, from her babyhood so impressionable to lightning, let its glare sweep over her unmoved. But her beautiful eyes were near-sighted: she could not see far. Eve, on the contrary, had eyesight like that of an eagle. After what seemed a long time (it was fifteen minutes), she distinguished a dark, low outline very near at hand. She sent the boat in that direction with all her strength.

"It's Jack!" she called to Cicely.

Cicely, holding on to the sides of the canoe, kept her head turned, peering forward with her unseeing eyes into the alternating darkness and dazzling glare. The flashes were so near sometimes that it seemed as if they would sweep across them, touch them, and shrivel them up.

Now they approached the other boat; they came up to it on the crest of a wave. Cicely took hold of its edge, and the two boats went down into the hollow behind together.

"Sit in the centre—as much as you can," Eve shouted. Then, being the taller, she rose, and in the next flash looked within. There lay Jack in the bottom, probably unconscious, a still little figure with a white face.

"He's there," she called, triumphantly. And then they went up on the next wave together, and down again.

"Slip your hand along—to the end," Eve called.

Cicely obeyed.

The second canoe, which all her strength had scarcely been able to hold alongside, now accompanied them more easily, towed by its stern. If it could have followed them instead of accompanying them, that would have been easier still: but Cicely's seat was at the bow, and Eve did not dare risk a change of places. With the boat in tow she paddled toward the shore as well as she could, guided by the fire, which was large and bright, poor Porley, owing to whose carelessness in the second place the accident had occurred (Eve's in the first place), expending in the collecting of dry fuel all the energy of her repentance and her grief. They were not very far out, but progress was difficult. Eve was not an expert; she did not know how to allow for the opposition, the dead weight of the second canoe attached to the bow of her own. Every now and then, owing to her lack of skill, the wind would strike it, and drive it from her so strongly that it seemed as if the connecting link, Cicely's little arm, would be drawn from its socket. The red glow of the fire looked human and home-like to these wanderers. Should they ever reach it? The waves grew more formidable as they approached the beach; they were like breakers. Eve exerted all her force, yet their progress seemed snail-like. At length, when they were so far in that she could distinguish the figures of Porley and the Irishman outlined against the fire, there came a breaker which struck the second canoe full on its side, filling it with water. Cicely gave a wild shriek of rage as it was forced from her grasp. At the same instant the aunt, leaving the paddle behind her, sprang into the sinking craft, and seizing the child, who was under water, went down with him into the dark lake.

She came up again, grasping the side of the boat. With one arm she lifted the child and gave him to his mother, an enormous effort of strength, as his little body was rigid and heavy—like death.

And then they got ashore, they hardly knew how, though it took a long time. Eve clinging to the stern and Cicely paddling, her child at her feet. The Irishman came to their assistance as soon as he could; the wind blew them toward the beach; Porley helped when it came to the landing. In reality they were blown ashore.

Jack was restored. As Eve ceased her efforts—she had worked over him for twenty minutes—and gave him alive and warm again to his mother's arms, Cicely kissed her cheek.

"Bend down your head, Eve, I forgive you. I know all. There is nothing

the matter with me now, and so you can be sure that I mean what I say. I know all and I forgive you, because you have saved my child."

XXIX.

Mary Ann Mile, close-reefed as to her skirts, and walking solidly and steadily, reached the shipwrecked party soon after nine o'clock. As she came by the beach, the brilliant light of Porley's fire guided her, as it had guided Cicely and Eve out on the dark lake. Mary Ann Mile asked no questions; her keen eyes took in immediately Eve's wet clothes and Jack's no clothes, the child being wrapped merely in a shawl. She said to the Irishman, who was wet also: "Patrick Carty, you go back to the camp; you run just as fast as you can split; tell them what's happened, and let them send for us as soon as they can. 'Tain't going to rain, I guess."

The man hesitated.

"Well, what are you about?" asked Mrs. Mile, walking up to him threateningly, her beetle shawl-pins shining in the fire-light.

The Irishman, who had been in a confused state ever since Cicely had forced his canoe into the water again after he had hauled it up on the beach, and had beaten his hands off fiercely with the oar when he had tried to stop her progress—a little creature like that turning suddenly so strong—answered, hurriedly, "It's goin' I am; ye can see it yersilf!" and was off like a shot. "*Wan* attack from a fimmale is enough in wan night," was his thought.

The nurse then effected a change of dress; with the aid of part of her own clothing and part of Cicely's she got Eve and Jack into dry garments of some sort, Jack being wrapped in a flannel petticoat. The wind had grown much more violent, but the strange atmospheric conditions had passed away; the lightning had ceased; it was now an ordinary gale; the waves dashed over the beach; the wind drove by with a shriek; but it was not cold. The four women sheltered themselves as well as they could, Cicely holding Jack closely; she would not let any one else touch him.

A little after two o'clock the crouched group heard a sound, and Hollis appeared in the circle of light shed by the flaring wind-swept fire. He bore a load of provisions and garments in baskets, in a sack suspended from his neck, in bags dangling from his arms, as well as in his hands and pockets. He had even brought a tea-kettle. It was a wonder how he had come so far with such a load, the wind bending him double. Mary Ann Mile made tea as methodically as though the open beach, with the roaring water and the shrieking gale, had been a quiet room. Hollis watched them eat with an eagerness so intense that unconsciously his thin face made [illegible] movements in sympathy. When they had finished, a start passed over him, as if he were awakening. Making a trumpet of his hands, he shouted to Cicely: "Must go now; 'f I don't, the old Judge 'll be trying to get here. [illegible] soon as *ca-a-an*."

"I'll take your *coat*, if you don't mind," said Mary Ann Mile, shrieking at him in her turn; "then Miss *Bruce* can have this *shawl*." And she suggested [illegible] lently to show him her meaning. Hollis denuded himself, and started.

With the first dim light of dawn he was back. They reached the camp about ten o'clock the next morning.

At three in the afternoon Cicely woke from a sleep of four hours. Her first movement was to feel for Jack.

Jack was sitting beside her, playing composedly with four spools and a little wooden horse.

"We'd better dress him now, hadn't we?" suggested Mrs. Mile, coming forward. She spoke in her cheerfully agreeing voice. Mrs. Mile's voice agreed beforehand that her patients should agree with her.

"I will dress him," said Cicely, rising.

"I wouldn't now, if I were you, Mrs. Morrison; you're not strong enough."

"Where is my dress?" asked Cicely, looking about her.

"You don't want anything, surely, but your pretty little blue wrapper?" said Mrs. Mile, taking it from its nail.

"Bring me my thick black dress and my walking-shoes, please."

They were brought.

Eve came in while Cicely was dressing.

"Eve, who is this person?" Cicely demanded, indicating the nurse with a sideward wave of her head.

"Oh, I'm just a lady's-maid; they thought you'd better have one; Porley, in that way, you know, isn't good for much," answered Mrs. Mile, readily.

"Whatever you are, I shall not need your services longer," said Cicely. "Do you think you could go to-night?"

"Certainly, ma'am; by the evening boat."

"There is no evening boat. I must have been ill a long while; you talk in such a wheedling manner. I am well now, at any rate, and you can return to Bois Blanc whenever you like; no doubt you have been much missed there. For the present, leave us, will you?"

Mrs. Mile, giving Eve an intelligent look, went out.

The storm was over, but the air had turned much colder; the windows of the lodge were closed. Eve seated herself by the east window.

"I have been ill, then?" asked Cicely.

"Yes."

"I have been out of my mind?"

"Yes," Eve answered again, in a listless voice.

"I'm not so any longer; you understand that?"

"I understand," Eve responded.

Her cheeks were white; all the lines of her face and figure had fallen; she looked lifeless.

Cicely stopped her work of dressing Jack, and gazed at her sister-in-law for a moment or two. Then she came and stood before her. "Perhaps you didn't understand what I said on the beach? I told you that I remembered everything: how we escaped through the woods to the north point, and how he came after us, and how we saw the yellow light of his candle down the road. And then what you added: how he tried to hurt Jack, and how you fired. And I told you that I forgave you everything because you saved Baby; you jumped into the lake and saved him. If I forgave you, Eve—and I did, and do—why do you look so? Almost as if you were dying." She paused a moment. Then her face changed. "I forgive you—yes; but never let us speak of it again—never on this earth. Do you hear?" And putting her hands on Eve's shoulders, she pressed the palms down violently as emphasis.

Then going back to Jack, she resumed the dressing. "It's the strangest thing in the world about a child—one's child. When it comes, you think you don't care about it—little red thing!—that you love your husband a million times more, as of course in many ways you do. But a new feeling comes—a feeling that's like no other; it takes possession of you whether you want it to or not. It's stronger than anything else—than life or death. You would let yourself be cut to pieces, burned alive, for your *child*. And your child's cry when he's suffering goes to your very soul. Something came burning right through me when I knew that Jacky was in danger. Never mind, Jacky; play away. Mamma's not frightened now, and Jacky's her own brave boy. It made everything clear; I came to myself instantly. I shall never lose my senses again, though I might want to, if it weren't for Baby, I'm so miserable."

"And I, who think you fortunate!" said Eve.

Cicely turned her head and looked at her with parted lips.

"Ferdie loved you—"

"Oh, he cared for others too," said Cicely, bringing her little teeth together. "I know more than you think—than Paul thinks." She went on hurriedly with her task.

A quiver had passed over Eve at the name. "You loved him, and he was your husband. But Paul can never take *me* for his wife. You forgave; but he couldn't."

"And you love Paul, then; is that it?" said Cicely, turning round again. "I never thought of that. But now I remember—that day when I saw you in the woods. Why, Eve, he *did* forgive you; he had you in his arms."

"He did not know. He does not know now."

"You haven't told him?"

"I couldn't."

Cicely paused, consideringly. "No, you could not," she said, with conviction. "And he could never marry you." She sat down on the side of the bed and folded her hands.

"Not if he knew, no," Eve answered.

"And were you going to pretend, then—not let him know?"

"That is what I tried to do," said Eve, sombrely. "You were the only person who knew (you knew because I had told you), and you were out of your mind. His love came to me. I took it."

"Especially as you loved him!"

"Yes, I loved him."

"I'm glad to hear you say it," said Cicely; "now you won't be so absurd, so impossible. Now you understand, per-

haps, how I felt about Ferdie, and why I didn't mind, no matter what he did."

"Yes, now I understand."

"Go on. What made you change your mind? Was it because I had got back my senses, and you were afraid I should tell?" She spoke with a jeer in her voice.

"No; it changed of itself when I saw Baby out in that boat alone—my brother's poor little child. I said then, 'If I can only save him, I'll give up everything.'"

"And supposing that nothing had happened to Jack, and that I had not got back my senses, how could you even then have married Paul, Eve Bruce? Let him take as his wife a woman who did what you did?"

"What I did was not wrong," said Eve, rising, a deep spot of red in each cheek. She looked down upon little Cicely. "It was not wrong," she repeated, firmly.

"And 'blood for blood'?" said Cicely, with another jeer.

"Yes, that is what Paul said," Eve answered. And she sank down again, covering her face.

"You say you have given him up. Are you going to tell him the reason why you do it?" pursued Cicely, with curiosity.

"How can I?"

"Well, it would stop him pursuing you, if he does pursue."

"I don't want him to stop."

"Oh! you're not in earnest, then? You are going to marry him, after all! See here, Eve, I'll be good. I'll never tell him; I'll promise."

"No," said Eve, letting her hands fall; "I gave him up when I said, 'If I can only save Baby!'" Her face had grown white again, her voice lifeless.

"What are you afraid of? Hell? At least you'd have Paul here. *I* should care more for that than for anything else."

"We're alike," said Eve.

"If we are, do it, then. It's a muddle; but that is the best way out of it."

"You don't understand," Eve replied. "What I'm afraid of is Paul himself."

"When he finds out?"

"Yes."

"I told you I wouldn't tell."

"Oh, any time! After death—in the next world."

"You believe in the next world, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, *I* should take all the happiness I could get in this."

"I care for it more than you do—more than you do!" said Eve, passionately.

Cicely gave a laugh of pure incredulity.

"But I *cannot* face it—his finding out," Eve concluded, burying her face in her hands again.

Cicely gazed at her. "How handsome you are to-day! What are men, after all? Poor things compared to *us*. What wouldn't we do for them when we love them? What *don't* we do? And what do they ever do for us in comparison? Paul—he ought to be at your feet, for such a love as you have given him; instead of that, we both know that he would mind; that he couldn't rise above it, couldn't forget. See here"—she ran to Eve, and put her arms round her, excitedly—"supposing that I should go to him and tell him the whole; and then just suppose that he should come here and say: 'What difference does that make, Eve? We will be married to-morrow.'" And she looked up at Eve, her dark little face flushed for the moment with unselfish hopefulness.

"No," answered Eve, slowly; "he couldn't; he loved Ferdie so." She raised her right hand and looked at it. "He'd see me always holding it—taking aim—"

Cicely drew away. She struck Eve's hand with all her force; she struck her cheek. Then she ran sobbing to the bed, where Jack, half dressed, had fallen peacefully asleep, and threw herself down beside him. "Oh, Ferdie! Ferdie!" she sobbed aloud, in a passion of grief.

Eve did not move.

After a while Cicely dried her eyes and rose. She woke Jack, and finished dressing him in silence. Kneeling down, she began to put on his shoes.

The child rolled his little wooden horse over her shoulder. Then he called: "Old Eve! old Eve! Pum here, an' det down. I want to roll de hortie on *you*, too."

Eve obeyed; she took up the other little shoe.

"Oh, well," said Cicely, her voice still choked with sobs, "we can't help it, Eve—as long as we've got him between us; he's a tie. We shall have to make the best of each other that we can."

"May I go with you to Romney?" Eve asked, in a low tone.

"How can you want to go *there*?" said Cicely, her eyes beginning to flash again.

"I know. But I don't want to leave Jack and you. If you would take me—"

They said but a few words more. Yet it was all arranged; they would go to Romney. Paul was to know nothing of it.

XXX.

Cicely thought of everything, she ordered everything; she and Eve changed places. It was decided that they should take a North Shore steamer; this would carry them eastward to the Sault by a route far away from Bois Blanc. Mrs. Mile was to be sent back to that flourishing town on the day of their own departure, but preceding it in time by several hours; she would carry no tidings because she would know none. Hollis was to be taken into their confidence in a measure; he was to be informed that this change of plan was a necessity, and that Paul must not hear of it.

"He will do what we tell him to do," said Cicely.

"Oh yes," said Eve, assentingly.

The first North Shore steamer would not pass before the morning of the third day. For twenty-four hours Eve remained inert; she did nothing. The Judge, troubled, but inexpressibly excited at the prospect of never seeing Bois Blanc again; of getting away from these cold woods, and in a few days from these horrible barren lakes; of soon breathing once more the air of his dear, warm, low-lying country, with its old plantations, its old towns, its old houses—hurried about wildly, trotting hither and thither on many little errands, but without accomplishing much. On the second day Eve's mood changed, and a feverish activity took possession of her also. She was up and out at dawn; she did everything she could think of; she worked incessantly. By noon there was nothing more left to do, and there still remained the whole half of the day and the night.

"I think I'll go out on the lake," she said to Cicely.

"Yes, row hard; tire yourself," Cicely answered.

She spoke coldly, though the advice she offered was good. She was trying hard to be kind to Eve during these difficult last hours when Paul was still so near; but though she did her best, she often failed; she often hated her. "You'd better not come back until nearly dark," she added. "We've got to be together through the long journey, you know."

"Very well," said Eve.

It was a brilliant afternoon; the air was singularly clear. Already the woods had begun to have an autumn look. Eve paddled eastward for some time. Then she came back and went out to Jupiter Light; beaching her canoe, she strolled to and fro for a while; then she sat down. The water came up and laved the reef with a soft, regular sound, the Light loomed above her. Presently a man came out of the door and locked it behind him.

"Good-afternoon, mum," he said, pausing on his way to his boat. "From the camp down below, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going the other way *myself*. Want to be light-keeper for an hour or two?" This jocularly.

It was the man who had come down with a lantern and preceded her and Paul up the stairs to the little room at the top.

"There's some one else above, isn't there?" she asked.

"No, mum; all three of us off ter-day. But me and John Rail 'll be back afore dark. You won't tell on us, I guess?" He gave a toothless smile and pushed off, nodding slightly in farewell as the distance between them increased. He went eastward round the point; his boat was soon out of sight.

Eve sat gazing up at the Light. She recalled the exact tones of Paul's voice as he said, "*Don't* you want to go up?" She had answered, "If you like." Then they had climbed up, and down again; and how sweet and strange and exciting it was! Then he had rowed the canoe home. How delightful it had been to sit there and feel the boat dart forward under his strong strokes in the darkness!—for night had come on while they lingered on the reef. Then she remembered her anger when he said, as he was helping her out, "I saw how much you wanted to go!" It seemed so strange that she should ever have been angry with him. She could never be so again, no matter what he might do. She tried to think of things; for instance, he might marry (she had almost said "marry again"). "I ought to wish that he might find some one—" But she could go no further; that was the end of that line of thought. She could not wish anything of the kind; she could not be glad. She pressed her hands together in bitter, hot rebellion. But even her rebellion was without hope. She had been sitting with her feet crossed before her;

she drew up her knees, put her arms upon them, and her head on her arms, with her face hidden. She sat thus a long time.

A voice said, "Eve!"

With a start she raised her head. Paul stood there beside her.

"You did not expect to see me. But I had word. Hollis got one of the men off secretly as soon as he could. He was ashamed to see me treated so."

"No," said Eve; "he wanted to give me a pleasure." Nothing could have been more dreary than her tone, more desperate than her eyes, as she looked at him.

"Then you know?" began Paul. But it was evident that she did not know. He did not betray his poor old friend further.

"Oh, why did you come here?" she said.

"I didn't believe it, Eve. I thought it was all rubbish."

"No; it's true."

"That you were going to leave me? Going off without letting me know?"

"Yes."

"Who has been talking to you? Cicely—now that she is herself again? She's a murderous little creature."

"I talked to her. I asked her to take me with her."

"What is the matter with you?" said Paul. He bent and took her hands, and drew her to her feet. "Now I can look at you. Tell me what you mean."

"Baby came near being drowned. And it was my fault. That brought me to my senses."

"It took you out of them."

"I saw then that I had been thinking only of myself and my own happiness."

"Oh, it would have been some happiness, then, would it?" said Paul, with a touch of sarcasm. He took her in his arms.

"Have you the least doubt about my love for you?" Eve asked.

He looked deep into her eyes, so near his own. "No, I haven't." And he rested his lips on hers.

She did not resist; she returned his kiss. Then she left him. "It's like death to me, but I must. I shall never marry you." She went toward her canoe.

Paul gave a laugh. "That's a nice way to talk when I've been slaving over the house, and got all sorts of suffocating things you'll like." He came and took her hands off the boat's edge. "Why, Eve," he said, with sudden passion, "a week from to-day we shall be living there together."

"Never together."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you, because it's against myself. I haven't the strength to tell you."

"Because it will make me think less of you? Not so much so as your trying to slip away from me unawares."

"You think it wouldn't; but it would."

"Try me!"

She released herself from the grasp of his hands. "Oh, if the cases had been reversed, how little *I* should have minded! No matter what you had done you would have been the same to me—God knows you would! In life, in death, before anything and everything, I should have adored you always; you would always have come first."

"So it is with me," said Paul.

"No, it is *not*. It's for that reason I am leaving you."

Paul made no more use of words; he drew her to him. What she had said had made no impression upon him—no impression of importance. He had never been so much in love with her as at this moment.

"Don't you see how I am suffering? I cannot bear it. Oh, leave me! let me go! Another minute and I shall not have the strength. Don't kiss me again; don't touch me. Listen! I shot Ferdie, your brother. I—I!"

Paul's arms dropped. "Ferdie? Poor Ferdie!" The tears rushed to his eyes. "Why, some negroes did it."

"There were no negroes. It was I."

He stood there as if petrified.

With desperate courage she launched her canoe and pushed out from land. "You see now that I had to go. You could never marry the woman who— Not even if she did it in self-defence—"

She waited a moment. He did not speak.

"Forgive me for trying to deceive you," she said, "that little time." With quick strokes she sent the canoe westward; then, changing her position and taking the other paddle, she began to row, so that she could look back the longer. His figure remained motionless for many minutes; then he sat down on the edge of his canoe.

Thus she left him, alone under Jupiter Light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

BY F. LICHTENBERGER, DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF PROTESTANT THEOLOGY AT PARIS.

THE religious revolution of which we are now witnessing the accomplishment in Germany dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. It is the logical realization of the new principle which Protestantism introduced into the modern world: the principle of liberty as opposed to the principle of authority, and that, too, in all domains.

First of all in the domain of thought. The Reformation substituted the authority of the Bible in place of that of the Church. But this presupposed that the Bible was infallible, and in their controversies with the Catholics and the Visionaries the Protestant doctors of the seventeenth century went so far as to maintain the plenary inspiration of the writings of the Old and New Testaments, not only as regards the spirit, but also the letter; not only as regards religious matters, but also as regards historical and scientific facts. This theory of theopneusty had only one drawback: the infallibility of the text demanded the infallibility of the interpreter. Hence it was inconsistent to authorize each one to interpret the sacred text according to his lights. The Catholic Church realized this danger, and acted prudently in placing the interpretation in the hands of the clergy, duly safeguarded against error by the special graces of the sacrament of ordination.

Now what was the natural consequence? Abandoned to the particular lights of individuals, the interpretation of the Scriptures in the very early days of the Reformation led to widely different results between Lutherans, Zwinglians, and Calvinists, and henceforward the field for discussion was opened. The texts had to be closely examined, and their grammatical and historical meaning fixed. The authors of the sacred books had to be discovered, together with the time and place of their composition, their object, and their tendencies. This question of the origin and history of the sacred books opened the door to criticism, and it became the glory of men like Ernesti, Mosheim, Michaelis, and Semler to lay the foundation of modern biblical criticism, which requires the sacred books to be studied and interpreted by the same rules as profane works. Through Lessing, and in consequence of a violent controversy provoked by the publication of fragments of a book by Reimarus, deposited in the library of Wolfenbüttel, these questions came under the notice of the great public, which in its turn took a passionate interest in subjects which until then had interested only professional theologians.

At the same time Wolf and his school claimed, in the domain of dogma, the rights of reason against narrow and intolerant orthodoxy, just as before them the pietists Spener and Francke had claimed the rights of sentiment. Wolf and his disciples soon filled the chairs in the universities and the pulpits in the churches, teaching, in opposition to the official doctrine, that this world is the best possible; that God acts only according to the laws of His nature, which are no other than the universal natural law; that miracles are the product of legend, and the poetical form which abstract truths fatally assumed in the imagination of peoples in the remote ages of the world; that the true source of morality is to be sought for, not in a supernaturally revealed code, but in human nature itself, rightly understood. All these heresies spread from man to man, with prudence, it is true, and with more or less concessions to received ecclesiastic formulæ. But rationalism, as the doctrines of Wolf's school were named, set out from the beginning on a wrong track. It had neither historical sense nor religious sentiment. Vain, intolerant, narrow-minded, it was threatening to destroy all religious sentiment, when political events stepped in to awaken this sentiment and to restore to German Christianity that national character which the humanitarian tendencies and abstract cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century had caused it to lose.

The defeat of the German armies after their vain attempt to stop the progress of the Revolution in France, the powerlessness of the governments to withstand the revolutionary tide beyond the Rhine, their apathy and disarray in presence of the ambitious enterprises of Napoleon I., brought about a state of abasement such as Germany had not known for a long time. The rapidity with which the

French Emperor was able to accomplish his designs and the little resistance he encountered revealed not only the rottenness of the political and military institutions, but also the absence of patriotic sentiments. This triumph of might over right and justice profoundly humiliated Germany. This feeling was strengthened by the long trials of foreign occupation; but it yielded, at any rate, salutary fruit. Guided by a right instinct, those who directed the destinies of the nation comprehended that a moral and individual reform must precede the resuscitation of the nation. In all the states, but particularly in Prussia, whence the political awakening started, thanks to the courageous initiative of men like Stein, Scharnhorst, and William von Humboldt, the sovereigns put themselves into closer relations with the people, and decreed a series of liberal measures, notably in view of educational reform. They also took advantage of the awakening of religious sentiment, which had been the natural result of the pressing misfortunes of the times; and the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of Napoleon, the disasters that befell the French army during the retreat from Moscow, the general rising of the nation in 1813 and 1814, and the rapid and repeated successes which culminated in the treaties of 1815, were attributed as much to the intervention of God as to the skill of the generals and the constancy of the people.

Firmly restored on their thrones by the Treaty of Vienna, and closely united for the defence of their rights in that Holy Alliance which they had placed under the protection of the Trinity, the sovereigns skilfully turned to their own advantage the existing state of men's minds, forgot the promises which they had made in the hour of danger, and resolutely throwing themselves into the arms of reaction, made use of the religious revival in order to hasten that work of the restoration of the past which was the object of all their wishes.

Art and literature contributed their share, and often involuntarily, toward favoring this tendency. This was the age when the Romantic school flourished, and when Germany was seized with a craze for rehabilitating the manners, the institutions, the art, and the literature of the Middle Ages. Meanwhile the diplomatists and their sovereigns, meeting at watering-places around the green tables of Congresses, were riveting the chains which were destined to bind the nations to the restored thrones. In their views the Church was bound to help in bringing men's minds back to the ways of the past; and by lending herself to this rôle, whether willingly or by force, the Church lost all credit with enlightened men, and most seriously compromised the cause of the gospel by associating it with the plans of a militant policy. Theology also yielded to the general current. An attempt was made to rejuvenate and to animate with a breath of poetry old dogmas, old beliefs, and old usages—circumstances of which the Catholic Church cleverly took advantage, seeing herself suddenly surrounded with new prestige.

At the same time in the domain of philosophy there sprang up a rapid and brilliant succession of systems that revealed the singular aptness for analysis and synthesis with which the German mind is gifted, and at the same time the almost candid temerity of metaphysical affirmations which rest upon no real basis. In spite of the deceptions to which it gave rise, this movement of contemporary philosophy, from Kant, Fichte, and Schelling down to Hegel, bears witness in its way to the greatness of the human mind; and the influence of these vigorous thinkers and powerful dialecticians upon the religious and theological movement was immense. The idealist pantheism in which this magnificent efflorescence of philosophy terminated constituted on the whole a salutary reaction against the abstractions of sterile deism; and the theory of the immanency of God, although in many of our contemporaries it led to a daily more pronounced alienation from Christianity, nevertheless, if rightly understood, rectified, and completed, corresponded to the legitimate wants of the modern religious sentiment.

The renewing of German theology in this century is associated with the name of Schleiermacher, who, although he lived more than fifty years ago, still exercises a powerful influence over the religious movement of his father-land. All parties, whatever reserves they may have to make on such and such a point of his doctrine, declare themselves his accipients. A theologian from vocation and from taste, he embraced and dominated all branches of human knowledge, philoso-

phy, philology, and even poetry. The modest pupil of the Moravian Brethren was the most esteemed and the most venerated writer, orator, *savant*, thinker, and Churchman of his time. He was one of the founders of the University of Berlin, and one of the restorers of Prussian monarchy; in his professional chair and in his pastor's pulpit he spoke like a prophet rather than like a theologian; no human interest was foreign to him; with his vivifying breath he penetrated domains most remote from the sphere of his professional activity. What made Schleiermacher an initiator and a creator much more than the chief of a school, properly so called, was his individuality. More than by his books, his lectures, and his speeches, Schleiermacher acted by his personal relations. In the midst of a generation tending toward incredulity or at least indifference in religious matters, he restored to honor the forgotten and misapprehended truths of the gospel. A consistent Protestant, in order to get Christianity accepted by the men of his day he substituted the principle of liberty for the principle of authority, and showed that men could not better or even otherwise serve Christ than by incarnating Him in their persons, and penetrating with His spirit their whole activity and being. This was what constituted the method of Christian individualism of which Schleiermacher was the founder. But in order to achieve this result he was obliged to give a new definition and description of religion, which he makes out to be independent of morality, of action, and of dogma. By claiming for the religious conscience the primacy over all the other faculties of man in the questions that concern piety, and by assigning to religion a special domain, Schleiermacher reduced to their true limits the pretensions of rationalism and dogmatism. On the ruins of old apologetics, with their *a priori* arguments, halting affirmations, and authoritative expedients, he laid the solid foundations of modern apologetics, which appeal only to the testimony of conscience, and do not think the victory gained until conviction has been carried to the very centre of our individuality—a process which establishes and at the same time consecrates in a definitive manner the inalienable rights of the individual in religious matters.

Almost all the disciples of Schleiermacher turned backward, some to the right toward orthodoxy, some to the left toward rationalism; but their dream of a final reconciliation between science and faith was only short-lived. Strauss's *Life of Jesus* appeared in 1835, like a thunderclap in a clear sky, and marked the arrival of a new school, which resumed with singular ardor and formidable weapons the struggle against orthodoxy which had been abandoned by the old rationalists. This school applied itself, in the name of historical criticism, to ruin the old theological system by concentrating its attacks upon its very foundation, the Bible.

The remarkable labors of Wolf and Niebuhr on Greek and Roman early history had brought to light the considerable rôle of myth and legend in these primitive periods. Michaelis and others had undertaken the examination of the Old Testament in the same spirit. Strauss, more bold, applied it to the New Testament, and pointed out that the miracles which constitute, so to speak, the whole life of Jesus were simply a reflection of the belief in the supernatural which animated the Church of the first century. The criticism of Strauss was only the prelude to more serious works on the books of the New Testament. The Tübingen school, of which the chief was Ferdinand Christian Baur, set itself the task of studying the character, the dogmatic tendency, the historic *milieu*, the chronological epoch, of each of these books, in such a manner as to give them their place in the general current of the literary history of the first two centuries of our era, and subsidiarily to use them in view of the history of dogma. The result of these researches was to substitute little by little the apostle Paul—whose historical image can be reconstituted, thanks to the ascertained authenticity of his four chief epistles—in place of Jesus as the true founder of Christianity. Jesus, according to this view, was probably only a Jewish rabbi, whose teaching scarcely passed beyond the limited horizon of the synagogue of his time. Thanks to Paul, Christianity received a universal character, in open rupture with Judaism, the temple, and the Mosaic law.

These views, which Baur developed with incontestable ardor, erudition, and talent, during his long and laborious professorship, and which his numerous disciples

resumed, confirmed, completed, or rectified, aroused a legion of commentators and exegetes, who hastened from all sides to save a few that could from the great shipwreck. To re-establish the historical character of the documents which acquaint us with the person and work of Christ, to repair the foundation on which the Christian Church is built, to demonstrate the superiority of the religious ideas contained in the gospels over those of the Pauline epistles, and to show that these latter can only be explained as the corollary and prolongation of the former—such was the task assumed by the conservative critics, and still pursued by them with varied chances of success. In order to form an idea of the scientific activity manifested with indefatigable laboriousness in the department of biblical study, the reader need only consult the publishers' lists. It will be found that the number of commentaries and of isagogical manuals concerning the books of the Old and New Testaments attains every year a respectable figure, and testifies to the interest which these questions continue to excite in the German public. The problem of the origins of Christianity, ardently pursued with all the philological, literary, and historical resources of which our generation disposes, will soon be solved, although it would be still premature to fix the terms of the solution.

Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, soon followed by other works of that master in the art of writing, amongst which his book on *The Old and the New Faith* (1872) obtained the greatest success, was only one of the symptoms of the opposition directed against Christianity and against religious ideas in general. A daily increasing number of writers entered the lists to carry on the combat. Ludwig Feuerbach, in a series of works written with rare talent, demonstrated that man cannot rise above man: *homo homini deus*. The supreme being is man. All theology is nothing but anthropology. It knows nothing but what it has learned from the study of ourselves. Christianity transports the sentiments, the thoughts, the volitions of man, his diverse relations, his whole being, into heaven; that is to say, it poses it, beyond reality, a second time in the region of dreams and chimeras. The God and the heaven of the Christian is God and the world reproduced as the creations of his imagination. This faculty of objectivity, of contemplating himself, of adoring himself, distinguishes man from the beasts; only he must not imagine that what he contemplates and adores is other than himself, for he would end by becoming a stranger to his own being, and by distorting it. What excesses, what injustices, what crimes, has not religious fanaticism committed in the name of this pretended God which was only idealized, or, in other words, distorted and disguised man!—an inhuman divinity and a sacrificed humanity; such, according to this view, are the fruits of religion.

Max Stirner, in his book on *The Unique Being and his Proprieties*, carried to the extreme the consequences of Feuerbach's theory. "Of all men," he said, "the one I know best is myself. My whole catechism is myself. I do what I wish and that which pleases me." Humanity and morality are words void of meaning. Mind is likewise an illusion, a mirage of matter, which is alone real and eternal. Thought is only one of the forms that matter assumes; it is a secretion of the brain, emanating from it as the perfume from a flower; will is a movement of consciousness determined by the nourishment which a man has taken. "There is nothing real on the earth," says Stirner, "except myself and the aliments which nourish me"—a proposition which re-echoes Feuerbach's "Man is what he eats" (*Was der Mensch isst, das ist er*).

The young Hegelian school, disgusted with philosophical research, and convinced of the emptiness of idealism, deserted metaphysics and even psychology, and threw itself ardently into the study of nature. In these circles religion was considered to be merely the confused dream of sickly imaginations, of which humanity must be cured as quickly as possible. Emancipated from the idea of God, this school entered upon a wild steeple-chase of negations, provocations, and incendiary paradoxes, and in their hatred of the *doctrinaires* they ended by professing that their only principle was the absence of principle, and in reality their only bond of union was the hatred of Christianity and of religion.

After Stirner, Laas developed with the greatest talent and boldness the ideas of German positivism. The influence of Darwin and of Herbert Spencer is very noticeable in this writer (*Idealism and Positivism*, 1882, 2 vol.); but the absence of all religious sentiment—a reproach

which cannot be addressed to the two eminent English thinkers—renders the exposition of his system particularly shocking. Practically this philosophy results in the worship of force, and prepares and cries up the Bismarckian era, of which it is the poisoned efflorescence. "The primitive right of man," says Laas, "is egoism. Duties are the restrictions imposed upon liberty by the necessities of social order. . . . . My rights are my wants, abstraction being made of my duties. . . . Virtues are dispositions and habitual aptnesses, which bring an addition of pleasure into society."

Much noise has been made about the systems of Schopenhauer and Hartmann (*Philosophy of the Unconscious*), which present a confused medley of mystic elements and Hegelian dialectic, and conclude in pessimism. It is proper to note that these fancies are taken less seriously and have found fewer adepts in Germany than in foreign countries. In the writings which Hartmann has devoted to the religious question, he displays such ignorance of the essence and history of Christianity, combined with such disdain, and with such artless belief in the infallibility of his own system, which is a sort of rehash of Buddhism, that it is useless to refute him. For that matter, pessimism carries its condemnation in itself; it comes to nothing in presence of the inextinguishable and imperishable need of life which animates all creatures.

Meanwhile important political changes had taken place in Germany. The revolution of 1848, with its luxuriant crop of Utopian hopes, was followed by a violent reaction, which exercised considerable influence on the religious movement. The union between the governments and the representatives of orthodoxy became closer. A need was felt of a more tangible and massive Christianity, which would serve as an arm for the preservation of social order. Modern theology, evolved in the cabinets of the erudite, and adopted by the middle classes, seemed too spiritualistic and too refined. It was denounced as vague and unsuited for cultivated minds. We must not forget that a sort of abyss had been dug in the eighteenth century between intellectual culture and the wants of the people, and that the Church had done nothing to fill up this abyss. Hence in certain minds the thought of a return to the old dogmas of the age of the Reformation.

The governments, on their side, considered a return to the faith of the past as the easiest, surest, and most prompt means of keeping or of restoring their subjects to that régime of passive obedience which flattered their despotic ambition. Jurisconsults, journalists, theologians, but more particularly the court preachers, insisted upon the insufficiency and the dangers of the theology which was connected with the name of Schleiermacher, and argued the need of firmer ecclesiastical institutions and more precise dogmatic formulæ. These reactionary tendencies found a convenient ally in pietism, which alone possessed associations and charitable works engendered by Christian faith, and which almost alone had preserved an intimate and ardent religious life. Thus there came about a sort of fusion between pietism and the new orthodoxy, the daughter and servant of political reaction, but without their representatives being able entirely to resist the influence of modern ideas. This alliance preached the necessity of keeping up the consciousness of sin, and the necessity of defending pure doctrine; it taught once more the radical darkening of human reason, and its absolute incapacity to understand and judge divine things outside the Church and its means of grace; it molested pastors and professors suspected of heresy, and tried to arrest violently the movement of theological thought. Reactionary ministers peopled the universities with reactionary professors who had given proofs of their orthodoxy, and who bound themselves to make knowledge march backward (*die Umkehr der Wissenschaft*).

When in 1861 William I. succeeded his brother, first as Prince-Regent and then as King, a cessation of the religious reaction was hoped for. The new sovereign was said to be animated with liberal sentiments, a protector of the Freemasons, and hostile to the feudal and pietist party of the court preachers. But the absolutist and bellicose character which his reign soon assumed destroyed all illusions so far as concerned his relations with the Church and the religious parties. During his conflict with the Parliament, Bismarck, the new Chancellor, had to seek support for his policy in the conservative party. In order to induce his master to stake the destinies of Prussia in the struggle, first with Austria and afterward with France, he was obliged to make the religious

chords vibrate. The King, his master, in his native honesty, had scruples which do him honor. It was not until success had crowned the policy of blood and iron, which William had adopted with hesitation, that he finally persuaded himself that he was the envoy of Providence, the instrument chosen by Providence to chastise its enemies, and to accomplish the great designs which it had reserved for Germany, the country highly favored of the Gospel. Henceforward his fervor became more lively and more mystic; the praises of the God of armies, of the German God, for whom floods of victorious blood had been shed, filled his proclamations; and the ecclesiastical reaction could feel sure of seeing many triumphs.

It is natural that the Germans should not have been able to resist a sentiment of patriotic satisfaction when they saw their dream of national unity finally realized, and the German Empire raised to the rank of the first military and political power of Europe. It is natural that they should have venerated the old Emperor, and that they should profess boundless admiration for the iron Chancellor, the head of genius which guided the docile arm. What is less comprehensible is that the intoxication of success should prevent the Germans from realizing the dangers which this new and unprecedented situation involves. The theologians especially seem to have been literally smitten with blindness. Not only have they applauded the policy of injustice and violence which, under pretext of annexations, has reopened the era of armed conquests, but they have not seen that the sacrifice of all liberties is a dear price to pay for the benefits of unity and political greatness.

An eminent publicist, Constantin Frantz, in a volume that attracted much attention, *The Religion of National Liberalism*, has pointed out to his compatriots the danger of this situation. With courageous frankness and rare perspicacity he has shown that Germany is gradually replacing Christianity by a sort of worship of the nation, and substituting justification by success in the place of justification by faith. The Church, which formed a salutary counterpoise to the national egoism, has completely misunderstood the rôle which circumstances imposed upon it, thanks to the servility of its chiefs and thanks to excessive centralization. Instead of preaching moderation in victory, humility, and the fragility of earthly glory, the Church, if it has not actually invited the German nation to bow down before its own triumphs, has at any rate neglected to warn it against dangerous intoxication. "However great may be the victories we have won," says Herr Frantz, "we cannot boast of that still greater victory which would have consisted in conquering ourselves in order to preserve an equal mind even in the midst of the most unhoped-for prosperity. Satisfaction with ourselves forms essentially a part of the *spolia opima* which we brought back from France."

"After the war of 1813," says Superintendent General Büchsel, "there was all over old Prussia a new and mighty turning toward God and His word. The war of 1870 brought us, it is true, much glory and many milliards, but the Church up to this day has received through the munificence of his Majesty the Emperor and King nothing but here and there a cannon wherewith to cast a bell. But these bells do not help our recovery."

"In the era of militarism upon which we have entered," writes another theologian, "our poor nation lets itself be egged on against France to fight the hereditary enemy, as if it were needful to seek our hereditary enemies beyond our frontiers! The purchase of Alsace and Lorraine has been paid with the last remnants of German liberty, fidelity, and faith, and for the profit of an inevitable military despotism, which takes an interest in nothing but its own aims, has money only for its own instruments, favors the reign of mammonism and materialism, and which can only end in the triumph of Oriental barbarism."

But such voices are isolated and lost amidst the general blind enthusiasm. A large number of theologians, dazzled by the advantages which were to result for Protestantism from the foundation of an *evangelical* empire, thought it proper to abandon the system of parity hitherto observed toward the different faiths, and to raise frankly the standard of Protestant policy. The liberal and orthodox press almost entirely approved the war against Rome which the new empire began, under the name of *Culturkampf*, immediately after its foundation, hoping thus to have done with Ultramontanism, that second hereditary enemy, the constant ally of

France, and the natural patron of Guelph views and particularist tendencies. Liberal Germany expected great things from the restrictive laws—expulsion of the religious orders, nomination and surveillance of the clergy by the government, secularization of the seminaries and schools, direction of religious instruction, etc.—known as the May laws—which the Minister of Public Worship, Herr Falck, "that mighty falcon," charged with the task of executing Bismarck's religious policy, caused the Prussian Chambers to adopt.

But facts did not confirm these hopes. Everywhere the interference with the liberty of the Catholic Church provoked a revival of interest and sympathy for that creed. The revocation of refractory priests, the exiling of bishops, the great number of parishes left without spiritual succor, awakened renewed zeal in people's hearts. Persecution has increased the power of the Catholic party in proportions which have alarmed its adversaries and astonished its friends. The electors of the Catholic provinces, especially in the Rhine country, have sent a compact mass of deputies to the Prussian Landtag, and to the Reichstag under the able and energetic leadership of the old Guelph minister Windthorst; numerous associations, animated with extraordinary fervor, have covered Germany with organizations destined to put the Catholic stamp upon all the intellectual, economical, and charitable manifestations of modern society; in their annual meetings they have loudly proclaimed the results obtained, and fanaticized their adherents by the most ambitious promises. In contempt of the laws, and favored by the complicity of the public, the expelled members of the religious orders have come back, including also the Jesuits, whose members have more than doubled since they have been officially proscribed.

The adversaries of the dogma of infallibility upon whom Bismarck counted to lead the campaign against Rome proved powerless and unpopular allies. Except in a few great centres, thanks to the adhesion of the enlightened middle classes, who are indifferent in matters of religion, the Church of the Old Catholics, in spite of excellent intentions and of leaders worthy of all respect, like Canon Dollinger and Bishop Reinkens, drags on a precarious and colorless existence. The favors and the endowments of the government do not take the place of the attachment of the faithful and the sacrifices which piety knows how to impose upon itself, especially when it is attacked. After eighteen years of propaganda, the number of Old Catholics in the whole German Empire amounts only to 30,000, whereas the Roman Catholics number nearly seventeen millions, against thirty millions of Protestants.

In the face of these results, but especially under pressure of the necessities of home and foreign policy imposed by a change of alliances, Prince von Bismarck, whose genius is composed of suppleness as much as of force, and who is arrested by no scruples either of principles or of conscience, resolutely changed his course. The party of the centre was considered sufficiently influential to be admitted to become a government party. Instead of remaining a negligible quantity, as it was or appeared to be, it was able to treat on equal terms with the conservative and the national liberal parties, which are the great supporters of the policy of the great Chancellor. The Protestant conservatives were the first to secede, and voted with alacrity the abolition or the modification of the régime of the May laws. After the attempts against the life of the Emperor William I., and thanks to the threatening progress of socialism, a truce was made in the religious struggle, and an alliance concluded for the defence of conservative interests. Herr Falck was dismissed, and succeeded by ministers full of indulgence, if not of zeal, for the re-establishment of good relations between the Prussian state and the Catholic Church. If Prince von Bismarck did not go to Canossa, he at least treated with Pius IX., and above all with Leo XIII., on equal terms. With that high intelligence which characterizes him, he comprehended that he could not dispense with the good offices of Rome for the consolidation of his political edifice. The arbitration of the successor of St. Peter, invoked at the moment of the difficulty with Spain about the Caroline Islands, was the reward of the intervention of the Pope in the Reichstag elections, and of his approval of the military armaments of the empire, that had become a menace and a danger for all Europe. Although everything did not take place in an absolutely correct manner during the recent visit of the young

Emperor William II. to the Vatican, and although the sovereign pontiff did not obtain from him — which he doubtless did not expect — guarantees for the re-establishment of his temporal power, at any rate the relations between the empire and the Holy See leave nothing to be desired at the present moment. The former is ready to wipe out the last traces that may remain of the wounds inflicted by the *Culturkampf*, and lavishes advances toward the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, as well as acts of munificence destined to supply its needs, while on the other hand the Holy See uses all its influence to curb the tendencies toward independence or of opposition on the part of the Centre and its leader, *die kleine Excellenz*, as Herr Windthorst is called.

If the Protestant Church thought to gain by the *Culturkampf* and the persecution of the Catholic Church, its disappointment has been bitter. In the first place, the May laws placed it, thanks to the parity system, in more complete dependence and under more severe state control than before, and that too without the advantage of the religious awakening which persecution produced in the rival communion. Its time-serving, its adulation, its encouragements toward the state, have singularly impaired its prestige, and at the same time the political rôle played by its most prominent representatives has contributed to discredit it in the eyes of those who are animated by a purely religious spirit. Finally, in these critical times, the irremediable divisions which weaken the Protestant Church, the internal struggles of which it is the theatre, have manifested themselves with humiliating evidence.

The ecclesiastical physiognomy of German Protestantism is very simple. The sects which in other countries play an important rôle and constitute a considerable factor in the development of religious life may here be neglected. The number of their adherents is not great in contemporary Germany.

To return to the official Church. It is scarcely possible to give any even approximately exact statistics of the various parties which compose it, and of the diverse tendencies that conflict within it. The liberals, who have a feeble majority in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in the Palatinate, in the Duchy of Nassau, and in the duchies of Saxony, and who hold strong minorities in Silesia and Brandenburg, have their intellectual centres in Heidelberg and Jena: they are recruited from amongst the old disciples of Schleiermacher and the descendants of the old rationalists; they march in a fairly compact troop under the banner of the Protestant Union. As for orthodoxy, it is split into three sections, which rarely unite in common action or aspirations. On the left wing the Centre party (Mittelpartei), under the leadership of Professor Beyschlag, of Halle, and Professor Von der Goltz, of Berlin, includes cultivated and conciliatory minds who are averse to sacrificing science to faith, show themselves favorable, both in politics and in religion, to parliamentary institutions, and willingly hold out their hand to the liberals, whose *raison d'être* and legal right in the Church they recognize, particularly when there is question of combating the threatening manœuvres of Catholicism; they have even founded together an evangelical alliance (*Evangelischer Bund*), which has inscribed on its banner a minimum of dogmatic formulæ. On the other hand, the orthodox who are connected with the Positive Union will not hear of making concessions to the liberals, or of any work in common. They abide by a rigorous dogmatism on the basis of a sort of consensus of all the positive elements that can be borrowed either from Lutheran or reformed confessions. At their head march the court preachers. They are at present the dominant party in the high and lower councils, in the consistories, in the synods, and in the universities. Finally, on the right wing are the pure Lutherans, who have not joined the official Church, or who have remained in it only in the hope of seeing the triumph of strict Lutheranism, such as it is enunciated in the symbols of faith of the sixteenth century, without the alloy of the reformed element and of the modern spirit. If these latter sometimes march hand in hand with the partisans of the Positive Union, it is only in the interests of a conservative policy, and in order to help in the work of destroying the liberal parties. But their attitude, although very bellicose, is in general more independent than that of the orthodox who are attached to the court party and to the great aristocratic families.

In the middle of these groups the court preacher Adolf Stoecker occupies rather

an original position. He is a member of the Positive Union, but aims at a more radical reform of the Church. In numerous lectures and pamphlets, and in his newspaper, the *German Evangelical Gazette*, the best edited of all the German religious papers, this thorough but fanatical Christian, whose real oratorical talent is unfortunately spoiled by a shocking grossness of language, endeavors to combat the subversive theories of socialism by building up, on the basis of a monarchical loyalism which goes even so far as the deification of the sovereign, the chimerical edifice of a new society animated with a professedly Christian spirit, returning to the corporations and guilds of the Middle Ages, crying up the system of ultra protectionism, causing the state to decree obligatory insurance organizations, normal hours of labor, progressive income tax, Sunday rest, and denouncing the Jews as the authors of all the misery that is born of modern industrialism and liberalism. Backed up by the Anti-Semitic League, by the committee of the Berlin Home Mission, and by the not very numerous members of the Christian working-men's party, Herr Stoecker has played a certain rôle in Parliament. It appears that his aim is nothing less than to undermine the power of Prince von Bismarck, whom he accuses of too often making compacts with the adversaries of the positive faith and of conservatism by joining the national liberals, the bankers, and the Jew journalists. It has even been hinted that the power of Herr Stoecker will increase under the new reign, thanks to the influence that he exercises or did exercise over the Count and Countess von Waldersee, and through them over the Emperor William II. But the prestige, however great it may be, due to his fiery eloquence and to his devouring zeal, is already compromised by a certain number of judiciary affairs, which have cast doubts, if not on the rectitude of his character, at least on the veracity of his assertions. It is hardly probable that this prestige, so long as the great Chancellor is alive, will succeed in alienating the young monarch both from his person and from his prudently conciliatory policy, and in throwing him into a series of adventures in the wake of the party of the country squires, with their narrow conservatism and superannuated bigotry.

In order to complete our sketch we must say a few words about the present theological movement. In this sphere also the positions taken up fifty years ago have hardly been modified. The men who have succeeded each other in the office of Minister of Public Worship in Prussia, and almost everywhere else, all have favored orthodoxy. The influence of men like Hengstenberg, Stahl, Hoffmann, Koegel, in the Superior Ecclesiastical Council and at the court, the ecclesiastical terrorism which they exercised, the Church inspections with their inquisitorial character, the monster petitions demanding the protection of the prince for the confessions of faith and the chastisement of their adversaries, the composition of the examination commissions, the manner in which nominations were made and preferment given—all contributed to divert the *élite* of German youth from the career of the Church ministry. The isolation and discredit of the theological faculties of the universities became constantly more marked, the number and scientific value of theological works went on decreasing. All vacancies, with few exceptions, were filled by orthodox professors who as pastors were distinguished only in the domain of apologetic literature, the productions of which inundated the German publishing market like a new deluge. In 1831, out of every 1000 students there were 347 theologians in the Prussian universities; that is to say, more than one-third; in 1871 there were only 120 in 1000, or about one-eighth. Of late years the proportion of theological students has increased, owing to the excessive overcrowding of the liberal careers, in which success has become more and more difficult since the *Krach* that followed the fever of industrial enterprises in 1872. The ranks of the ministry have been momentarily swelled by all those whom the seductive conquest of millions has left perplexed or undeceived. We do not learn that the quality of the theological candidates has risen with the quantity.

This cessation of strong production in theology, this absence of great individualities destined to take the place of men like Tholuck, Dorner, Rothe, Thomasius, Kahnis, this lassitude and disgust of theology which have taken hold of the young generation, are alarming symptoms. Historical criticism is still studied, but without great vigor, and only in the more and more limited field of pure erudition.

Christian thought, thanks to the long reign of narrow and intolerant orthodoxy, seems as it were riveted to the chain of confessions of faith, and turns in a monotonous circle, where it runs the risk of extinction for want of air and space. A renovation is so long in coming that it seems almost hopeless to expect one.

And yet good-will is not wanting. During the past ten years we have seen the rise of a new school, which, taking its position between orthodoxy and liberalism, announces between them a conciliation which Schleiermacher and some of his disciples had already attempted. Going back to Kant, it professes to descend from Luther himself, and to take up for the benefit of the young generations the inheritance of that great master of spiritual life. Its programme is full of promise. Its object is to vanquish definitively the sterile antagonism between supernaturalism and rationalism, between faith and science, and to conquer an independent province for religious consciousness by emancipating religion from all solidarity with metaphysics, natural science, and historical criticism.

The chief of this school is Albert Ritschl, a former disciple of Baur. With incontestable sublimity of views, with scientific calmness and serenity, and with great vigor and conciseness of language, the celebrated Göttingen professor has expounded his doctrine in lectures and in books which have exercised considerable influence on theological thought both in Germany and abroad, and provoked lively controversies in various camps.

Ritschl demonstrates that it is not allowable to attach the same value to the immediate affirmations of religious consciousness and to the secondary explanations of theology. In recommending this sifting, which seems difficult and bold, Ritschl does not leave the ground of the Bible, but all those who have broken with the theory of the literal inspiration of the Scriptures understand that the scriptural character of a doctrine, for the Göttingen professor, is not founded on the use of such and such a word separated from its context, but upon the *ensemble* of biblical notions taken in their genesis and followed up in their organic development. The puerile naïveté with which people imagine that they are establishing the biblical authority of a doctrine by the aid of a fragmentary Scripture quotation is one of the most disastrous legacies of old-fashioned orthodoxy and its theory of mechanical inspiration, from which the Protestantism of the nineteenth century has so much difficulty in emancipating itself, to the great and double detriment of science and of faith.

Independently of the scriptural character, taken in the new and definitive sense of this word, the practical efficacy, the richness of its applications, are for the Church the touchstone of each theological doctrine. By separating sharply the problems that interest only the school from the dogmas which have a direct importance for Christian life we shall arrive at the conquest of a broad and firm basis, on which a fruitful religious union can be consummated between the different parties which divide the Church. This union, which can never be realized by administrative measures and ecclesiastical rules, will be the slowly matured fruit of truly religious convictions, and the dearly bought recompense of persevering study and indefatigable effort.

We cannot here set forth the still very incomplete results which Ritschl and his disciples have already achieved in the sense indicated. We will merely say that the defects of this school are those of the Germanic mind. In spite of its pretensions to precision, it is essentially wanting in clearness and simplicity, and does not sufficiently guard against voluntary equivocation. In its present form this theology will never become popular, in spite of its undeniable merits. Indeed we may say in general that the German theologians do not apply themselves sufficiently to making themselves heard and understood by the people: they content themselves with being cabinet *savants*. And while they are gravely meditating and discussing, the nation, a stranger to all these questions, is preparing to accomplish with Christianity a divorce, of which literature, the press, and numerous materialist and socialist writings reveal only too visibly the forerunning signs.

Attentive observers of religious life in Germany discern a singular phenomenon which is assuming more and more alarming proportions. On the one hand, statistics show that ecclesiastical habits are far from being lost, so far as concerns participation in traditional acts and ceremonies. At Hamburg, where there is the largest number of non-baptized children, it was

in 1885 only 37 out of every 10,000; at Berlin, five out of 10,000; in the whole of Germany, one; in Prussia, 14 per cent. amongst the Protestants, and 16 per cent. amongst the Catholics. In the census of 1871 those who registered themselves as professing no religion amounted to 16,980; in 1880, to 30,249; and in 1885 this number sank brusquely to 11,975. In Prussia, in 1885, the number of religious marriages was 90 per cent.; that of mixed marriages, 12 per cent.; in 38 per cent. of the cases the husband was Protestant and the wife Catholic. No fluctuation is indicated in the ecclesiastical statistics for the year 1887, either for the number of religious burials (230,689), or for that of confirmations or first communions (293,563), or for that of communicants (5,745,771); alone the divorced persons who have demanded the nuptial benediction show an increase (1047). There were 2798 conversions to the Protestant Church—2023 Catholics, 240 Jews, 535 members of other communities; 254 conversions to Catholicism, nine to Judaism, 1333 to other religious communities.

On the other hand, almost everywhere there are complaints of notable diminution in church attendance. Many churches in the towns and in the countries are three-quarters empty. At Berlin, where there are only forty-seven churches and twenty-seven chapels, with 50,000 seats, for a Protestant population of nearly a million, the church service is very little attended. People go to the cathedral to hear the fine music and to see the Emperor. When the liturgical service is over, there is a considerable exodus: more than half the congregation goes away; and before the sermon is at an end there is a formidable rush toward the doors in order to get good places for seeing the imperial family go out. The service ends before empty benches; and at the celebration of the holy communion, which follows, there are often not a dozen communicants.

In the national mourning which marked the course of the funereal year 1888, religious sentiment had no part. What dominated at the time of the truly imposing death of William I. was admiration for this more than nonagenarian old man, who ended his life simply, and, so to speak, stoically, as he had lived; and when, after a short reign of ninety-nine days of continual martyrdom, Frederick III. in his turn went into the grave, it was an immense sentiment of pity, combined in the hearts of the best with regret at the premature death of a prince in whom the most noble hopes were centred. But in the thick crowd which on March 12th and the following days stood around the cathedral to gaze upon the splendid mortuary decoration, not the slightest devoutness was to be remarked; and when the funeral cortége passed on its way to Charlottenburg, between the falls of snow, very few so much as took their hats off. All the foreigners who were present at this spectacle were struck by this absence even of exterior signs of piety.

But to return to ecclesiastical statistics. In the contrast between the figures it furnishes and the actual reality we may find a lesson of a nature to inspire us with the most serious reflections. The religious ceremonies which accompany earthly existence at its most solemn hours are preserved, together with the consecrated formulæ, and even—as in the case of baptism and confirmation—the traditional engagements: but the life, the sincerity, the fervor, of them are absent. Religion is no longer anything but a frame, or, as it were, an empty vase from which the perfume has vanished. The place of religion has been taken by morality in some cases, and generally by what morality! In other cases, literary and æsthetic culture, especially music, with the exquisite joys it procures, the refinements to which it testifies, but also with its insufficiency from the point of view of inner discipline and moral hygiene, and for all that concerns firmness of principles and the strong tempering of character. For the great number religion has been replaced by the *culte* of the nation, of that nation which is in the act of bartering the treasures of science, poetry, and faith, through which it has been so great in history, in exchange for military and diplomatic glory, conquered by the sacrifices and exposed to the vicissitudes that all know, and which all prudent minds fear. But the patriotic sentiment, even when raised to its highest power, even when clairvoyant and disinterested, cannot fill the room of exiled religion, or, what is still worse, of falsified and perverted religion. More than all other sentiments, patriotism needs the counterpoise of religion in order not to degenerate into chauvinism. The Gospel, properly understood and rightly practised, is this counterpoise.

But at the present moment in Germany the Gospel is not the great question. A Protestant Emperor made Germany united and the arbiter of the destinies of the whole world. At a sign from Berlin all the nations and all the sovereigns tremble. This Germany, which incircumspect politicians attempt to confine within the domain of ideas, has shown that it can display rare practical sense, and gather the bloody laurels that grow on battle-fields. That which the Holy Roman Empire could never realize, a son of Luther has accomplished: what a triumph and what an apology for the Reformation!

This we will admit, but on one condition, namely, that the moral conscience which engendered the Reformation shall not make shipwreck in this grand triumph, and that Germany, reversing the motto of its Chancellor, shall acquire the conviction, in spite of contrary appearances, which are only ephemeral and illusory, that in the end right is stronger than might, and that what raises a nation is justice.

VOICES.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

A MAN died yesternight. To-day the town
Makes mention of his taking off, and sums
His virtues and his failings. On the street,
Midst many barterings and lures of trade,
In homes where he was known, in busy marts,
Or public places where the commonweal
Gathers the town-folk: up and down his name
Is spoke of in as various ways of speech
As are the voices various sounding it:
Gruff-throated bass, shrill treble of old age,
Soft sibilancy of a woman's tongue,
Or reed-like utterance of a little child.
Thus one, his mate in business: "Ah! a shrewd
Dry head was that; much loss to us, much loss.
And as for heart"—wise shrug of shoulders now—
"Well, 'tis but little quoted here on 'change."
Another, who had summered with him once
In leisure-time: "A right good fellow gone!
'Tis true, he liked his ease; but who does not?
For me, give me the man that Horace loved,
Who deemed it wise to fool when seasonable."
A tiny one who oft had found great store
Of sweetmeats in his hand, and, prized far less,
Great store of tenderness within his heart:
"Oh, won't he come and see us any more?"
His surpliced pastor, bound to save his soul,
Balanced a bit by inconsistencies
He thought he saw, in private to his wife:
"Alas, poor soul! if only he had grasped
That matter of the creed, and made us sure!
But then—his heart was right, and God is good."
And one, a woman, who had found his arms
An all-protecting shelter through long years,
Said naught, but kissed the tokens he had left,
And dreamt of heaven for his sake alone.
Meanwhile, what was this man, and what his place?
You ask, confused by all this Babel talk
Of here and yonder, from his fellow-men.
I am as ignorant as any one
Whose speech you heard, and yet I loved him well.
Nay, ask me not: ask only God. He knows.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

X.

IT is said that the world is created anew for every person who is in love. There is therefore this constant miracle of a new heavens and a new earth. It does not depend upon the seasons. The subtle force which is in every human being, more or less active, has this power, as if love were somehow a principle pervading nature itself, and capable of transforming it. Is this a divine gift? Can it be used more than once? Once spent, does the world to each succeeding experimenter in it become old and stale? We say the world is old. In one sense, the real sense to every person, it is no older than the lives lived in it at any given time. If it is always passing away, it is always being renewed. Every time a youth looks love in a maiden's eyes, and sees the timid appealing return of the universal passion, the world for those two is just as certainly created as it was on the first morning, in all its color, odor, song, freshness, promise. This is the central mystery of life.

Unconsciously to herself, Margaret had worked this miracle. Never before did the little town look so bright; never before was there exactly such a color on the hills—sentiment is so pale compared with love; never before did her home appear so sweet; never before was there such a fine ecstasy in the coming of spring.

For all this, home-coming, after the first excitement of arrival is over, is apt to be dull. The mind is so occupied with other emotions that the friends even seem a little commonplace and unresponsive, and the routine is tame. Out of such a whirl of new experiences to return and find that nothing has happened; that the old duties and responsibilities are waiting! Margaret had eagerly leaped from the carriage to throw herself into her aunt's arms—what a sweet welcome it is, that of kiss!—and yet almost before the greeting was over she felt alone. There was that in the affectionate calmness of Miss Forsythe that seemed to chill the glow and fever of passion in her new world. And she had nothing to tell. Everything had changed, and she must behave as if nothing had happened. She must take up her old life—the interests of the neighborhood. Even the little circle of people she loved appeared distant from her at the moment; impossible it seemed to bring them into the rushing current of her life. Their joy in getting her back again she could not doubt, nor the personal affection with which she was welcomed. But was the New England atmosphere a little cold? What was the flavor she missed in it all? The next day a letter came. The excuse for it was the return of a fan which Mr. Henderson had carried off in his pocket from the opera. What a wonderful letter it was—his handwriting, the first note from him! Miss Forsythe saw in it only politeness. For Margaret it outweighed the town of Brandon. It lay in her lap as she sat at her chamber window looking out over the landscape, which was beginning to be flushed with a pale green. There was a robin on the lawn, and a blackbird singing in the pine. "Go not, happy day," she said, with tears in her eyes. She took up the brief letter and read it again. Was he really hers, "truly"? And she answered the letter, swiftly and with no hesitation, but with a throbbing heart. It was a civil acknowledgment; that was all. Henderson might have read it aloud in the Exchange. But what color, what charming turns of expression, what of herself, had the girl put into it, that gave him such a thrill of pleasure when he read it? What secret power has a woman to make a common phrase so glow with her very self?

Here was something in her life that was her own, a secret, a hope, and yet a tremulous anticipation to be guarded almost from herself. It colored everything; it was always, whatever she was doing or saying, present, like an air that one unconsciously hums for days after it has caught his fancy. Blessed be the capacity of being fond and foolish! If that letter was under her pillow at night, if this new revelation was last in her thought as she fell asleep, if it mingled with the song of the birds in the spring morning, as some great good pervading the world, is there anything distinguishing in such an experience that it should be dwelt on? And if there were questionings and little panics of doubt, did not these moments also re-

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veal Margaret to herself more certainly than the hours of happy dreaming?

Questionings no doubt there were, and, later, serious questionings. For habit is almost as strong as love, and the odd ways of life and of thought will reassert themselves in a thoughtful mind, and reason will insist on analyzing passion and even hope.

Gradually the home life and every-day interests began to assume their natural aspect and proportions. It was so sweet and sane, this home life, interesting and not feverish. There was time for reading, time for turning over things in the mind, time for those interchanges of feeling and of ideas, by the fireside; she was not required to be always on dress parade, in mind or person, always keyed up to make an impression or receive one; how much wider and sounder was Morgan's view of the world, allowing for his kindly cynicism, than that prevalent in the talk where she had lately been! How sincere and hearty and free ran the personal currents in this little neighborhood! In the very fact that the daily love and affection for her and interest in her were taken for granted she realized the difference between her position here and that among newer friends who showed more open admiration.

Little by little there was a readjustment. In comparison, the city life, with its intensity of action and feeling, began to appear distant, not so real, mixed, turbid, even frivolous. And was Henderson a vanishing part of this pageant? Was his figure less distinct as the days went by? It could not be affirmed. Love is such a little juggler, and likes, now and again, to pretend to be so reasonable and judicious. There were no more letters. If there had been a letter now and then, on any excuse, the nexus would have been more distinct: nothing feeds the flame exactly like a letter; it has intention, personality, secrecy. And the little excitement of it grows. Once a week gets to be twice a week, three times, four times, and then daily. And then a day without a letter is such a blank, and so full of fear! What can have happened? Is he ill? Has he changed? The opium habit is nothing to the letter habit—between lovers. Not that Margaret expected a letter. Indeed reason told her that it had not gone so far as that. But she should see him. She felt sure of that. And the thought filled all the vacant places in her imagination of the future.

And yet she thought she was seeing him more clearly than when he was with her. Oh wise young woman! She fancied she was deliberating, looking at life with great prudence. It must be one's own fault if one makes a radical mistake in marriage. She was watching the married people about her with more interest —the Morgans, our own household, Mrs. Fletcher; and besides, her aunt, whose even and cheerful life lacked this experience. It is so wise to do this, to keep one's feelings in control, not to be too hasty! Everybody has these intervals of prudence. That is the reason there are so few mistakes.

I dare say that all these reflections and deliberations in the maidenly mind were almost unconscious to herself; certainly unacknowledged. It was her imagination that she was following, and scarcely a distinct reality or intention. She thought of Henderson, and he gave a certain personality, vivid maybe, to that dream of the future which we all in youth indulge; but she would have shrunk from owning this even to herself. We deceive ourselves as often as we deceive others. Margaret would have repudiated with some warmth any intimation that she had lost her heart, and was really predicting the practical possibilities of that loss, and she would have been quite honest with herself in thinking that she was still mistress of her own feeling. Later on she would know, and delight to confess, that her destiny was fixed at a certain hour, at a certain moment, in New York, for subsequent events would run back to that like links in a chain. And she would have been right and also wrong in that. For but for those subsequent events the first impression would have faded, and been taken little account of in her life. I am more and more convinced that men and women act more upon impulse and less upon deep reflection and self-examination than the analytic novelists would have us believe, duly weighing motives and balancing considerations; and that men and women know themselves much less thoroughly than they suppose they do. There is a great deal of exaggeration, I am convinced, about the inward struggles and self-conflicts. The reader may know that Margaret was hopelessly in love, because he knows every-

been shocked and wounded to the most indignant humiliation if she had fancied that her friends thought that. Nay, more, if Henderson had at this moment made by letter a proposal for her hand, her impulse would have been to repudiate the offer as unjustified by anything that had taken place, and she would no doubt have obeyed that impulse.

But something occurred, while she was in this mood, that did not shock her maidenly self-consciousness, nor throw her into antagonism, but which did bring her face to face with a possible reality. And this was simply the receipt of a letter from Henderson: not a love-letter—far [illegible] was a certain tone and intention that the most inexperienced would recognize as possibly serious. Aside from the announcement in the letter, the very fact of writing it was significant, conveying an intimation that the reader might be interested in what concerned the writer. The letter was longer than it need have been, for one thing, as if the pen, once started on its errand, ran on *con amore*. The writer was coming to Brandon: business, to be sure, was the excuse: but why should it have been necessary to announce to her [illegible] letter somehow a good deal about his daily life, linked, to be sure, with mention of places and people in which she had recently an interest. He had been in Washington, and there were slight sketches of well-known characters in Congress and in the government: he had been in Chicago, and even as far as Denver, and there were little pictures of scenes that might amuse her. There was no special mystery about all this travel and hurrying from place to place, but it gave Margaret a sense of varied and large occupations that she did not understand. Through it all there was the personality that had been recently so much in her thoughts. He was coming. That was a very solid fact that she must meet. And she did not doubt that he was coming to see her, and soon. That was a definite and very different idea from the dim belief that he would come some time. He had signed himself hers "faithfully."

It was a letter that could not be answered like the other one. For it raised questions and prospects, and the thousand doubts that make one hesitate in any definite step; and, besides, she pleased herself to think that she did not know her own mind. He had not asked if he might come: he had said he was coming, and really there was no answer to that. Therefore she put it out of her mind—another curious mental process we have in dealing with a matter that is all the time the substratum of our existence. And she was actually serious: if she was reflective, she was conscious of being judicially reflective.

But in this period of calm and reflection it was impossible that a woman of Margaret's habits and temperament should not attempt to settle in her mind what that life was yonder of which she had a little taste: what was the career that Henderson had marked out for himself: what were his principles: what were the methods and reasons of his evident success. Endeavoring in her clear mind to separate the person, about whose personality she was so fondly foolish, from his schemes, which she so dimly comprehended, and applying to his somewhat hazy occupations her simple moral test, were the schemes quite legitimate? Perhaps she did not go so far as this: but what she read in the newspapers of money-making in these days made her secretly uneasy, and she found herself wishing that he were definitely practising some profession, or engaged in some one solid occupation.

In the little parliament at our house, where everything, first and last, was overhauled and brought to judgment, without, it must be confessed, any visible effect on anything, one evening a common "incident" of the day started the conversation. It was an admiring account in a newspaper of a brilliant operation by which three or four men had suddenly become millionaires.

"I don't see," said my wife, "any mention in this account of the thousands who have been reduced to poverty by this operation."

"No," said Morgan: "that is not in- [illegible]

"But it would be very interesting to me," Mrs. Fletcher remarked. "Is there any protection, Mr. Morgan, for people who have invested their little property?"

"Yes: the law."

"But suppose your money is all invested, say in a railway, and something goes wrong, where are you to get the money

to pay for the law that will give you restitution? Is there anything in the State, or public opinion, or anywhere, that will protect your interests against clever swindling."

"Not that I know of," Morgan admitted. "You take your chance when you let your money go out of your stocking. You see there are so many people who want it. You can put it in the ground."

"But if I own the ground I put it in, the voters who have no ground will tax it till there is nothing left for me."

"That is equality."

"But it isn't equality, for somebody gets very rich in railways or lands, while we lose our little all. Don't you think there ought to be a public official whose duty it is to enforce the law gratis which I cannot afford to enforce when I am wronged?"

"The difficulty is to tell whether you are wronged or only unfortunate. It needs a lawyer to find that out. And very likely if you are wronged, the wrongdoer has so cleverly gone round the law that it needs legislation to set you straight, and that needs a lobbyist, whom the lawyer must hire, or he must turn lobbyist himself. Now a lawyer costs money, and a lobbyist is one of the most expensive of modern luxuries; but when you have a lawyer and lobbyist in one you will find it economical to let him take your claim and all that can be made out of it, and not bother you any more about it. But there is no doubt about the law, as I said. You can get just as much law as you can pay for. It is like any other commodity."

"You mean to say," I asked, "that the lawyer takes what the operator leaves?"

"Not exactly. There is a great deal of unreasonable prejudice against lawyers. They must live. There is no nobler occupation than the application of the principle of justice in human affairs. The trouble is that public opinion sustains the operator in his smartness, and estimates the lawyer according to his adroitness. If we only evoked the aid of a lawyer in a just cause, the lawyers would have less to do. Usually and naturally the best talent goes with the biggest fees."

"It seems to me," said my wife, musing along, in her way, on parallel lines, "that there ought to be a limit to the amount of property one man can get into his absolute possession, to say nothing of the methods by which he gets it."

"That never yet could be set," Morgan replied. "It is impossible for any number of men to agree on it. I don't see any line between absolute freedom of acquisition, trusting to circumstances, misfortune, and death to knock things to pieces, and absolute slavery, which is communism."

"Do you believe, Mr. Morgan, that any vast fortune was ever honestly come by?"

"That is another question. Honesty is such a flexible word. If you mean a process the law cannot touch, yes. If you mean moral consideration for others, I doubt. But property accumulates by itself almost. Many a man who has got a start by an operation he would not like to have investigated, and which he tries to forget, goes on to be very rich, and has a daily feeling of being more and more honorable and respectable, using only means which all the world calls fair and shrewd."

"Mr. Morgan," suddenly asked Margaret, who had been all the time an uneasy listener to the turn the talk had taken, "what is railroad wrecking?"

"Oh, it is very simple, at least in some of its forms. The 'wreckers,' as they are called, fasten upon some railway that is prosperous, pays dividends, pays a liberal interest on its bonds, and has a surplus. They contrive to buy, no matter at what cost, a controlling interest in it, either in its stock or its management. Then they absorb its surplus; they let it run down so that it pays no dividends, and by-and-by cannot even pay its interest; then they squeeze the bondholders, who may be glad to accept anything that is offered out of the wreck, and perhaps then they throw the property into the hands of a receiver, or consolidate it with some other road at a value enormously greater than the cost to them in stealing it. Having in one way or another sucked it dry, they look round for another road."

"And all the people who first invested lose their money, or the most of it?"

"Naturally, the little fish get swallowed."

"It is infamous," said Margaret—"infamous. And men go to work to do this, to get other people's property, in cool blood!"

"I don't know how cool, but it is in the way of business."

"What is the difference between that and getting possession of a bank and robbing it?" she asked, hot with indignation.

"Oh, one is an operation, and the other is embezzlement."

"It is a shame. How can people permit it? Suppose, Mrs. Fletcher, a wrecker should steal your money that way?"

"I was thinking of that."

I never saw Margaret more disturbed—out of all proportion, I thought, to the cause. For we had talked a hundred times about such things.

"Do you think all men who are what you call operating around are like that?" she asked.

"Oh no," I said. "Probably most men who are engaged in what is generally called speculation are doing what seems to them a perfectly legitimate business. It is a common way of making a fortune."

"You see, Margaret," Morgan explained, "when people in trade buy anything, they expect to sell it for more than they gave for it."

"It seems to me," Margaret replied, more calmly, "that a great deal of what you men call business is just trying to get other people's money, and doesn't help anybody or produce anything."

"Oh, that is keeping up the circulation, preventing stagnation."

"And that is the use of brokers in grain and stocks?"

"Partly. They are commonly the agents that others use to keep themselves from stagnation."

"I cannot see any good in it," Margaret persisted. "No one seems to have the things he buys or sells. I don't understand it."

"That is because you are a woman, if you will pardon me for saying it. Men don't need to have things in hand; business is done on faith and credit, and when a transaction is over, they settle up and pay the difference, without the trouble of transporting things back and forth."

"I know you are chaffing me, Mr. Morgan. But I should call that betting."

"Oh, there is a risk in everything you do. But you see it is really paying for a difference of knowledge or opinion."

"Would you buy stocks that way?"

"What way?"

"Why, agreeing to pay for your difference of opinion as you call it—not really having any stock at all."

"I never did. But I have bought stocks and sold them pretty soon, if I could make anything by the sale. All merchants act on that principle."

"Well," said Margaret, dimly seeing the sophistry of this, "I don't understand business morality."

"Nobody does, Margaret. Most men go by the law. The Golden Rule seems to be suspended by a more than two-thirds vote."

It was by such inquiries, leading to many talks of this sort, that Margaret was groping in her mind for the solution of what might become to her a personal question. Consciously she did not doubt Henderson's integrity or his honor, but she was perplexed about the world of which she had recently had a glimpse, and it was impossible to separate him from it. Subjected to an absolutely new experience, stirred as her heart had never been before by any man—a fact which at once irritated and pleased her—she was following the law of her own nature, while she was still her own mistress, to ponder these things and to bring her reason to the guidance of her feeling. And it is probable that she did not at all know the strength of her feeling, or have any conception of the real power of love, and how little the head has to do with the great passion of life, the intensity of which the poets have never in the least exaggerated. If she thought of Mr. Lyon occasionally, of his white face and pitiful look of suffering that day, she could not, after all, make it real or permanently serious. Indeed she was sure that no emotion could so master her. And yet she looked forward to Henderson's coming with a sort of nervous apprehension, amounting almost to dread.

XI.

It was the susceptible time of the year for plants, for birds, for maids: all innocent natural impulses respond to the subtle influence of spring. One may well gauge his advance in selfishness, worldliness, and sin by his loss of this annual susceptibility, by the failure of this sweet appeal to touch his heart. One must be very far gone if some note of it does not for a moment bring back the tenderest recollections of the days of joyous innocence.

Even the city, with its mass of stone and brick, rectangles, straight lines, dust, noise, and fever of activity, is penetrated by this divine suggestion of the renewal of life. You can scarcely open a window without letting in a breath of it; the south

wind, the twitter of a sparrow, the rustle of leaves in the squares, the smell of the earth and of some struggling plant in the area, the note of a distant hand-organ softened by distance, are begetting a longing for youth, for green fields, for love. As Carmen walked down the Avenue with Mr. Lyon on a spring morning she almost made herself believe that an unworldly life with this simple-hearted gentleman—when he should come into his title and estates—would be more to her liking than the most brilliant success in place and power with Henderson. Unfortunately the spring influence also suggested the superior attractiveness of the only man who had ever taken her shallow fancy. And unfortunately the same note of nature suggested to Mr. Lyon the contrast of this artificial piece of loveliness with the domestic life of which he dreamed.

As for Margaret, she opened her heart to the spring without reserve. It was May. The soft maples had a purple tinge, the chestnuts showed color, the apple-trees were in bloom (all the air was full of their perfume), the blackbirds were chattering in convention in the tall oaks, the bright leaves and the flowering shrubs were alive with the twittering and singing of darting birds. The soft fleecy clouds, hovering as over a world just created, seemed to make near and participant in the scene the delicate blue of the sky. Margaret—I remember the morning—was standing on her piazza, as I passed through the neighborhood drive, with a spray of apple blossoms in her hand. For the moment she seemed to embody all the maiden purity of the scene, all its promise. I said, laughing,

"We shall have to have you painted as spring."

"But spring isn't painted at all," she replied, holding up the apple blossoms, and coming down the piazza with a dancing step.

"And so it won't last. We want something permanent," I was beginning to say, when a carriage passed, going to our house. "I think that must be Henderson."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. Her sunny face clouded at once, and she turned to go in as I hurried away.

It was Mr. Henderson, and there was at least pretence enough of business to occupy us, with Mr. Morgan, the greater part of the day. It was not till late in the afternoon that Henderson appeared to remember that Margaret was in the neighborhood, and spoke of his intention of calling. My wife pointed out the way to him across the grounds, and watched him leisurely walking among the trees till he was out of sight.

"What an agreeable man Mr. Henderson is!" she said, turning to me; "most companionable; and yet—and yet, my dear, I'm glad he is not my husband. You suit me very well." There was an air of conviction about this remark, as if it were the result of deep reflection and comparison, and it was emphasized by the little possessory act of readjusting my necktie—one of the most subtle of female flatteries.

"But who wanted him to be your husband?" I asked. "Married women have the oddest habit of going about the world picking out the men they would not like to have married. Do they need continually to justify themselves?"

"No; they congratulate themselves. You never can understand."

"I confess I cannot. My first thought about an attractive woman whose acquaintance I make is not that I am glad I did not marry her."

"I dare say not. You are all inconsistent, you men. But you are the least so of any man in the world, I do believe."

It would be difficult to say whether the spring morning seemed more or less glorious to Margaret when she went in-doors, but its serenity was gone. It was like the premonition in nature of a change. She put the apple blossoms in water and placed the jug on the table, turning it about half a dozen times, moving her head from side to side to get the effect. When it was exactly right, she said to her aunt, who sat sewing in the bay-window, in a perfectly indifferent tone, "Mr. Fairchild just passed here, and said that Mr. Henderson had come."

"Ah!" Her aunt did not lift her eyes from her work, or appear to attach the least importance to this tremendous piece of news. Margaret was annoyed at what seemed to her an assumed indifference. Her nerves were quivering with the knowledge that he had arrived, that he was in the next house, that he might be here any moment—the man who had entered into her whole life—and the announcement was no more to her aunt than if she had said it rained. She was pro-

voked at herself that she should be so disturbed, yes, annoyed, at his proximity. She wished he had not come—not to-day, at any rate. She looked about for something to do, and began to rearrange this and that trifle in the sitting-room, which she had perfectly arranged once before in the morning, moving about here and there in a rather purposeless manner, until her aunt looked up and for a moment followed her movements, till Margaret left the room. In her own chamber she sat by the open window and tried to think, but there was no orderly mental process; in vain she tried to run over in her mind the past month and all her reflections and wise resolves. She heard the call of the birds, she inhaled the odor of the new year, she was conscious of all that was gracious and inviting in the fresh scene, but in her sub-consciousness there was only one thought—he was there, he was coming. She took up her sewing, but the needle paused in the stitch, and she found herself looking away across the lawn to the hills; she took up a book, but the words had no meaning, read and re-read them as she would. He is there, he is coming. And what of it? Why should she be so disturbed? She was uncommitted, she was mistress of her own actions. Had she not been coolly judging his conduct? She despised herself for being so nervous and unsettled. If he was coming, why did he not come? Why was he waiting so long? She arose impatiently and went down-stairs. There was a necessity of doing something.

"Is there anything that you want from town, auntie?"

"Nothing that I know of. Are you going in?"

"No, unless you have an errand. It is such a fine day that it seems a pity to stay in-doors."

"Well, I would walk if I were you." But she did not go. She went instead to her room. He might come any moment. She ought not to run away. And yet she wished she were away. He said he was coming on business. Was it not, then, a pretence? She felt humiliated in the idea of waiting for him if the business were not a pretence.

How insensible men are! What a mere subordinate thing to them in life is the love of a woman! Yes, evidently business was more important to him than anything else. He must know that she was waiting. And she blushed to herself at the very possibility that he should think such a thing. She was not waiting. It was lunch-time. She excused herself. In the next moment she was angry that she had not gone down as usual. It was time for him to come. He would certainly come immediately after lunch. She would not see him. She hoped never to see him. She rose in haste, put on her hat, put it on carefully, turning and returning before the glass, selected fresh gloves, and ran down-stairs.

"I'm going, auntie, for a walk to town."

The walk was a long one. She came back tired. It was late in the afternoon. Her aunt was quietly reading. She needed to ask her nothing: Mr. Henderson had not been there. Why had he written to her?

"Oh, the Fairchilds want us to come over to dinner," said Miss Forsythe, without looking up.

"I hope you will go, auntie. I sha'n't mind being alone."

"Why? It's perfectly informal. Mr. Henderson happens to be there."

"I'm too stupid. But you must go. Mr. Henderson, in New York, expressed the greatest desire to make your acquaintance."

Miss Forsythe smiled. "I suppose he has come up on purpose. But, dear, you must go to chaperon me. It would hardly be civil not to go, when you knew Mr. Henderson in New York, and the Fairchilds want to make it agreeable for him."

"Why, auntie, it is just a business visit. I'm too tired to make the effort. It must be this spring weather."

Perhaps it was. It is so unfortunate that the spring, which begets so many desires, brings the languor that defeats their execution. But there is a limit to the responsibility even of spring for a woman's moods. Just as Margaret spoke she saw, through the open window, Henderson coming across the lawn, walking briskly, but evidently not inattentive to the charm of the landscape. It was his springy step, his athletic figure, and, as he came nearer, the joyous anticipation in his face. And it was so sudden, so unexpected—the vision so long looked for! There was no time for flight, had she wanted to avoid him; he was on the piazza; he was at the open door. Her hand went quickly to her heart to still the rap-

id flutter, which might be from pain and might be from joy—she could not tell. She had imagined their possible meeting so many times, and it was not at all like this. She ought to receive him coldly, she ought to receive him kindly, she ought to receive him indifferently. But how real he was, how handsome he was! If she could have obeyed the impulse of the moment I am not sure but she would have fled, and cast herself face downward somewhere and cried a little and thanked God for him. He was in the room. In his manner there was no hesitation, in his expression no uncertainty. His face beamed with pleasure, and there was so much open admiration in his eyes that Margaret, conscious of it to her heart's core, feared that her aunt would notice it. And she met him calmly enough, frankly enough. The quickness with which a woman can pull herself together under such circumstances is testimony to her superior fibre.

"I've been looking across here ever since morning," he said, as soon as the hand-shaking and introduction were over, "and I've only this minute been released." There was no air of apology in this, but a delicate intimation of impatience at the delay. And still what an unconscious brute a man is!

"I thought perhaps you had returned," said Margaret, "until my aunt was just telling me we were asked to dine with you."

Henderson gave her a quick glance. Was it possible she thought he could go away without seeing her?

"Yes, and I was commissioned to bring you over when you are ready."

"I will not keep you waiting long, Mr. Henderson," interposed Miss Forsythe, out of the goodness of her heart. "My niece has been taking a long walk, and this debilitating spring weather—"

"Oh, since the sun has gone away, I think I'm quite up to the exertion, since you wish it, auntie"—a speech that made Henderson stare again, wholly unable to comprehend the reason of an indirection, which he could feel—he who had been all day impatient for this moment. There was a little talk about the country and the city at this season, mainly sustained by Miss Forsythe and Henderson, and then he was left alone.

"Of course you should go, Margaret," said her aunt, as they went upstairs; "it would not be at all the thing for me to leave you here. And what a fine, manly, engaging fellow Mr. Henderson is!"

"Yes, he acts very much like a man;" and Margaret was gone into her room.

Go? There was not force enough in the commonwealth, without calling out the militia, to keep Margaret from going to the dinner. She stopped a moment in the middle of her chamber to think. She had almost forgotten how he looked—his eyes, his smile. Dear me! how the birds were singing outside, and how fresh the world was! And she would not hurry. He could wait. No doubt he would wait now any length of time for her. He was in the house, in the room below, perhaps looking out of the window, perhaps reading, perhaps spying about at her knick-knacks—she would like to look in at the door a moment to see what he was doing. Of course he was here to see her, and all the business was a pretext. As she sat a moment upon the edge of her bed reflecting what to put on, she had a little pang that she had been doing him injustice in her thought. But it was only for an instant. He was here. She was not in the least flurried. Indeed, her mental processes were never clearer than when she settled upon her simple toilet, made as it was in every detail with the sure instinct of a woman who dresses for her lover. Heavens! what a miserable day it had been, what a rebellious day! He ought to be punished for it somehow. Perhaps the rose she put in her hair was part of the punishment. But he should not see how happy she was; she would be civil, and just a little reserved; it was so like a man to make a woman wait all day and then think he could smooth it all over simply by appearing.

But somehow in Henderson's presence these little theories of conduct did not apply. He was too natural, direct, unaffected, his pleasure in being with her was so evident! He seemed to brush aside the little defences and subterfuges. There was this about him that appeared to her admirable, and in contrast with her own hesitating indirection, that whatever he wanted, money, or position, or the love of woman, he went straight to his object with unconsciousness that failure was possible. Even in walking across the grounds in the soft sunset light, and chatting easily, their relations seemed established on a most natural basis, and Margaret found herself

giving way to the simple enjoyment of the hour. She was not only happy, but her spirits rose to inexpressible gayety, which ran into the humor of badinage and a sort of spiritual elation, in which all things seemed possible. Perhaps she recognized in herself what Henderson saw in her. And with it all there was an access of tenderness for her aunt, the dear thing whose gentle life appeared so colorless.

I had never seen Margaret so radiant as at the dinner; her high spirits infected the table, and the listening and the talking were of the best that the company could give. I remembered it afterward, not from anything special that was said, but from its flow of high animal spirits, and the electric, responsive mood every one was in; no topic carried too far, and the chance notes of seriousness setting off the sparkling comments on affairs. Henderson's talk had the notable flavor of direct contact with life, and very little of the speculative and reflective tone of Morgan's, who was always generalizing and theorizing about it. He had just come from the West, and his off-hand sketches of men had a special cynicism, not in the least condemnatory, mere good-natured acceptance, and in contrast to Morgan's moralizing and rather pitying cynicism. It struck me that he did not believe in his fellows as much as Morgan did; but I fancied that Margaret only saw in his attitude a tolerant knowledge of the world.

"Are the people on the border as bad as they are represented?" she asked.

"Certainly not much worse than they represent themselves," he replied; "I suppose the difference is that men feel less restraint there."

"It is something more than that," added Morgan. "There is a sort of drift-wood of adventure and devil-may-care-ism that civilization throws in advance of itself; but that isn't so bad as the slag it manufactures in the cities."

"I remember you said, Mr. Morgan, that men go West to get rid of their past," said Margaret.

"As New-Yorkers go to Europe to get rid of their future?" Henderson inquired, catching the phrase.

"Yes"—Morgan turned to Margaret—"doubtless there is a satisfaction sometimes in placing the width of a continent between a man and what he has done. I've thought that one of the most popular verses in the Psalter, on the border, must be the one that says—you will know if I quote it right—'Look how wide also the East is from the West; so far hath He set our sins from us.'"

"That is dreadful," exclaimed Margaret. "To think of you spending your time in the service picking out passages to fit other people!"

"It sounds as if you had manufactured it," was Henderson's comment.

"No; that quiet Mr. Lyon pointed it out to me when we were talking about Montana. He had been there."

"By-the-way, Mr. Henderson," my wife asked, "do you know what has become of Mr. Lyon?"

"I believe he is about to go home."

"I fancied Miss Eschelle might have something to say about that," Morgan remarked.

"Perhaps, if she were asked. But Mr. Lyon appeared rather indifferent to American attractions."

Margaret looked quickly at Henderson as he said this, and then ventured, a little slyly, "She seemed to appreciate his goodness."

"Yes; Miss Eschelle has an eye for goodness."

This was said without change of countenance, but it convinced the listener that Carmen was understood.

"And yet," said Margaret, with a little air of temerity, "you seem to be very good friends."

"Oh, she is very charitable; she sees, I suppose, what is good in me; and I'll spare you the trouble of remarking that she must necessarily be very sharp-sighted."

"And I'm not going to destroy your illusion by telling you her real opinion of you," Margaret retorted.

Henderson begged to know what it was, but Margaret evaded the question by new raillery. What did she care at the moment what Carmen thought of Henderson? What did either of them care what they were saying, so long as there was some personal flavor in the talk! Was it not enough to talk to each other, to see each other?

As we sat afterward upon the piazza with our cigars, inhaling the odor of the apple blossoms, and yielding ourselves, according to our age, to the influence of the mild night, Margaret was in the high spirits which accompany the expectation of bliss, without the sobering effect of its responsibility. Love itself is very seri-

ous, but the overture is full of freakish gayety. And it was all gayety that night. We all constituted ourselves a guard of honor to Miss Forsythe and Margaret when they went to their cottage, and there was a merry leave-taking in the moonlight. To be sure, Margaret walked with Henderson, and they lagged a little behind, but I had no reason to suppose that they were speaking of the stars, or that they raised the ordinary question of their being inhabited. I doubt if they saw the stars at all. How one remembers little trifles that recur like the gay bird notes of the opening scenes that are repeated in the tragedy of the opera! I can see Margaret now, on some bantering pretext, running back, after we had said good-night, to give Henderson the blush-rose she had worn in her hair. How charming the girl was in this freakish action!

"Do you think he is good enough for her?" asked my wife, when we were alone.

"Who is good enough for whom?" I said, a yawn revealing my want of sentiment.

"Don't be stupid. You are not so blind as you pretend."

"Well, if I am not so blind as I pretend, though I did not pretend to be blind, I suppose that is mainly her concern."

"But I wish she had cared for Lyon."

"Perhaps Lyon did not care for her," I suggested.

"You never see anything. Lyon was a noble fellow."

"I didn't deny that. But how was I to know about Lyon, my dear? I never heard you say that you were glad he wasn't your husband."

"Don't be silly. I think Henderson has very serious intentions."

"I hope he isn't frivolous," I said.

"Well, you are. It isn't a joking matter—and you pretend to be so fond of Margaret!"

"So that is another thing I pretend? What do you want me to do? Which one do you want me to make my enemy by telling him or her that the other isn't good enough?"

"I don't want you to do anything, except to be reasonable, and sympathize."

"Oh, I sympathize all round. I assure you I've no doubt you are quite right." And in this way I crawled out of the discussion, as usual.

What a pretty simile it is, comparing life to a river, because rivers are so different! There are the calm streams that flow eagerly from the youthful sources, join a kindred flood, and go placidly to the sea, only broadening and deepening and getting very muddy at times, but without a rapid or a fall. There are others that flow carelessly in the upper sunshine, begin to ripple and dance, then run swiftly, and rush into rapids in which there is no escape (though friends stand weeping and imploring on the banks) from the awful plunge of the cataract. Then there is the tumult and the seething, the exciting race and rage through the cañon, the whirlpools and the passions of love and revelations of character, and finally, let us hope, the happy emergence into the lake of a serene life. And the more interesting rivers are those that have tumults and experiences.

I knew well enough before the next day was over that it was too late for the rescue of Margaret or Henderson. They were in the rapids, and would have rejected any friendly rope thrown to draw them ashore. And notwithstanding the doubts of my wife, I confess that I had so much sympathy with the genuineness of it that I enjoyed this shock of two strong natures rushing to their fate. Was it too sudden? Do two living streams hesitate when they come together? When they join they join, and mingle and reconcile themselves afterward. It is only canals that flow languidly in parallel lines, and meet, if they meet at all, by the orderly contrivance of a lock.

In the morning the two were off for a stroll. There is a hill from which a most extensive prospect is had of the city, the teeming valley, with a score of villages and innumerable white spires, of forests and meadows and broken mountain ranges. It was a view that Margaret the night before had promised to show Henderson, that he might see what to her was the loveliest landscape in the world. Whether they saw the view I do not know. But I know the rock from which it is best seen, and could fancy Margaret sitting there with her face turned toward it and her hands folded in her lap, and Henderson sitting, half turned away from it, looking in her face. There is an apple orchard just below. It was in bloom, and all the invitation of spring was in the air. That he saw all the glorious prospect reflected in her mobile face I do not doubt —all the nobility and tenderness of it. If

I knew the faltering talk in that hour of growing confidence and expectation, I would not repeat it.

Henderson lunched at the Forsythe's, and after lunch he had some talk with Miss Forsythe. It must have been of an exciting nature to her, for, immediately after, that good woman came over in a great flutter, and was closeted with my wife, who at the end of the interview had an air of mysterious importance. It was evidently a woman's day, and my advice was not wanted, even if my presence was tolerated. All I heard my wife say through the opening door, as the consultation ended, was, "I hope she knows her own mind fully before anything is decided."

As to the objects of this anxiety, they were upon the veranda of the cottage, quite unconscious of the necessity of digging into their own minds. He was seated, and she was leaning against the railing on which the honeysuckle climbed, pulling a flower in pieces.

"It is such a short time I have known you," she was saying, as if in apology for her own feeling.

"Yes, in one way;" and he leaned forward, and broke his sentence with a little laugh. "I think I must have known you in some pre-existent state."

"Perhaps. And yet, in another way, it seems long—a whole month, you know." And the girl laughed a little in her turn.

"It was the longest month I ever knew, after you left the city."

"Was it? I oughtn't to have said that first. But do you know, Mr. Henderson, you seem totally different from any other man I ever knew." That this was a profound and original discovery there could be no doubt, from the conviction with which it was announced. "I felt from the first that I could trust you."

"I wish"—and there was genuine feeling in the tone—"I were worthier of such a generous trust."

There was a wistful look in her face—timidity, self-depreciation, worship—as Henderson rose and stood near her, and she looked up while he took the broken flower from her hand. There was but one answer to this, and in spite of the open piazza and the all-observant, all-revealing day, it might have been given; but at the moment Miss Forsythe was seen hurrying toward them through the shrubbery. She came straight to where they stood, with an air of New England directness and determination. One hand she gave to Henderson, the other to Margaret. She essayed to speak, but tears were in her eyes, and her lips trembled; the words would not come. She regarded them for an instant with all the overflowing affection of a quarter of a century of repression, and then quickly turned and went in. In a moment they followed her. Heaven go with them!

After Henderson had made his hasty adieux at our house and gone, before the sun was down, Margaret came over. She came swiftly into the room, gave me a kiss as I rose to greet her, with a delightful impersonality, as if she owed a debt somewhere and must pay it at once—we men who are so much left out of these affairs have occasionally to thank Heaven for a merciful moment—seized my wife, and dragged her to her room.

"I couldn't wait another moment," she said, as she threw herself on my wife's bosom in a passion of tears. "I am so happy; he is so noble, and I love him so!" And she sobbed as if it were the greatest calamity in the world. And then, after a little, in reply to a question—for women are never more practical than in such a crisis: "Oh no; not for a long, long, long time. Not before autumn."

And the girl looked, through her glad tears, as if she expected to be admired for this heroism. And I have no doubt she was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

I SHOULD lead you through a tangled maze were you to follow me into even a casual reference to the innumerable experiments which have been made to simplify and popularize the processes by which a photograph is brought to its conclusion. The literature of the subject is at once exhaustive and exhausting.

Within a few years the wet plates have largely given place to the dry, and it has been delusively suggested, possibly by a far-sighted commercial enterprise, that any

one can take a creditable picture. As a consequence, a host of amateurs have arisen, who have ignorantly worshipped the sun, and coaxed him to do a great deal of work of which he is probably ashamed. This host infest the highways and byways of creation, making Nature almost sorry that she ever condescended to show her face, and sick at heart that she can possibly look as she is sometimes represented. For myself, I confess to having had in the past a desire to look into the scientific elements of the problem more thoroughly than is common, but my ardor was somewhat dampened when I found, after meditating on this simple theorem for a couple of hours, $12\ Ag\ 1+6\ Ag\ No_3+3\ H_2O=6\ Ag_2\ 1+5\ Ag_2\ 1+5\ Ag\ 1+6\ H\ NO_3$, that it did not present itself to my mind with that lucidity which I am apt to enjoy on some other subjects. I safely concluded that the gentleman who made the equation was entirely correct, and that it would be verging on impertinence to even corroborate his statement by any little demonstration of my own. The originator of this puzzle is Lecturer on Photographic Chemistry at the Imperial Technical Academy of Vienna, and is accustomed to deal in axiomatic truths, of which this must be one, as every thoughtful mind will instantly discover. I have no desire to doubt his statement, not the least in the world, for I have great respect for mystery. Acquiescing, therefore, in the most cordial manner in the profound and beautiful truth contained in the above hieroglyphics, and inspired thereby to exercise my own creative faculty, I have produced a proposition which, it seems to me, is equally self-evident, viz.: A M a T E u R+o U T f I t=$20. This equation interested me exceedingly, and I proceeded at once to investigate the intricacies of the chemical combinations of the white of an egg and washing soda.

My personal experiences must needs be sung in the minor key. Had I not been possessed of qualities which somewhat resemble obstinacy of purpose I would have sunk into a photographic grave long since.

Fired with zeal to put all the beautiful nooks and corners of the world into one vast picture-book, I hied me to a large dealer in cameras. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that I was received with flattering consideration, for I took my wallet out at the beginning of the interview, and was immediately assured that modern invention had at last reduced photography to a mere matter of routine. All one needed to do, so I was assured, was to follow the instructions laid down in the manuals, and he would soon find himself the astonished and happy possessor of numberless mementos of a summer vacation. Mistakes were sometimes made, but they were the result of an unpardonable carelessness, and in my case that was not supposable. I had absolutely nothing to do except to expose the plate properly, develop it with judicious care, print from it, tone and fix the prints skilfully, and then I should be master of the art. All this fell on my unaccustomed ear with a sweetly solemn sound, and I forgot for the nonce that I had yet to learn the meaning of the words developing, toning, fixing, and printing. With a dim feeling that the impatient world had waited long enough for me to show it what a real genius could do, I purchased everything necessary to a complete outfit, and quite a number of articles which I have up to this moment found no earthly use for, and probably shall not while my eyes are strong enough to focus a landscape. The liberality of my commercial friend in advising me concerning what I ought to have was simply astounding. At the end of a very delightful interview my wallet had a lean and hungry look, and I was still indebted to my "guide, photographer, and friend" to a considerable amount. I had purchased a fine camera and lens, a dozen dry plates, a cart-load of chemicals, and innumerable et cætera, and I retired with the boundless hope of a resplendent future. The wheels of my chariot had not yet touched the corduroy road which lay between me and the achievement of my purpose, and which was destined to jolt every bone of my body out of place, and reduce me morally to the consistency of a jelly-fish.

My home for the summer was on the shore of Casco Bay, in Maine. With twenty or thirty rocky and sandy islands in view, it was easy to find lovely spots which seemed anxious to be transferred to glass. I restrained my impetuosity, however, until I had gleaned from my manuals some indistinct idea of the conditions to be observed before a picture could be obtained. I knew that after the sun had done his part of the work, the oxalate of potash and the protosulphite

of iron and the hyposulphite of soda were to be skilfully harnessed, not abreast by any means, a mistake to which beginners are too prone, but tandem, that they might drag the unwilling image from its hiding-place in the nitrate of silver on the dry plate, but such malignant circumstances got control of me that I actually tried twenty-two times before I succeeded in producing any picture at all. Whether I was unusually stupid—an intimation to which I am not over-hospitable—or whether the cunning powers of the air took especial pains to balk me, I cannot say. Time and again, so frequently that the harrowing remembrance of those unhappy days almost makes each individual hair stand on end, I put the plate into chemical number one, carefully prepared according to the formula which my friend the merchant assured me admitted of no possible mistake, and watched with anxious delight the outlines of beauty as they leaped with astonishing rapidity into view, and just an equal number of times my heart sank, and I expressed an opinion remarkable for its candor, though it need not be repeated here, when a dull gray cloud gradually overspread the plate like a thick sheet of lead, and my picture disappeared into the regions of the unknown. I tried to resuscitate it by pouring a portion of every chemical I had upon its face, but in no instance was I able to call it back. I sighed, I even spoke of myself with opprobrious epithets, but it availed not. On other occasions the developer did its work more deliberately, and I was charmed with the bit of landscape that became visible, but when I put the plate into the soda a change occurred, and it grew blacker and blacker, until at last, when I removed it and held it up to the light, I had a 5 by 8 pane of clear window-glass, with not a vestige of anything on it. The length of exposure was of course my first stumbling-block, as it is to all amateurs. I sought information very diligently on this subject, but somehow photographers always evaded it, and though I discussed the matter with a very eminent artist for a full half-hour, I came away with a dull feeling of dense ignorance in my heart. I was told that everything depends on the time of day, the state of the atmosphere, the cloudiness of the sky, and many other things which I have forgotten, and when I insisted that he ought to be able to tell me within sixty minutes of the right time, he grimly smiled, and answered that in one instance his camera was in position in gloomy Trinity Church for twenty-four hours before the light made its impression, and that in another instance a perfect picture was taken by the flash from two Leyden jars, or in about the twenty-four-thousandth part of a second.

With these two extremes in mind, I focussed my lens on a dwelling-house, removed the cap, and waited fifteen minutes. It was a bright, cloudless day, and the sun was shining in a blaze of glory at my back. The picture which was the result of the experiment was not in every respect a success, as my fellow-craftsmen can easily guess, for when it came out of the developing bath it looked like a thin coating of disgusted clay, with here and there a splash of black, but with the house so far in the remote background that it was quite invisible. My perplexity was increased by this experience. Being far removed from any professional friend, I could not decide whether the exposure had been too long or too short. I reasoned from the slender premises at my command that the sun ought not to be stinted as to time, and if I was generous with him, he would, in turn, be generous with me, and do the work thoroughly well. The grossly ignorant may not be aware of the fact that the sun had finished his task at the end of about three seconds, and he spent the remaining fourteen minutes and fifty-seven seconds in spoiling the picture out of revenge for my stupidity.

I try to get one afternoon a week for a photographic tramp, and it refreshes me for all the other days of sedentary toil. Within half an hour of my residence there are little nooks and corners waiting to be copied on sensitized paper. I pack up my valuables, rush for the cars, and enter at once on a new life.

Let me describe one of my trips, and perhaps some forlorn and shipwrecked or health-wrecked brother will go and do likewise. It was a beautiful day in December, and the air had a crispness in it which made one's blood tingle. I was in the midst of some frightfully tangled work. I had tugged at it with desperate earnestness, or rather earnest desperation, but it was obstinate, and would not allow a single ray of daylight to penetrate. My brain felt as if it were slowly undergoing ossification, with the process pretty well

window, which commands a view of the Jersey hills, I felt an indefinable drawing. "Perhaps," I said to myself, and then I cast my eyes inquiringly on the tripod. That too seemed to say "Perhaps," and my camera really looked as though it were langnishing for "a day out." So I at once set about packing up, not enthusiastically, but with a feeling that I must have a change in order to stop this transmutation of my brain into molten lead. Half an hour afterward I was on the Weehawken ferry-boat.

I had somehow got the impression that at Weehawken I could take the cars up the river—the present station had not then been built—for a dozen miles or so, but I soon found out my mistake. I made inquiries, and found that there was no station and no railroad, and that I had wandered into a section of Deutschland. Not even a condemned vessel was in sight on which to try my "'prentice hand," nor a specially ragged urchin to grin at me while I took his picture. Here was a dilemma indeed. Shanties there were, but they were dreadfully commonplace. In my despair I sought information in a beer saloon, which seemed to be so filled by a leviathan of a woman and an ichthyosaurus of a man that there was hardly room for me to sit down. They paid no sort of attention to me at first, regarding me perhaps as a peddler wanting to barter his wares for Schweizerkäse and Schwarzes Brod.

"Is there any stable near by?" I ventured to ask.

"Nein," replied Leviathan, in a voice which seemed to say that I was in good condition to be served up as Kalbfleisch.

"But," I persisted, "isn't there a horse in this region I can hire?"

"Only one, and he ist mein," answered she.

"Could you have him tackled up, and convey me to the nearest railroad station?" I asked.

"Yah," very deliberately; "p'raps."

"How much?"

She looked at me, wondering whether I was peddler or prince, and then, as though she had struck an average, replied, "Two tollar."

"Good! Fetch him along, and I'll be ——"

The boy driver and I reached Schuetzen Park in due time, traversing the dreariest road, and meandering through acres of swamp.

"Good place for fever and chills," I ——

The little sphinx at my side gave the —— and simply answered, "You bet!"

—— the youth to stand at the horse's head, and in a few minutes I had a picture of the most dilapidated wagon imaginable.

—— a group of men standing on the platform of the station house, so I brought my lens to bear on them, and cried out, with true ——

—— stant, if ——

One, two, three, and the work is done. "Thanks, gentlemen!" and I began to pack up.

Then I took a bit of winding road, at a point where two arching trees interlaced their branches, and it was no sooner done than up came a troop of wild, laughing girls from the silk factory, on their way to lunch. They gathered about me like so many bees.

"Shall I take you, girls?" I asked.

Such a scream! and off they scampered. The feminine gender, however, has peculiarities which no mere man can comprehend, and in a few minutes they came rushing back, stood together in a very —— you may." Of course I complied.

By this time I was tired, healthily and gloriously tired. The sun was bright, the air was brisk and fresh, and the appetite, which had been dormant, began to resemble that of the *Ursus americanus* in the spring, after winter's hibernation. My whole interior being—moral, physical, and intellectual—began to feel the effects of the tramp and the new experience, and I almost renewed my youth. I am assured that a photographic apparatus, with its delightful allurements, is a more valuable possession than Aladdin's lamp, or an ounce vial of the alchemist's elixir vitæ. Well, I had just one dry plate left. I was wondering what I should do next, when I heard a voice behind me, attuned to the true Celtic accent.

"Say, misther! say, misther!"

I turned to find a youngish woman, meanly clad, but with a bright gleam in her eye and great eagerness in every ——

She summoned all her resolution, and while the blood mantled her cheek, she asked, with an outburst of motherly affection,

"Misther, will ye tak me babby?"

I confess to being touched by the pathos of that appeal. I had suddenly come into contact with a genuine bit of the best kind of human nature. Of course I melted at once.

"It will give me great pleasure, madam, to take a picture of your baby," I [illegible]

She actually cantered on her way back to the shanty which the husband and child had converted into a home. One thing, however, and a very important one, she had altogether forgotten. It did not occur to her, so great was her eagerness, until she nearly reached the house, and then she came to a standstill as suddenly as though she had run against a stone wall. I felt in my heart that some strange contingency had arisen, and the feeling was confirmed when, with pathetic tremulousness, she cried out,

"Misther, how much will it be?"

The desire to have the picture of that "babby" had partly crowded out the fact that this is a mercenary world. I determined that the mercenary side should not be visible on this occasion at least, so I screamed back,

"Nothing, madam, nothing at all."

She started once more into the canter, but I heard her say, "Thank God, chape enough!" and I chuckled to myself at being taken for a professional seeking the dimes and quarters of poor people.

I took both mother and child, and the picture is one of my best, and also one of my most valuable souvenirs of travel.

When I reached my study in town I was thoroughly worn out and jaded. The sun had dipped below the Jersey hills which made my horizon line, and I was gloriously and refreshingly used up, with a five hours' jaunt behind me. I had a good story to tell my friends who called in the evening, six pictures which I wouldn't part with for money, and the precious memory of a happy mother's face. The fresh air was in my lungs, and that night I slept the sleep of a man who has done his duty to his fellows and to himself. When I wrestled with the tangled problem, the next morning, I was surprised to find that it was not so much of a problem after all.

I have but one bit of advice for all men of sedentary habits, viz., go and do likewise.

FOR DAYS THAT ARE TO BE

[illegible]

FEAST [illegible]
Drink deep the woodland air, the elysian blue,
For days that are to be.

Paint on the inner chambers of thy brain
[illegible]
[illegible]

Not for this day alone of Nature's cup
[illegible]
Far hence thy spirit shall be lifted up
By this one perfect draught.

And through a golden haze in years to come,
[illegible]
And in the rainless hills the brooks are dumb,
The glory will return.

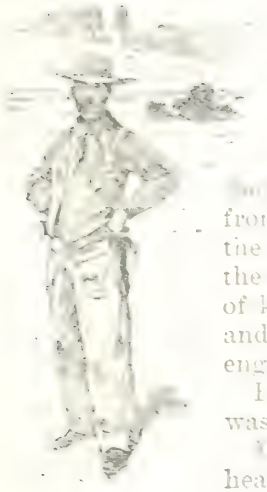
Then thou shalt hear the cool sea billows break
Across the harbor bar,
And the blue ripple of the mountain lake
Shall glisten from afar.

For this is Nature's largess: color, tone,
Splendor of land or sea,
All that she once reveals, becomes thine own
For days that are to be.

MOLLIE.

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

I.



He came to the ranch on a handsome Kentucky thoroughbred and asked for work. He was a big, bearded fellow, with honest eyes and an expression that inspired confidence. Mr. John A. ——, from whom he got employment, from crown to spur, noted the firmness of his seat in the saddle, the capable set of knee and bridle arm, and being short-handed, engaged him on the spot.

He said that his name was "Bud" Lightwood. When the group men heard it they grinned. The word "bud" suggested an initial state, whilst the stalwart growth before them appeared fibrous and well seasoned. The North Carolinian offered explanation.

"It's *brother*," he said. "We-un call ther kids thet a-way back in ther ole North State—'bud' and 'sis,' you know. 'Tain't his *name*. Thet would be foolishness. But thar ain't no cornplaint agin er man being er *brother*, ez I kin see. Most of us air, or hev been."

This was sound logic, and the men—there were three of them—accepted it without hesitation. Indeed, for a six-foot fellow with the muscles of a prize-fighter to go about the world labelled so pacifically was felt to be a good thing.

The men soon discovered that Bud's sobriquet was no misnomer. He was essentially a big-natured man, quiet and taciturn, but quick in perception, instant in helpfulness.

"Bud air comfortable ter git along with," observed the Carolinian, reflectively. "He'll help ten men afore he'll hinder one, an' he's handy, an' easy to satisfy. *But*—he'd be an ugly fellow to fool with arter he war crossed—slow, an' onrelentin', an' dangerous. He's mountain bred, an' storms with thet sort are apt ter be harrycanes, an' destructive."

"He's powerful fond of that mare o' hisn," remarked Tom Brent, a native Texan. "There ain't nothin' too good fur her. T'other night, when that baby blizzard was howlin' round, Bud got up in the middle o' the night to go to the stable and see about her—if she was warm enough, and not skeered. He took the blanket off his own bunk to cover her. I'd a mind to offer him one of mine too, but he had slipped out of the hut before I could get my eyes open good. I slung one over into his bunk, though, while he was gone. This evening I was comin' by the stable, and the door of Mollie's stall was open. I could see inside, and Bud had the mare's head against his breast, and was petting her like she'd been a woman."

The third stockman, a wiry little fellow from Vermont, with slippery-looking black hair and an opaque complexion, laughed out aloud.

"What darned foolishness!" scoffed he; "not the takin' keer of the mare—*that's* sense, for the animal is worth money. She's thorough-bred, and fleet as a deer; she must be worth a sight of money. But the sentimental business is rubbish—show-off or sappiness, all of it." He laughed again.

The other men did not join in the derision. Perhaps sentiment, even connected with a horse, did not appear to them such "rubbish" after all.

Bud rode into the yard on Mollie. The men watched her as she stepped along, raising her dainty feet high, and arching her neck like a rainbow. A "lady of high degree" she was, and her air and carriage proclaimed the fact.

"Blue-grass all over. I wonder how he came by her?"

It was the Texan who spoke.

"I'm going to ask him. And how much money she's worth too."

Abe Myers pushed back his hat and pocketed his hands. He never let false notions of delicacy stand in the way of obtaining information by the direct method. When Bud joined the group under the big cottonwood, where they lounged waiting for the dinner-horn to sound, he opened fire at once.

"Say, Bud, where'd you get that pic-

ture o' a mare? You don't look like er fellow rolling in affluence, and she is worth a good deal, I guess."

Bud smiled, and a glow of pleasure stole into his eyes. Even suggested appreciation of his favorite was grateful to him.

"Yes, she's er picture," he assented, "and worth a good deal too, I reckon. I didn't buy her. A fellow from Kentucky came down with a drove through the lower counties about five years back. I was ranchin' with a fellow down thar, and the drover stopped along of us for a bit. He was ailin' when he got to the ranch, an' took to his bed in my hut. It turned out to be a rattlin' case of smallpox, an' it about broke us up. The other men vamosed double-quick, leaving me an' Jim Curtis, my boss, ther bag to hold. We done the best we could for the fellow, an' after a bit he pulled through all right. He war a grateful sort o' chap, an' when he quit the ranch he left the two best foals in his gang behind for Jim an' me. One was dark bay an' t'other one was black. Jim gin me first choice because I'd had most trouble with ther man, an' I took Mollie."

"You raised her, then," observed the Texan. "I thought as much when I seed the store you set by her."

"Yes, I raised her," assented Bud. "She never had no 'tendance 'cept'n mine, nor took food from nary 'nother hand. I've done fur her myself ever sence she come to me five ye'r ago."

"How much would you take for her?" queried Abe. "A cow-boy 'ain't got no use for blooded stock; a mustang's good enough, an' don't cost no money hardly. Mollie's ther sort o' horse fur a swell to own. How much would you take fur her?"

Bud's face darkened. "Didn't I tell yer I *raised* her?" he demanded. "Didn't I say she took her vittles from nary hand but mine? Do yer think er man's innards ain't nothing but er sack ter be stuffed with bank-notes? Does yer think thet thar's gold enough, dug or undug, in all ther Rockies ter weigh in ther scale agin Mollie?"

II.

Mr. John Alston was and always had been a bachelor. He was moderately good-looking, moderately clever, more than moderately healthy and kind-hearted, and reputed to be wealthy, and yet it had come to pass that at forty he still, to use the cow-boys' phrase, was "his own man."

But Mr. Alston was not so destitute of female belongings as his mode of life would indicate. He had a half-sister, separated from him by twenty years and vast tracts of territory. Of this sister Alston knew in reality very little, although in pensive moods, when the tobacco burned well and the moonlight lay in patches on the floor, she would sometimes form for him the nucleus of a nebula of imaginative speculation. When, ten years before, the child's last remaining parent had conformed to the inexorable law of nature, leaving her alone in the world, Alston had assumed the responsibility of her maintenance and education cheerfully enough. But his care of her had been by proxy, and beyond paying her bills and receiving quarterly letters and yearly photographs, his knowledge of her was, as has been stated, vague.

Sometimes, as the child grew to womanhood, the idea would cross his mind that it would be a pleasant thing to see her, and once he half formed a plan of having her pay him a visit. But he gave it up as impracticable. His surroundings were primitive, not to say rough, his stockmen, while they did not occupy his house, ate at his table, and there was not a grace, nor an evidence of refinement, save a heterogeneous accumulation of books and periodicals, about the premises. Having taken stock of his environment in the light of his new desire, Mr. Alston recognized the nakedness of the land, and decided to let his sister remain where she was.

But Jessie Alston—"a winsome wee thing, a bonny wee thing"—who looked no more than a child despite her twenty years, had always a very positive knowledge of the thing she wanted, and a very straightforward way of setting about the attainment of the same. About a month previous to the installation of Bud and Mollie at the ranch it had pleased the young woman to decide that some personal acquaintance with the brother who for ten years had stood *in loco parentis* to her would be a desirable variety in her life. Therefore, having discovered that a family with whom she was on familiar terms proposed removing to Timberlick, the town nearest her brother's ranch, she quietly made her arrangements to accom-

pany them, and as quietly served on her relative a notice of her coming.

"I've waited patiently for years for you to ask me," she wrote, "but you don't appear to realize the situation, so I'm driven to ask myself. I don't want to go down to my grave never having seen the face of the only man in the world who is bound to me by a close tie of blood. You have done a brother's part by me in everything but this: you've never taken me to your heart, never let me learn to love you as a sister should. This isn't fair. You must give me more or less, and you must give me a chance of bestowing something in return, if it be only a woman's affection. Please don't mind my coming. I won't be any trouble, or stay long. I won't take up much room, either, in your house. I'm a mite of a thing, but they say I have our father's eyes."

Alston whistled, when he read the above, until he came to the closing sentences; then his eyes softened. Poor little thing! He certainly had been to her the brother who is far off. Perhaps, too, that touch about their father's eyes was not without influence: Alston had them himself.

Still it was with many misgivings that he had a team hitched up and betook himself to Timberlick to meet his sister.

What bothered him most was about the men. Jessie might not want them at her table, and if she should not, the edict of banishment must be served on them at once. They were well enough mannered, and all that, but the rough democracy of the frontier might grate on unaccustomed nerves. Jessie set his mind at rest the moment the subject was mooted.

"Don't make any changes," she said. "I don't want to upset things and make you uncomfortable. Let the men come in if you like; they won't hurt me. And if they don't mind consuming their food in my presence, I'm sure *I* sha'n't mind consuming mine in theirs. I may only be here a few months, and I don't want to be a bother."

Then she seated herself on his knee, for they had speedily fallen into ways of intimacy, and rested her bonnie head on his shoulder, and whispered something to him that made him half smile, and then sigh, and experience a rather curious twinge of pain under his waistcoat. She had been with him exactly seven days, and already he felt aggrieved at the prospect of losing her, although for nearly three times seven years he had worried along without her very comfortably.

He was relieved that there should be no unpleasantness about the men, for he had noticed that the Texan's rough beard had disappeared, and that he was apparelled in a new hunting shirt with embroidery on the breast of it. He had seen the North Carolinian too (an elderly man) engaged, with the aid of tobacco and profanity, in painfully stitching together a hole in the tail of his unused coat, which a mouse had made as a short-cut to her nest in the pocket. All about the place there was expectation and an impulse toward adornment which he felt it would have been little short of brutality to extinguish.

When the teams came up from Timberlick with Jessie's trunks and the new piano and furniture which Alston had bought, a marvellous change came over the forlorn-looking rooms. Pretty things, graceful womanly belongings, appeared on every hand, and made, as Alston said, "a home of the old barn." Clean white damask appeared on the table too, with china that matched, and a vase of flowers, and napkins which the men all eyed askance, but strove loyally to learn the use of. In the evenings Jessie would play to her brother, and the shanty in the yard would be abandoned at the first note, the men stealing across with their pipes to sit on the steps and listen. Jessie asked them in at first, but finding that it made them feel shy and awkward, she let them enjoy the music in the way that pleased them best, only taking care to put chairs on the porch and to leave the windows open. And before she had been on the ranch a week, every man on it, from the proprietor to the colored cook, was metaphorically bound to the wheels of her chariot.

Bud had been away on the range when she arrived, and the first time he saw her he took her for a child. She had been busily employed in laying off some flower beds, which the Texan had offered to dig up for her, and was standing under a tree resting, with her hat in her hand. She had on a close-fitting cloth dress, which she had looped up until it was little below her shoe-tops, and her hair had tumbled on to her shoulders in a curly mass.

As Bud rode into the yard she turned her head, and when her eyes fell on Mol-

lie, a light of admiration sprang up in them.

"What a beauty!" she cried, speaking out quite loud in her excitement, and moving a step nearer. She was a perfect horsewoman, and something in the very sight of a horse always set her pulses thrilling.

Bud laughed out good-humoredly. "Want er ride, little un?" he asked, dismounting. "You don't look to be afeard, an' Mollie air like ther rest o' women-cattle: she keeps her cussedness fur men-folks."

He led the horse near, and before Jessie could remonstrate, lifted her up in his strong arms and placed her in the saddle.

After that there were many rides on Mollie, although the mounting was not so unceremonious. Between the three a kind of freemasonry was speedily established, as is usual with creatures of the same strain, no matter what their position and sex, and quite irrespective of whether they be horse or human. Miss Alston learned the way to Mollie's stall by intuition, and grew to know and understand the beautiful creature as well as did her owner. And Bud's boast that the mare received food from no hand but his lapsed into a tradition.

"My sister is monopolizing your horse," observed Alston, amusedly, as he watched the girl cantering blithely away on Mollie. "It's the coolest bit of appropriation I ever witnessed. I must look around for a horse for her at once, as she don't seem to fancy anything in the stables except Mollie. You get no good of your horse at all."

Bud smiled. He had opened the gate for Jessie after mounting her, and stood leaning on it. "Don't hinder her from Mollie," he said. "She air more than welcome. Her weight is better fur the mare than my great carcass. They understand one another, them two, and 'twould be a pity to come between 'em. I'll take Big Ben, thet gray o' yourn, whenever yer sister wants Mollie. That 'll squar' things up, I reckon, an' thar ain't er horse in Texas thet she'd like as well as Mollie."

Probably Alston was of the same opinion, for he let the matter drop. Nor did he say a word to his sister in regard to her use of Bud's horse. He had lived so much with humanity that social distinctions never bothered him, and he was willing to accept courtesy wherever he found it.

But one day there was no ride on Mollie. The cattle away on the range had all to be brought in and corralled for the yearly inspection and branding. The other men had gone on before to the "round up," and Bud was to meet them at a certain point on the home drive. He had taken Mollie, and would be away all day, possibly far into the night.

In the afternoon Jessie put on her hat, and taking a trowel and a little basket, went out for a walk. Alston had brought her some particularly fine verbena blossoms the day before, and told her where he had gathered them, and Jessie, having conceived a longing for the roots as well as the flowers, decided to go in quest of them.

One of the fascinations about a Southwestern prairie is its inimitable powers of surprise. A ride or walk covering miles and hours may be taken over a seemingly limitless expanse, stretching away as far as the eye can reach in apparently unbroken solidarity, until the very thoughts grow continuous and monotonous like the plain, when suddenly, without the faintest warning, prairie and thought will be cleft asunder by a sheer, abrupt, undreamed-of cañon, yawning to the depth of probably a hundred feet, and perfectly imperceptible at the distance of as many yards. Sometimes, when caused by the erosion of water, they are wide, regular gorges; sometimes, when due to convulsions of nature, narrow, often not more than ten or twelve feet from wall to wall, sheer cuts, as with a knife, into the breast of the plain.

Jessie walked on for a considerable distance, swinging her basket and singing very happily to herself. The afternoon was clear and soft, with a gentle breeze that lifted the curls on her forehead and caressed her cheeks until they glowed. Every now and then she would pause and drop on her knees to grub up a verbena root or a baby cactus. Presently her basket was filled, and growing weary in well-doing, she descended a slight ridge clothed with mesquite and buffalo-grass, and seated herself under a clump of scrub oaks to rest and look about her.

The walk had flushed her, so she took off her hat and fanned herself with it, and suffered her eyes to range at will over the wonderful prairie, with its indescrib-



the point where earth and sky melted into one harmonious haze of purple distance. How grand it was! how illimitable! To Jessie it seemed as though Nature, wearied with the sudden changes, the moods and passions, the elevations and depressions, of the mountains, had suffered her work here to flow from her hands softly, tranquilly, and spread itself in gracious curves and long slow undulations. It looked so smooth, so trackless, so unbroken. And yet, if she had known it, not three hundred yards away a cañon yawned like a long dark gash.

Presently, obeying the instinct which underlies even the uplifting of nature, she turned about and looked backward in the direction of her home. It was not visible, but just against the sky she could discern a wavering gray line of a different hue from the atmosphere, which she knew to be smoke from the kitchen chimney. She kissed her hand to it. It brought humanity near, and robbed the vastness of its isolation.

The atmosphere was so clear that it seemed to annihilate distance, and make objects miles away appear near at hand. Toward the eastern horizon Jessie could see a dark mass, like a low-lying cloud, which she rightly conjectured to be cattle. She tried to make a rough calculation of the distance they might be from her; but not having a mathematical brain, speedily wearied of the effort, and turned to thoughts more personal.

She took a letter from her pocket, and drew the pages from their sheath with slow, caressing fingers. The color flamed warmly in her cheeks, although there was no one there to see, and she bent her head and kissed it shyly. The pages were many, and covered with the close, cramped writing which appears to be the portion of habitual scribes. There was a look about it which bespoke the man of letters, and the postmark on the envelope was that of the town in southern Texas wherein most of Jessie's life had been passed. She read the epistle from the first page to the last, and then turned back and read it over, dwelling on every word, and supplementing the pictures they wrought with other pictures of her own painting.

The sun sank toward the horizon in a cloud of crimson fire; the shadows lengthened. The dark mass on the prairie changed its course and rolled forward obliquely. The rich colors faded from tones

to half-tones, as the light shifted and waned.

Jessie's fancy warmed, and her pictures developed a deeper, more satisfying tenderness; her eyes caught the softness of nature and grew luminous. They followed the sweep of the prairie, vaguely discerning, but not analytical. To her ear came a low, harmonious sound, like the steady beat of surf on the shore. The sound increased, not rapidly, but in rising waves; it forced itself on her attention at last, and restored consciousness of the present. What could it be?—an earthquake? Jessie started to her feet and glanced around and upward. The sky was clear, the atmosphere tranquil, the vastness untroubled. Nowhere did Nature show her danger signals, and yet the sound increased, and the ground beneath her feet appeared to vibrate.

Jessie turned her head and glanced backward over her shoulder: her knees smote together, and the cry in her heart died ere it reached her lips. Over the prairie, near at hand—so near that to her dilating eyes the mass materialized into branching horns and lolling tongues and trampling hoofs—came the cattle. She could hear the shouts of the stockmen away in the rear, the cracking of their long whips, above the bellowing of the herd, and realized in a flash of consciousness that was physical agony that the living death-wave was being driven swiftly, steadily down on her.

For an instant she was paralyzed, rooted to the spot by a hideous fascination that deprived her of volition, almost of consciousness. Her brain was torpid; her limbs, awaiting like subalterns the word of command, were supine. Even her imagination was deadened; dully she wondered if death would be painful, protracted; if the trampling hoofs would crush out vitality at once, if she would suffer much; dully she pitied herself as one pities an outsider who is threatened with great danger; dully she appeared to recognize that it was hard, that it was inexorable. Still nature was quiescent, no impulse of flight stirred, no thought of escape. Where should she fly? How escape? What strength had she? what speed? God above! for strength and speed in her sore extremity! God above! for *Mollie* to bear her away from death!

As the torpid brain grasped the realization of force embodied in the thought of the horse, it quickened, the tension loosed, and with a scream that cleft the very air with wild insistence of appeal, Jessie turned and fled, as a deer flies when the hounds are close on her flanks. Across the plain, not half a mile away, a horseman heard it, turned his head, and with a quick cry, "God A'mighty! the cañon!" drove the spurs into his horse's sides.

Straight and true as a bullet from a barrel flew Mollie, her ears laid back, her hoofs just skimming the ground. Bud, with dread in his heart, measured the distance with his eyes, calculating the seconds with the acute perception of values which is born of intensity. Could he make it? He thought so, prayed so, and spoke to Mollie. The danger was not so much from the cattle behind as the cañon in front. In her excitement, in her terror, the girl might not perceive it until too late. There were no bushes to mark its brink, nothing to attract attention or give warning. Bud sickened at the thought that her flight from death might end in death as horrible.

Right across his track the chasm yawned. The girl was twenty yards away still, but running fast. Bud raised himself in the stirrups to ease the mare, touched her with the spur, and lifted her as he sent her at it. It was almost a standing jump at last, but Mollie took it like a bird; and Bud, with a thrill of exultation, a thrill of relief, in an instant more had leaned from his saddle, caught Jessie in his arms, and drawn her up in front of him.

That evening there was no music. Mr. Alston smoked his pipe thoughtfully, with a book in his hand which he did not read; and the men outside smoked theirs, and discussed Mollie's feat in undertones. A jump like that would make a horse's record in the East, they said. The chasm was not very wide, it was true, but for all that it was an ugly jump, and the men felt that Mollie had acquitted herself with distinction, and praised her accordingly.

It was understood that Miss Alston had been badly shaken by her fright, and had gone to bed. But later, when Bud went over to the stable to see that all was well with the beasts, he noticed a light in Mollie's stall, and stooping down so that he could look in through a knot-hole, saw Jessie with her arms around Mollie's neck, pressing her cheek up close to the mare's and sobbing.

III.

About a mile from the house on the Alston ranch was one of those strange formations called by the natives "buffalo wallows," and supposed by the uninitiated to have been caused by the rolling and trampling of myriads of beasts in past ages.

The one in question was nearly circular in form and considerable in extent. Its sides were clothed with scrub-oak bushes and sage-brush, and its bottom with the ubiquitous mesquite grass. It was a lonely place, and on a dark night had a shut-in look to a man at the bottom of it, as though he were in a very deep saucer with the sky for a lid.

The man now at the bottom of it did not appear to find the loneliness oppressive, however. Perhaps the darkness and silence were in unison with his feelings: with the best and worst of humanity this is as often the case as with the beasts that perish. The man had gathered some sticks and dried grass and made himself a bit of fire, and was broiling over it a venison steak. Near at hand was an old tomato can, picked up somewhere, and converted now into a coffee-pot. A light line of steam rose from it, and mingled its odor with that of the broiling meat. The light from the burning sticks fell on the man's face as he bent over them: he looked like a half-breed. When his meal was ready he took a hunk of bread from his pocket, and addressed himself to it with vigor. He had ridden far that day, with small heed to the requirements of nature. When the last mouthful had been disposed of, and the last drops drained away from the coffee grounds, he filled his pipe, and glanced up at the stars to determine the time of night.

"He won't be here afore midnight," he muttered. "It's a right sharp ride from the place I seed him, an' he said he'd have to see his boss. I hope he'll fetch money. I've had enough o' monkeying 'long o' checks. They're danger'us truck fur a man like me to fool with. Thar ain't much grit in Abe! Lord! how I skeerd him when I rid up this arternoon!" He laughed, and his thoughts became retrospective.

Six or eight months before he had fallen in with Abe Myers in the town of Timberlick, where the latter had gone to enjoy himself during a slack season. To the furtherance of this design the half-breed had lent himself right readily, and Abe's enjoyment under his guidance had been fast and furious. So fast, indeed, that by the end of a fortnight Abe had parted with everything he owned save his immortal soul and the garments that he stood in. These too would have followed the rest, perhaps, save for the fact that souls are at a discount when poker is the game, and the men with whom he played had no mind for cast-off clothing. If the mischief had stopped right here it would not have mattered much, for a man who seeks experience is expected to pay for it. But there is something about poker which produces moral obliquity, and a sort of fog through which the boundary line between *meum* and *tuum* ceases to be clearly discernible. So it came to pass that when Abe left on foot the town which he had entered on horseback, it was not only with shaken nerves and lowered vitality, but with the knowledge that in the possession of the half-breed was a check for a considerable amount, signed with John Alston's name without that gentleman's knowledge or consent.

He had gone straight back to the ranch, because he deemed that the place in which he would least likely be looked for when the half-breed should discover the fraud put upon him. Now that his sin, in the shape of the half-breed, had found him out, he was aggrieved, and felt that he had been unfairly dealt with.

Meanwhile the half-breed, waiting in the hollow, waxed more and more impatient. He had gotten himself into trouble with some people down below, the result of which had been serious enough to make him desirous for a change of climate. He had been pushing northwest to secure this when chance threw him again across the path of Abe Myers. That the meeting was due to luck, not management, the half-breed kept to himself, and also that he was in trouble. His experience of Abe had not been such as to inspire trust, and he felt that should Abe discover that the "avengers" were on his trail, he would be quite capable of lending them assistance.

"Ef I just had a good nag!" he muttered, glancing over to where a broken-down mustang was humbly but resolutely cropping the grass within his lariat circle. "A decent horse would be wuth money to me now. I wonder—" He paused, and fell into thought. A sound came from the

side of the hollow nearest the house, a footstep among the bushes, a stumble, and an impatient oath. The half-breed leaned forward, took a brand from the fire, and waved it about. Guided by the light, Abe came forward and seated himself beside the embers. There were no greetings. Men of that stamp dispense with ceremony. The half-breed laughed unpleasantly.

"What's that for?" snarled Abe.

"You," responded the other. "You look so durned like a coyote with his hind leg caught in er trap, it sorter tickles me. What's ther use o' funkin' like that?"

"Who's funkin'?" demanded Abe, acidly. "Ain't I here? And I didn't need to come ef I hadn't er minded to."

"Thet's a lie," returned the half-breed, composedly. "You've got a gift thet way—o' lyin', you know. You're a gifted creeter all round, tongue an' fingers pertickerly fingers."

Abe moved uneasily. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Same thing I wanted down at Timberlick eight months ago—money. Not no checks, though, this time, thankee. I'm done foolin' 'long o' checks thet hev been through your hands."

"I 'ain't got no money," growled Abe. "I told you thet afore. Ef you'll wait twell daylight I'll ask Alston for a check. He'll advance my pay, I guess."

The half-breed shook his head. "Didn't I tell you I didn't want no more checks?" he queried. "I ain't gwine to take none nother." Then changing his tone to one of ferocity: "'Tain't your fault the one you gin me 'ain't landed me in ther State-prison; 'tain't your fault I ain't whittlin' shoe-pegs now. Mebbe thet was your game. I shouldn't wonder ef 'twas, you lily-livered coyote! Ef you hadn't hustled so quick, an' looked so blasted hang-dog, I'd er gone like a lamb to ther slaughter. Ez it was, I nosed round an' found you out. Now I want to know what you're gwine to do about it. I ain't pertickler nor hard to please, but my mind's sot on satisfaction, and I'll have it ef I have to git it outn your hide."

The half-breed's hand went into the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and there was an ugly look in his eyes. Abe remembered one or two stories he had heard of the other's desperation, and the memory made him uncomfortable.

"What do you call satisfaction?" he questioned, sulkily. "I 'ain't got no money. I can't turn my boots or my shirt into bank-notes, kin I?"

"You've got a horse."

"No, I 'ain't. You know *that*. I sold him down at Timberlick, an' you got the money."

"You kin git one—easy." The tone was suggestive.

Abe caught his meaning at once.

"Thet's hangin'," he said, doubtfully, mindful of the unwritten law of the country.

"So 'tis," assented the other; "but it's ketchin' fust. It would be *my* risk, anyhow, an' my lookout. I'd give this check fur a right good horse—a dandy that could travel, handed over 'twixt this an' daybreak."

"What's yer hurry?" questioned Abe, suspiciously.

The half-breed grinned. He had no intention of "giving himself away."

"Nothin' much," he answered. "I've got to meet some fellows in Arizona, an' I could pass on the horse through them, an' sell him at ther post. Half er loaf is better'n no bread, an' ef I don't take resk I'll never squeeze er red cent outn *you*, I see plain. In which case, you know, my word's out fur satisfaction, an' I don't never go back of my word."

There was something in the man's tone that visibly increased Abe's sense of discomfort, but at the same time it quickened his perceptive faculties. At the first introduction of a horse into the affair his thoughts had flown to Mollie, and with the introduction of that point, anent the risk of the adventure being the half-breed's, a scheme began to crystallize in his mind. He thought he saw a way by which he might secure safety for himself and bring confusion on all his enemies at the same stroke. By transferring Mollie to the half-breed he would regain possession of the check, and secure the innocuousness of his foe for the time being. After that the inevitable interplay of events and emotions would constitute Bud his (Abe's) avenger. And he knew Bud well enough to be tolerably sure that any man who should rob him of Mollie would have short shrift, and be allowed no word in his own defence.

He owed Bud a grudge too, which he would willingly pay if he could do so with safety to his person. A week before, he had made a rough joke to Bud about his devotion to Miss Alston, telling him that



"THE HALF-BREED LEANED FORWARD, TOOK A BRAND FROM THE FIRE, AND WAVED IT ABOUT."

she looked on men of his class as little better than the ground she walked on, and asking him what he expected to make by it. His tone had been more offensive than his words, and Bud, in his wrath, had not scrupled to catch him by the nape of the neck, and placing his foot about the centre of gravity, to propel him head-foremost into the horse-pond. Jessie had been on the porch at the time, and had witnessed the chastisement, while too far off to hear the provocation, and as he crawled ingloriously forth and slunk off to the shanty, Abe had fancied that he could hear her laugh.

Jessie had not laughed at all. She had gone straight down to the fence and taken Bud roundly to task for his roughness. But of this Abe knew nothing. He was conscious that Jessie did not like him, that she never had liked him, and in all probability never would. He hated her for it, and for having witnessed his humiliation. The loss of Mollie would hurt her too. She was fond of the brute.

Yes, surely it might be managed without much risk to a clever man. Abe considered himself an unusually clever man, and had a vague conviction that the hardness of the transgressor's way was somehow due to lack of management.

The moon rose, the white rim showing above the edge of the declivity; in half an hour there would be light enough to distinguish objects. The half-breed glanced up at the sky, and then took a brandy flask out of his pocket. The men drew closer, and talked earnestly in a low tone.

When they separated, the half-breed said: "I'll ride on the gulch, then, an'

wait fur you. It's five mile, an' the mustang's dead beat, so maybe you'll overhaul me afore I git thar. The mustang 'll fetch you back, an' then you kin turn him loose. He ain't wuth much nohow. Muffle ther mare's hoofs when you fetch her out, an' hustle like blazes. We 'ain't got no time to lose."

"When 'll you gimme the check?" Abe asked.

"When you put the halter in my hand, an' not a blamed minute sooner. And look here, Abe, don't you be tryin' no double-back-action tricks on me. I ain't in too much of a hurry to stop over an' break your neck. Now look alive, will you!"

IV.

For some reason Jessie could not sleep. Upon her was one of those strange fits of restlessness which imaginative people call the "shadow of coming events," and practical people "nervous irritation."

The moonlight lay on the floor in a great white sheet; the night was mild, and Jessie, having slipped out of bed and into her dressing-gown, opened the window and leaned on the window-sill looking out. The two or three cottonwood-trees in the yard stood each in a waiter of shadow; the men's shanty was outlined like a steel-engraving. On the path leading to the stable lay a stretch of moonlight that seemed brightest just in front of Mollie's stall. Beyond the stable was the gate, and beyond, again, the trail leading away past the old corral to the open prairie. The gate was open.

Soon her attention was attracted by a slight noise, as of an opening door; she glanced toward the stable, and saw a man enter Mollie's stall. She leaned forward, curious, but not alarmed. She knew that Bud was in the habit of visiting his favorite at all hours of the night; once or twice she had seen him going and returning. Not so late as this, though, and she feared that something might be the matter with Mollie. As the moments passed she grew anxious and impatient. She would call to Bud as he passed, and inquire about Mollie.

The stable door had swung shut; it opened again, and the man came out, leading the mare by her halter. There was a saddle on her, and her hoofs made no sound as she moved. What could be the matter? What was Bud going to do? Was any one ill?

The man swung himself into the saddle and rode out at the gate. The moonlight fell full on him, and she could see quite distinctly that he was a much smaller man than Bud. The truth flashed over her in an instant — some one was stealing Mollie!

Without a thought of her naked feet, her streaming hair, Jessie climbed on the window-ledge, and crouching, let herself down by her hands—the room was on the ground-floor, and she had not far to drop. Huddling her dressing-gown around her, she sped straight across to the shanty. The door was on the latch, and she pushed it open and entered; a ray of moonlight followed and guided her to Bud's bunk. He lay with his arms thrown over his head, dressed, all save his boots and coat, and sleeping profoundly. Jessie caught him by his shoulder with both hands and shook him with all her strength.

"Wake up! wake up!" she cried in his ear—"oh, wake, for Heaven's sake! Some one is stealing Mollie!"

Bud was on his feet in an instant.

"What!" he almost shouted, and caught a pistol from the wall and made for the stable. Jessie followed him.

"Quick! a horse!" she said. "He can't have gotten far. You'll overtake them."

In the stable she helped him as much as she could, slipping on the bridle and unfastening the halter, while he threw the saddle on Big Ben and tightened the girths. Her hand touched his in buckling the throat-latch, and he looked across at her and muttered, "God bless you!" Then noticing the gleam of her bare white feet under the hem of her dressing-gown, added, "Yer'll ketch yer death; I'm 'feared for yer."

Jessie shook her head, and watched him as he rode out of the gate, a powerful form on a powerful horse, thrown into sharp relief by the background of the sky. He was armed, she knew, for she had seen him slip a revolver in the holster as he threw the saddle across Big Ben. She listened until the sound of the horse's gallop had been swallowed up by distance, and then went into the house with a sick feeling at her heart.

Down toward the old corral, she had said, and Bud followed the trail steadily. His face was set, his jaw squared hard, and his eyes were dark with anger. Once he leaned far down from the gray and listened as only a man trained in the wilderness

can listen, every other sense in abeyance, that of hearing intensified. From the distance came the long-drawn mournful howl of a coyote, which was taken up and repeated again and again until the spaces of the night seemed vibrant with the eldrich sound. Bud cursed aloud. It ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and again he bent his ear. There it was!—the regular beat of horse's hoofs, and not so far away as he had feared. The start had not been a long one, thanks to Jessie's promptness.

Bud settled himself in the saddle and gathered his horse together. He was on the right trail, and there was work for horse and man this night. Mollie was swift and true, but there was a strength and stretch in the horse's stride which would tell in a long race. What was that against the sky? A "lóver" slipping away ahead of the pack? No; no wolf or creature of wolfish breed ever stood so high, ever moved so straight. It was Mollie, and she was racing! A breeze had sprung up, and borne with it the sound of pursuit, and the thief had put Mollie to her speed. Bud sent the spurs into the gray horse's flanks; the air fairly shrieked by his ear as he cleft it; the ground beneath his horse's feet was one long blurred streak. The distance lessened, the gray gained perceptibly; his ears were laid back, his breath came in long, regular waves. The pace was awful, but he could hold it; there was strength and endurance in his mighty quarters, his grand space-devouring stride. Bud raised himself, and bent forward a little to ease him. The revolver was in his hand.

In the cloudless sky the moon hung and the stars shone, lighting the mad race. Bud could see Mollie distinctly; could see that she was doing her best; but the pace was beginning to tell. He was gaining steadily; he knew it; and the man knew it, for his arm rose and fell once, twice, and Bud could see that he was laying the whip on Mollie's quivering quarters. Bud winced with each blow, and an oath rose in his throat, but was choked in the flood of rage that pulsed through him. Still the gray gained and gained; a moment or two now must see the end.

All at once the mare swerved aside, thrown almost on her haunches, and stopped. Bud smiled grimly; the prairie yawned again just there; a cañon more than a hundred feet deep and very broad split it from north to south. He had them now, safe, like rats in a trap; a few more lengths, and then—

The man in front slipped from the saddle and glanced back. Then he raised both hands above his head, and with a muttered oath brought down his whip heavily across Mollie's flanks.

With a cry of terror and anguish that was almost human, the mare rose and bounded forward. For an instant she seemed poised in air, sharp and clear as a heraldic device against the pale gray of the sky; and then, like a falling meteor, disappeared into the yawning abyss.

The man dropped to his knees and slipped over the edge of the cañon just a second before Bud, with rigid face and flaming eyes, threw himself from the gray and bent over the brink. Below he could hear the bushes bend, a rolling stone, the sound of a stumble. A band of moonlight lay along the side of the cañon, broad and white. Bud watched it as a tiger watches the path which the deer must cross. Another stone fell and bounded echoing down, down to the bottom, where Mollie lay mangled and bleeding and dead. A shadow crossed the moonlight, then a darker substance. Bud levelled the revolver; his aim was sure, his purpose deadly. There was a sharp report, which the echoes caught and repeated, a shuddering cry, and the sound of a body falling. Then silence.

When Bud rode into the yard at the ranch a couple of days later, no one had the heart to speak to him or ask a single question. The men made way for him silently, and the Carolinian reached out his hand for the gray's bridle, and stabled the horse himself.

Only Jessie spoke, and her words were not many. She went to him at once, as soon as he had dismounted, for the look on his face told the story. She took his rough hand in both of hers, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Did you—" she said, and turned away her head; the words stuck in her throat.

"Yes," Bud answered. "Thar was a half-breed in the cañon—he helped me. Thar's er rock to mark— I—cut—her—name—" His voice broke, and he went away from them all into Mollie's stall and shut the door.



TEUTONIC SATIRE. Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

HOSTESS: "Oh, *pray* don't leave off, Herr Rosencranz. That was a lovely song you just began!"

EMINENT BARYTONE: "Yes, madame. But it tit not harmonise viz de chencral gonferzation. It is in *B vlat*, and you and all your vrents are talking in *G!* I haf a zong in *E*, and a zong in *A sharp*. But I haf no zong in *G*."

HOSTESS: "Really? Nobody Perceives to ezplicke matame. I could dranshose de accompaniments—ja?"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be an unpardonable omission if the pages of *Harper* contained no comment upon the most appalling catastrophe of its kind in history—the destructive flood in the Conemaugh Valley in Pennsylvania. The Monthly Record, with its modest and unfailing fidelity, will duly announce the fact. But it cannot describe, nor can any description adequately convey, the impression of the universal shock of horror and of the world-wide expressions of sympathy which immediately responded.

The Conemaugh Valley lies on the western slope of the Alleghany Mountains, toward Pittsburgh, and about eighty miles southeast of that city. It forms a right angle, and, like all such American valleys, was a hive of industry. The Cambria Iron-works were there, the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio railroads ran through it, and at the turn of the valley, where two streams joined, was the borough of Johnstown, the most populous town in Cambria County. Along the stream there were other towns and villages, and the population was about fifty thousand. Upon the mountain-side above the valley the South Fork Creek had been dammed, and although recently the uses of the lake made by the dam had been largely superseded, the lake had been maintained as a pleasure resort. Such a questionable neighbor, a slumbering giant of resistless might, is familiar to a myriad valleys, and the impending danger is an ever-present consciousness.

But long immunity breeds a certain carelessness even of such peril. The traveller in hilly regions sees constantly a similar situation—a pleasant and prosperous community lying in a secluded and picturesque valley, with this awful possibility of sudden destruction "hushed in grim repose" above it. It is said that the people of the Conemaugh Valley during great rains or ice gorges in the spring became more acutely aware of the danger, and even in some emergencies betook themselves to the mountain-side. But probably with each occasion when, under great pressure, the waters were held fast, apprehension was soothed and paralyzed, until the lake suspended above the valley became only a phantom terror.

At the very end of May there had been continuous and heavy rains, until on the afternoon of Friday, the last day of the month, a horseman rode at full speed down the valley and through the streets of Johnstown, crying aloud to the people to flee to the mountains. He passed apparently without causing a panic or a flight. But the brave man, bent upon a mission of life and death which he could not stay to explain, was followed by an overwhelming torrent of destruction. The monstrous giant had suddenly arisen in appalling wrath. Under the insidious pressure of the rain the dam that held the lake broke away, and the waters bursting forth swept down the mountain to the valley, piling whatever it touched into an enormous mass of trees, rocks, earth, and buildings, crushing everything into promiscuous devastation as it advanced, mingling houses, villages, men, women, and animals in a flood of death, obliterating Johnstown, hurling the accumulated ruins of the valley against the stone piers of the railroad bridge, which did not yield, thus rearing a towering wall which dammed the river channels and overspread the valley with a lake of death.

The next morning the awful story was told in every household of the country, and there was but one thought and one feeling of horror and sympathy. So great and so sudden a calamity of the kind is unknown. So swift and so vast a destruction is surpassed only by that of the Lisbon earthquake. The newspapers were filled for many days with the most copious accounts, illustrated by diagrams and maps and pictures. But the pitiful tale can never be fully told. It can be inferred only from details and incidents of unspeakable anguish and noble devotion, in which human nature is transfigured into celestial beauty. All that is best in the traditions of human conduct, of self-sacrifice, of sublime faith, of exalted endurance, was repeated in those indescribable hours of doom.

There followed an unprecedented outpouring of sympathy and succor. States, cities, villages, and local neighborhoods everywhere, societies of every kind, trades, corporations, industries, all hastened to contribute relief. In other countries there were universal horror and condo-

lence, and the American colonies of foreign residents and travellers held out quick hands of relief. At home the money contributed in individual gifts, ranging from twenty-five cents to five thousand dollars, amounted in three days to more than a million and a half of dollars. It was a spectacle of sympathy and generosity not less imposing in its kind than the awful catastrophe whose consequences it sought to relieve.

Upon the desolated spot itself the American characteristics were displayed in the prompt organization for distributing the popular bounty and for maintaining order. Like a well-trained crew which in a supreme emergency quietly adjusts itself, each man to his place and task, a self-governing community proceeds instinctively in the crisis of dire disaster to deal effectively with the situation. Nothing in our recent history illustrates more characteristically American vigor and ability and liberality than the events which followed immediately this great calamity.

At once also came the inquiry into the methods of certain avoidance of such calamities hereafter. Doubtless through many a valley in the New England hills swept a thrill of doubt and fear as the story of Conemaugh was told. In all those valleys are reservoirs and dams for the service of countless industries, and the tale of Mill River in western Massachusetts is still a harrowing tradition. Are the dams secure? Is the system of supervision what it should be? Are we in danger like the Pennsylvanians in the Alleghany valley? In the city of New York, which is about building the towering Quaker Dam to guarantee its water supply for many a year, the question was instantly asked, can it be safely done? Ought any such work to be tolerated?

Such questions may show unduly excited apprehension. But caution and care cannot be too great. The result of the great calamity ought to be a thorough attention to the whole subject. Inquiries not before made must be answered, and above all, the most undoubted and complete protection against disaster and the most stringent responsibility of agents will be demanded and obtained. But the tradition of the lamentable disaster will always linger in the valley of the Conemaugh. The city of Lisbon is said still to bear visible traces of the awful earthquake of 1755, and the invisible traces of such appalling events are more enduring. The emotions with which the scenes of great human suffering or heroism or devotion are contemplated are exalting and refining, and one of the best benefits of travel is their ennobling influence upon life and character. In the most familiar passage of his writings, Dr. Johnson, with pathetic stateliness, expresses this feeling: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Over the fields of Sempach and Runnymede, over Plymouth Rock and Valley Forge, there is always

"The awful shadow of an unseen power."

Such will be the association of infinite pity and admiration which will always overhang the valley of the Conemaugh.

ONE of the rumors which have lately echoed through the press was the statement that the President had said that his rule of action was to please himself. The report was greeted in a manner which indicated either that the remark was thought to be monstrous in itself, or an extraordinary expression of the spirit in which his official duties were to be performed. It was immediately announced, in a half-indignant tone, that the President had not made the remark. But if he had made it, would it have been fairly open to censure, as if he had laid down a false rule of individual conduct, or had totally misconceived the obligations of his office?

Whom should a man please in his official action if not himself? Who else should rightfully direct his decision when he is individually responsible? There is no question of discretion, of course, when he engages specifically to do a certain thing. If it be the official duty of a sheriff to execute criminals legally condemned to death, a man who takes oath to discharge the duties of the office consciously engages to execute criminals as the law ordains, and he cannot refuse to do it because he is opposed to capital punishment. If he be so opposed, he cannot honorably take the official oath, or if, having honorably taken it, his views change, he must resign the office. But even in this case, whether, not objecting, he executes the law, or, objecting, resigns the office, he

equally pleases himself. That is to say, he does as his conscience commands.

The official oath of the President is general, and does not require specific acts. He must execute the office of President. But the manner of execution is left largely to his discretion, and if the law requires what, in his judgment, should not be done, he also must please himself by resigning. The remark attributed to the President, however, did not involve these extreme cases. It meant only that in the exercise of his discretion he should follow his own view and sense of duty after duly enlightening his mind with the views of others. And if there be a sounder rule of conduct, it has not yet been revealed. The views of others, especially when they are wise counsellors, every sensible man will weigh carefully; and when the interest is a common interest, as in the case of a party leader and his party, he will consider his duty with extreme deliberation. But, except where there has been a specific and authoritative party expression, he must necessarily judge for himself what is the party feeling.

The principle of action involved is universal. The assumption that a view is just and true because it is held by a great many people is fatal to human welfare. It is he who sees farther than other people who forecasts the true path of progress. Goethe was called a liberator of humanity because he fostered the spirit of self-dependence, and discouraged the habit of leaning upon the majority; and no wiser or more American word was ever spoken in this country than that of the seer who said of the scholar to a company of scholars more than fifty years ago, "Let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, although the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom." This was only another form of saying that you must please yourself. And what else is the significance of the familiar words of Shakespeare:

> "This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man"?

If for truth to ourselves—that is, to our own perception of right and duty—we substitute truth to the perception of somebody else, whose shall it be? If action must follow, undoubtedly that must be determined by the larger number of voices. But none the less every honest man will abide by his opinion, and endeavor by persuasion to make it the opinion of others, until the larger number of voices accords with his own. Among the earliest lessons of human conduct are those of Æsop. They endure because they are confirmed by the experience of every generation, and which of them is more significant than that of the man and the ass? The collective wisdom of the ages unites in the hortatory chorus to please yourself. To prefer the approval of others to your own is to carry the ass, not to be carried by him.

Nor is this the gospel of mere vanity, pride, arrogance, self-will, intolerance, and tyranny. There is no other law of life, unless we are to retrograde. If Columbus and Galileo and Luther and the English Puritans and Harvey and Jenner and the American Sons of Liberty had not persisted in pleasing themselves, where should we have been? The great men, the saints and heroes and reformers, the makers of history and benefactors of mankind, were not content to please others—that is, to accept the received opinions and to conform to the hoary traditions. Ye have heard it said by them of old time, but I say unto you a different thing—is the gospel which they heard and practised. Is it mere self-indulgence to please yourself? The Christian Catacombs and the awful story of the Inquisition are the answer. The self which is to be pleased is not passion and appetite, it is that which each man feels to be himself, or, as it is often called, his better self, that is to say, his sense of duty or his conscience. Sardanapalus is said to have pleased himself. But it is a misuse of words. Distinctively a man's self is his soul, not his senses. When the prodigal turned from the gratifications in which Sardanapalus wallowed, he came to himself. That is the self which a man is to please; and, brethren, as another preacher said of the strait gate, if you think that it is easy to enter, try it!

Whatever the inventor of the report of the President's remark may have intended, he put into the President's mouth an approval of the highest rule of conduct. Yet it is barely possible that a man might not be elected President of whom it was universally believed that he would please himself in his official action. If, however, such a man were elected, and his action were conformed to that rule, his

hold upon the public heart and public confidence would be so strong that it would have the effect of a political revelation. It would not be, however, without precedent in our history. It was because Washington's beneficent career had illustrated his absolute fidelity to that rule, and because of the universal conviction that nothing could disturb it, that he was borne by the hearts as well as by the votes of the people into the Presidency.

The disposition of public men to fawn upon the mob under pretence of reverencing the people, the tone of a former candidate for the Presidency in saying that he had ceased to be himself and was merged in the platform, are not signs of a vigorous and manly political life, but of a servile adulation like that which crawls upon its belly before some puny king of Siam. The protest against an alleged remark of the President that in his official conduct he should please himself, that is to say, seek the satisfaction which springs from the conscientious discharge of duty—a protest which implied that such a remark was proof of an undue sense of personal importance—was really censure of a remark which in its true spirit every President might well make the rule of his official conduct.

THE recent annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America was the occasion both of gay and congratulatory and also of serious comment upon the stage and actors and their relation to life and character. In a strain of bright banter, Mr. Depew rallied and "guyed" and complimented the "profession," and recalled the fact that Washington enjoyed the play in John Street a hundred years ago, while Mr. Dougherty expressed his eloquent sympathy, and cited many a melodious tribute to the drama and the stage. It would be pleasant to look in upon the simple little provincial theatre in which Washington sat, and mark the manners of the old-fashioned town. The annals of our earlier drama suggest exceedingly hard conditions and an unkindly soil for a Thespian harvest. The glimpses of the situation which John Bernard gives imply a difficult and reluctant public mind toward the players. But his charming description of his chance meeting with Washington near Mount Vernon, of which the Chair made a note a few months ago, not only presents Washington in the best aspect, but adds to our impression of his humane and far-seeing sagacity.

The conversation which Bernard reports shows that Washington's visit to the John Street Theatre was not his only appearance at the play. His social traditions, indeed, were those of the Cavalier, not of the Puritan, and it was under the favor of the Cavaliers that the theatre revived after the Puritan supremacy. It was long before the ban was raised in the Colonies, and sixty years ago the moral outlawry of the theatre in the capital of New England had not wholly disappeared. Indeed, the feud is still unrelaxed between the tradition of the Scotch Covenanters and the play-house with all its belongings. An amusing incident, drawing all its comedy from this fact and from the innocent ignorance of it in the Southern European operatic mind, is that of a noted singer at the old Astor Place Opera-house, who one evening entertaining at his house uptown a jovial party of Friar Tucks and tenors and contraltos and chorus and choir singers happily blended, finding himself short of gustatory conveniences, sent, in the most natural and friendly manner, to his neighbor, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, begging, with his compliments, the loan of his neighbor's punch-bowl for the evening.

The laughter of the good disciple of Calvin and his family at the simple assumption of such a necessary domestic vessel in the ecclesiastical household, could the professional comedian have heard it, would have apprised him of a richer jest than he knew upon the stage, yet a fun beyond his comprehension. It was the more comical because the theatre was but just beginning to put away the most salient reasons for its ill fame, and to purge the stain with which the Cavalier smirched it. Its kindliest critic of the earlier part of this century had described the plays of its revival as airings "beyond the diocese of conscience." It was the softest and most extenuating phrase to describe the association which outlawed the theatre, a degradation which returned with the Cavaliers and lingered long.

There was something, therefore, most timely and apt in the survey of the state and tendency of the contemporary stage with which Mr. Winter accompanied the banter and the compliment of the orators at the meeting of the Fund. He did not agree that so great a power as the stage

should bend obsequious to the baser whims of popular taste, or abdicate its function of social censor. The mirror which it holds up should be a censor, not a pander. Sure of the loyalty of the public, it should draw it by noble, and not ignoble, sympathies. Even the brilliant Aristophanes forsook his trust, and degraded the influence which his genius and the theatre gave him. Mr. Winter's mastery of the story of the stage, his essential sympathy with its nobler spirit, his lofty ideal of its aims, gave him an authority of speech which the players could but recognize. He disdained the humiliating conceit that the actor must be a clown to amuse, or that the progress of the theatre is measured by ever-broader jokes and grimaces. His address was a wholesome and richly illustrated plea for a pure and ennobling theatre.

Certainly its greatest victory has been won by its weapons of light, and not of darkness. It has never been brought nearer to the whole people than within the last generation in this country. It is no longer unusual to see clergymen at the play. The reason is that the stage does not take them beyond the diocese in which, even professionally, they are at home. If Charles Lamb had ever seen the cloth at a play, what an essay "Elia" would have written! But why should we not go to the theatre of our day as he went even to that of his day? Doubtless, as Mr. Winter tells us, there is a tendency to be avoided. But also there is one to be encouraged. The opéra bouffe and the ballet broad will sing and caper for a day, but the plays which hold the town for months are simple domestic dramas, and rollicking comedies which cheer but not inebriate.

The hold of the play-house is upon the instinctive and universal love of recreation. To be entertained and excited by the spectacle of the action of human passion and emotion upon a scene feigned and not actual, which alone makes it a work of art, and to laugh at humorous dialogue and situation—this is the taste and the desire which create and sustain the theatre. The whole drama of human life is passed before us in fictitious forms. The creators of those forms are the greatest of poets. Their interpreters are great artists, but artists who paint pictures on the air, which fade even as they are seen, and whose immortality is but a tradition. A great performance is a work of art precious beyond price, because it cannot endure. It has the yearning pathos of a vanishing vision. "Stay! thou wert so fair!" But it is gone with the word, and forever after it is an unheard melody.

It is no wonder that the student of the drama and the critic of contemporary players was not content to speak to them without reminding them of the banner in whose great legend only they can conquer. The players are artists in a noble art, and they can be addressed worthily only when they are addressed nobly.

"I WONDER," said Eugene, with a sardonic smile, "what reason of personal hostility to me the editors of our magazines can have? I have sent articles to all of them, and, although I say it, very much better articles than they generally publish, but they are all returned. Now the editor of a magazine should be above personal likes and dislikes, and judge articles upon their merits." Alas and alas! that was probably the ground of the editorial verdict in each case. With a clear knowledge of what he wanted, and with an immense supply of papers already accepted and paid for, the editor, always on the lookout for something better, did not find the priceless pearl in Eugene's essays, and courteously returned them.

There is one peculiarity in regard to this statement which the Easy Chair remembers to have submitted before. It is that it is perfectly true, and yet is never believed by the person most concerned. One shrewd author, of a detective turn of mind, determined to ascertain beyond question whether his manuscript had been examined, and if not, to put the delinquent editor to shame. He carefully united some of the more advanced pages by a delicate thread, wholly unaware that his happy device was as ancient as the competition of articles for acceptance. When his article returned to him he searched eagerly and found his secret thread unbroken, and invoking the shade of Junius, he composed a withering epistle to the editor, as if that personage had been a very Bedford, or Grafton, or even the King himself.

The fact of the unbroken thread was undeniable. It was as intact as when the subtle-minded author placed it. Not only was it unbroken, but it had not been even seen by the editor. With the frankness of Mr. Parnell confessing that he had purposely deceived the House of Commons,

the editor, but wholly without blame, would have confessed that he had not seen the thread because he had not advanced so far in reading the manuscript. "And yet you pretend to examine manuscripts carefully!" thundered the indignant author in his letter. But let him reflect. Does he suppose that it was necessary to read the whole of his letter to ascertain that he was exceedingly angry? Certainly not. The author would hope not. The letter blazed and was intended to blaze with wrath from Alpha to Omega. Very well. Then was it necessary for the editor to read every page of the manuscript essay to perceive that it was not suitable or available? Must a man eat the whole apple to ascertain that it is puckery, or sour, or tasteless? Does the good author himself, in his more lucid moments, read the whole of a dull book to discover that it is not interesting?

What plea could an editor urge upon a gentle reader who should justly complain that the editor had governed his conduct by pity for the writer instead of regard for the reader? He has entered into an engagement of honor with the reader, but he has no engagement with the writer of any kind whatever. He has promised the reader to make the best magazine possible. He has promised nothing to Triptolemus, who offers him a dull paper upon the æsthetic sympathies of penguins. Triptolemus thinks it far from dull. But it is Mr. Editor who must decide on behalf of the gentle reader.

Editor's Study.

I

THE hospitality of our English tongue to people born to the comparative inarticulateness of other speech is something very pleasing, if not personally creditable, to each of us with whom English is natural, and who do not refuse to share its advantages with those poor aliens. Perhaps we could not refuse them if we would, but this ought not to take from the nobleness of our actual behavior in the matter; and for our own part we will not deny ourselves the satisfaction of a host in calling attention to the happy facility in English of such a Norseman as Mr. H. H. Boyesen. None has shown it greater love or deserved a warmer welcome to it than this American novelist, whom we will hardly allow to have ever been anything else. He might, indeed, have been more American than any of us; for if his ancestors could have endured New England, after they discovered it, and had not abandoned the potentiality of Boston to the hardier sensibilities of its future Puritan founders, we might now be writing this Study in very choice Norwegian, which would have been the language of the country. But since it all happened differently, we feel that we acquire merit through Mr. Boyesen's excellent use of English in his *Vagabond Tales*. As all the world knows, it is by no means his first essay in it; he began to write English almost as soon after coming to America as an Irishman begins to vote; and the Study might easily grow autobiographical in recalling the days when he became a contributor and it was still an editor. His earliest contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* of those days was that pretty Norwegian idyl, *Gunnar*, whose charming freshness and poetic simplicity are not yet surpassed in American literature; and all that he wrote was reminiscent of his Northern father-land: the slim birch lightened and whispered and the tall fir darkled and sighed in his page; the *loor* called from the *saeter*, and the Hardangar fiddle in the hall followed the strophe and the antistrophe of the *ster* that was both sung and danced; the Necken gleamed beside the torrents leaping to the fiord, and in the thicket shone the golden braids of the Hulder, dreamily whisking her heifer tail to keep away the mosquitoes. We do this sort of thing but once, if we do it at all; and Mr. Boyesen's work became rapidly less Norse, rapidly less romantic; but he did not cease to be a poet in becoming more and more an American. His study of Schiller and Goethe is now a text-book in our colleges; and his scholarly repute has kept pace with his fame as a novelist; as a professor in a leading university, and as lecturer and critic, his name appeals to the recognition of many who might not fully know him as a magazinist. But to one who has watched his career among us

nothing is more interesting than his development in fiction, which has been so strictly obedient to the laws of his origin and environment. He was in the prime of youth when he became naturalized to our language and our life, and he seems to have felt the same keen joy in the one as an instrument that he felt in the other as material. With *Gunnar* he put the purely Norse world behind him, and dealt with the facts of ours in the terms which he caught from our lips. But, for all his avidity in this, he did not rashly abandon the ground where he no longer wholly dwelt; and even in these Vagabond Tales, more or less recent, he is still dealing with Norse character in the process of transformation into American character. Nearly all the stories begin in Norway and end in our Northwest; the light of the midnight sun lingers on them, and invests their persons with a romantic grace; but no one can read them rightly without feeling that the line of the author's growth is in the direction of a perfect realism, which need not be ever less poetical because it is ever more conscientious. A great deal of humor tempers his conception even of the heroic; and here the author himself seems to be translated, so entirely does he throw himself into the American attitude toward the extraordinary, the unexpected. Of the English which he writes so wonderfully the worst that any one could say is that it is too American; and we have no wish to say this. Between book English and spoken English, we prefer the spoken; and we would rather have Mr. Boyesen over-vernacular than pedantic: he would be closer to the life. When he shall give us a novel of American life, spacious in design and full of the results of his varied acquaintance with our civilization, there is a chance that he may give us the American novel for which criticism has so long panted; or, failing that, we feel sure that he will give us in English and in fiction a work of thoroughness and grasp not easily outrivalled by that of any to the manner born.

II.

In the mean time we praise these tales not only for the style which the author has made recognizably his own in an alien language, and for the fresh tint which his Norse associations now and again give a word, a phrase, grown faded to us from use, but also for the pleasant novelty of their *personnel*. These people are not the men and women whom we know in other Scandinavian fiction. Scandinavian they indeed are, but the American situation has differenced them from other Scandinavians, and we get them in the same sort of relief effect which the European situation lends to Mr. Henry James's Americans. We have spoken already of *A London Life*, which while it was still a serial seemed to us so extraordinarily good in prospect. In retrospect it is even better (in the volume of stories which it names); and we invite the reader to notice the sharp severity of moral outline in the American personages against the London background. Good and bad alike, they have carried with them into foreign atmosphere the unsparing definition which all objects wear in ours; when they are not grotesquely intense they are pathetically intense in the strange environment. It is an effect which we notice in one another abroad, and which makes us wonder where in the world all the odd Americans in Europe come from. But we suspect that it is the very accuracy with which Mr. James reproduces it that makes some of us so angry with him for what we call his caricatures of his countrymen, and especially his country-women. They are really not caricatures: a caricature of any sort would be impossible to his delicate art: they are exact portraits, and not the less perfectly realized because they seem so pitiless. One cannot accuse him of drawing the English people in *The Liar* with unnatural tenderness; yet the worst of them has a softer psychological outline than that charming, that thoroughly good American girl, Laura Wing, in *A London Life*, whose most tremulous uncertainties are all so distinct. That group of varied Bostonians on *The Patagonia* is something to make one shiver; each seems thrusting a rectangular elbow into one's ribs from a personality as clear cut as the sculpture of long self-consciousness could make it; yet they are only on the way to Europe, and have, as it were, their Back Bay and their South End still about them. They will not show a keener contour against the vague English light when they arrive; it will do its best to mellow their edges; but it will not succeed; and because they will block themselves out in it as sharply as they would against their native sky, they will seem the caricatures which they really are not.

III.

No one but a fine artist like Mr. James would have felt their peculiarity, or had the courage to recognize it in his work; but he must pay the penalty of being true, which attends that sort of conduct pretty unfailingly. He could make himself much more acceptable to his generation if he would treat his negatives a little, and flatter away those hard edges in the process which we believe the photographers call vignetting. But since there is small hope of his making this patriotic sacrifice, we will take what comfort we can from the thought that there must be a compensating advantage spiritually in the definiteness which makes us appear odd socially, even in our own eyes, when we see our pictures. We fancy, for instance, that the virtues of such a man as Emerson could have acquired their edge in no other environment than ours, and that a certain degree of rigidity was a condition of their effectiveness. The important study of *Emerson in Concord*, by his son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, will hardly change this impression, which was left by Mr. Cabot's biography, and we do not suppose it is intended to change it. The author only wished to present Emerson with more fulness in his relations to his family and his fellow-villagers, and his very agreeable book has at least thrown a more abundant light upon him there. In view of the result, it is well to remember that there was once an American public which regarded this great man, with his really planetary distinctness, as something vague and nebulous. Perhaps it never quite got at him: perfect simplicity, entire sincerity, is baffling: people do not know quite what to make of it; and we have a feeling, whether we get it from Dr. Emerson's book or not, that his father came much nearer to his townsmen than they came to him. With most of them he must usually have seemed to mean more or less than he meant; few of them could have been so merely compact of goodness and truth as to conceive of a character, a life, an intention, which was nothing but the love of goodness and truth. They were all fond of him and proud of him; but for the right local estimate of Emerson, for the light of the store, the hotel office, the barn, and the hay field, we must probably always wait: these centres of village thought are not inarticulate, but they are unliterary. The domestic circle is much more expressive, and what Emerson was to his family, with his seriousness, his tenderness, his lofty ideals of conduct, his rather Spartan severity with weakness in which there was an alloy of selfishness, his spare, fine humor, his pure courage and immaculate veracity in every phase of being, we have no reason for not knowing from his son's memoir.

Yet, after all, there are not many details, not many instances, in it. The father standing beside the coffin of his first-born, and saying, "That boy! that boy!" the wise disciplinarian sending the fretful child from the table out into the air to regain the lost balance of its nerves from the serenity of nature; the impartial lover of fun inextinguishably laughing over the tomcat parody of his *Brahma;* the philanthropist patient with the vagaries of all friends of humanity, but inflexibly resolute to talk only in the yard with the reformer who would not take off his hat in the house; the lover of nature abandoning the garden to other spades and hoes, and doing his own work as he wandered through the woods; the heir of Puritan good sense and decorum forbidding the children cards in the morning and battledoor and shuttlecock on Sunday: these are the small facts we recall at hap-hazard, without referring to the book, and they are perhaps such as will remain in the minds of most readers. For the rest, the author imparts the sense of a tranquil and joyous religion, of a steadfast faith in good as the only reality, and in life as necessarily continuous from the implications of all experience. This survived for Emerson after all creeds had fallen dead with him—this and the reverent affection for tradition in which belief was embalmed. Some misguided persons who held that the disciples had practised a fraud by stealing the body of Jesus from the tomb and reporting that He had risen, seemed to Emerson to have pulled up lilies and planted skunk-cabbages in their places; and throughout his life he honored the worship and respected the religious sentiment of others, though he was perfectly explicit concerning his own opinions when necessary. The devout spirit did not hesitate to repudiate the church when it faltered, as the good citizen made haste to advise his townsmen

to seek all occasions for breaking the law where it bade them enslave a man.

IV.

In fine, freedom in all things was his ideal, and this meant with him freedom to seek the good, the only real. Yet because Emerson supremely loved the untrammelled use of his own being he never would bind himself even to the cause of the abolitionists, though sometimes he asked leave to sit on the platform with their speakers, when there seemed unusual danger of violence to them. He held that the scheme of his life included their work, and undoubtedly he was right, just as undoubtedly he must have seemed deficient to some true and noble friends of the slave in refusing their label. On an indefinitely loftier level we feel that Mr. William M. Salter, in one of the essays of his recent work on *Ethical Religion*, fails of the measure of Christ in His merely human character of reformer when he notes that He did not utter Himself against slavery or the oppressions of His day. It seems to us that He who bade us love one another, and be last if we would be first, and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, began the beginning of the end of slavery, and of every social wrong beside: His ideal of life once conceived, it became finally impossible for one man to hold another in bondage. The process was long, terribly long, and it will not be completed till every man's toil is paid according to its worth, and not according to his necessity. Then we shall have the Christendom which has never yet existed on earth, and still in that era of unexampled freedom and justice we shall fall short of fulfilling Christ's ideal of equality and fraternity, which indeed no society except that of the early Christians or the early Quakers has ever even attempted to realize.

But leaving apart all question of its negations, and taking it solely on its affirmative side, where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring. He reasons of such important matters as: what is a moral action; is there anything absolute in morality; the social ideal; the rights of labor; personal morality; the supremacy of ethics; and he reasons earnestly, ably, interestingly always. Still we cannot perceive that he treats these important matters and others in any other than the Christian manner, except that he seems to confine motive more to the life here and now. When he says, "Morality is this going out of one's self and living in, living for, something larger," he is presenting, in other words, Tolstoï's declaration that there is no such thing as personal happiness, no bliss but forgetting ourselves and remembering others, no life but in its loss for goodness' sake. But Tolstoï is repeating this truth with reference to its origin in Christ and its effect in eternity; and so we find greater support in it than when the same ideal of conduct seems to restrict itself to time and space.

But, after all, however, it is well to have an ideal of conduct so humane preached for any reason. Mr. Salter's question of the ethical finality of Christ's precept and example is thoroughly reverent, and no Christian need be troubled at any man's endeavor to imagine something beyond them in their kind. Our author is still centrally within their lines when he establishes his system of ethics on the ground of self-sacrifice, and preaches justice. We do not, for instance, see how any Christian can read his lecture on the Rights of Labor without a thrill of assent or a throe of conviction, according as he has or has not been himself a doer of the Word. In fact the Word as a rule of life has never yet governed the world that calls itself Christian; but at last men are longing to embody it in their social and political ideals, with an impulse that animates every humane thinker, whether he calls himself Christian or not.

V.

One may refuse to recognize this impulse; one may deny that it is in any greater degree shaping life than ever before, but no one who has the current of literature under his eye can fail to note it there. People are thinking and feeling generously, if not living justly, in our time; it is a day of anxiety to be saved from the curse that is on selfishness, of eager question how others shall be helped, of bold denial that the conditions in which we would fain have rested are sacred or immutable. Especially in America, where the race has gained a height never reached before, the eminence enables more men than ever before to see

how even here vast masses of men are sunk in misery that must grow every day more hopeless, or embroiled in a struggle for mere life that must end in enslaving and imbruting them. With heart-sickness and shame one reads in Mr. Lee Meriwether's book, *The Tramp at Home*, that in this country, this continent, superabounding in every element of wealth, a New England factory family earns but a hundred dollars more than a factory family in worn-out Italy, and with the closest economy saves no more —that is, saves nothing. That seems an insufficient result from all the protection we have given labor through capital; and it is plain from the facts of Mr. Meriwether's entertaining, rather helter-skelter, book that we are as far from having solved the problem as the most perplexed people of the Old World.

Mr. Meriwether, as special agent of the United States Department of Labor, wandered up and down, and back and forth, over our hemisphere, from Brooklyn to San Francisco, from Texas to Oregon; and as if the trouble revealed—the overwork and underpay, the oppression and revolt, the strikes and the lock-outs in the factories, the foundries, the mines, the farms, the shops, the offices—within our vast borders were not enough, he gives us a glimpse of sailor slavery in a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, where, as he says, the people are "being civilized into poverty." He does not suffer us always to have this terrible question before us; he is amusingly discursive, as "full of anecdote" as the hero of *Engaged*, and surprisingly light-hearted in his stories of first and second hand adventure. But he comes back to business at last, and in a final chapter disposes of organization, education, co-operation, temperance, and economy and industry, as all mere temporary expedients, and recommends free-trade and a graduated land tax as the solution of the labor question.

VI.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, on the other hand, concludes her book, *Prisoners of Poverty Abroad* (it is mainly a study of the condition of working-women in London and Paris), with the opinion that the sole hope of labor in the future is some sort of socialism. To this end she regards the land tax and free-trade as steps perhaps necessary to be taken, but not a solution. "The co-operative commonwealth must come; and when it has come . . . . when the spirit of brotherhood rules once for all, the city of God has in very truth descended from the heavens, and men have at last found their own inheritance."

Mrs. Campbell, apparently, finds the prisoners of poverty abroad in no more hopeless captivity than those at home, whose sorrowful durance she told us of in a former book. The needle-women of New York are allied to those of London in the dismal conditions of their lives rather than to those of Paris; they have less sunshine and society than the French wage-slave-women, and far less than the Italian, who can work so much out-doors, even with the sewing-machine, in their fortunate climate. But everywhere the story is the same; competition has reduced the pay to the line of mere subsistence; the large commerce has devoured the small; there is absolutely no hope of better things, not even the hope of exile; for greed has seized even the waste places, and, as Mr. Meriwether shows, has shut out by fraud the labor willing to exchange home and friends for the mere chance of life elsewhere. The national domain of the United States, the immeasurable lands of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, to which the starving working-men of the Old World could once escape, are occupied or pre-empted, and on an area almost as vast as that of civilization the powers that be are confronted with the danger that threatened England before Chartism found vent in emigration. Fifty years ago Carlyle wrote to one of his brothers: "Millions (a frightful word, but a true one)—millions of mortals are toiling this day, in our British Isles, without prospect of rest, save in speedy death, to whom, for their utmost toiling, food and shelter are too high a blessing. When one reads of the Lancashire factories and little children laboring for sixteen hours a day, inhaling at every breath a quantity of cotton fuzz, falling asleep over their wheels, and roused again by the lash of thongs over their backs or the slap of 'billy-rollers' over their little crowns; and then again of Irish Whitefeet, driven out of their potato patches and mud-hovels, and obliged to take the hill side as broken men—one pauses, with a kind of amazed horror, to ask if this be earth, the place of hope, or Tophet, where hope never comes."

In Ireland, after fifty-six years, the situation is quite the same; but the system of hopeless labor has now been carried over the whole earth, and the hours of work have been fixed in India at the old figure, with all the old blessings of the cotton manufacture as they were enjoyed in England before the law interfered with the sacred inspirations of self-interest.

Carlyle then looked to America for relief; but America must soon begin looking somewhere herself for relief. The planet Mars is known to be adapted to human life; the day is longer than ours, and more work could be got out of people. Both capital and labor would probably prosper there—labor through capital, of course—but awaiting the clearer knowledge of that globe which a more pressing necessity will doubtless achieve, we can commend the last volumes of *Carlyle's Letters* which Professor Norton has given us for the light which they casually throw upon some terrestrial aspects between the years 1832 and 1836. It is not always the clear beam which Emerson's mind cast about it; sometimes it is smoky with passion and foul with prejudice, and sometimes it is a flicker sad and faint enough from the sickness which was always apt to cloud it. But it reveals Carlyle himself more and more distinctly, and in phases of greater lovableness. The reader of *Emerson in Concord* may profitably compare the two men in the familiar relations in which these letters and that study reveal them. With much more talk to that effect Carlyle was far less a stoic than his "American friend" (as he several times calls Emerson here), and so far from making a silent fight against the belittling influences of ill health, he rather invites his demon of indigestion to utterance. He was not a simpler or sincerer nature than Emerson, but more primitive; and he remains to the end without Emerson's large perspective. Both men are tenderly true to kin and home; but in the fidelity of Carlyle there is something aggressive, a glimpse of the mail he wore against his world in defence of poor and humble beginnings, which a man need not quite yet put on in America. Or, perhaps he perceived that these lowest things were really the highest, and burned with indignation that others should not see it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of June.—President Harrison made the following appointments: May 16th, Solomon Hirsch, as Minister to Turkey; Clark E. Carr, as Minister Resident and Consul-General at Denmark. June 7th, Colonel John C. Kelton, as Adjutant-General of the Army.

An agreement relative to Samoan affairs was signed June 14th by the Commissioners of the United States, England, and Germany. The autonomy of the islands is to be preserved under the joint control of Germany and America, England to act as arbitrator should occasion arise. Malietoa, the deposed King, to be reinstated. The King and Vice-King and the Representatives of the Lower House to be elected by the people. Germany will receive indemnity for property and life destroyed.

The House of Commons, May 17th, by a vote of 201 to 160, rejected the motion to abolish hereditary seating in the House of Lords.

News received, May 31st, of the defeat of President Légitime by General Hippolyte, leader of the insurgent forces in Hayti. The latter proclaimed himself Provisional President.

A letter dated December 31, 1888, received at Zanzibar June 12th, stated that Henry M. Stanley had landed on the southeastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza.

DISASTERS.

May 17th.—The steamer *Alaska* foundered off Cape Blanco, on the Oregon coast. Over thirty lives lost.

May 22d.—News received of the drowning of forty-five persons by the floods in Bohemia.—Two French fishing sloops, the *Ella* and *Matre Ireres*, reported lost, with one hundred and seventy-five men.

May 28th.—Many lives lost through a conflagration in Podhajee, Galicia.

May 31st.—The towns of Johnstown, Conemaugh, Cambria City, Millvale, South Fork, Mineral Point, Morrellville, and Woodvale, in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, inundated through the breaking of a dam which held a lake among the mountains in check. Estimated loss of lives, five thousand.

June 12th.—News from China that a fire consumed the greater part of Soochow, April 8th. Over ten thousand people killed.—Sunday-school excursion train wrecked near Armagh, Ireland. Seventy-six lives lost.

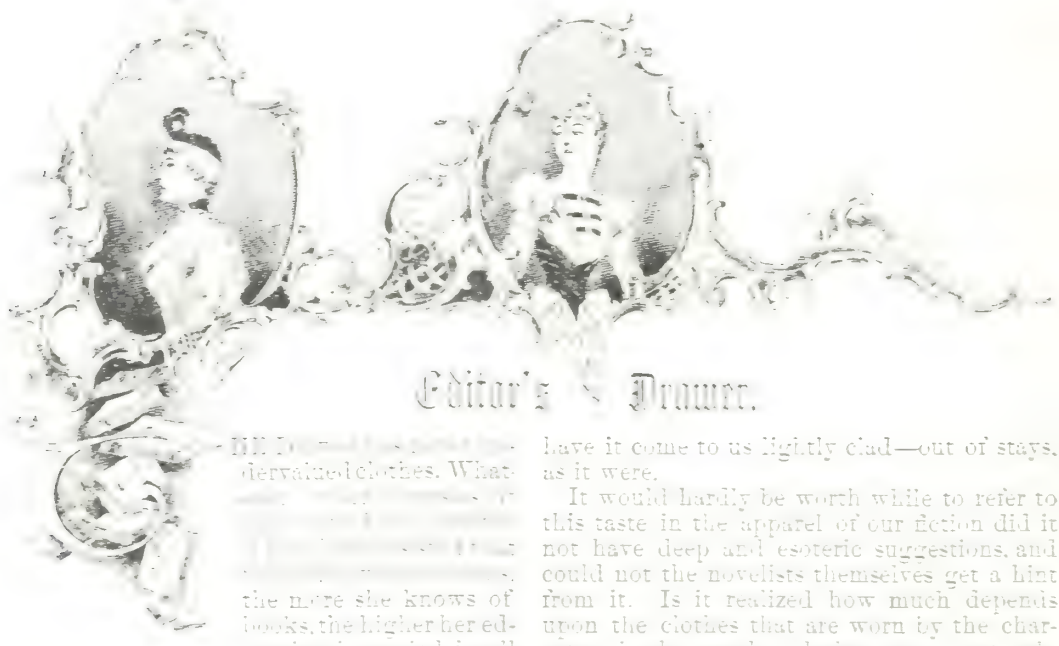
OBITUARY.

May 15th.—In Philadelphia, William W. Harding, journalist, aged fifty-nine years.—In Baltimore, Edward Donaldson, Rear-Admiral U.S.N., aged seventy-three years.

May 16th.—In New York, Allen Thorndike

[illegible] and Minister to Russia, in his thirty-ninth [illegible] years.

[illegible] Earl of Malmesbury, aged eighty-two years.



Editor's Drawer.

[illegible] dervained clothes. What-

[illegible] the more she knows of books, the higher her education is carried in all the knowledges, the more interesting she will be, not only for an hour, but as a companion for life, it has never said that she is less attractive when dressed with taste and according to the season. Love itself could scarcely be expect-

[illegible] And the philosophy of this is not on the surface, nor applicable to women only. In this the highest of created things are under a law having a much wider application. Take as an item novels, the works of fiction, which have become an absolute necessity in the modern world, as necessary to divert the mind loaded with care and under actual strain as to fill the vacancy in otherwise idle brains. They have commonly a summer and a winter apparel. The publishers understand this. As certainly as the birds appear, comes the crop of summer novels, fluttering down upon the

[illegible] littering the drawing-room tables, in light paper covers, ornamental, attractive in colors and fanciful designs, as welcome and grateful as the girls in muslin. When the thermometer is in the eighties, anything heavy and formidable is distasteful. The house-keeper knows we want few solid dishes, but salads and cooling drinks. The publisher knows that we want our literature (or what passes for that) in light array. In the winter we prefer the boards and the rich heavy binding, however light the tale may be: but in the summer,

[illegible] wandering love and bankruptcy, we would have it come to us lightly clad—out of stays, as it were.

It would hardly be worth while to refer to this taste in the apparel of our fiction did it not have deep and esoteric suggestions, and could not the novelists themselves get a hint from it. Is it realized how much depends upon the clothes that are worn by the characters in the novels—clothes put on not only to exhibit the inner life of the characters, but to please the readers who are to associate with them? It is true that there are novels that almost do away with the necessity of fashion magazines and fashion plates in the family, so faithful are they in the latest millinery details, and so fully do they satisfy the longing of all of us to know what is *chic* for the moment. It is pretty well understood also that women, and even men, are made to exhibit the deepest passions and the tenderest emotions in the crises of their lives by the clothes they put on. How the woman in such a crisis hesitates before her wardrobe, and at last chooses just what will express her innermost feeling! Does she dress for her lover as she dresses to receive her lawyer who has come to inform her that she is living beyond her income? Would not the lover be spared time and pain if he knew, as the novelist knows, whether the young lady is dressing for a rejection or an acceptance? Why does the lady intending suicide always throw on a waterproof when she steals out of the house to drown herself? The novelist knows the deep significance of every article of toilet, and nature teaches him to array his characters for the summer novel in the airy draperies suitable to the season. It is only good art that the cover of the novel and the covers of the characters shall be in harmony. He knows also that the characters in the winter novel must be adequately protected. We speak, of course, of the season stories. Novels that are

to run through a year, or maybe many years, and are to set forth the passions and trials of changing age and varying circumstance, require different treatment and wider millinery knowledge. They are naturally more expensive. The wardrobe required in an all-round novel would bankrupt most of us.

But to confine ourselves to the season novel, it is strange that some one has not invented the patent adjustable story that with a slight change would do for summer or winter, following the broad hint of the publishers, who hasten in May to throw whatever fiction they have on hand into summer clothes. The winter novel, by this invention, could be easily fitted for summer wear. All the novelist need do would be to change the clothes of his characters. And in the autumn, if the novel proved popular, he could change again, with the advantage of being in the latest fashion. It would only be necessary to alter a few sentences in a few of the stereotype pages. Of course this would make necessary other slight alterations, for no kind-hearted writer would be cruel to his own creations, and expose them to the vicissitudes of the seasons. He could insert "rain" for "snow," and "green leaves" for "skeleton branches," make a few verbal changes of that sort, and regulate the thermometer. It would cost very little to adjust the novel in this way to any season. It is worth thinking of.

And this leads to a remark upon the shocking indifference of some novelists to the ordinary comfort of their characters. In practical life we cannot, but in his realm the novelist can, control the weather. He can make it generally pleasant. We do not object to a terrific thunder-shower now and then, as the sign of despair and a lost soul, but perpetual drizzle and grayness and inclemency are tedious to the reader, who has enough bad weather in his private experience. The English are greater sinners in this respect than we are. They seem to take a brutal delight in making it as unpleasant as possible for their fictitious people. There is *R—h—rt 'Ism—r*, for example. [illegible] is grief to the internal. The characters are in a perpetual soak. There is not a dry rag on any of them, from the beginning of the book to the end. They are sent out in all weathers, and are drenched every day. Often their wet clothes are frozen on them; they are exposed to cutting winds and sleet in their faces, bedrabbled in damp grass, stood against slippery fences, with hail and frost lowering their vitality, and expected under these circumstances to make love and be good Christians. Drenched and windblown for years, that is what they are. It [illegible] sympathy of the world, but is it legitimate? Has a novelist the right to subject his creations to tortures that he would not dare to inflict upon his friends? It is no excuse to say that this is [illegible]; it is not the office of fiction to intensify and rub in the unavoidable evils of life. The modern spirit of consideration for fictitious characters that prevails with regard to dress ought to extend in a reasonable degree to their weather. This is not a strained corollary to the demand for an appropriately costumed novel.

[illegible]

As Charles XII. of Sweden [illegible] letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, a bomb fell [illegible] from his hand.

"What is the matter?" cried the king.

"[illegible]"

"Ah! never mind the bomb: it will go off presently."

And it did.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the "Faerie Queene" he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets [illegible]. The manuscript [illegible] to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "[illegible]" Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But finally rolling the MS. up in a frenzied manner, he cried: "Here: take him back his poem. I am too poor to buy it of him."

It was for this reason that Spenser never [illegible] as the "Faerie Queene."

"Boswell," quoth Johnson one day, over a chop and mug of ale, "could never write a complete dictionary."

"And why not?" [illegible]

"Because he'd be sure to leave out his *l*'s," returned the great philosopher, with a merry burst of laughter.

"And what, my dear Sir Walter," queried Elizabeth of her courtier—"what didst thou think of thy sovereign's speech in Parliament this morn?"

"A grand oration, please your highness," replied Sir Walter. "So fine was it that neither Shakespeare nor myself could say who wrote it for thee."

"Have you seen, Ben, that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is said to have been writ by Bacon?" asked Raleigh.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jonson. "But Will of Stratford's shrewd."

"Shrewd?"

"Ay, shrewd. He started this himself, to advertise his play."

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS.

MR. SAGAMORE, whose acquaintance the readers of the Drawer have already made, is the possessor of a fine mastiff, which he had the bad fortune to lose some weeks ago. The morning following the discovery of his loss Mr. Sagamore advertised the animal as follows:

LOST.—A mastiff answering to the name of Rudolph. The owner will be liberally rewarded by returning the animal to C. Sagamore, Crescent Cottage, ——, N. Y.

That night Rudolph returned home of his own accord, and the next day appeared in the newspaper this notice:

FOUND.—A mastiff answering to the name of Rudolph. The dog having returned home of his own free-will and accord, the reward offered in yesterday's paper is hereby withdrawn. C. Sagamore, Crescent Cottage, ——, N. Y.

Mr. Sagamore, upon being asked why he deemed it necessary to insert the second notice, replied:

"Why, I didn't wish to deceive any one about that dog, particularly in this hot weather. You know there is nothing more discouraging than to find a dog answering in every way to an advertised description and to discover afterward that it is not the animal for whose return the reward has been offered. I wished to spare the people that disappointment."

BILFINGER.

APROPOS of Oklahoma and the many who have rushed thither with the expectation of right speedily securing a grip on the financial tail of the world, I am moved to indulge in a short autobiographical sketch.

I shall also incidentally mention Bilfinger.

For years I had been seeking something that would return a very large fortune for a very minute outlay of labor, and the bigger the return and the more minute the outlay the better I should have liked it. But I never came in contact with the opportunity that promised what I sought till I met Herod M. Bilfinger. This was in western Kansas, the Elysium where flourished the sand-burr, the boomer, the claim jumper, the chills, the county-seat fight, the buzzard, the gad-snapper, and prohibition. This picturesque bit of de-



CHANGE AS AN APPETIZER.

MRS. B——. "Is this hotel on the European plan?"

MR. BROWN *(in preoccupied tones from behind his paper)*. "Yes, my dear."

MRS. B——. "I——— hungry this morning. I think I'll merely take some coffee and rolls."

MR. B. *(laying aside paper)*. "What were you asking me, my dear? On the European plan? No; it ——."

MRS. B——. "You may bring me a tomahawk, scalped, with a lot of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls, and coffee, and afterward some griddle-cakes and syrup."



"UN PROFIL BLOND—A STUDY IN RED."
From the painting by W. T. Dannat.

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AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

SPEAKING of the American pictures at the Paris Exhibition of 1868, a distinguished French critic, M. Ernest Chesneau, wrote as follows: "With the exception of a few landscapes, notably Mr. Church's 'Niagara' and Mr. Bierstadt's 'Rocky Mountains,' which both bear witness to a certain audacity of conception, most of the American landscapes are painted in a spirit of conventionality which is surprising on the part of a people generally supposed to have become emancipated from so many other conventions. In genre painting the same chain binds the American painters to the painters of Great Britain. Here and there may be noticed some pictures like Mr. Homer's 'Confederate Prisoners,' Mr. Lambdin's 'Lost Sheep,' or the country scene in Kentucky by Mr. Johnson. But the only painter who gives proof of a perfectly distinct personality is the author of that 'White Girl' which was refused at the Salon of 1863, but which, nevertheless, caused a certain agitation and awakened real sympathies in the art world."

At the Universal Exhibition of 1878 the United States Fine Art section was an uninviting and justly deserted spot. The most important pictures were generally thought to be Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Funeral of a Mummy," and Mr. W. P. W. Dana's marine entitled "Solitude," while a few pictures by Messrs. Lafarge, Vedder, Walter Shirlaw, J. G. Brown, and Dielman were with difficulty discovered to be worthy of remark by French critics.

Since 1878 American artists have made for themselves a large and glorious place in Europe. Year after year their works have attracted more and more attention at the Paris Salon, while at the same time high honors have been awarded to American painters who have contributed to the various exhibitions held in other European capitals.

At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889 there is no exaggeration in saying that the American Fine Art section was one of the strongest and most interesting of all the foreign departments. To justify this affirmation by comparisons would be useless. There is no common measure applicable to works of art. The important fact to be noted is that in 1889 America boasts an élite of artists whose names are cited in company with the most illustrious, and that men like Whistler, E. A. Abbey, W. T. Dannat, and John S. Sargent can hold their own brilliantly in a palace of art where the exhibitors, besides the great Frenchmen, are masters of the eminence of Munkacsy, Adolf Menzel, Herkomer, Orchardson, Madrazo, Boldini, and Alfred Stephens.*

The task of the critic charged with writing about the American artists in 1889 is therefore entirely agreeable; the variety of temperaments represented and the diversity of the pictures are equally remarkable; and while the general standard of excellence is high, the quality of the best pictures in the exhibition is of the very finest. It is not, however, our intention to attempt to classify the exhibitors in the order of their merit, and to award to this man a prize and to this other a first accessit. We attach but small importance to medals and academic honors. What we seek for above all things, and rejoice to find, is artistic individuality. In matters of art there are certain points clear as noonday, which people do not realize because they do not reason; and one of the most obvious is that the object of painting is not to imitate nature exactly, for if such were the case there could be only

* The number of oil-paintings exhibited in the United States section was 335; black and white drawings, water-colors, etc., 127; wood-engravings, 103. The grand total was 565 works, exhibited by 252 artists.

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one true way of painting, whereas there are really a dozen ways, all right and good. A painter may paint like Leonardo, or Velasquez, or Rubens, or Caravaggio, or Millet, or Bastien-Lepage, or like no man who has ever existed, and provided he suggest nature, and make his picture chromatically logical and consistent, we cannot ask more.

Art is a commentary, an expression, an interpretation of reality. It is strictly logical to say that one's own sensations are sufficient, and to ask why anything need be interposed between nature and ourselves. This, indeed, is the argument of the Positivists, who will accept experience only as the basis of knowledge: but in reality it is a narrow-minded argument, based on an incomplete comprehension of the word experience: for experience may be not only practical and scientific, but also sensuous, emotional, passional. Pictures, statues, religious dogmas, or metaphysical hypotheses are never absolute to the analytical mind: they are suggestive, evocative, stimulating: we admit them between ourselves and nature because we recognize in them the impressions of finer, more delicate, and more complexly sensitive souls than our own: they have an educating influence: they augment the sum of pleasure. Such be-

rive at imperative conclusions, nor can it, like the dictatorial criticism of the past, distribute penalties and rewards based upon the principle that there are inflexible laws of beauty, and upon faith in certain æsthetic canons. The Cartesian dogma of the Identity of Minds has ceased to be the basis of modern criticism, of which one of the fundamental principles is the recognition of the Variety of Intelligences. Criticism is therefore no longer dogmatic, but analytic and appreciative: it seeks to understand a painter's temperament and to see his work from his own point of view: it may have preferences, but those preferences derive their value only from the personality of the critic who expresses them.

For reasons which it is not our business to appreciate, the most eminent of all the American artists resident in Europe, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, withdrew his pictures from the United States section at the Universal Exhibition and found hospitality in the English department, where he was represented by a number of etchings and two oil-paintings. As it is our intention to speak not merely of works exhibited at the Champ de Mars, but rather of the general standing of the American painters whose names are prominently before the public at the time of this universal artistic manifestation, we shall take this opportunity of noticing Mr. Whistler's career, so far as our limited space permits.

In Mr. Whistler's work let us mention first his etchings, which number nearly two hundred and forty plates, executed at intervals within the past thirty years. The finest of these etchings hold their own side by side with Rembrandt's: the least important bear the mark of a master's hand, and have the special interest of all spontaneous notation of an artist's

The work of Mr. Whistler in painting begins with the "White Girl," exhibited in Paris in 1863. Born at Baltimore, educated at the military school at West Point, Mr. Whistler found his way to Paris, and in 1856 he was working in Gleyre's studio. In 1859 and 1860 he sent to the Salon pictures which were refused. In 1863 the jury of the official Salon again rejected his work: but the famous Salon des Refusés welcomed him, and enabled him to appeal against this judgment: and there his "White Girl" made a sensation, and classed him at once amongst the original and truly personal artists of the day. Meanwhile Mr. Whistler had left Paris and settled in London, where he produced—to note only some of his most important and characteristic pictures—"La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," exhibited at the Salon of 1867, the "Symphony in White, No. 3," "The Pacific," with the sub-title of "an arrangement in gray and green," "The Blue Wave," "Harmony in Flesh-Color and Green, No. 2: The Balcony," "Old Battersea Bridge," and a number of less known pictures and portraits. In 1874 Whistler showed at London the portraits of his mother and of Thomas Carlyle, both of them "arrangements in black and gray," the former exhibited at the Salon of 1883, and the

ed a period of activity which produced a series of portraits called by the artist "arrangements" in gray and yellow, in gray and black, in brown, in flesh-color and red, in brown and black, like the portrait of Miss Rosa Corder, or arrangements in black alone, like the portraits of Henry



"ARRANGEMENT IN FLESH-COLOR AND GREEN—THE BALCONY."
From the painting by James McNeill Whistler.

Irving as Philip of Spain and of Señor Sarasate. To this period, after 1874, belong the "Nocturnes" and "Harmonies" about which the public has heard so much and comprehended so little. In our illustrations we have selected three specimens of Whistler's visions of nature, "The Balcony," the "Portrait of Miss Corder," and the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," representing a fragment of old Battersea Bridge with fireworks in the distant sky.

To explain to the public the charm of Mr. Whistler's art is a difficult task. It is inevitably the destiny of artists who see nature or man in a novel manner to have to struggle for a long time against disdain or prejudice, until the eyes of the public have become accustomed to their works.

Such was the case with Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, whom habit and fashion have at last induced the public to accept, and even perhaps to enjoy. And yet to admire Rousseau and Millet and other modern French artists who are so much honored in these days, and perhaps more enthusiastically in America than anywhere else, is not so difficult: the art of the landscapist as practised by those men is readily intelligible. The peasants of Millet, and the work of materialist painters of the type of Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, Roll, Gervex, Friant, and other shining lights of the contemporary French school are also readily comprehensible to an eye of very ordinary culture. But in Mr. Whistler's work we find nothing of this kind; his constant aim is to eschew materiality, grossness, and ugliness, and to evoke only the most delicate visions of form and light, as in his etchings; of form and color in luminous air, as in his portraits and pictures; or even of color alone, with the smallest substratum of form, as in his Nocturnes and Notes. In his recent etchings of the châteaux of Touraine, as in his etchings of Venice, Mr. Whistler has not set himself to reproduce patiently and painfully a storied façade, an oriel-window, or an elaborate gargoyle; but he has given us a delicate and fascinating analytical vision of the château as it appears in the landscape; of the carved and ornate staircase of an old town-hall in juxtaposition with the modest architecture of the busy street; of the richly chased arabesques of the belfry as its intricate splendor of chiselled stone glitters across a maze of picturesque chimney-pots. And yet no one has ever rendered the exquisiteness, the refinement, and that aspect as of delicate jewelry which characterizes the architecture of the French Renaissance as Mr. Whistler has in these etchings of Loches, Bourges, Beaulieu, and the banks of the Loire. So, too, in his etchings of Venice, notably in the visions of the domes, campanili, and palaces seen across the lagoons, Mr. Whistler has rendered the quality of Venetian atmosphere and the aspect of Venetian horizons with a faculty of dainty invention, a mysterious simplicity of means, and a delicate expressiveness which are wholly personal, and which, when once you have understood them, impress you with their definitive completeness.

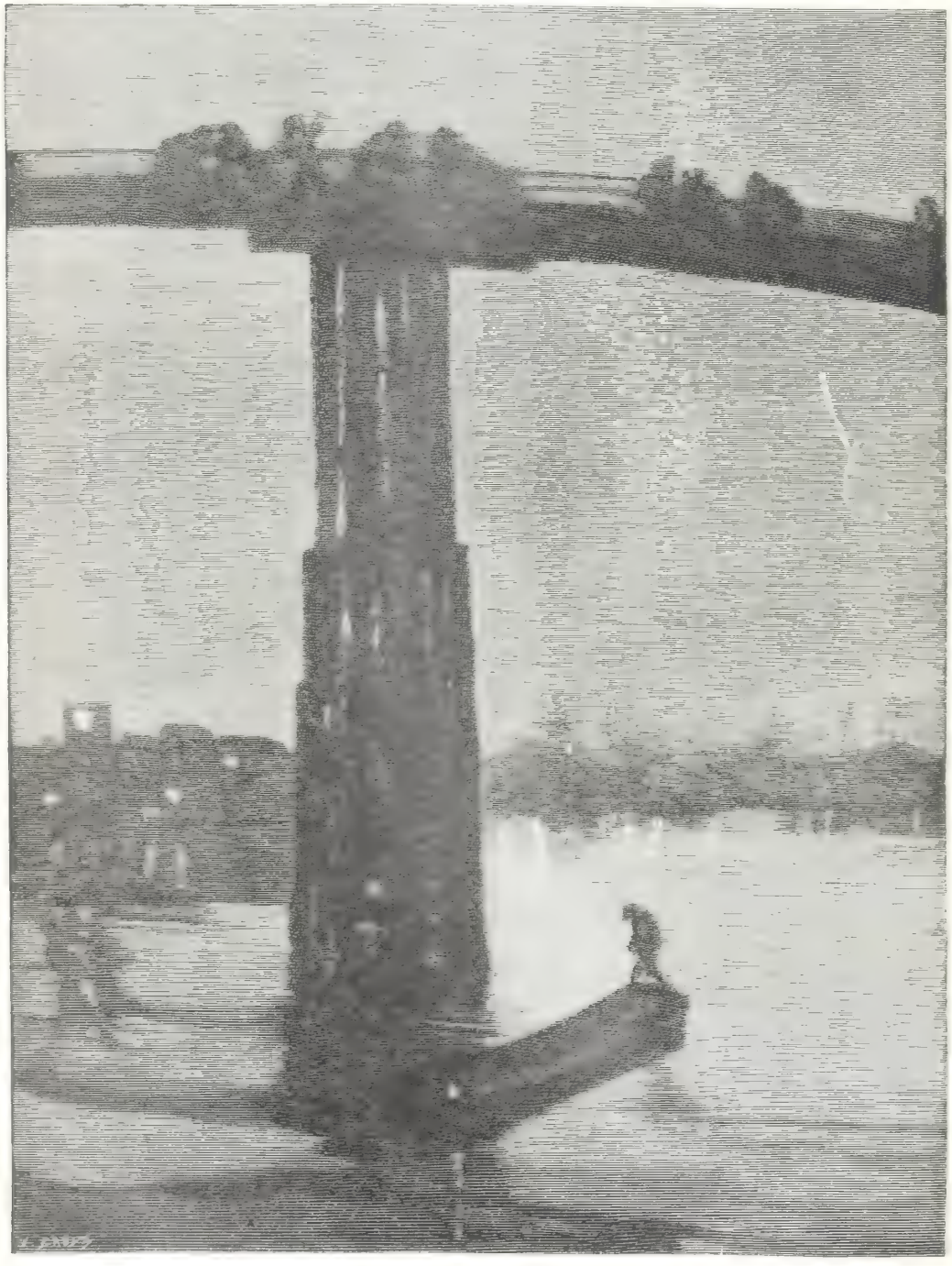
Now let us take the picture of "The Balcony," reproduced in our engraving from the original picture in the Paris Universal Exhibition. This is a vision of form and color in luminous air—a Japanese fancy realized on the banks of the gray Thames. On a balcony of turquoise blue that is almost green, in the immediate foreground are flowery branches of azaleas, whose white and roseate petals suggest comparison with the butterflies of corresponding tones that flutter in the same plane of the picture. To the left reclines a girl in a flesh-colored dress, shading her face with a dark violet fan, and resting her elbow on a pile of violet drapery. In the centre, a girl with red hair, dressed in gray-green, with a lacker red sash, leans her hands on the railing, and looks over the urban landscape that occupies the whole background—the gray Thames, the darker gray horizon line bristling with peaked factory roofs and industrial minarets which are nothing but common smoke-stacks, the gray sky of Middlesex, which, for those who can see, possesses the soft cloudings and striations of jade, and which the artist has made to vibrate delicately by the introduction of the dark green notes of blinds hung from the roof of the balcony. To the right of the picture are seated two girls: at the back, one dressed in grass green, with a blue fillet binding her deep red hair; and just in front of this one a black-haired girl, wearing a white robe adorned with red flowers, and over it a blue mantle lined with red, twangs a stringed instrument with taper fingers. On the blue-green floor of the balcony stands a black lacker tray with on it a gray bottle and two cups. All the drapery is of Japanese cut, and dotted over with suggestions of flowery embroidery. Our engraving gives the composition of this picture, the elegant silhouettes of the figures, a suggestion of the dreamy atmosphere and delicate nuances of light in which the balcony and these fancy maidens are enveloped; but the audacity of the chromatic scheme, the daintiness of the colors, the distinction of the gray background, the precious aspect of the whole vision, which seems to have been created rather than painted, so mysterious are the means employed, so perfect the artist's power of expression, so intense the evocation of beauty, of exquisiteness, and of color charm—all this cannot be rendered by black and white, and yet all this contrib-



"PORTRAIT OF MISS CORDER."
From the painting by James McNeil Whistler.

utes to the fascination of "The Balcony," which the artist himself presents as the pretext of an "arrangement in flesh-colour and green."

In presence of an artistic vision of such refinement as "The Balcony," I feel inclined to anticipate none of the restrictions which the inopportune wisdom of "critics" may raise. The picture is a fancy in the Japanese taste, which fact by no means diminishes its originality, as some might vainly think. To have loved Japanese art five-and-twenty years before its productions became polluted by the profane admiration of millionaire collectors and by the stereotyped enthusiasm



'NOCTURNE IN BLUE AND SILVER—FRAGMENT OF OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE.'
From the painting by James McNeil Whistler.



"PORTRAIT OF LÉONIE H."
From the painting by W. T. Dannat.

of the æsthetic diner-out, is one of the many evidences which Mr. Whistler has given of the originality and the delicacy of his artistic temperament: for it is as much in the objects of his admiration as in his own productions that a man shows his personality and his taste.

In "The Balcony" the Japanese influence is conscious and avowed. In the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" here engraved the Japanese influence is more subtle: indeed, we have no right to say that the artist worked under any influence whatever, inasmuch as the educa-



"CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE."
From the painting by John S. Sargent.

tion, the theories, the processes of the artist no more concern us than do the details of his private life, or his views on predestination and free-will. It is impertinent for us to pry into the secrets of the laboratory; it is also vain, for no analysis will explain the creation of a great work of art; it is the privilege of the masterpiece to remain mysterious, and to command the silent admiration of those who are truly sensitive to its beauty. The finer the work is, the less garrulous is our appreciation. Nevertheless, while delighting in the charm of the exquisite nocturne of old Battersea Bridge looming darkly against the cold dusky blue sky, spangled in the distance with the silvery scintillations of a shower of falling fireworks that for a moment make the stars look dim, it may be of interest to note the coincidence of the almost contemporaneous activity of the Japanese artist Hiroshighe, who died in 1863, and who excelled in the domain of the nocturne. In their metal-work, in their lackers, and above all in their albums and paintings, the Japanese have always



"CHÂTEAUX EN ESPAGNE."
From the painting by Alexander Harrison.

loved to suggest by marvellously subtle and summary analytical indications the effects of moonlight, the luminous obscurity of night, the mystery of figures and landscape clothed in the veil of nocturnal shadows. In the works of almost all the great Japanese artists night effects may be found, but it is above all in the landscapes of Hiroshighe that we find the nocturne treated with a persistency which implies on the artist's part a peculiar sensitiveness to effects of this kind, and a determination to study and render the mystery of night, and the charm of color which has almost ceased to be color. There is one nocturne in particular by Hiroshighe, representing an episode in the history of the Ronins—a night fête on a river, with in the distance fireworks, and on the bamboo bridge people leaning over—which is treated in the same spirit and with the same sensitiveness to the fascination of evanescent effects of light and gloom that Mr. Whistler has shown in his nocturne of old Battersea Bridge.

The coincidence only shows that those prodigiously delicate and exquisitely tasteful people, the Japanese, have long been sensitive to the renderings of certain phases of nature which Mr. Whistler has been the first Western artist to appreciate and to depict, with especial and persistent effort, in the extensive series of studies which figure in his work under the name of "Nocturnes," and which are absolutely original, personal, and unlike anything that has ever been done before. These nocturnes, in their frames of pale gold sprinkled with silver and combed with turquoise blue, have disconcerted people more than anything that Mr. Whistler has painted; and this fact need not astonish us, for sometimes they reach the very limits of the painter's art, and even penetrate beyond into the artificial paradises of Poe and Baudelaire. The nocturne, as Mr. Whistler has often conceived it, is suggestive rather than evocative, and it may convey no meaning whatever unless the sympathetic spectator brings with him a store of observations and souvenirs which will enable him to travel in thought over strange sites of sky and water that form magic and yet natural landscapes.

Mr. Whistler is great because from the beginning he gave play to his individuality, evolved a preconceived way of looking at nature, or, in other words, a *parti pris* to which he remained true in spite of ridicule, raillery, neglect, and almost starvation.

It is well enough to talk of the influence upon Mr. Whistler of Velasquez and of the Japanese; but whatever influence of the kind he may have undergone was of the subtlest and the least material kind; a man of Mr. Whistler's strong personality could not make use of the visual or technical formulæ of others; and even if he obtained clear knowledge of them, any attempt to put that knowledge into practice would hamper him and deprive him of all powers of spontaneous and happy expression. By processes that are inexplicable, and thanks to rare nervous and visual faculties, combined with natural and intellectual refinements of many kinds, it happened that Mr. Whistler's delicate sensitiveness was most keenly awakened to the charm of form and color in light. But he never, like the impressionists, took pleasure in the coarse and obvious conditions of light, but rather in the light that creates exquisite color harmonies, as, for instance, the "Blue Wave" and "The Pacific"; in the delicate nuances of dreamy light that reveal infinite richness in the combinations of several colors, as, for instance, "The Balcony," or "The Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine"; in the golden gray light that illumines the sober and intense gravity of the portraits of the artist's mother, of Carlyle, and of Miss Alexander, and, added to their astonishing life-like aspect, gives them something disconcerting and unearthly; in the still more spectral arrangement of his later portraits, like that of Miss Corder, here engraved, where he represents forms enveloped in more or less luminous air against a background of airy obscurity in which the contours seem to be lost, without, however, ceasing to be distinct; or, finally, in the mysterious attenuations and fadings of light into that which is no longer light, as, for instance, "The Bridge" and other "Nocturnes." In short, all that interests Mr. Whistler as a painter is that which is most delicate, most subtle, and most imperceptible and incomprehensible to the vulgar eye—that sincerely and normally vulgar eye which does not see that Velasquez is the inimitable colorist and not Benjamin Constant or Ziem.

The portrait of Miss Corder penetrates beneath the skin, and sheds over the physiognomy of the person a reflection of her



thoughts; it is a portrait in some sort psychological, like the portraits of Carlyle, of Miss Alexander, and of the many aristocratic or elegant ladies whom the artist has painted. The chromatic scheme is an arrangement in black and brown. The floor is brownish gray, the background mere luminous gloom—atmosphere that seems black without being black. Against this background, and enveloped in it, stands a life-size figure of a young woman, with blond hair tightly rolled on the top of her head, dressed in a black dress, a black jacket bordered with black fur and lined with white, holding in her gloved hand a brown felt hat with a long feather, and turning toward the spectator the calm profile of a rather severe face suffused with the rosy vibration of life. M. Florian's excellent engraving gives a not inadequate idea of the mysterious simplicity of this portrait, which is certainly one of the masterpieces of modern times, worthy to figure beside the great portraits of Velasquez. I know nothing more intensely living, more delicately true to nature, more mysteriously modelled, and more prodigiously skilful in drawing than the face of this portrait, and nothing more marvellous than the painting of the black dress and the silhouette of the whole figure, black against black, so elegant in its sweeping arabesque, so commanding in its serpentine pose and its expression of refined ennui. The painter and the connoisseur may gaze and peer at this portrait as long as they please, but they will never discover how it was painted, for all trace has disappeared of the means used to bring about the end; it suggests no effort; it betrays no evidences of technical skill, and no marks of clever brush-work, glazing, or impasto; it is simply there in the splendor and mystery of its existence, a creation rather than a painting, the materialized vision of the artist whose "White Girl" already in 1863 caused a French critic to characterize him most suggestively as "*le plus spirite des peintres.*"

Mr. William T. Dannat's recent and brilliant reputation is due to his pictures "Après la Messe" (Salon of 1882), "Contrabandier Aragonais" (Salon of 1883), now in the museum of Perpignan, "Quatuor Espagnol" (Salon of 1884), the property of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, portrait of Mlle. Eva H. (Salon of 1885), portrait of Mlle. Léonie H., and "A Sacristy in Aragon" (Salon of 1886), the property of the Art Museum at Chicago. To these pictures must be added two life-size figures, "Un Profil blond" and "Une Saducéenne," and an exquisite head and bust on a black background, called "Mariposa," all three shown for the first time at the Paris Universal Exhibition. In our engravings we have reproduced—as adequately as the means of black and white allow—"Un Profil blond" and the two portraits of Mlles. Eva and Léonie H. The latter portrait represents on a dark brownish ground the pale rose face of a blue-eyed girl with soft yellow blond hair, on which the light plays and turns it into gold. The girl is dressed in a light brown dress with a velvet collar and a white frill. The portrait of Mlle. Eva represents a blond girl dressed in black against a gray background. Both these portraits are admirable, and that of Mlle. Eva in particular seems to be absolutely definitive; it is not possible to paint flesh more true to nature, to model a head more vividly, or to execute with more mysterious and fascinating simplicity. There is no old master of the days when men knew how to paint who can show a finer or a more complete piece of work than this girl's head. The life-size figure "Un Profil blond" bears the sub-title of a "study in red"; it represents a blond-haired woman with delicate rose and white cheeks standing and looking at herself in a hand-mirror; she is dressed in red, with a transparent red shawl hanging from her shoulder scarfwise; in her hair is a rose-red flower; in the corner of the room is a red *sang de bœuf* vase filled with red poppies, and the walls of the room forming the background of the picture are red also. This study in red is a vision of beauty; the general aspect as a mere color scheme has the fascination of the most exquisite reds that we know—the velvety red of pelargoniums, the red of azaleas, which has the surface of fine silk, the red of Coromandel lacker, the red of the flame-licked porcelain of the Orientals, the red of the soft tissues of India, the red of the wings of butterflies. Thus, before we realize what the picture is, we already receive an impression of something rich, rare, and precious, and at the same time of something exquisite and quintessential, for the form which we discern in the dreamy ambience is of supreme elegance and fearless purity of

line. It is the form of a woman who is an incarnation of slender and serpentine voluptuousness, a woman of subtle physical fascination, a captivating animal of the race of that flower-crowned nymph whose enigmatic beauty triumphs at Florence in Botticelli's allegory of spring. In the whole exhibition this picture stands out as something new, unlike all that we have seen—a thing of refined invention. Besides being a vision of beauty, this "Profil blond" is executed with unfailing knowledge. Every millimetre of the contour is studied with relentless persistency and drawn with impeccable firmness. As in the grand work of Velasquez, who drew nature as it is and as he saw it, the silhouette is cut out sharply; there is not a hair's-breadth of the outline of the skirt that cannot be followed by the eye and reasoned about; there is not a particle of the delicate lines of the neck, shoulders, arms, and hands which is not closely observed and mysteriously perfect. There is not an inch of the flesh of the figure where you cannot find, if you look for it, all the modelling that there is in nature—the trace of all the muscles, the place of all the bones; and yet the painting of the flesh appears to be of a flatness and of a unity of tone that stop just short of excess, and remain incomparable.

"Une Saducéenne" bears the sub-title of a "study in white," and represents a suave young woman with an aureole of golden hair, dressed in a white low-necked dress, standing and looking toward the spectator with her head thrown back, her lips parted in a smile, her whole face foreshortened, one hand on her hip and the arm crooked, while in the other hand she holds a cigarette. The walls of the room are gray, relieved only by a bit of black curtain with polychrome Oriental embroidery. To the left of the picture is a gray vase with blue ornamentation containing some tall branches of white gelder-roses. On the floor in the foreground lies one gelder-rose with scattered petals. Like the lady in the "Profil blond," the heroine of this study in white is a fascinating materialist; as the title suggests, she is wholly given up to the things of this world, for the Sadducees, we read, did not believe in angels, neither in the resurrection; she is, however, more familiar, more "modern," more *intime*, than the woman in red. From the point of view of painting, "Une Saducéenne" is a *tour de force;* the head and bust are admirable in tone and delicate realism; the white dress is really white and yet full of color; the light coming from the top of the picture, and, so to speak, trickling down over the face, the shoulders, the bust, the edges and frills of the sleeves and of the corsage, and over the folds of the skirt to the toe of the girl's shoe, is managed with rare sureness of means and daintiness of vision.

Of Mr. Dannat's well-known picture of the "Spanish Quatuor" I need say little except that it occupied the place of honor in the United States section, and compared with the finest pictures, not only in the foreign sections, but also in the French, it was generally acknowledged to be one of the most striking and the most completely successful works of the kind in the entire Exhibition. In the way of realistic painting it is as fine as anything that has been done—admirably composed, distinguished in aspect, full of careful observation of values, and painted, like all Mr. Dannat's pictures, with the firmness and material solidity of the old masters. This latter quality is worthy of notice, for nowadays most pictures at the end of six months look no longer the same as they did when they left the artist's studio. The "Spanish Quatuor" is as bright and pure now as it looked when we saw it in the Salon of 1884. To my mind, however, the "Spanish Quatuor" is not Mr. Dannat's finest work. It has not the definitive quality of the portrait of Mlle. Eva H.; it has not the singular and penetrating distinction, the absolute verity and purity of tone, the sureness and directness of execution, the complete achievement, of the "Sacristy in Aragon." In Mr. Dannat's work we find the qualities of the most gifted artists—a vision of singular acuteness and sensitiveness, a refined and delicate intelligence, perfect command of the means of drawing and painting, and finally that taste and that æsthetic tact which enable him to avoid every excess, whether of commonplaceness or of eccentricity—those two extremes on the verge of which the masterpiece is conceived and consummated.

Mr. Dannat was certainly the hero of the United States section at Paris, and his triumph was amply justified by the seriousness and thoroughness of his talent. But in the same breath we must record the equally brilliant success of



"LE BÉNÉDICITE."
From the painting by Walter Gay.

Mr. John S. Sargent, who exhibited portraits of the children of Mrs. Boit, of Mrs. Boit herself, of Mrs. and the Misses Vickers, of Mrs. White, Mrs. Kissam, and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard.

Mr. Sargent's reputation is the result of ten years' work. His first picture, exhibited in the Salon of 1878, represented some fisher-women and children on the sea-coast. In 1879 he sprang into notoriety with a dashing portrait of Carolus Duran painted in the master's own style. In 1880 he exhibited a portrait of a lady and a delicate *fantaisie* called "Fumée d'Ambre gris"; in 1881, portraits and some water-colors of Venice; in 1882, a portrait and a picture of a Spanish dancing girl, called "El Jaleo," which created a sensation, and induced enthusiastic critics to evoke the souvenir of Goya, whereas the suggestion of Daniel Vierge would perhaps have sufficed. In 1883 Mr. Sargent exhibited at the Salon a portrait group of the children of Mrs. Boit; in 1884, the famous portrait of Madame Gauthereau; in 1885, 1886, and 1888, portraits. Meanwhile, after the ferocious criticism which the picture of Madame Gauthereau provoked, Mr. Sargent settled in London, and won fresh laurels with a number of portraits, and with a charming picture bearing the title of "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," which had the honor of being purchased by the Royal Academy on behalf of the Chantrey Fund. This picture is reproduced in our engraving.

Mr. Sargent is an artist in the noble sense of the term; he will never consent to be commonplace; he loves rarity; he interests always by the distinction of an effort which is not that of ordinary men. His talent is prodigious; his sensitiveness to all artistic manifestations is extremely delicate; his intelligence, his *verve*, and his *virtuosité* are marvellous to such a degree that they sometimes get the better of his personality. But even in his imitative moods Mr. Sargent invariably adds something of his own which gives a dash, a *brio*, a novelty, and a distinction to all that he produces. Carolus Duran, Manet, Vierge, Goya, and recently Claude Monet, have in turn captivated Mr. Sargent's attention, and from each one he has wrested the secret of some new means to be added to the already rich arsenal of his artistic resources. Amongst the old masters Mr. Sargent has carried his appreciative explorations even further back than Velasquez, for when he painted the portrait of a contemporary beauty, Madame Gauthereau, the hero of his thoughts was Piero della Francesca, the impeccable purity and the mysterious flatness of whose profiles he ventured to take as his model. The enterprise was entirely laudable; to have sought to achieve that idealized vision, that abstract grace of the bounding lines, and that exalted rendering of character, truer than nature itself, which the great painter of the fifteenth century attained in the simplicity and sincerity of his mastery, was wholly to Mr. Sargent's credit. The portrait of Madame Gauthereau remains a thing of beauty; the wild and coarse criticism with which the public honored it proves only how dangerous it is for an artist to dare to produce something uncommon, instead of being content to be persistently and resolutely vulgar.

To comment upon each of the portraits exhibited at the Paris Exhibition is unnecessary. To my mind the two most personal and most completely charming are those of Mrs. Boit and of the Boit children. This latter picture, painted in 1882, has been already engraved and described in *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1887. I need only say that as it gains in years this picture gains in quality. Since it was exhibited in the Salon it has acquired a richness of aspect, a harmony and depth of tone, and a mystery of surface that make it comparable to the great works which admiration has definitively classed. As for the portrait of Mrs. Boit, I remember admiring it in the Royal Academy at London in 1888, and remarking how miserable and laborious all the pictures looked that had the misfortune to be hung near this novel vision of femininity rendered with such wonderful cleverness and distinction of touch. This portrait has those qualities of spontaneity, directness, and rareness of aspect which stamp Mr. Sargent's best work.

"Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" is a rare vision which the artist may have seen some summer evening perhaps as his boat glided past those fairy English gardens that slope down to the water's edge along the Thames. It represents some little girls busily lighting up a garden at dusk. The impression given by the picture renders precisely what must have been the charm of the spectacle in nature, namely,

"L'APPEL AU PASSEUR."
From the painting by Ridgway Knight.

for the eye, the intensity of the color heightened by the incipient conflict between [illegible] lamp-light only just beginning to make the [illegible] earnestness with which the children are working at this preparation for an illumination, unconsciously becoming a part of the scene, like so many moths or fireflies. This picture is a work of exquisite beauty and refinement, one of those delicate dreams of color and dainty form that nature suggests and the artist realizes only in moments of peculiarly propitious inspiration.

Mr. Alexander Harrison first made his mark at the Paris Salon of 1882, with a [illegible] pagne," which is reproduced in our engraving, and remains one of the artist's best works. In the Salon of 1884 Mr. Harrison again obtained great success with a marine called "Crépuscule," which he followed up in the Salon of 1885 with "La Vague," and in the Salon of 1886 with "En Arcadie." The above-mentioned four pictures all figured in the Universal Exhibition, and represent up to the present the artist's greatest and most successful efforts. The blue-eyed boy lying on his back on the sands and dreaming beside his castle of mussel shells and [illegible] Bastien-Lepage, who has been Mr. Harrison's guiding genius much more than his official master, Gérôme. The key-note of Mr. Harrison's art is truth to nature: he is a disciple of the *plein air* movement, and of the evolution which was determined in French art by Manet, who opened the eyes of the modern painters to the diffused vibrations of out-door light, and showed them how to decompose color, and to fix the real effect by establishing rigorously the series of relations. This has been Mr. Harrison's great preoccupation in his many studies of sea and sky in the infinite variety of aspects which sunlight, moonshine, and cloud formations impart to them. In these marines Mr. Harrison is absolutely personal. His vision of the infinite expanse of the restless ocean, of the impressive stillness of the silent sky when the blackness of night looms up over the horizon, of the viscous surface of the rolling waves that seem to moan and wail in the awfulness of the vast solitude, has a grandeur that a poet's majestic metaphors could alone describe. It is a vision more penetrating, more complex, more prismatically brilliant, than any painter has before enjoyed, a vision now tragic and morose, but more often delicate and infinite in fine *nuances* like mother-of-pearl or opal. The "Crépuscule" and "La Vague," apart from their charm as visions of nature, are of inexhaustible interest as studies of color and of values. The mere chromatic aspect of Mr. Harrison's marines gives to the eye direct physical enjoyment before the brain perceives that this color reproduces the instantaneous phases of cloud and water, and before analysis reveals how curious is the artist's precise notation of the appearance of the curling wave, and of the wash that swirls in successive and ever-widening curves chasing each other over the smooth sands, each with its glassy sheet of mirror-like surface that reflects the sky.

Mr. Harrison's "En Arcadie," in spite of its title, contains nothing fanciful or imported from dream-land: it is entirely from nature. The modern French school of painting of the past fifteen years is based on two principles, namely, the observation of values and the integrity of the subject. The idea that has been professed, perhaps to excess, is that to make a picture we do not need dramatic or sentimental stories, neither the pear-shaped tears of Greuze nor the stupendous adventures of Sennacherib. The theory is [illegible] that can be demanded of an artist is sincere observation, logical execution, and emancipation from academic influence, or, as others might say, individuality and self-respect. "En Arcadie" contains the result of the application of this theory to nude figures in the open air. Beside a stream, beyond which is a flowery meadow and an enclosing curtain of trees, is a carpet of velvety grass and flowers, studded with gnarled willows and silvery birches, through whose branches the afternoon sun strikes and forms a golden mosaic on the sward. In this landscape some nude women are reposing after their bath, sitting or reclining in the grass, while one in the foreground stands, and with uplifted arms grasps the branch above her head, and remains in languid pose, talking to one who sits on her left—dryads that are entirely human, and even modern, for the artist has made no effort to conceal his method of realizing his



"PORTRAIT OF THE BARONNE B."
From the painting by Julius L. Stewart.

Arcadian vision: he has simply painted modern women nude in the open air, and reproduced, with the sincerity of contemporary analysis, the aspect of flesh that habitually wears clothes as it appears in the unusual conditions of nudity. In painting both the landscape and the figures Mr. Harrison has sought to attain truth to nature: not the mere textual image and reproduction, but truth in tone and relative values. The sun is not seen in the picture itself, but it pervades the whole in the light green of the grass, in the shadows which are only attenuated light, on the bodies of the women, which are enveloped in the caresses of varied and conflicting reflected lights. The landscape of "En Arcadie" is perfection; it is impossible to conceive a more absolute and delicate illusion of sunny woodland.

Of the landscapes exhibited the finest and the most personal were those by Mr. Charles H. Davis, "Un Soir d'Hiver," "La Vallée en le Soir," "Le Versant de la Colline," and "Le Soir après l'Orage." Mr. Davis gives us refined and poetical visions of nature which are at once realistic and lyrical, and which do not remain mere cold reproductions of the material aspect of nature, but represent nature infused with the emotions that it provokes in the soul of the spectator. The cold blue-gray solitude of water, rushes, and sky called "A Winter Evening" is certainly one of the very best modern landscapes in the Exhibition, beautiful in tone, distinguished in sentiment, and conceived with an intensity and a completeness that are absolute. Another of this artist's pictures, representing a green valley invaded by the encroaching gloom of twilight, with a white cloud of pearly mist stealing over the tranquil and weary expanse of verdure, gives with equal intensity an impression of melancholy stillness, of the immensity of the valley and its bounding hills, and of the awful fascination of the majesty of Night, that covers the earth as it were with a shroud of silence and of mystery. Mr. Davis has made his mark discreetly but surely at the Salons of the last six years; his exhibit at the Champ de Mars gives him rank amongst the great landscapists of the day, as an artist singularly sensitive to the soul charm as well as to the color charm of nature.

Mr. George Hitchcock revealed himself, a late-comer in art, at the Salon in 1887, when his "Tulip-growing in Holland" at once made him almost famous. In the background of the picture is a curtain of trees, and nestling under the trees a house, and in front of the house tulips, band after band, parallel and regular, rose, white, yellow, and red; and in the midst of this natural carpet of flowers stands the lady of the house, in Dutch costume, hesitating, scissors in hand, which tulip she shall cut. This lovely vision of floral color figured in the Universal Exhibition, together with "The Annunciation" (Salon of 1888), and a new picture of Dutch figures in pale and pearly landscape, called "Maternity." This last is charming in aspect and most delicate in tone; the landscape is exquisite; the figures alone betray the inevitable weakness of opsimathy, and that, too, all the more so as they are conspicuous in the foreground. Nevertheless, you feel that this picture is the work of a singularly artistic temperament. The same impression is given by "The Annunciation," reproduced in the accompanying engraving. This picture is a harmony in green and silver. In the foreground is a plot of tall-growing lilies in the full glory of their rich white bloom; a dark hedge of lilac bushes, broken here and there by willows, separates the lily garden from an expanse of bright green Dutch landscape that fades away with infinite delicacy of gradations toward the distant horizon of pearly sky. Against the background formed by the hedge stands the Virgin, personified by a plain Dutch maid, draped in simple vestments of lilac-gray tone and a short cloak reaching to the waist, and wearing the white muslin coiffure of Holland, with streamers that hang over the shoulders. In the idea of the painter, Mary has just received the divine message, and with downcast eyes replies to the angel invisible to profane eyes, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

Mr. Hitchcock's "Annunciation" is distinguished and refined in composition and treatment; the color scheme of greens and grays with exquisite opaline transitions is charming; the invention of the picture implies intelligent selection, and the exercise of that rare quality which we call taste. To my mind "The Annunciation" is a beautiful work, one of the most refined and original pictures in the American section, and incontestably the vision of a man of delicate and artistic nature.

Mr. J. Gari Melchers, whose name first



"UNE BERGÈRE."
From the painting by Charles Sprague Pearce.

appears in the Salon catalogue in 1882, did not make his mark until the Salon of 1886, when he exhibited "Le Prêche," reproduced in the accompanying engraving. At the Salon of 1888 his "Dutch Pilots," with their placid faces, sitting round an inn table, talking about the sea, smoking, and carving models of boats, was one of the notable pictures of the year. At the Universal Exhibition Mr. Melchers was represented by both these works, and by a very large new picture representing the celebration of communion in a Dutch church, and containing some twenty life-size and remarkably ugly figures. Although Mr. Melchers works by preference in Holland, and although he has hitherto painted none but Dutch subjects, he is a pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre, and thoroughly French in the modernity and quality of his vision. He paints figures round and solid, with a tendency toward the complete illusion of materiality. In all that concerns realistic work we cannot mention a French artist who is superior to him, for Mr. Melchers is marvellously skilful: in "Le Prêche" and in the large "Communion" picture there are figures and *morceaux* which are simply the last word of realism in painting. At the same time Mr. Melchers's pictures are rich in local color; the attitudes and gestures of the figures are full of character, studied with *esprit*, drawn faultlessly, and painted with simplicity and strength; the composition is not commonplace; the relative values are keenly observed; the figures admirably enveloped in air; in fact there is no technical detail, no matter of special knowledge, no material point, in which Mr. Melchers can be found even hesitating, much less positively at fault. His three pictures exhibited at the Champ de Mars are thoroughly remarkable works, and amongst the younger painters of the day, not only in America, but in Europe, Mr. Melchers has won for himself a very enviable and distinguished position. His work is new and quite personal; he has both the courage and the strength to be himself. Doubtless these pews full of Dutch women and girls in their quaint head-dresses interest many people. The sturdy pilots, too, and the plain-looking, cheesy-faced people gathered round the communion table in a bare and gray-walled Dutch church, will find admirers who will be struck by the sentiment of the subject, by the illusion of life, and by the rendering of commonplace features and ordinary characteristics that the first-comers can appreciate. But is the admiration of such as these sufficient for the artist's ambition? Is the theory of the integrity of the subject so incontestable as some maintain it to be? Are we not beginning to have enough likenesses of ugly people of advanced age and humble station since fashion directed the painters into the path of peasant portraiture, and since experience has shown them that it is far easier to paint the wrinkled parchment face of a stupid old hag than to reproduce the grace, the elegance, and refinement of a beautiful woman? Mr. Melchers appears to have skill and talent enough to attempt the noblest and most ambitious enterprises. He has already shown himself to be a draughtsman and a painter; the future will show whether this brilliant young man has the supreme gifts of taste and of beautiful invention that will make him an artist and a creator. Of the three pictures which he exhibits at the Universal Exhibition the most interesting is "Le Prêche," which has certain qualities of delicacy and refinement that make it charming to the eye. In his last and most ambitious picture, "The Communion," which is positively and frankly ugly, Mr. Melchers seems to tend rather toward following in the footsteps of Courbet, whose vision of nature is that of an impersonal observer, very searching, but without lyrism or charm—of Courbet, who above all things studied the volume of bodies, their thickness rather than their silhouette against the layers of transparent air, and the diversity rather than the lightness and daintiness of the effect.

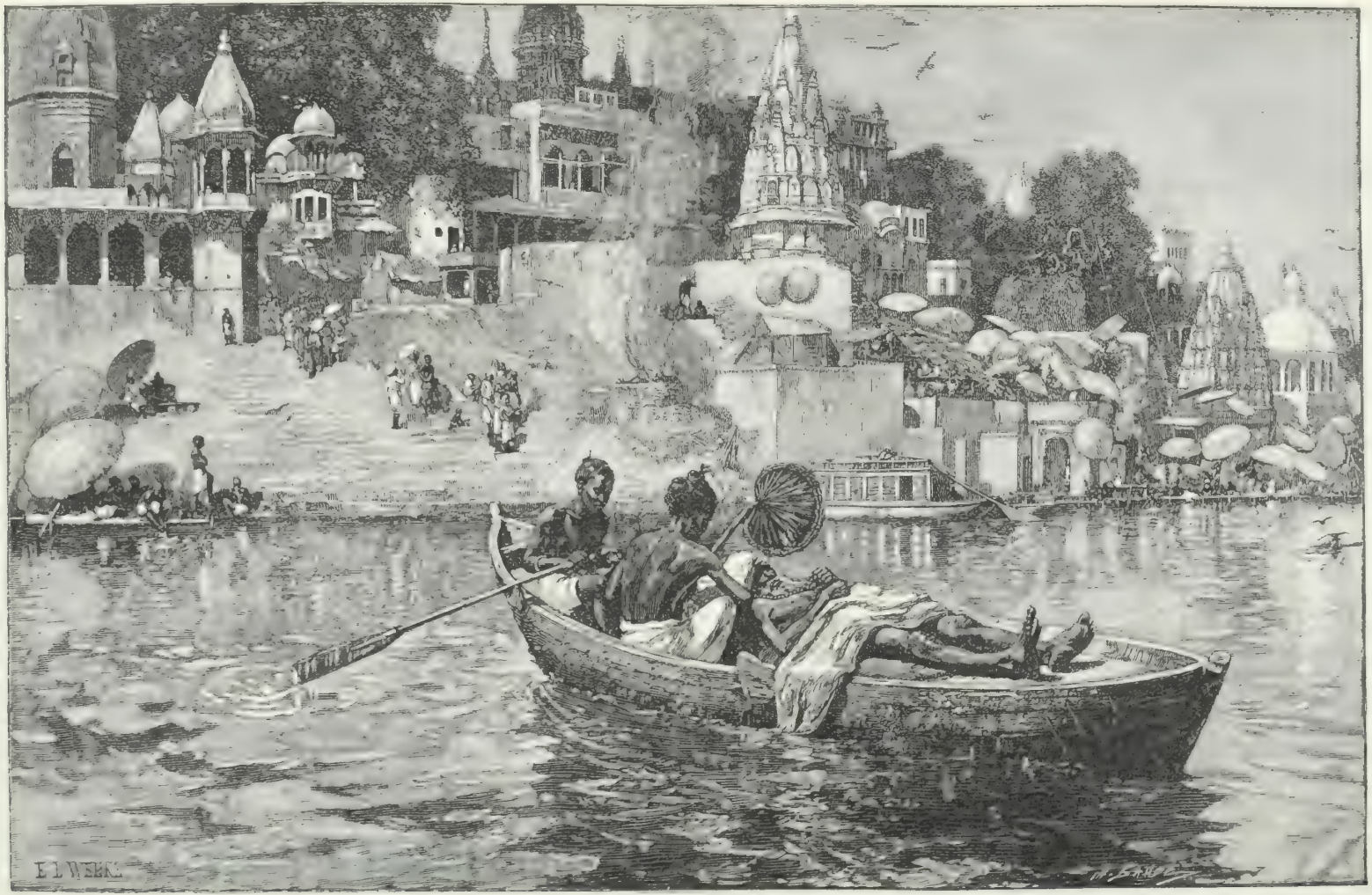
The remarks we have just made about the disproportion between the talent expended and the subject treated apply also to the work of Mr. Walter Gay, who was represented by a large picture called "Charity," by the "Bénédicité" (Salon of 1888), reproduced in our engraving from the original in the Musée du Luxembourg, by "Les Fileuses" (Salon of 1885), and by some genre pictures of no special interest. Mr. Gay, a pupil of Bonnat, began his career at the Salon of 1879 with "Une Leçon d'Escrime," which betrayed the influence of the Fortuny school. For some years he continued painting genre and costume pictures with extreme *virtuosité;* and



"LE DERNIER VOYAGE."
From the painting by E. L. Weeks.

appears in the Salon catalogue in 1882, did not make his mark until the Salon of 1886, when he exhibited "Le Prêche," reproduced in the accompanying engraving. At the Salon of 1888 his "Dutch Pilots," with their placid faces, sitting round an inn table, talking about the sea, smoking, and carving models of boats, was one of the notable pictures of the year. At the Universal Exhibition Mr. Melchers was represented by both these works, and by a very large new picture representing the celebration of communion in a Dutch church, and containing some twenty life-size and remarkably ugly figures. Although Mr. Melchers works by preference in Holland, and although he has hitherto painted none but Dutch subjects, he is a pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre, and thoroughly French in the modernity and quality of his vision. He paints figures round and solid, with a tendency toward the complete illusion of materiality. In all that concerns realistic work we cannot mention a French artist who is superior to him, for Mr. Melchers is marvellously skilful; in "Le Prêche" and in the large "Communion" picture there are figures and *morceaux* which are simply the last word of realism in painting. At the same time Mr. Melchers's pictures are rich in local color; the attitudes and gestures of the figures are full of character, studied with *esprit*, drawn faultlessly, and painted with simplicity and strength; the composition is not commonplace; the relative values are keenly observed; the figures admirably enveloped in air; in fact there is no technical detail, no matter of special knowledge, no material point, in which Mr. Melchers can be found even hesitating, much less positively at fault. His three pictures exhibited at the Champ de Mars are thoroughly remarkable works, and amongst the younger painters of the day, not only in America, but in Europe, Mr. Melchers has won for himself a very enviable and distinguished position. His work is new and quite personal; he has both the courage and the strength to be himself. Doubtless these pews full of Dutch women and girls in their quaint head-dresses interest many people. The sturdy pilots, too, and the plain-looking, cheesy-faced people gathered round the communion table in a bare and gray-walled Dutch church, will find admirers who will be struck by the sentiment of the subject, by the illusion of life, and by the rendering of commonplace features and ordinary characteristics that the first-comers can appreciate. But is the admiration of such as these sufficient for the artist's ambition? Is the theory of the integrity of the subject so incontestable as some maintain it to be? Are we not beginning to have enough likenesses of ugly people of advanced age and humble station since fashion directed the painters into the path of peasant portraiture, and since experience has shown them that it is far easier to paint the wrinkled parchment face of a stupid old hag than to reproduce the grace, the elegance, and refinement of a beautiful woman? Mr. Melchers appears to have skill and talent enough to attempt the noblest and most ambitious enterprises. He has already shown himself to be a draughtsman and a painter; the future will show whether this brilliant young man has the supreme gifts of taste and of beautiful invention that will make him an artist and a creator. Of the three pictures which he exhibits at the Universal Exhibition the most interesting is "Le Prêche," which has certain qualities of delicacy and refinement that make it charming to the eye. In his last and most ambitious picture, "The Communion," which is positively and frankly ugly, Mr. Melchers seems to tend rather toward following in the footsteps of Courbet, whose vision of nature is that of an impersonal observer, very searching, but without lyrism or charm—of Courbet, who above all things studied the volume of bodies, their thickness rather than their silhouette against the layers of transparent air, and the diversity rather than the lightness and daintiness of the effect.

The remarks we have just made about the disproportion between the talent expended and the subject treated apply also to the work of Mr. Walter Gay, who was represented by a large picture called "Charity," by the "Bénédicité" (Salon of 1888), reproduced in our engraving from the original in the Musée du Luxembourg, by "Les Fileuses" (Salon of 1885), and by some genre pictures of no special interest. Mr. Gay, a pupil of Bonnat, began his career at the Salon of 1879 with "Une Leçon d'Escrime," which betrayed the influence of the Fortuny school. For some years he continued painting genre and costume pictures with extreme *virtuosité;* and



"LE DERNIER VOYAGE."
From the painting by E. L. Weeks.

and "La Lecture" (1878), "Portrait of Lady A." (1879), "L'Eté" and a portrait of Mlle. E. S. (1882), "Une Cour au Caire" (1883), "A Five-o'clock Tea" (1884), "A Hunt Ball" (1885), "Full Speed" (1886), "La Berge, Bougival" (1887), "Portrait of the Vicomtesse G. d'A." (1888). At the Paris Exhibition Mr. Stewart made a brilliant show with his "Hunt Ball," a new picture in the same vein called the "Hunt Supper," "La Berge, Bougival," an Oriental scene representing "A Courtyard at Cairo," and three portraits, of which one, "Portrait of the Baronne B.," a charming and refined figure in white, is reproduced in our engraving. Mr. Stewart excels in depicting scenes and details of social elegance, and in brilliant and clever painting he vies with the most skilful.

Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce's first Salon pictures were a portrait (1876), the "Death of the First-born" (1877), "Abraham's Sacrifice" (1879), and the "Beheading of St. John" (1881). These were the work of an excellent pupil of Bonnat who had not yet found his way. In the Salon of 1883 Mr. Pearce exhibited the "Prelude," an excellent genre picture representing a girl playing a guitar, and the "Water-carrier," a peasant maid carrying pitchers in a pale Picardy landscape. Mr. Pearce's Salon pictures in the following years—"Peines de Cœur (1885), "Une Bergère" (1886), "St. Geneviève" (1887), "Rentrée du Troupeau" (1888)—classed him definitively amongst the successful painters of rustic landscape-and-figure subjects, treated with all the technical skill, close observation, and simple handling which the modern French school demands, but at the same time with a point of sentiment dominating the general realism. At the Universal Exhibition Mr. Pearce was represented by a portrait, "La Mélancolie," "Le Soir," and "Une Bergère." The last, a souvenir of Picardy, is reproduced in our engraving, and represents the artist at his best. On a sloping hillside, with a rugged path straggling up toward the horizon between fields of stubble and stacked corn, a flock of sheep is seen browsing, while in the foreground stands a shepherdess resting, with her hands on her staff, her eyes cast down in vacant thoughtlessness, her attitude that of stolid weariness, unless it be one of hallucination and day-dreaming. However that may be, the picture is an admirable rendering of open air, luminous distance, and gray atmospheric effects, and the figure of the shepherdess is painted with great cleverness. "Le Soir" represents a shepherd and his dog watching a flock of sheep in a landscape bathed in the silvery sheen of moonlight. The shepherd, draped in his ample cloak, leans on his crook, with his back turned to the spectator, in an attitude of singular impressiveness; the landscape conveys the idea of immensity and solemn calm; the general aspect of the picture is extremely refined and full of poetical sentiment.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks began to exhibit at the Salon in 1878, and continued with subjects from Tangier and Morocco until 1884, when he sent a souvenir of Indian travel, a "Hindoo Sanctuary at Bombay." In 1885 he exhibited at the Salon the large picture reproduced in our engraving, "Le Dernier Voyage," a souvenir of the Ganges. At the Salon of 1886 Mr. Weeks exhibited "The Return of the Mogul Emperor from the Grand Mosque of Delhi"; in 1887, some Bombay Bayaderes; in 1888, a "Rajah of Jodhpore." At the Universal Exhibition Mr. Weeks was represented by his "Dernier Voyage," his "Rajah of Jodhpore," a "Hindoo Marriage Procession" passing through the quaint streets of Ahmedabad, and some minor works. Mr. Weeks is gifted with great facility; his skill and sureness of eye and of hand in dealing with vast scenes are remarkable. No one has treated with greater effect and with such unhesitating directness the grand architectural backgrounds of India, with their pluricolor richness and splendor of detail. An excellent example of Mr. Weeks's skill in *mise en scène* is the large picture reproduced in our engraving. Two Hindoo fakirs are going on a pilgrimage to the holy town of Benares. One of them being at the point of death, his comrade is making haste to take him across the sacred Ganges, so that he may breathe his last on its bank. Such is the scene depicted, with, in the background, a vision of holy India—temples, pagodas, funeral pyres, fakirs, and men of all kinds sheltering themselves from the blazing sun under umbrellas that look like gigantic white mushrooms; and, in the foreground, the broad Ganges, with its flotsam of pious corpses escorted by carrion-crows. This picture shows Mr. Weeks's dramatic and

scenic qualities, and his careful observation of Oriental air and color. In the "Hindoo Marriage" and the "Rajah of Jodhpore" we admire Mr. Weeks's faculty of composing and setting on foot a great scene comprising landscape, architecture, animals, and countless figures, with all their diverse costumes, attitudes, and multifarious accessories. And this faculty, it may be added, is not common in these days of a "realism" which is too often content to limit its efforts to painting "studies."

Mr. C. S. Reinhart, who is so well known to our readers as an illustrator of inexhaustible invention and alert expression, figured at the Universal Exhibition with two important works, "Watching for the Absent" (Salon 1888) and "Une Épave" (Salon 1887), the latter reproduced in our engraving. Both these pictures are irreproachably drawn and painted; the composition is adequate; the men and women are life-like; the general aspect is effective in a realistic way. Mr. Reinhart has a mind peopled with souvenirs of scenes, objects, and types, an ocular memory of singular retentiveness, and perfect command of all the material processes of drawing, in short, a combination of rare gifts which make him one of the few eminent illustrators of the day. His two oil-paintings show that he has also adequate command of all the material processes of painting. Mr. Reinhart also exhibited some delicate tone studies in oil and a number of black and white drawings, whose excellence needs not to be vaunted to the readers of this Magazine.

Mr. Henry Mosler, although professing to be a pupil of Hébert, under whom he studied for six months, is more truly indebted to the schools of Dusseldorf and Munich for such artistic education as he has received. Since 1878, when his name first begins to appear regularly in the catalogue of the Salon, he has worked sedulously and conscientiously at the production of pictures that have always proved to be interesting and popular. The number of these works is considerable. Their titles, like the subjects treated, are generally anecdotic, such as "The Return of the Prodigal Son," now in the Musée du Luxembourg; "The Wedding Gown"; "The Village Clock-maker"; "The Wedding Morning"; the "Visit of the Marchioness"; "The Coming Storm"; a "Breton Harvest Dance"; for Mr. Mosler, it must be added, has an especial affection for the customs and costumes of Brittany. The qualities of Mr. Mosler are homely sentiment, a talent for telling an obvious story such as ordinary people can comprehend and enjoy, and an execution which is always adequate and often excellent so far as it goes. At the Universal Exhibition Mr. Mosler's principal pictures were the "Last Moments," the "Breton Harvest Dance," "The young Bagpiper," and the "Last Sacraments." Our engraving represents one of Mr. Mosler's pleasing interiors, a family scene called "Morning."

American sculpture was very sparingly represented at the Paris Exhibition. The only work of incontestable and really high merit was Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett's bronze "The Bear Trainer," a group full of grace, intelligent observation, and intimate charm. Mr. Bartlett is an artist exceedingly skilful in execution, and always distinguished in the conception of his subjects.

Mr. F. D. Millet was represented in the United States section by "A Handmaiden" and "A difficult Duet"; but, for reasons which do not concern us, his best picture, "The Piping Times of Peace," was exhibited in the English department. Of late years Mr. Millet has acquired a distinguished position in England, side by side with men like Marcus Stone, Henry Woods, and Luke Fildes. His work, as exemplified in the picture reproduced in our engraving, for instance, or in the "Love-Letter," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888, is thoroughly English; it has the English qualities of sentiment and of careful and dainty technique, and that peculiarly English observation which is devoted to seizing the expressive movements of the human physiognomy, and conveying with the utmost intensity the anecdotic effect of the subject. Mr. Millet does not revel in painting considered as being by itself one of the fine arts; his intention is almost as much literary as it is artistic; an episode of life, an anecdote, a state of soul rendered manifest in a pleasing manner and in the midst of curious and amusing accessories, studied with the minuteness and neatness of touch of the later old Dutch masters—such is Mr. Millet's conception of his art.

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"THE FIVE SENSES" (Touch)

Dans les Peintres de la Vie Parisienne de M. Michel

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"THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE."



"PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM WALTON."
From the painting by J. Carroll Beckwith.

words, the cream of the Exhibition. But besides these there were many remarkable pictures, amongst which we may notice, with that briefness which limited space demands, Mr. F. A. Bridgman's Oriental scenes, whose merits are well established; Mr. F. M. Boggs's "Place de la Bastille"; Mr. Julian Story's excellent portrait of his father, and a large historical composition of the "Black Prince on the Battle-field of Crécy"; Mr. Childe Hassam's "Rue Lafayette on a Winter Evening," a delicate rendering of Parisian atmosphere; Mr. Walter MacEwen's Dutch figure subjects; Mr. Humphrey Moore's exquisite Japanese studies; an excellent portrait of Mr. Clinton Peters; Mr. E. E. Simmons's moonlight marines; Mr. Eugene Vail's "Ready About," "Port of Concarneau," "La Veuve," and "Sur la Tamise"—four scenes of seafaring life, very beautiful in color, and amongst the very strongest and best pictures of the kind in the Exhibition; Mr. C. S. Forbes's refined portrait of a lady; Mr. Abbott Graves's flower pictures; Mr. Robert Vonnoh's very strong portraits; Mr. Arthur W. Dow's landscape "Crépuscule"; Miss A. E. Klumpke's portrait of a lady; Mr. Lionel Walden's two excellent pictures of shipping on the Thames; the cattle pieces of Messrs. H. Bisbing, Ogden Wood, and W. H. Howe.

In the United States section a broad distinction was made between the American artists resident in Europe and those resident in America, and the works of each were hung in separate rooms, as if to challenge comparison. It must be said that the comparison was disastrous to the American artists resident in America, or classed as such. In the rooms occupied by the pictures of this latter category—mostly works of minor importance—there

were but few exceptional achievements to be noted. First of all let us mention Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's "Corps Ailé," a white-winged body on a blue ground, with a face of singular intensity of expression, a beautiful and fascinating vision; Mr. Ch. F. Ulrich's "Promised Land," representing immigrants at Castle Garden, a picture full of character, and treated with all the skill and strength of the best German work of the kind; Mr. Frank Fowler's portrait of a lady sitting on a music-stool, with a piano in the background; Mr. R. B. Brandegee's excellent portrait of a young man; Mr. R. F. Blum's "Venetian Lace-makers" and his charming black and white drawings; Mr. W. S. Allen's "Evening at the Lake"; Mr.



"CORPS AILÉ."
From the painting by Abbott H. Thayer.

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"Or don't get them," Henderson added. And then both laughed.

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"I shouldn't wonder. By-the-way, look in to-morrow. I've got something to show you."

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Henderson unfolded the case, and saw seven photographs—a showy-looking handsome woman in lace and jewels, and six children, handsome like their mother, the whole group with the photographic look of prosperity.

Henderson looked at it as if it had been a mirror of his own destiny, and expressed his admiration.

"Yes, it's hard to beat," Hollowell confessed, with a soft look in his face. "It's not for sale. Seven figures wouldn't touch it." He looked at it lovingly before he put it up, and then added: "Well, there's a figure for each, Rodney, and a big nest-egg for the old woman besides. There's nothing like it, old man. You'd better come in." And he put his hand affectionately on Henderson's knee.

James Hollowell—commonly known as Jerry—was a remarkable man. Thirty years ago he had come to the city from Maine as a "hand" on a coast schooner, obtained employment in a railroad yard, then as a freight conductor, gone West, become a contractor, in which position a lucky hit set him on the road of the unscrupulous accumulation of property. He was now a railway magnate, the president of a system, a manipulator of dexterity and courage. All this would not have come about if his big head had not been packed with common-sense brains, and he had not had uncommon will and force of character. Success had developed the best side of him, the family side; and the ostensible object of his colossal determination to increase his big fortune. He was not hampered by any scruples in business, but he met questions squarely with his friends when he had distinctly agreed to do so.

Henderson did not respond to the matrimonial suggestion; it was not possible for him to vulgarize his own affair by hinting it to such a man as Hollowell; but they soon fell into serious talk about schemes in which they were both interested. This talk so absorbed Henderson that after they had reached the city he had walked some blocks toward his lodging before he recalled his promise about the message. On his table he found a note from Carmen bidding him to dinner informally—an invitation which he had no difficulty in declining on account of a previous engagement. And then he went to his club, and passed a cheerful evening. Why not? There was nothing melancholy about the young fellows in the smoking-room, who liked a good story and the latest gossip, and were attracted to the society of Henderson, who was open-handed and full of animal spirits, and above all had a reputation for success and for being on the inside of affairs. There is nowhere else so much wisdom and such understanding of life as in a city club of young fellows, who have their experience still, for the most part, before them. Henderson was that night in great "force"—as the phrase is. His companions thought he had made a lucky turn, and he did not tell them that he had won the love of the finest girl in the world, who was at that moment thinking of him as fondly as he was thinking of her—but this was the subconsciousness of his spirit. Late at night he wrote her a long letter—an honest letter of love and admiration, which warmed into the tenderness of devotion as it went on; a letter that she never parted with all her life long; but he left a description of the loneliness of his evening without her to her imagination.

It was for Margaret also a happy evening, but not a calm one, and not gay. She was swept away by a flood of emotions. She wanted to be alone, to think it over, every item of the short visit, every look, every tone. Was it all true? The great change made her tremble: of the future she dared scarcely think. She was restless, but not restless as before; she could not be calm in such a great happiness. And then the wonder of it, that he should choose her of all others—he who knew the world so well, and must have known so

many women. She followed him on his journey, thinking what he was doing now, and now, and now. She would have given the world to see him just for a moment, to look in his eyes and be sure again, to have him say that little word once more: there was a kind of pain in her heart, the separation was so cruel; it had been over two hours now. More than once in the evening she ran down to the sitting-room, where her aunt was pretending to be absorbed in a book, to kiss her, to pet her, to smooth her grayish hair and pat her cheek, and get her to talk about her girlhood days. She was so happy that tears were in her eyes half the time. At nine o'clock there was a pull at the bell that threatened to drag the wire out, and an insignificant little urchin appeared with a telegram, which frightened Miss Forsythe, and seemed to Margaret to drop out of heaven. Such an absurd thing to do at night, said the aunt, and then she kissed Margaret, and laughed a little, and declared that things had come to a queer pass when people made love by telegraph. There wasn't any love in the telegram, Margaret said; but she knew better—the sending word of his arrival was a marvellous exhibition of thoughtfulness and constancy.

And then she led her aunt on to talk of Mr. Henderson, to give her impression, how he looked, what she really thought of him, and so on, and so on. There was not much to say, but it could be said over and over again in various ways. It was the one night of the world, and her overwrought feeling sought relief. It would not be so again. She would be more reticent and more coquettish about her lover, but now it was all so new and strange.

That night when the girl went to sleep the telegram was under her pillow, and it seemed to throb with a thousand messages, as if it felt the pulsation of the current that sent it.

The prospective marriage of the budding millionaire Rodney Henderson was a society paper item in less than a week—the modern method of publishing the banns. This was accompanied by a patronizing reference to the pretty schoolma'am, who was complimented upon her good fortune in phrases so neatly turned as to give Henderson the greatest offence, and leave him no remedy, since nothing could have better suited the journal than further notoriety. He could not remember that he had spoken of it to any one except the Eschelles, to whom his relations made the communication a necessity, and he suspected Carmen, without, however, guessing that she was a habitual purveyor of the town gossiper.

"It is a shameful impertinence," she burst out, introducing the subject herself, when he called to see her. "I would horsewhip the editor." Her indignation was so genuine, and she took his side with such warm good comradeship, that his suspicions vanished in a moment.

"What good?" he answered, cooling down at the sight of her rage. "It is true, we are to be married, and she has taught school. I can't drag her name into a row about it. Perhaps she never will see it."

"Oh dear! dear me! I've [illegible]" the girl cried, with an accent of contrition. "I never thought of that. I was so angry that I cut it out and put it in the letter that was to contain nothing but congratulations, and told her how perfectly outrageous I thought it. How stupid!" and there was a world of trouble in her big dark eyes, while she looked up penitently, as if to ask his forgiveness for a great crime.

"Well, it cannot be helped," Henderson said, with a little touch of sympathy for Carmen's grief. "Those who know her will think it simply malicious, and the others will not think of it a second time."

"But I cannot forgive myself for my stupidity. I'm not sure but I'd rather you'd think me wicked than stupid," she continued, with the smile in her eyes that most men found attractive. "I confess—is that very bad?—that I feel it more for you than for her. But" (she thought she saw a shade in his face) "I warn you, if you are not very nice, I shall transfer my affections to her."

The girl was in her best mood, with the manner of a confiding, intimate friend. She talked about Margaret, but not too much, and a good deal more about Henderson and his future, not laying too great stress upon the marriage, as if it were, in fact, only an incident in his career, contriving always to make herself appear as the friend, who hadn't many illusions or much romance, to be sure, but who could always be relied on in any mood or any perplexity, and wouldn't be frightened or very severe at any confidences. She posed as a woman who could

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Henderson did not respond to the matrimonial suggestion; it was not possible for him to vulgarize his own affair by hinting it to such a man as Hollowell; but they soon fell into serious talk about schemes in which they were both interested. This talk so absorbed Henderson that after they had reached the city he had walked some blocks toward his lodging before he recalled his promise about the message. On his table he found a note from Carmen bidding him to dinner informally—an invitation which he had no difficulty in declining on account of a previous engagement. And then he went to his club, and passed a cheerful evening. Why not? There was nothing melancholy about the young fellows in the smoking-room, who liked a good story and the latest gossip, and were attracted to the society of Henderson, who was open-handed and full of animal spirits, and above all had a reputation for success and for being on the inside of affairs. There is nowhere else so much wisdom and such understanding of life as in a city club of young fellows, who have their experience still, for the most part, before them. Henderson was that night in great "force"—as the phrase is. His companions thought he had made a lucky turn, and he did not tell them that he had won the love of the finest girl in the world, who was at that moment thinking of him as fondly as he was thinking of her—but this was the subconsciousness of his gaiety. Late at night he wrote her a long letter—an honest letter of love and admiration, which warmed into the tenderness of devotion as it went on; a letter that she never parted with all her life long; but he left a description of the loneliness of his evening without her to her imagination.

It was for Margaret also a happy evening, but not a calm one, and not gay. She was swept away by a flood of emotions. She wanted to be alone, to think it over, every item of the short visit, every look, every tone. Was it all true? The great change made her tremble: of the future she dared scarcely think. She was restless, but not restless as before; she could not be calm in such a great happiness. And then the wonder of it, that he should choose her of all others—he who knew the world so well, and must have known so

many women. She followed him on his journey, thinking what he was doing now, and now, and now. She would have given the world to see him just for a moment, to look in his eyes and be sure again, to have him say that little word once more: there was a kind of pain in her heart, the separation was so cruel; it had been over two hours now. More than once in the evening she ran down to the sitting-room, where her aunt was pretending to be absorbed in a book, to kiss her, to pet her, to smooth her grayish hair and pat her cheek, and get her to talk about her girlhood days. She was so happy that tears were in her eyes half the time. At nine o'clock there was a pull at the bell that threatened to drag the wire out, and an insignificant little urchin appeared with a telegram, which frightened Miss Forsythe, and seemed to Margaret to drop out of heaven. Such an absurd thing to do at night, said the aunt, and then she kissed Margaret, and laughed a little, and declared that things had come to a queer pass when people made love by telegraph. There wasn't any love in the telegram, Margaret said; but she knew better—the sending word of his arrival was a marvellous exhibition of thoughtfulness and constancy.

And then she led her aunt on to talk of Mr. Henderson, to give her impression, how he looked, what she really thought of him, and so on, and so on. There was not much to say, but it could be said over and over again in various ways. It was the one night of the world, and her overwrought feeling sought relief. It would not be so again. She would be more reticent and more coquettish about her lover, but now it was all so new and strange.

That night when the girl went to sleep the telegram was under her pillow, and it seemed to throb with a thousand messages, as if it felt the pulsation of the current that sent it.

The prospective marriage of the budding millionaire Rodney Henderson was a society paper item in less than a week —the modern method of publishing the banns. This was accompanied by a patronizing reference to the pretty schoolma'am, who was complimented upon her good fortune in phrases so neatly turned as to give Henderson the greatest offence, and leave him no remedy, since nothing could have better suited the journal than further notoriety. He could not remember that he had spoken of it to any one except the Eschelles, to whom his relations made the communication a necessity, and he suspected Carmen, without, however, guessing that she was a habitual purveyor of the town gossiper.

"It is a shameful impertinence," she burst out, introducing the subject herself, when he called to see her. "I would horsewhip the editor." Her indignation was so genuine, and she took his side with such warm good comradeship, that his suspicions vanished in a moment.

"What good?" he answered, cooling down at the sight of her rage. "It is true, we are to be married, and she has taught school. I can't drag her name into a row about it. Perhaps she never will see it."

"Oh dear! dear me! what have I done?" the girl cried, with an accent of contrition. "I never thought of that. I was so angry that I cut it out and put it in the letter that was to contain nothing but congratulations, and told her how perfectly outrageous I thought it. How stupid!" and there was a world of trouble in her big dark eyes, while she looked up penitently, as if to ask his forgiveness for a great crime.

"Well, it cannot be helped," Henderson said, with a little touch of sympathy for Carmen's grief. "Those who know her will think it simply malicious, and the others will not think of it a second time."

"But I cannot forgive myself for my stupidity. I'm not sure but I'd rather you'd think me wicked than stupid," she continued, with the smile in her eyes that most men found attractive. "I confess —is that very bad?—that I feel it more for you than for her. But" (she thought she saw a shade in his face) "I warn you, if you are not very nice, I shall transfer my affections to her."

The girl was in her best mood, with the manner of a confiding, intimate friend. She talked about Margaret, but not too much, and a good deal more about Henderson and his future, not laying too great stress upon the marriage, as if it were, in fact, only an incident in his career, contriving always to make herself appear as the friend, who hadn't many illusions or much romance, to be sure, but who could always be relied on in any mood or any perplexity, and wouldn't be frightened or very severe at any confidences. She posed as a woman who could

make allowances, and whose friendship would be no check or hinderance. This was conveyed in manner as much as in words, and put Henderson quite at his ease. He was not above the weakness of liking the comradeship of a woman of whom he was not afraid, a woman to whom he could say anything, a woman who could make allowances. Perhaps he was hardly conscious of this. He knew Carmen better than she thought he knew her, and he couldn't approve of her as a wife; and yet the fact was that she never gave him any moral worries.

"Yes," she said, when the talk drifted that way, "the chrysalis earl has gone. I think that mamma is quite inconsolable. She says she doesn't understand girls, or men, or anything, these days."

"Do you?" asked Henderson, lightly.

"I? No. I'm an agnostic—except in religion. Have you got it into your head, my friend, that I ever fancied Mr. Lyon?"

"Not for himself—" began Henderson, mischievously.

"That will do." She stopped him. "Or that he ever had any intention—"

"I don't see how he could resist such—"

"Stuff! See here, Mr. Rodney!" The girl sprang up, seized a plaque from the table, held it aloft in one hand, took half a dozen fascinating, languid steps, advancing and retreating, with the grace of a Nautch-girl, holding her dress with the other hand so as to allow a free movement. "Do you think I'd ever do that for John the Lyon's head on a charger?"

Then her mood changed to the domestic, as she threw herself into an easy-chair and said: "After all, I'm rather sorry he has gone. He was a man you could trust; that is, if you wanted to trust anybody. I wish I had been made good."

When Henderson bade her good-night it was with the renewed impression that she was a very diverting comrade.

"I'm sort of sorry for you," she said, and her eyes were not so serious as to offend, as she gave him her hand, "for when you are married, you know, as the saying is, you'll want some place to spend your evenings." The audacity of the remark was quite obscured in the innocent frankness and sweetness of her manner.

What Henderson had to show Mr. Hollowell in his office had been of a nature greatly to interest that able financier. It was a project that would have excited the sympathy of Carmen, but Henderson did not speak of it to her—though he had found that she was a safe deposit of daring schemes in general—on account of a feeling of loyalty to Margaret, to whom he had never mentioned it in any of his daily letters. The scheme made a great deal of noise, later on, when it came to the light of consummation in legislatures and in courts, both civil and criminal; but its magnitude and success added greatly to Henderson's reputation as a bold and fortunate operator, and gave him that consideration which always attaches to those who command millions of money, and have the nerve to go undaunted through the most trying crises. I am anticipating by saying that it absolutely ruined thousands of innocent people, caused wide-spread strikes and practical business paralysis over a large region; but those things were regarded as only incidental to a certain sort of development, and did not impair the business standing, and rather helped the social position, of the two or three men who counted their gains by millions in the operation. It furnished occupation and gave good fees to a multitude of lawyers, and was dignified by the anxious consultation of many learned judges. A moralist, if he were poor and pessimistic, might have put the case in a line, and taken that line from the Mosaic decalogue (which was not intended for this new dispensation); but it was involved in such a cloud of legal technicalities, and took on such an aspect of enterprise and development of resources and what not, that the general public mind was completely befogged about it. I am charitable enough to suppose that if the scheme had failed, the public conscience is so tender that there would have been a question of Henderson's honesty. But it did not fail.

Of this scheme, however, we knew nothing at the time in Brandon. Henderson was never in better spirits, never more agreeable, and it did not need inquiry to convince one that he was never so prosperous. He was often with us, in flying visits, and I can well remember that his coming and the expectation of it gave a kind of elation to the summer: that and Margaret's supreme and sunny happiness. Even my wife admitted that it was on both sides a love match, and could urge nothing against it except the woman's instinct that made her shrink

from the point of ever thinking of him as a husband for herself, which seemed to me a perfectly reasonable feeling under all the circumstances.

The summer—or what we call summer in the North, which is usually a preparation for warm weather, ending in a preparation for cold weather—seemed to me very short—but I have noticed that each summer is a little shorter than the preceding one. If Henderson had wanted to gain the confidence of my wife he could not have done so more effectually than he did in making us the confidants of a little plan he had in the city, which was a profound secret to the party most concerned. This was the purchase and furnishing of a house, and we made many clandestine visits with him to town in the early autumn in furtherance of his plan. He was intent on a little surprise, and when I once hinted to him that women liked to have a hand in making the home they were to occupy, he said he thought that my wife knew Margaret's taste, and besides, he added, with a smile, "it will be only temporary; I should like her, if she chooses, to build and furnish a house to suit herself." In any one else this would have seemed like assumption, but with Henderson it was only the simple belief in his career.

We were still more surprised when we came to see the temporary home that Henderson had selected, the place where the bride was to alight, and look about her for such a home as would suit her growing idea of expanding fortune and position. It was one of the old-fashioned mansions on Washington Square, built at a time when people attached more importance to room and comfort than to outside display, a house that seemed to have traditions of hospitality and of serene family life. It was being thoroughly renovated and furnished, with as little help from the decorative artist and the splendid upholsterer as consisted with some regard to public opinion; in fact the expenditure showed in solid dignity and luxurious ease, and not in the construction of a museum in which one could only move about with the constant fear of destroying something. My wife was given almost *carte blanche* in the indulgence of her taste, and she confessed her delight in being able for once to deal with a house without the feeling that she was ruining me. Only in the suite designed for Margaret did Henderson seriously interfere, and insist upon a luxury that almost took my wife's breath away. She opposed it on moral grounds. She said that no true woman could stand such pampering of her senses without destruction of her moral fibre. But Henderson had his way, as he always had it. What pleased her most in the house was the conservatory, opening out from the drawing-room—a spacious place with a fountain and cool vines and flowering plants, not a tropical hot-house in a stifling atmosphere, in which nothing could live except orchids and flowers born near the equator, but a garden with a temperature adapted to human lungs, where one could sit and enjoy the sunshine, and the odor of flowers, and the clear and not too incessant notes of Mexican birds. But when it was all done, undoubtedly the most agreeable room in the house was that to which least thought had been given, the room to which any odds and ends could be sent, the room to which everybody gravitated when rest and simple enjoyment without restraint were the object—Henderson's own library, with its big open fire, and the books and belongings of his bachelor days. Man is usually not credited with much taste or ability to take care of himself in the matter of comfortable living, but it is frequently noticed that when woman has made a dainty paradise of every other portion of the house, the room she most enjoys, that from which it is difficult to keep out the family, is the one that the man is permitted to call his own, in which he retains some of the comforts and can indulge some of the habits of his bachelor days. There is an important truth in this fact with regard to the sexes, but I do not know what it is.

They were married in October, and went at once to their own house. I suppose all other days were but a preparation for this golden autumn day on which we went to church and returned to the wedding breakfast. I am sure everybody was happy. Miss Forsythe was so happy that tears were in her eyes half the time, and she bustled about with an affectation of cheerfulness that was almost contagious. Poor, dear, gentle lady! I can imagine the sensations of a peach-tree, in an orchard of trees which bud and bloom and by-and-by are weighty with yellow fruit, year after year, a peach-tree that

blooms also but never comes to fruition —only wastes its delicate sweetness on the air, and finally blooms less and less, but feels nevertheless in each returning spring the stir of the sap and the longing for that fuller life, while all the orchard bursts into flower, and the bees swarm about the pink promises, and the fruit sets and slowly matures to lusciousness in the sun of July. I fancy the wedding, which robbed us all, was hardest for her, for it was in one sense a finality of her life. Whereas if Margaret had regrets—and deep sorrow she had in wrenching herself from the little neighborhood, though she never could have guessed the vacancy she caused by the withdrawal of her loved presence—her own life was only just beginning, and she was sustained by the longing which every human soul has for a new career, by the curiosity and imagination which the traveller feels when he departs for a land which he desires, and yet dreads to see lest his illusions should vanish. Margaret was about to take that journey in the world which Miss Forsythe had dreamed of in her youth, but had never set out on. There are some who say that those are happiest who keep at home and content themselves with reading about the lands of the imagination. But happily the world does not believe this, and indeed would be very unhappy if it could not try and prove all the possibilities of human nature, to suffer as well as to enjoy.

I do not know how we fell into the feeling that this marriage was somehow exceptional and important, since marriages take place every day, and are so common and ordinarily so commonplace, when the first flutter is over. Even Morgan said, in his wife's presence, that he thought there had been weddings enough; at least he would interdict those that upset things like this one. For one thing, it brought about the house-keeping union of Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Forsythe in the latter's cottage—a sort of closing up of the ranks that happens on the field during a fatal engagement. As we go on it becomes more and more difficult to fill up the gaps.

We were very unwilling to feel that Margaret had gone out of our life. "But you cannot," Morgan used to say, "be friends with the rich, and that is what makes the position of the very rich so pitiful, for the rich get so tired of each other."

"But Margaret," my wife urged, "will never be of that sort: money will not change either her habits or her affections."

"Perhaps. You can never trust to inherited poverty. I have no doubt that she will resist the world, if anybody can, but my advice is that if you want to keep along with Margaret, you'd better urge your husband to make money. Experience seems to teach that while they cannot come to us, we may sometimes go to them."

My wife and Mrs. Fletcher were both indignant at this banter, and accused Morgan of want of faith, and even lack of affection for Margaret; in short, of worldly-mindedness himself.

"Perhaps I am rather shop-worn," he confessed. "It's not distrust of Margaret's intentions, but knowledge of the strength of the current on which she has embarked. Henderson will not stop in his career short of some overwhelming disaster or of death."

"I thought you liked him? At any rate, Margaret will make a good use of his money."

"It isn't a question, my dear Mrs. Fairchild, of the use of money, but of the use money makes of you. Yes, I do like Henderson, but I can't give up my philosophy of life for the sake of one good fellow."

"Philosophy of fudge!" exclaimed my wife. And there really was no answer to this.

After six weeks had passed, my wife paid a visit to Margaret. Nothing could exceed the affectionate cordiality of her welcome. Margaret was overjoyed to see her, to show her house, to have her know her husband better, to take her into her new life. She was hardly yet over the naïve surprises of her lovely surroundings. Or if it is too much to say that her surprise had lasted six weeks—for it is marvellous how soon women adapt themselves to new conditions if they are agreeable—she was in a glow of wonder at her husband's goodness, at his love, which had procured all this happiness for her.

"You have no idea," she said, "how thoughtful he is about everything—and he makes so little of it all. I am to thank you, he tells me always, for whatever pleases my taste in the house, and indeed I think I should have known you had been here if he had not told me. There are so many little touches that re-

mind me of home. I am glad of that, for it is the more likely to make you feel that it is your home also."

She clung to this idea in the whirl of the new life. In the first days she dwelt much on this theme; indeed it was hardly second in her talk to her worship—I can call it nothing less—of her husband. She liked to talk of Brandon and the dear life there and the dearer friends—this much talk about it showed that it was another life, already of the past, and beginning to be distant in the mind. My wife had a feeling that Margaret, thus early, was conscious of a drift, of a widening space, and was making an effort to pull the two parts of her life together, that there should be no break, as one carried away to sea by a resistless tide grasps the straining rope that still maintains his slender connection with the shore.

But it was all so different: the luxurious house, the carriage at call, the box at the opera, the social duties inevitable with her own acquaintances and the friends of her husband. She spoke of this in moments of confidence, and when she was tired, with a consciousness that it was a different life, but in no tone of regret, and I fancy that the French blood in her veins, which had so long run decorously in Puritan channels, leaped at its return into new gaiety. Years ago Margaret had thought that she might some time be a missionary, at least that she should like to devote her life to useful labors among the poor and the unfortunate. If conscience ever reminded her of this, conscience was quieted by the suggestion that now she was in a position to be more liberal than she ever expected to be; that is, to give everything except the essential thing—herself. Henderson liked a gay house, brightness, dinners, entertainment, and that his wife should be seen and admired. Proof of his love she found in all this, and she entered into it with spirit, and an enjoyment increased by the thought that she was lightening the burden of his business, which she could see pressed more and more.

Not that Henderson made any account of his growing occupations, or that any preoccupation was visible except to the eye of love, which is quick to see all moods. These were indeed happy days, full of the brightness of an expanding prosperity and unlimited possibilities of the enjoyment of life. It was in obedience to her natural instinct, and not yet a feeling of compensation and propitiation, that enlisted Margaret in the city charities, connection with which was a fashionable entertainment with some, and a means of social promotion with others.

My wife came home a little weary with so much of the world, but, on the whole, impressed with Margaret's good fortune. Henderson in his own house was the soul of consideration and hospitality, and Margaret was blooming in the beauty that shines in satisfied desire.

XIII.

It is so painful to shrink, and so delightful to grow! Every one knows the renovation of feeling—often mistaken for a moral renewal—when the worn dress of the day is exchanged for the fresh evening toilet. The expansiveness of prosperity has a like effect, though the moralist is always piping about the beneficent uses of adversity. The moralist is, of course, right, time enough given; but what does the tree, putting out its tender green leaves to the wooing of the south wind, care for the moralist? How charming the world is when you go with it, and not against it!

It was better than Margaret had thought. When she came to Washington in the winter season the beautiful city seemed to welcome her and respond to the gaiety of her spirit. It was so open, cheerful, hospitable, in the appearance of its smooth broad avenues and pretty little parks, with the bronze statues which all looked noble —in the moonlight; it was such a combination and piquant contrast of shabby ease and stately elegance—negro cabins and stone mansions, picket-fences and sheds, and flower-banked terraces before rows of residences which bespoke wealth and refinement. The very aspect of the street population was novel; compared to New York, the city was as silent as a country village, and the passers, who have the fashion of walking in the middle of the street upon the asphalt as freely as upon the sidewalks, had a sort of busy leisureliness, the natural air of thousands of officials hived in offices for a few hours and then left in irresponsible idleness. But what most distinguished the town, after all, in Margaret's first glimpse of it, was the swarming negro population pervading every part of it—the slouching plantation negro, the smart mulatto girl with gay

raiment and mincing step, the old-time auntie, the brisk waiter-boy with uncertain eye, the washer-woman, the hawkers and fruiterers, the loafing strollers of both sexes—carrying everywhere color, abandon, a certain picturesqueness and irresponsibility and good-nature, and a sense of moral relaxation in a too strict and duty-ridden world.

In the morning, when Margaret looked from the windows of the hotel, the sky was gray and yielding, and all the outlines of the looming buildings were softened in the hazy air. The dome of the Capitol seemed to float like a bubble, and to be as unsubstantial as the genii edifices in the Arabian tale. The Monument, the slim white shaft as tall as the Great Pyramid, was still more a dream creation, not really made of hard marble, but of something as soft as vapor, almost melting into the sky, and yet distinct, unwavering, its point piercing the upper air, threatening every instant to dissolve, as if it were truly the baseless fabric of a vision—light, unreal, ghost-like, spotless, pure as an unsullied thought; it might vanish in a breath; and yet, no; it is solid: in the mist of doubt, in the assault of storms, smitten by the sun, beaten by the tempests, it stands there, springing, graceful, immovable—emblem, let us say, of the purity and permanence of the republic.

"You never half told me, Rodney, how beautiful it all is!" Margaret exclaimed, in a glow of delight.

"Yes," said Henderson, "the Monument is behaving very well this morning. I never saw it before look so little like a factory chimney."

"That is, you never looked at it with my eyes before, cynic. But it is all so lovely, everywhere."

"Of course it is, dear." They were standing together at the window, and his arm was where it should have been. "What did you expect? There are concentrated here the taste and virtue of sixty millions of people."

"But you always said the Washington hotels were so bad. These apartments are charming."

"Yes"—and he drew her closer to him—"there is no denying that. But presently I shall have to explain to you an odd phenomenon. Virginia, you know, used to be famous for its good living, and Maryland was simply unapproachable for good cooking. It was expected when the District was made out of these two that the result would be something quite extraordinary in the places of public entertainment. But, by a process which nobody can explain, in the union the art of cooking in hotels got mislaid."

"Well," she said, with winning illogicality, "you've got me."

"If you could only eat the breakfasts for me, as you can see the Monument for me!"

"Dear, I could eat the Monument for you, if it would do you any good." And neither of them was ashamed of this nonsense, for both knew that married people indulge in it when they are happy.

Although Henderson came to Washington on business, this was Margaret's wedding journey. There is no other city in the world where a wedding journey can better be combined with such business as is transacted here, for in both is a certain element of mystery. Washington is gracious to a bride, if she is pretty and agreeable—devotion to governing, or to legislation, or to diplomacy, does not render a man insensible to feminine attractions; and if in addition to beauty a woman has the reputation of wealth, she is as nearly irresistible here as anywhere. To Margaret, who was able to return the hospitality she received, and whose equipage was almost as much admired as her toilets, all doors were open—a very natural thing, surely, in a good-natured, give-and-take world. The Colonel—Margaret had laughed till she cried when first she heard her husband saluted by this title in Washington by his New Hampshire acquaintances, but he explained to her that he had justly won it years ago by undergoing the hardship of receptions as a member of the Governor's staff—the Colonel had brought on his horses and carriages, not at all by way of ostentation, but simply out of regard to what was due her as his wife, and because a carriage at call is a constant necessity in this city, whose dignity is equal to the square of its distances, and because there is something incongruous in sending a bride about in a Herdic. Margaret's unworldly simplicity had received a little shock when she first saw her servants in livery, but she was not slow to see the propriety and even necessity of it in a republican society, since elegance cannot be a patchwork, but must be harmonious, and there is no harmony between a stylish turn-out—noble horses

nobly caparisoned—and a coachman and footman on the box dressed according to their own vulgar taste. Given a certain position, one's sense of fitness and taste must be maintained. And there is so much kindliness and consideration in human nature—Margaret's gorgeous coachman and footman never by a look revealed their knowledge that she was new to the situation, and I dare say that their respectful demeanor contributed to raise her in her own esteem as one of the select and favored in this prosperous world. The most self-poised and genuine are not insensible to the tribute of this personal consideration. My lady giving orders to her respectful servitors, and driving down the avenue in her luxurious turn-out, is not at all the same person in feeling that she would be if dragged about in a dissolute-looking hack whose driver has the air of the stable. We take kindly to this transformation, and perhaps it is only the vulgar in soul who become snobbish in it. Little by little, under this genial consideration, Margaret advanced in the pleasant path of worldliness; and we heard, by the newspapers and otherwise—indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were there for a couple of weeks in the winter—that she was never more sweet and gracious and lovely than in this first season at the capital. I don't know that the town was raving, as they said, about her beauty and wit—there is nothing like the wit of a handsome woman—and amiability and unostentatious little charities, but she was a great favorite. We used to talk about it by the fire in Brandon, where everything reminded us of the girl we loved, and rejoice in her good fortune and happiness, and get rather heavy-hearted in thinking that she had gone away from us into such splendor.

"I wish you were here," she wrote to my wife. "I am sure you would enjoy it. There are so many distinguished people and brilliant people—though the distinguished are not always brilliant nor the brilliant distinguished—and everybody is so kind and hospitable, and Rodney is such a favorite. We go everywhere, literally, and all the time. You must not scold, but I haven't opened a book, except my prayer-book, in six weeks—it is such a whirl. And it is so amusing. I didn't know there were so many kinds of people and so many sorts of provincialism in the world. The other night, at the British Minister's, a French attaché, who complimented my awful French—I told him that I inherited all but the vocabulary and the accent—said that if specimens of the different kinds of women evolved in all out-of-the-way places who come to Washington could be exhibited, nobody would doubt any more that America is an interesting country. Wasn't it an impudent speech? I tried to tell him, in French, how grateful American women are for any little attention from foreigners who have centuries of politeness behind them. Ah me! I sometimes long for one of the old-fashioned talks before your smouldering logs! What we talk about here, Heaven only knows. I sometimes tell Rodney at night—it is usually morning—that I feel like an extinct piece of fireworks. But next day it is all delightful again; and, dear friend, I don't know but that I like being fireworks."

Among the men who came oftenest to see Henderson was Jerry Hollowell. It seemed to Margaret an odd sort of companionship; it could not be any similarity of tastes that drew them together, and she could not understand the nature of the business transacted in their mysterious conferences. Social life had few attractions for Hollowell, for his family were in the West; he appeared to have no relations with any branch of government; he wanted no office, though his influence was much sought by those who did want it.

"You spend a good deal of time here, Mr. Hollowell," Margaret said one day when he called in Henderson's absence.

"Yes, ma'am, considerable. Things need a good deal of fixing up. Washington is a curious place. It's a sort of exchange for the whole country: you can see everybody here, and it is a good place to arrange matters."

"With Congress, do you mean?" Margaret had heard much of the corruption of Congress.

"No, not Congress particularly. Congressmen are just about like other people. It's all nonsense this talk about buying Congressmen. You cannot buy them any more than you can buy other people, but you can sort of work together with some of them. We don't want anything of Congress, except to be let alone. If we are doing something to develop the trade in the Southwest, build it up, some member who thinks he is smart will just as

likely as not try to put in a block somewhere, or investigate, or something, in order to show his independence, and then he has to be seen, and shown that he is going against the interests of his constituents. It is just as it is everywhere: men have to be shown what their real interest is. No, most Congressmen are poor, and they stay poor. It is a good deal easier to deal with those among them who are rich and have some idea about the prosperity of the country. It is just so in the departments. You've got to watch things if you expect them to go smooth. You've got to get acquainted with the men. Most men are reasonable when you get well acquainted with them. I tell your husband that people are about as reasonable in Washington as you'll find them anywhere."

"Washington is certainly very pleasant."

"Yes, that's so; it is pleasant. Where most everybody wants something they are bound to be accommodating. That's my idea. I reckon you don't find Jerry Hollowell trying to pull a cat by its tail," he added, dropping into his native manner.

"Well, I must go and hunt up the old man. Glad to have made your acquaintance, Mrs. Henderson." And then, with a sly look, "If I knew you better, ma'am, I should take the liberty of congratulating you that Henderson has come round so handsomely."

"Come round?" asked Margaret, in amused wonder.

"Well, I took the liberty of giving him a hint that he wasn't cut out for a single man. I showed him that," and he lugged out his photograph case from a mass of papers in his breast pocket and handed it to her.

"Ah, I see," said Margaret, studying the photographs with a peculiar smile.

"Oh, Henderson knows a good thing when he sees it," said Hollowell, complacently.

It was not easy to be offended with Hollowell's kind-hearted boorishness, and after he had gone, Margaret sat a long time reflecting upon this new specimen of man in her experience. She was getting many new ideas in these days, the moral lines were not as clearly drawn as she had thought; it was impossible to ticket men off into good and bad. In Hollowell she had a glimpse of a world low-toned and vulgar; she had heard that he was absolutely unscrupulous, and she had supposed that he would appear to be a very wicked man. But he seemed to be good-hearted and tolerant and friendly. How fond he was of his family, and how charitable about Congress! And she wondered if the world was generally on Hollowell's level. She met many men, more cultivated than he, gentlemen in manner and in the first social position, who took after all about his tone in regard to the world, very agreeable people usually, easy to get on with, not exacting, or professing much faith in anybody, and mildly cynical—only bitterly cynical when they failed to get what they wanted and felt the good things of life slipping away from them. It was to take her some time to learn that some of the most agreeable people are those who have succeeded by the most questionable means; and when she came to this knowledge, what would be her power of judgment as to these means?

"Mr. Hollowell has been here!" she said, when Henderson returned.

"Old Jerry? He is a character."

"Do you trust him?"

"It never occurred to me. Yes, I suppose so, as far as his interests go. He isn't a bad sort of fellow—very long-headed."

"Dear," said Margaret, with hesitation, "I wish you didn't have anything to do with such men."

"Why, dearest?"

"Oh, I don't know. You needn't laugh. It rather lets one down; and it isn't like you."

Henderson laughed aloud now. "But you needn't associate with Hollowell. We men cannot pick our companions in business and politics. It needs all sorts to keep the world going."

"Then I'd rather let it stop," Margaret exclaimed, with something of her old manner.

"And sell out at auction?" he said, with a look of amusement.

"But aren't Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fairchild business men?"

"Yes—of the old-fashioned sort. The fact is, Margaret, you've got a sort of preserve up in Brandon, and you fancy that the world is divided into sheep and goats. It's a great mistake. There is no such division. Every man almost is both a sheep and a goat."

"I don't believe it, Rodney. You are neither." She came close to him, and taking the collar of his coat in each hand, gave him a little shake, and looking up into his face with quizzical affection, asked, "What *is* your business here?"

Henderson stooped down and kissed her forehead, and tenderly lifted the locks of her brown hair. "You wouldn't understand, sweet, if I told you."

"You might try."

"Well, there's a man here from Fort Worth who wants us to buy a piece of railroad, and extend it, and join it with Hollowell's system, and open up a lot of new country."

"And isn't it a good piece of road?"

"Yes; that's the trouble. The owners want to keep it to themselves, and prevent the general development. But we shall get it."

"It isn't anything like wrecking, is it, dear?"

"Do you think we would want to wreck our own property?"

"But what has Congress to do with it?"

"Oh, there's a land grant. But some of the members who were not in the Congress that voted it say that it is forfeited."

In this fashion the explanation went on. Margaret loved to hear her husband talk, and to watch the changing expression of his face, and he explained about this business until she thought he was the sweetest fellow in the world.

The Morgans had arrived at the same hotel, and Margaret went about with them in the daytime, while Henderson was occupied. It was like a breath of home to be with them, and their presence, reviving that old life, gave a new zest to the society spectacle, to the innocent round of entertainments, which more and more absorbed her. Besides, it was very interesting to have Mr. Morgan's point of view of Washington, and to see the shifting panorama through his experience. He had been very much in the city in former years, but he came less and less now, not because it was less beautiful or attractive in a way, but because it had lost for him a certain charm it once had.

"I am not sure," he said, as they were driving one day, "that it is not now the handsomest capital in the world; at any rate, it is on its way to be that. No other has public buildings more imposing, or streets and avenues so attractive in their interrupted regularity, so many stately vistas ending in objects refreshing to the eye—a bit of park, banks of flowers, a statue or a monument that is decorative, at least in the distance. As the years go on we shall have finer historical groups, triumphal arches and columns that will give it more and more an air of distinction, the sort of splendor with which the Roman Empire celebrated itself, and, added to this, the libraries and museums and galleries that are the chief attractions of European cities. Oh, we have only just begun—the city is so accessible in all directions, and lends itself to all sorts of magnificence and beauty."

"I declare," said Mrs. Morgan to Margaret, "I didn't know that he could be so eloquent. Page, you ought to be in Congress."

"In order to snuff myself out? Congress is not so important a feature as it used to be. Washington is getting to have a character of its own; it seems as if it wouldn't be much without its official life, yet the process is going on here that is so marked all over the country—the divorce of social and political life. I used to think, fifteen years ago, that Washington was a standing contradiction to the old aphorism that a democracy cannot make society—there was no more agreeable society in the world than that in Washington even ten years ago: society selected itself somehow without any marked class distinction, and it was delightfully simple and accessible."

"And what has changed it?" Margaret asked.

"Money, which changes everything and everybody. The whole scale has altered. There is so much more display and expense. I remember when a private carriage in Washington was a rare object. The possession of money didn't help one much socially. What made a person desired in any company was the talent of being agreeable, talent of some sort, not the ability to give a costly dinner or a big ball."

"But there are more literary and scientific people here, everybody says," said Margaret, who was becoming a partisan of the city.

"Yes, and they keep more to themselves—withdraw into their studies, or hive in their clubs. They tell me that the delightful informality and freedom of the old life is gone. Ask the old Washing-

ton residents whether the coming in of rich people with leisure hasn't demoralized society, or stiffened it, and made it impossible after the old sort. It is as easy here now as anywhere else to get together a very heavy dinner party—all very grand, but it isn't amusing. It is more and more like New York."

"But we have been to delightful dinners," Margaret insisted.

"No doubt. There are still houses of the old sort, where wit and good-humor and free hospitality are more conspicuous than expense; but when money selects, there is usually an incongruous lot about the board. An oracular scientist at the club the other night put it rather neatly when he said that a society that exists mainly to pay its debts gets stupid."

"That's as clever," Margaret retorted, "as the remark of an under secretary at a cabinet reception the other night, that it is one thing to entertain and another to be entertaining. I won't have you slander Washington. I should like to spend all my winters here."

"Dear me!" said Morgan, "I've been praising Washington. I should like to live here also, if I had the millions of Jerry Hollowell. Jerry is going to build a palace out on the Massachusetts Avenue extension bigger than the White House."

"I don't want to hear anything about Hollowell."

"But he is the coming man. He represents the democratic plutocracy that we are coming to."

All Morgan's banter couldn't shake Margaret's enjoyment of the cheerful city. "You like it as well as anybody," she told him. And in truth he and Mrs. Morgan dipped into every gaiety that was going. "Of course I do," he said, "for a couple of weeks. I shouldn't like to be obliged to follow it as a steady business. Washington is a good place to take a plunge occasionally. And then you can go home and read King Solomon with appreciation."

Margaret had thought when she came to Washington that she should spend a good deal of time at the Capitol, listening to the eloquence of the Senators and Representatives, and that she should study the collections and the Patent-office and explore all the public buildings, in which she had such intense historical interest as a teacher in Brandon. But there was little time for these pleasures, which weighed upon her like duties. She did go to the Capitol once, and tired herself out tramping up and down, and was very proud of it all, and wondered how any legislation was ever accomplished, and was confused by the hustling about, the swinging of doors, the swarms in the lobbies, and the racing of messengers, and concluded unjustly that it was a big hive of whispered conference, and bargaining, and private interviewing. Morgan asked her if she expected that the business of sixty millions of people was going to be done with the order and decorum of a lyceum debating society. In one of the committee-rooms she saw Hollowell, looking at ease, and apparently an indispensable part of the government machine. Her own husband, who had accompanied the party, she lost presently, whisked away somewhere. He was sought in vain afterward, and at last Margaret came away dazed and stunned by the noise of the wheels of the great republic in motion.

She did not try it again, and very little strolling about the departments satisfied her. The west end claimed her—the rolling equipages, the drawing-rooms, the dress, the vistas of evening lamps, the gay chatter in a hundred shining houses, the exquisite dinners, the crush of the assemblies, the full flow of the tide of fashion and of enjoyment—what is there so good in life? To be young, to be rich, to be pretty, to be loved, to be admired, to compliment and be complimented—every Sunday at morning service, kneeling in a fluttering row of the sweetly devout, whose fresh toilets made it good to be there, and who might humbly hope to be forgiven for the things they have left undone, Margaret thanked Heaven for its gifts.

And it went well with Henderson meantime. Surely he was born under a lucky star—if it is good luck for a man to have absolute prosperity and the gratification of all his desires. One reason why Hollowell sought his co-operation was a belief in this luck, and besides Henderson was, he knew, more presentable, and had social access in quarters where influence was desirable, although Hollowell was discovering that with most men delicacy in presenting anything that is for their interest is thrown away. He found no difficulty in getting recruits for his little dinners at Champolion's—dinners that were not always given in his name, and

where he appeared as a guest, though he footed the bills. Bungling grossness has disappeared from all really able and large transactions, and genius is mainly exercised in the supply of motives for a line of conduct. The public good is one of the motives that looks best in Washington.

Henderson and Hollowell got what they wanted in regard to the Southwest consolidation, and got it in the most gentlemanly way. Nobody was bought, no one was offered a bribe. There were, of course, fees paid for opinions and for professional services, and some able men induced to take a prospective interest in what was demonstrably for the public good. But no vote was given for a consideration—at least this was the report of an investigating committee later on. Nothing, of course, goes through Congress of its own weight, except occasionally a resolution of sympathy with the Coreans, and the calendar needs to be watched, and the good offices of friends secured. Skilful wording of a clause, the right moment, and opportune recognition do the business. The main thing is to create a favorable atmosphere and avoid discussion. When the bill was passed, Hollowell did give a dinner on his own invitation, a dinner that was talked of for its refinement as well as its cost. The chief topic of conversation was the development of the Southwest and the extension of our trade relations with Mexico. The little scheme, hatched in Henderson's New York office, in order to transfer certain already created values to the pockets of himself and his friends, appeared to have a national importance. When Henderson rose to propose the health of Jerry Hollowell, neither he nor the man he eulogized as a creator of industries whose republican patriotism was not bound by State lines nor circumscribed by sections, was without a sense of the humor of the situation.

And yet in a certain way Mr. Hollowell was conscious that he merited the eulogy. He had come to believe that the enterprises in which he was engaged, that absolutely gave him, it was believed, an income of a million a year, were for the public good. Such vast operations lent him the importance of a public man. If he was a victim of the confusion of mind which mistook his own prosperity for the general benefit, he only shared a wide public opinion which regards the accumulation of enormous fortunes in a few hands as an evidence of national wealth.

Margaret left Washington with regret. She had a desire to linger in the opening of the charming spring there, for the little parks were brilliant with flower beds—tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, violets—the magnolias and redbuds in their prodigal splendor attracted the eye a quarter of a mile away, and the slender twigs of the trees began to be suffused with tender green. It was the sentimental time of the year. But Congress had gone, and whatever might be the promise of the season, Henderson had already gathered the fruits that had been forced in the hothouse of the session. He was in high spirits.

"It has all been so delightful, dear!" said Margaret as they rode away in the train, and caught their last sight of the dome. They were in Hollowell's private car, which the good-natured old fellow had put at their disposal. And Margaret had a sense of how delightful and prosperous this world is as seen from a private car.

"Yes," Henderson answered, thinking of various things; "it has been a successful winter. The capital is really attractive. It occurred to me the other day that America has invented a new kind of city, the apotheosis of the village—Washington."

They talked of the city, of the acquaintances of the winter, of Hollowell's thoughtfulness in lending them his car, that their bridal trip, as he had said, might have a good finish. Margaret's heart opened to the world. She thought of the friends at Brandon, she thought of the poor old ladies she was accustomed to look after in the city, of the ragged-school that she visited, of the hospital in which she was a manager, of the mission chapel. The next Sunday would be Easter, and she thought of a hundred ways in which she could make it brighter for so many of the unfortunates. Her heart was opened to the world, and looking across to Henderson, who was deep in the morning paper, she said, with a wife's unblushing effrontery, "Dearest, how handsome you are!"

The home life took itself up again easily and smoothly in Washington Square. Did there ever come a moment of reflection as to the nature of this prosperity

which was altogether so absorbing and agreeable? If it came, did it give any doubts and raise any of the old questions that used to be discussed at Brandon? Wasn't it the use that people made of money, after all, that was the real test? She did not like Hollowell, but on acquaintance he was not the monster that he had appeared to her in the newspapers. She was perplexed now and then by her husband's business, but did it differ from that of other men she had known, except that it was on a larger scale? And how much good could be done with money!

On Easter morning, when Margaret returned from early service, to which she had gone alone, she found upon her dressing-table a note addressed to "My Wife," and in it a check for a large sum to her order, and a card, on which was written, "For Margaret's Easter Charities." Flushed with pleasure, she ran to meet her husband on the landing as he was descending to breakfast, threw her arms about his neck, and, with tears in her eyes, cried, "Dearest, how good you are!"

It is such a good and prosperous generation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

BY M. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, SENATOR.

IT is very difficult, in the midst of a crisis, in the very heat of an obscure struggle, and before the decisive battle has been fought, to realize the respective situation of the adversaries. This is precisely what characterizes the religious situation in France at the end of this nineteenth century. We have left behind us the fictions of state religion, which hides the true condition of men's minds behind a deceitful veil, for the simple reason that it is official. All doctrines, all tendencies, are now set forth in broad daylight with passionate sincerity, or rather ardor. One cannot be blind to the fact that opposition to Christianity under all its forms, attacking even the most elementary spiritualism, is at many points as keen as it can be. On the other hand, the action of Christianity has not slackened; it is still full of life, and it still retains within the bounds of its various churches a whole nation of worshippers, if not of tried believers. It is by endeavoring to obtain an exact idea of what that action really is, whether in Catholicism or in Protestantism, that we shall be able to understand the present crisis in France, and to foresee in some measure the issue that may be expected for the final triumph of faith in the God of the gospel, taken in all its breadth, without which a nation, whatever its form of government, loses the very basis of law and of liberty. Tocqueville has well said, "If a nation does not believe, it must serve."

I.

Let us begin by the religious form which [illegible] the French since the sixteenth century, France rejected as a nation the Reformation, which at one moment was very near getting the upper hand. It is needless to rewrite the long history of French Catholicism: I shall return to the past only so far as may be necessary in order to explain the present. In this history the most important fact for our nineteenth century is the gradual disappearance of that which for long centuries was the characteristic of the Catholic Church of France: I mean Gallicanism. Closely united with royalty, the Church recognized by unreserved submission the protection it received, and which had been carried so far as to abolish for its advantage that edict of Nantes granted by Henri IV. to the Protestants, in order to assure—at what cost is well known—the unity of the Catholic faith in the land. Therefore the Church opposed an invincible resistance to all the encroachments upon the privileges of the crown which the court of Rome attempted. It even set a barrier against the power of the Pope in the ecclesiastical domain, for it maintained, as is clearly evident from the famous declaration of 1682, formulated and magnificently commented upon by Bossuet, the superiority of the Councils over the authority of the Popes, or at any rate the necessity of their agreement. This Gallicanism, consistent with itself, had the consequence of preserving the Church of France from the exaggerations of Roman piety, and of maintaining in it those qualities of good sense and intellectual ponderation which are characteristic of the French mind. Those only who have known priests belonging to the

old Gallican type can appreciate the profound transformation which has taken place of late years in the clergy since ultramontanism has prevailed both in ideas and in practice.

The principal cause of the victory of ultramontanism, which sacrifices absolutely all the liberties of the Church to the papacy, has been the great change brought about by the French Revolution in the relations between the Church and the state. Since then, with the exception of a few years under the Restoration, the civil authority has not assumed that religious and Catholic character which made the King of France the eldest son of the Church. The King of France became a younger son, a guardian, a jealous surveillant, always desirous of making the Church an *instrumentum regni*. This was really the first inspiration of the Concordat régime instituted by Napoleon I., who had read in the gospel but one single text—"Submit yourselves unto the powers that are established." It will be remembered what an iron yoke this pretended restorer of the altars imposed upon the Church, not hesitating to send Pope Pius VII. to prison in order to make him his docile chaplain. Since then, except under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the French government has almost always maintained this attitude of arrogance and domination toward Catholicism.

The third republic, irritated, it is true, by the spirit of opposition which it encountered amongst the clergy at its début, has often displayed passionate hostility, according to Gambetta's saying, "*Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi.*" The exaggerated manner in which it has applied the principle of secularization, both in the educational laws, where it has not given a legitimate place to that religious teaching which might have been imparted at special hours without constraining any consciences, and also in pitilessly driving out of the hospitals the Sisters of Charity, has naturally excited the liveliest dissatisfaction, not only amongst the clergy, but in a considerable portion of the nation as well. This dissatisfaction constitutes at the present moment a real danger for republican institutions, and everybody knows only too well by whom it is fraudulently taken advantage of.

The result of this discord between the Catholic Church and the civil power, which has been continually increasing since the beginning of the century, has naturally led the former to seek more and more its fulcrum in the religious authority at its head—that is to say, at Rome. Hence the growing progress of ultramontanism, the effect of which is to deprive it of its peculiar and eminently French character by substituting, for instance, the Roman liturgy, overloaded with the most extravagant legends, in place of the Gallican liturgy. It is under the same influences that we see the French Catholics inclining more and more toward superstitions which would have made the great French bishops shudder, such as, for example, the pilgrimages to La Salette and to Lourdes, in consequence of pretended apparitions of the Virgin, the spuriousness of which has been demonstrated by the most respectable priests.

Much more important for French Catholicism was the dogmatic result of the Vatican Council of 1870. It will be remembered what lively opposition was at first aroused among its most eminent representatives by the prospect of the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope. This opposition called forth a whole crop of theological literature, which has been prudently put out of the way, for it is now impossible to buy a copy of the very incisive letters of Père Gratry, proving by history the novelty of the dogma. The same is the case with the learned books of the French opponents of the dogma. The most distinguished bishops, such as Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who was destined to be shot by the Commune of Paris in 1871, struggled until the very end in the Council itself. A curious document has been preserved to show how far this opposition went. It is the letter written by Mgr. Darboy to the Minister of Public Worship at that time, M. Émile Ollivier, demanding the intervention of the French government against the premature placing on the order of the day of the new dogma. It has recently been published in the very interesting biography of Mgr. Darboy by the Archbishop of Lyons, Mgr. A. Foulon. I reproduce the essential part of this letter, because it is an important page of the history of contemporary French Catholicism:

"If I am not mistaken," said Mgr. Darboy, "the liberty of the bishops in the Council is not complete, and consequently the authority of its decisions will be

consolidated. Furthermore, the tendencies manifested may bring about results regrettable for the Church as well as for the states of Europe. I am forced to put to myself the question whether general interests, the interests of religious and civil society, do not require that we should be assisted. Would it not be desirable to tell the public that representations have been made to the pontifical government, and that, while leaving the assembly quite free in its actions, care is being taken, within the limits of possibility and of proper respect, so that the interests of which the Church is the defender may be sufficiently safeguarded, and the good understanding established between the two authorities by the Concordat not compromised?" Unfortunately this letter was addressed to a minister as incapable of listening to another as if infallibility had been decreed in his favor. M. Émile Ollivier saw in the Vatican Council the most magnificent consecration of religious liberty. He acted in consequence, and kept for himself the archbishop's letter. When once the Council was over, Mgr. Darboy submitted, as did Père Gratry and so many others, but this submission did not change the state of the questions.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the consequences of the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility of the Pope in July, 1870. Up to that fatal date the dogmatic omnipotence of the Holy Father was a reserved question; it was always possible to turn his encyclics in some way by means of accommodating interpretations. Thus, at the time of the publication of the encyclic *quanta cura*, which contained the Syllabus, Mgr. Dupanloup, who had notoriously done all in his power to prevent its appearance, gave an attenuating commentary of it which changed it entirely. This tacit latitude left to different tendencies in the Church of absolute authority was a safeguard against extreme tendencies, and also against violent ruptures. Pius IX., worthy of all respect for his piety and his disinterestedness, was the most fatal of all the Popes by reason of his thorough uncompromisingness. The prudent Leo XIII. would never have forced the proclamation of papal infallibility. It weighs heavily, and more particularly on the Catholic Church in France, because she cannot accept it without denying her past and the prelates who have done her most honor. All original theological movement is stopped *ipso facto*, and so we see the French Catholic savants devoting themselves more and more to erudition, in which department we must recognize that they occupy a very distinguished place. The *Revue des Questions historiques* is a striking proof of this. Lately the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres elected to membership M. l'Abbé Duchêne, who is very learned in Christian antiquities, and whose works are authoritative in the matter. But outside of the domain of erudition, theology properly so called cannot but languish in the present conditions. The seminaries where the future priests are being prepared are delivered up to a dry system of scholastic divinity.

The social consequences of the Vatican Council are infinitely more serious than its dogmatic consequences. The Syllabus of 1864, which anathematized modern society and its most uncontested principles, beginning with liberty of conscience, has risen in rank, so to speak, since its author has been proclaimed infallible. Henceforward any attempt to harmonize in principle modern society and Catholicism is necessarily tainted with heresy. One of the most generous movements by which modern society had been honored was thus condemned without appeal, namely, the movement of liberal Catholicism, which from 1830 to 1870 worked with such powerful influence over public opinion at the task of the reconciliation of the Catholic Church and of the France of 1789.

We have seen the effect of the Vatican Council of 1870 on French Catholicism. It met with serious and open resistance only on the part of the most eloquent preacher of Catholicism of that time, Père Hyacinthe, who had revealed himself in the pulpit of Notre Dame the true successor of Lacordaire. During nearly ten years Père Hyacinthe had represented liberal Catholicism in that pulpit with incomparable power of language, not without provoking strong protestations, for if he had not been sustained by the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, his hierarchic chief, he would have been promptly sent to the solitude of his monastery. Already, at the beginning of 1869, he had received a severe warning from the superior of the order of Barefooted Carmelites at Rome, who was his direct superior. It

was this warning which caused him to write in April, 1869, the memorable letter in which, while declaring himself a Catholic, he protested, in the very name of the tradition of the Church, against the deification of the papal power. At the same time similar protestations were made in Germany by Döllinger and a group of irreproachable priests. It might have been expected that Père Hyacinthe would find a loud echo in that fraction of French Catholicism which had resolutely opposed the dogma of infallibility, or at least contested the opportunity of its proclamation. Nothing of the sort. Montalembert and Lacordaire, leaders of the liberal Catholic movement, were dead, and for that matter there is reason to believe that they would have submitted like Père Gratry. We must not accuse the sincerity of the liberal Catholics who followed his example, broken-hearted. To break with Catholic unity is such an enormous thing, and so fearful for those who put all their confidence in it, that they prefer to sacrifice their conviction on a given point to their fundamental faith in that unity. Doubtless they feel a terrible internal laceration, they go through a painful conflict, but they none the less believe it their duty to submit. Père Hyacinthe had the courage not to yield, while remaining at heart a Catholic. He joined the Old Catholics of Germany, and figured in their constitutive assembly at Munich in 1872. His attempt to found a Church of the same type in France met with but very small success. He was followed by some members of the French clergy, several of whom abandoned him in the end. Nevertheless he persevered in his noble efforts, and organized regular worship, which he connected by an ecclesiastical bond with high dignitaries of the Anglican Church, whose bishops he recognized. That which remained really great in all this effort was his courageous fidelity to his convictions at the cost of cruel sacrifices, and that which remains a power in France is his grand eloquence, which everywhere attracts many listeners.

My inmost conviction is that the triumph of ultramontanism at the Vatican Council of 1870 is not the last word of French Catholicism. Old liberalism is not dead yet; it remains in it, hidden like leaven. First of all, we see it reappearing in its double ecclesiastical and social form, thanks to the publication of very complete biographies of those who did most honor to its cause, without, perhaps, the authors of this historical evocation thoroughly realizing its importance. In the same way the biography of Mgr. Darboy by Mgr. J. A. Foulon, just published a few months after another biography of the eminent Archbishop of Paris by the Abbé Guillemin, brings before us French Gallicanism in all its liberalism of doctrine and all its firmness of resistance against the encroachments of Rome. This book is of very great interest, because it evokes a French ecclesiastical type which is tending more and more to disappear—a type that bears the imprint of the national character and the national qualities of good sense, sincere patriotism, and intellectual finesse which ultramontanism tends to overwhelm with bigoted fanaticism.

Now let us briefly consider the manifestations of French Catholicism in the different domains where its authority is active. From the political point of view its rôle has been singularly modified since it lost the pre-eminence. Of this it made liberal use and even abuse in the National Assembly elected in 1871 after our terrible disasters. It had the good fortune, in the bad fortune of the country, to possess in that Assembly at the beginning a considerable majority, for France, under the burden of her disasters, had turned toward the conservative party, which, not having been in power for the past thirty years, had not committed any recent mistakes. Now the conservative party was almost completely blended with the Catholic party, so there was a temptation on a large scale to give the greatest possible advantage to Catholicism, and many laws were voted at that time with this intention. It was, above all things, public instruction which Catholicism sought to reconquer and to subject to its domination, and it came very near succeeding when it installed its bishops in the superior council of the university, and at the same time obtained for the Church the right to have its own faculties, with the possibility of conferring the degrees necessary for the public careers. The Catholic party imagined itself on the eve of a much greater triumph when Marshal MacMahon dissolved the Chamber on May 16, 1877, and gave power to a conservative ministry. Unfortunately for its future, the Catholic party flung itself passionately

into the formidable struggle which began with [illegible] to overthrow the reaction in power, and carried almost all the clergy with it. Hence the bitter resentment of the republicans, who, when once they came back with a majority, made the mistake of [illegible] inspired by their anger.

Henceforward the rôle of the Catholics was completely changed. Seeing that not only their privileges but also their rights were contested, they made use of the public liberties, for which many of them had no sympathy, as an arm wherewith to reconquer their lost positions. They imitated [illegible] of the German Reichstag, accepted public life with its modern conditions, and made large and powerful use of the press and the tribune. It may be hoped that after having thus become accustomed to this régime, especially if they get advantage out of it for their cause, they will end by detesting it less, and even by loving it for its own sake.

Let us add that since the see of Rome has been occupied by a Pope who knows how to be at the same time an uncompromising dogmatist and a circumspect politician, the French clergy has abandoned its militant attitude against the present form of government. Its principal bishops have spoken moderately on this point, and have declined all formal adhesion to any party whatever. This unfortunately is not the case with a notable fraction of the laymen of the Catholic party, who seem to be, above all, anxious to secure [illegible] of the Church by making bargains with vain promise-makers like General Boulanger, for the execution of [illegible]. They have no other guarantees than the impudent lies which have hitherto been the most remarkable facts of his career. We have seen political men, who are leaders of the Catholic party, [illegible] since the disgraceful coalition [illegible] before our very eyes between pretended conservatives and the factious general, whose only programme is Cæsarism for his own benefit. If this alliance between the Catholic party—which we distinguish from the Church taken as a [illegible] Boulanger becomes a reality, it will be one of the most lamentable scandals of modern times, and all the momentary advantages which the Catholics might obtain at this price would be more than compensated by the contempt with which they would brand their creed for the greater success of atheism, to which they would furnish the best of excuses. They would be responsible for it before God and before men.

We cannot contest the considerable and respectable activity which the French Catholic Church displays in its proper sphere of religious action. It has, first of all, to keep up religious service, and to take care of the souls in the 40,000 parishes which have been allotted to it in the organization of the official Church. This is the task of what is called the secular clergy, as distinguished from the religious orders. This clergy, taken as a whole, is worthy of esteem; scandals are rare, and its action extends even to the smallest hamlets. Besides the secular clergy the Church of France long possessed a very numerous regular clergy representing the various religious orders of Catholicism. These religious orders—Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, and others—were distributed in congregations recognized by the state, and in congregations not recognized by the state, of which latter the most important was the Society of Jesus. A few years ago, it will be remembered, the republican government revived some old laws, which had their *raison d'être* under the Gallican monarchy, and issued decrees for the expulsion of all the non-recognized religious orders. Thus many religious houses were closed, not without resistance, which occasioned tumultuous scenes and greatly agitated public opinion. In reality the measure had no great importance. Let us remark, first of all, that since the Council of 1870 there is no longer any real distinction between the Jesuits and the other religious orders, inasmuch as all, without exception, submit to the absolute authority of the papacy. We may even say that all the barriers have been removed between the secular and the regular clergy. On the other hand, the members of the religious orders who were expelled from France simply went out at one door and came back at another. Not content with founding educational establishments on the frontiers, where their pupils followed them, they even returned in large numbers to their old field of action, and quietly resumed their work at the point where they had left it. They are naturally little disposed to bring up their pupils to love the republican government which drove them out.

In the religious orders recognized by the state the French Church finds the preachers to whom it intrusts the great lectures of Advent and Lent. The pulpit of Notre Dame has been occupied for eighteen years by Père Monsabré, of the Dominican Order, who reminds one only by contrast of Lacordaire and Père Hyacinthe. Gifted with a thundering voice, his eloquence is without distinction, his thought without richness, and above all without breadth; but he contrives to hold attention by his fiery apologetics of the most extreme Roman orthodoxy, and also by a certain preoccupation about subjects of ephemeral interests, about *actualité*, as we say, which excites curiosity. It must not, however, be imagined that the Catholic pulpit is wholly given up to ultramontanism; it is still occupied by some survivors of liberal Catholicism, such as Père Charles Perraud, who is charged with the Lenten lectures in the Church of St. Roch at Paris. Père Perraud speaks a truly modern language, and seeks to touch the generous chords of the soul of his hearers. He has very great success.

The Catholic Church in France displays most persistent zeal in order to maintain its influence in the domain of public instruction in all its ranks. It has, in the first place, large seminaries where its future clergy is prepared by a special training which now has all the more importance as the Church has lost the theological faculties which were so long attached to the University of France. For that matter, the Church was easily consoled for the vote of the Chamber suppressing the endowment of these faculties, because the higher clergy did not like this contact with secular education. Taking advantage of the law on liberty of teaching passed in 1875, French Catholicism founded free faculties in several towns—Paris, Lyons, Lille, Toulouse; and although it has lost the privilege of conferring the degrees necessary for the civil careers, it attracts great numbers of students under eminent masters like the Abbé de Broglie and the Abbé Duchêne. The course of study includes history, philosophy, law, and even medicine.

In the department of secondary education French Catholicism possesses many establishments, in the first rank of which are the *petits séminaires*, placed under the direct influence of the bishops. It still has numerous primary schools, managed by the Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne; but if the law concerning the secularization of public instruction continues to be applied as it has been of late years, these establishments will have to close their doors one after the other. As religious instruction is absolutely prohibited in the public schools, which cannot even admit ministers of the different creeds at fixed hours, with the consent of the parents, French Catholicism has founded a vast association destined to multiply free schools. On this work it spends annually many millions of francs, and it has achieved very brilliant results. At Paris, where the direction of primary instruction is in the hands of a municipal council with an atheist majority, the Catholic schools increase in number every year, and are crowded with pupils. The same impetus of private initiative has become necessary for the works of Catholic charity. We have referred above to the shameless precipitation shown by the Municipal Council of Paris, in spite of the opinion of doctors free from all clerical influences, in expelling the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, whereas it would have sufficed to take a few precautions in order to protect the liberty of conscience of the patients. French Catholicism has thus been led to increase the already considerable number of pious foundations destined to help all kinds of distress, sickness, old age, homeless children, and also to deal with the fearful moral misery of our great cities.

A point to be especially noticed in the history of French Catholicism of late years is the attention it has paid to social questions, although it has not displayed the innovating boldness of the Knights of Labor of North America. In reality its object is to resuscitate the old trade guilds as they existed before the Revolution of 1789. The chief of this movement is the Comte Albert de Mun, formerly an officer of cuirassiers, belonging to the highest aristocracy, and now a member of the Chamber of Deputies. A man of ardent convictions and of absolute devotion to his cause, he is gifted with fascinating, abundant, and brilliant eloquence. Before entering political life M. de Mun had devoted himself to the foundation of Catholic working-men's clubs, or *cercles ouvriers*. For a long time past French Catholicism had possessed lay associations, such

as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, composed more particularly of young men of the middle classes working together to develop well-applied beneficence. M. le Comte de Mun wished to do more, and instead of contenting himself with helping the working classes, he endeavored to found amongst those classes themselves a Catholic association which would pursue the end of social reform by an agreement between masters and men united in the same faith. After he became Deputy, M. le Comte de Mun advocated as much as possible the intervention of the state in social improvement, but with the avowed aim of bringing the workman out of his condition of isolation only that he might enter large associations, gradually reconstituting the old trade corporations, with the hope of obtaining all necessary aid in exchange for their submission to the civil and religious authorities once more united. Awaiting the realization of this return to the past, which is utopian, M. le Comte de Mun and his friends lose no opportunity of pleading the cause of the proletariat, in which they are at one with Catholicism all over the world. We may mention also the Catholic students' clubs, which take an active part in the crusade that has been started with a view to re-establishing the temporal power of the Pope.

In order to obtain a true idea of the state of French Catholicism one ought to be able to penetrate its inner life, and to know that history of souls which belongs only to Him whose eye is all-seeing. It is incontestable that side by side with much superstition and error the flame of lively and sincere piety still burns in many hearts. We have only to visit the churches, whether in the great towns or in the villages, to see what numbers of devout worshippers they attract. I do not know a grander sight than the men's retreat at Notre Dame at Paris during Holy-week, when thousands of laymen meet in the cathedral to prepare themselves for the great Easter communion, and make the roof tremble with the sublime and pathetic *Miserere* which they sing in unison. Even in our great towns civil burials, which are the surest proof of the abandonment of all religion, form a very small minority. French Catholicism, then, remains a great force in spite of the noisy manifestations of contemporary atheism. It is an immense sea wrapped in deep darkness. Who knows if this darkness will not one day be rent by one of those tempests which stir a nation to the very core? The breath of liberty still passes over this sea, although very feeble. May it not suddenly acquire new force? This is the secret of the future.

II.

Judaism and Protestantism have been recognized by the French state since the Concordat of 1802. Of the former we have nothing particular to say; numerically it remains stationary, although it is maintained that the breath of freethinking has touched it. Received without opposition at the hearth of the French father-land, it participates in our liberties, and shows itself all the less fanatical as it is more favorably treated. Although in France, as everywhere else, Judaism holds a large portion of the public fortune, and is honored by the personalities of many Jews eminent in politics and in business, it exercises no kind of religious influence over the nation, but remains shut up in its synagogues.

This is not the case with French Protestantism. Although it is far from manifesting a conquering action, and while it would be absurd to imagine that it is on the point of again taking possession of France, it is nevertheless certain that it is an element of light, of progress, of religious life, very salutary for the present and very important for the future. Whatever the future may prove to be, there can be no purer glory than the past of French Protestantism. It has had incomparable heroes, like Coligny and D'Aubigné, amongst the chiefs who in the sixteenth century led the cause almost to victory. These were gentlemen who realized in all its purity the ideal of bravery and generosity, which did not prevent them from showing themselves to be devout Christians. In the domain of religious thought French Protestantism had in Calvin and Théodore de Bèze the masters of the theology of the Reformation. We may say that the Protestant Church of France marches amidst a glorious host of witnesses who were martyrs, and that it has preserved its faith intact through massacres like the St.-Barthélemy, and through ages of persecution like those which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. When the proclamation of religious liberty in 1789 allowed the Protestants to issue from the retreats where

they escaped their proscribers, when the Church of the wilderness became a Church recognized by the state, on a footing of equality with the Catholic Church which had outlawed it for so many years, it felt a satisfaction that may be well understood, but which made it forget that this protection of the civil power was a yoke. For some time the Protestant Church fell asleep within the limits of its official organization. Between 1802 and 1820 a fraction of French Protestantism was influenced by the current philosophy, and a moderate rationalism made its appearance, somewhat resembling Unitarianism. Between 1820 and 1830 a reaction in the contrary sense took place under the influence of the religious awakening which was then active in England; but it was marred by regrettable doctrinal exaggerations, while at the same time it was admirable in the domain of Christian practice, and founded the greater part of our great religious societies for home and foreign missions. These two tendencies are still at work in French Protestantism, only the positive tendency has grown broader, while the so-called liberal tendency has given a larger and larger share of attention to scientific questions.

In the study of Protestantism in France we must not forget its close connection with French Switzerland, which has the advantage of having seen the triumph of the Reformation. Geneva and Lausanne have exercised a considerable influence on the intellectual and theological development of our churches, after having been indebted to them for the great reformers who implanted Protestantism in Switzerland, and after having been enriched during three centuries by the contingents of the proscripts of the Catholic royalty. Liberal Protestantism found its first inspiration at Geneva at the beginning of the century, where there prevailed a certain moderate Unitarianism, represented by a clergy certainly most worthy of respect, although somewhat influenced by Rousseau. Later on, Geneva gave to the religious awakening some of its most ardent and eminent adepts, such as MM. Gaussen and Merle d'Aubigné, the illustrious historian of the Reformation. They founded at the same time a Church and a theological faculty on the basis of the strictest orthodoxy, especially so far as concerns the plenary and literal inspiration of the Holy Scripture. They contributed to accredit this kind of orthodoxy in that fraction of French Protestantism which had entered the movement of the religious awakening. We may say that our ecclesiastical and theological Right still belongs to this school. Subsequently another influence crossed the Jura, and made itself strongly felt on French Protestantism, especially after 1830: this was the influence of the greatest Christian thinker in the French language since Pascal, whose matchless interpreter he was — I mean Alexander Vinet, as eminent in character, piety, and disinterestedness as he was in intelligence. He was the first of our apologists, always seeking the fulcrum of Christianity in the human conscience, as St. Paul did at Athens when he recognized that men, being of the race of God, "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." No one has developed with more power than Vinet what Tertullian called the *testimonium animæ naturaliter christianæ*. A critic of the first order, he sought this spontaneous witness of the conscience to the God of the gospel in contemporary literature, to the study of which he devoted volumes which have become classics. His teaching of practical theology was wholly impregnated with this inspiration, and the men of my generation who, like the present writer, have had the privilege of being his disciples, alone know how full his teaching was of breadth, of Christian vigor, and of wealth of ideas. Vinet exercised his influence on French Protestantism especially through his active literary work in the journal *Le Semeur*, founded by one of our most distinguished laymen, M. Henri Lutteroth, recently deceased. Vinet was an ardent partisan of religious liberty, the consecration of which he saw in the separation of Church and state. He pleaded this great cause throughout his life with stirring and sublime eloquence. On this point also he prepared the future.

Le Semeur gathered around Vinet a staff of eminent writers who for nearly twenty years worked at broadening Christian thought in French Protestantism. *La Revue chrétienne*, founded in 1854, continued the same task, which was efficaciously forwarded by the preaching and writings of a number of French Protestants. Thus there grew up a tendency at once evangelical and liberal, which soon won the victory over strict

orthodoxy. Let us add that the great theological movement of Protestant Germany in a broad and Christian sense, as personified by men like Neander, Tholuck, Julius Muller, Dorner, also had an influence in the same direction. Several translations were made of the most remarkable works of the Christian masters of German science, whose labors were thus popularized.

A serious event which happened forty years ago gave a severe shock to religious thought in French Protestantism. M. Edmond Scherer, one of the most distinguished professors of the Oratory of Geneva, suddenly seceded with all possible publicity from that school of rigid orthodoxy in a letter in which he rejected the dogma of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures in the most categorical manner. The emotion was great, and it became still greater when M. Scherer, with some friends of the same tendencies as himself, founded at Strasburg the *Revue de Théologie*, which threw Protestant thought without transition into the very thick of the German theological crisis, and raised at once all those questions of criticism and dogma which Strauss and Baer of Tübingen were debating with boundless audacity. French Protestantism was severely tried, but in the end good came of it. An Extreme Left was formed, it is true, with tendencies more and more pronounced toward a separation from positive Christianity. M. Edmond Scherer, whose name has been made illustrious by so many literary works, ended in saddened agnosticism. This Extreme Left finally broke with the organization of the Protestant Church, and left in it a strong Left, sincerely attached to Christianity, but interpreting it with singular liberty. This Left is distinguished by its solid and thorough knowledge, and we are indebted to it for various important theological works, whose conclusions we may contest, but whose erudition we must admire. This tendency, which, for that matter, has many shades, is nowadays represented in the reformed Church by a young and very zealous clergy, which manifests real piety, together with the ardent desire to work for the relief of all kinds of misery. We may remark amongst this clergy also a desire to arrive at less vague Christian affirmations.

As for that Protestantism which has remained attached to the substance of positive Christianity, that is to say, to the belief in a redemption really accomplished by Him who calls Himself at once the Son of Man and the Son of God, "who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification," it still counts an ultra-orthodox minority. But the majority of the French Protestants everywhere, at any rate where thought has preserved its rights, inclines toward the tendencies of men like Vinet and Neander, and toward that broad and somewhat mystic evangelism which admits progress not in advance of the gospel, but which endeavors to manifest more and more its agreement with the conscience. This broad evangelism is not satisfied merely to affirm itself; it has the honor of producing numerous theological works which have a profound influence upon the contemporary mind.

These theological divergences have their counterpart in the ecclesiastical domain, properly so called. Whereas liberal Protestantism absolutely rejects all profession of faith considered as a basis for the teaching of the Church, evangelical Protestantism demands at least that the symbol of the apostles should be accepted by those who are charged with this teaching. It won its cause in the General Synod granted by M. Thiers in 1872; but this synod remained an isolated fact; its decisions were not followed by any practical execution; and so the evangelical party decided, without making any changes in the official institutions of the Church, to establish a semi-official organization, within which it would apply its principles in the measure of the adhesions obtained. This amounts to an application by anticipation of the voluntary system, but with the coexistence of the contrary system in the official institutions. The Church of the Augsburg Confession, which has important parishes at Paris—although it was severely weakened by the loss of Alsace—has adopted an organization which gives it peace at least, if not doctrinal unity. It places itself entirely under the wing of the Augsburg Confession, but does not demand formal adhesion. It comprises, moreover, an evangelical fraction which is in a great majority at Paris, and displays the most beneficent zeal in its missionary and charitable activity.

In opposition to the Churches united to the state, there has been formed, on the

basis of the reformed evangelical faith, a group of Churches separated from the state under the title of the "Union des Églises libres évangéliques," which practise the principle of Vinet in the spirit of Vinet. In spite of their limited number, they form a valiant vanguard. The Baptists and the Methodists also count a certain number of congregations in France.

It is certain that if the government of the republic holds its own and grows stronger, the days of the union of the Church with the state are numbered. The budget commission of the Chamber of Deputies has already a majority to demand the suppression of the subsidies for the purpose of public worship. Nothing would be more foolish than to settle such an important question in so summary a manner. It is very desirable that the liberal and moderate party should study the means of providing the necessary transition, for, unless a royalist or Cæsarian reaction takes place, it is undoubtedly only logical that the republican government should complete the secularization of the state by breaking all bonds of union with the various Churches. Let us hope that this great innovation will not be accomplished by authoritarian and irreligious radicalism, for it would certainly compromise its success. Whatever happens, the Church has nothing to lose by this emancipation; on the contrary, it will gain in dignity and moral force, and it will find in the faith of its followers all the resources necessary for its continuance and its growth.

Of this we have a proof in the fine development of Protestant activity in all spheres. In the first place, the churches found immediately the funds necessary to maintain, in spite of the suppression of state endowment, the scholarships in the seminaries connected with our two theological faculties at Paris and Montauban, which are in full prosperity, with a remarkable staff of teachers and many students. French Protestantism largely supports all propagandist work, Bible societies, tract societies, evangelization societies. It develops year by year its evangelical mission society, which has exceeded the old fields of its missionary labors in the Basuto country, and extended its activity to the banks of the Zambezi, and to most of our colonies. Protestant charitable institutions are innumerable: orphan asylums, deaf and dumb institutions, blind asylums, Laforce asylums for scrofulous and epileptic persons, a deaconesses' institute, homes for fallen women, the penitentiary establishment of St.-Foy, help for prisoners and convicts, large subventions for church expenses—the budget of this charity is all-sufficient.

Let us note finally the attention paid to social questions by the Protestant as well as by the Catholic Church. A vast association has just been formed with a view to uniting all tendencies in this common task of dealing with these matters in a Christianly liberal spirit.

All this activity is certainly not lost for the general mass of our population. Everywhere where the gospel of liberty is announced, whether in popular meetings, of which a devout English Christian, the Rev. R. W. MacAll, has taken the initiative with marked success, or before cultivated audiences in some lecture-room, the reception is almost always favorable. With greater resources, more zeal, a wider development, and a more ardent spirit of conquest, the evangelical apostleship would have immense efficacy in our troubled country at the obscure end of this nineteenth century. Nothing, we believe, would be more advantageous to this apostleship than the emancipation of the Church.

THE PENDRAGON TRIAL.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

THE time set for the trial of Pendragon *vs.* Vangilt fell upon one of the coldest and windiest days in the latter part of March, A.D. 19—. But when the principal actors in the suit, Mrs. Vangilt, and her sisters and cousins and aunts, and Miss Pendragon, with the twins James Henry and Henry James, appeared on the scene, it was with difficulty they pushed their way through a court-room already crowded to suffocation.

A peculiar interest attached to this trial from its being the first of the kind ever brought before a Pepperton jury. To be sure, there had been balloon collisions before this, with the usual damaging results to the under dog, or man, in the fight; but the people of Pepperton felt that their

[illegible] had never been equal to their desires. These delightful tragedies, like the most wonderful miracles, were always happening in such remote districts that, much as they would have liked to have a finger in the pie, the longest and most enterprising digit failed to reach even the outermost crust. But now here was something that had happened at their very doors, in their own back yard, as it were, and each felt it his or her duty to give the matter a personal attention.

It was also hinted that some new and deeply interesting features would be developed at this trial, and especially that testimony would be introduced of a most reliable and incorruptible character, from a source never before admitted to a witness box, but which would probably cause a revolution in the treatment of complicated cases in the future.

The learned and somewhat heavy Mrs. Pendulum and the æsthetic Mrs. Crayon, sitting in the front row, talked it over a little uneasily.

"In my best moments," sighed Mrs. Pendulum, "I sometimes feel equal to the demands of our complex civilization, but oftener I long for the repose and stupidity of twenty-five years ago. What with the almost hourly discoveries of our restless modern science, the new strange forces we are training to be our servants, and the new dangers that arise from their wild natures, we shall soon not be able to close our eyes. I feel that I must be on the alert every moment, with the strained attention of a pilot who is guiding his boat down the rapids."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crayon; "but the worst thing, in my opinion, is the cruel perfection to which they are bringing the phonographs and telephones, and the frightful multiplication of the mind-readers. There is actually no privacy any more; the whole world has degenerated into an eavesdropper, and always has its ear at the key-hole. It seems sometimes as if this might already be the morning twilight of that terrible day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed."

"I hear," said Mrs. Pendulum, "that Monsieur Ferretti will be here to-day; he has been engaged by Mrs. Vangilt's counsel. Such a terrible man! They say one cannot change one's mind in his presence but [illegible] from the little wind made by your thoughts changing places, as it were. I believe he calls it a 'brain wave,' which comes rolling your most secret thought into his mind, and leaving it stranded in his possession, like a bit of sea-weed upon the shore."

But just then the clerk was calling to order, the jury were filing into their seats, the judge and the lawyers were finding their places, as were also the saucy young reporter of the *Bottom Fact Daily* and the sentimental young reporter of the *Spirit Telephone*. A dead hush now pervaded the assembly as, after the usual preliminaries, the first witness for the prosecution was called.

Miss Pendragon, who nimbly mounted the witness box, was a thin, angular lady of uncertain age, with a Roman nose, massive chin, and most disconcerting eyes, which seemed to take the unfair advantage of attacking two sides of you at once, owing probably to the fact—as the saucy young reporter whispered to his comrade—that "one orb appeared to be a fixed light and the other a revolver." She wore a scant black silk gown and an old fur pelisse, tawny and faded with the wear of years, while her rusty velvet bonnet bore a touch of color in one uncompromising yellow rose, which she believed in some way to have a complementary effect upon her brunette complexion.

She began by stating in a defiant manner that she was a maiden lady of excellent family, her ancestors having resided for generations in Pepperton, and having occupied positions of influence and importance from time immemorial. The family had dwindled, however, until she and the twins, orphan children of her late deceased brother, were the sole representatives of a most honorable line. She herself, although she did not wish to complain of it, had been set apart from infancy as the target of Fate; and now, finding the mortgaged house and conservatory of her late brother but small compensation for the large sums she had generously lent him, she was creeping down the shady side of the hill of life, living, as you might say, a hand-to-mouth existence on a raft constructed out of the wreck of a large fortune.

The saucy young reporter rolled his eyes fearfully as he tried to reconcile these conflicting metaphors.

Being naturally generous and self-forgetful to a fault, she had adopted these penniless orphan children at great sacrifice of her own comfort, and not only had

been doing all for their sustenance, clothing, and education that justice would demand, but also—and upon the very day of Mrs. Vangilt's outrageous intrusion—was contriving, at much expense, to give them a pleasure; in short, she was arranging for that very evening a party for the twins in honor of their tenth birthday, and it was all on account of this party that she happened to be away at the precise moment of the catastrophe.

Here the court interrupted Miss Pendragon to say that if she was not an eyewitness of the affair she must give place to some one who was, and after the precise nature of the grievance had been stated they would hear her further, if she possessed any important collateral testimony.

Miss Pendragon was swelling with indignation, but was recommended by her lawyer to keep quiet for the present, and allow Maud Adelaide, her maid of all work, to be called.

Maud Adelaide came forward, dressed in a simple violet velvet costume, with diamond solitaires in her ears, and proceeded to make her statement with great confidence and volubility.

There was a great deal to do that morning, she said, on account of the party and all, and she was just about setting the machine for cleaning the silver and knives, when she found the electricity was out, and not a stroke could be done till she ran over to the corner for another bottle. She had just thrown her shawl over her head and stepped outside the back door, when all the fowls took to fluttering and clucking as if they had gone mad. She looked up, knowing it was nearly time for the Cyclone Express, which the hens never could get used to, evidently always mistaking it for some kind of an overgrown hawk. Sure enough, there it came on, a little lower down than usual, going every kind of a way, for there was a wind just like the one blowing that minute; you could hardly keep your feet on the ground, and it must have been more than twice as bad up in the air. While she was looking, the balloon suddenly began turning round and round like mad, and she just had time to call the twins to hurry out and see the jolliest kind of a top, when what should heave in sight but the Typhoon Special, coming an hour too soon, from nobody knew where. And all in a minute it seemed to get caught in the same whirlwind, and there the two were bobbing and ducking and courtesying to each other like anything—Maud Adelaide waved her hands and swayed to and fro excitedly—and then they seemed to take offence at something, and rushed right at each other.

"Butting like two billy-goats!" burst irrepressibly from James Henry's direction, a low chuckle, and an elastic smile running nearly around his head, testifying to his exquisite remembrance of his sensations.

But he was promptly suppressed, and Maud Adelaide continued.

"It was all over in a second, and then they tore away from each other again, and were out of sight in no time. I kept looking up a few minutes," said Maud Adelaide, plaintively, "because sometimes there used to be a nice sprinkling of handbags and umbrellas after a collision, before they took so to chaining up the baggage; but nothing in the world ever came down but Mrs. Vangilt."

And that lady, she stated, came bobbing around in the craziest manner, flapping her life-preserving wings, until she was directly over Miss Pendragon's valuable conservatory, when she just seemed to let go of everything, and plump she came, crashing through the glass, and carrying down the whole collection of Miss Pendragon's late brother's most valuable orchids into one common wreck and ruin.

A sharp cross-examination failed to disconcert Maud Adelaide in the least, and only brought out in stronger assertion that the same Mrs. Vangilt now sitting before them in a black satin gown, fanning herself with a big feather fan, was the identical person whom she had extricated in a very dazed condition from the ruins of the greenhouse, and for whom she had afterward made a cup of weak tea, and called a cab to take her around to her cousin's on the avenue.

Here Maud Adelaide was excused from any further remarks, and several other witnesses were heard, who one and all confirmed the fact of the collision, and stated that while they were gazing, fascinated, at the Cyclone Express standing on its beam ends, as it were, they noticed what appeared to be a very formidable kind of meteor falling in the direction of Miss Pendragon's grounds. Hastening to the spot, with a pardonable curiosity,

they found the defendant, Mrs. Vangilt, very much broken up, and not pretending to deny that she was the woman who —evidently with malice aforethought— had deliberately sat down upon the choicest productions of Miss Pendragon's greenhouse. With a little more kindly consideration for her poorer neighbors, she might quite as easily have alighted upon the wood-pile, or even the rear fence. This being the case, everybody had been much surprised that she had not hushed the matter up by paying all reasonable damages, which would have been a small matter to one of the principal stockholders in both the Cyclone Express and the Typhoon Special.

Here Mrs. Vangilt, very fat and asthmatic, with a bewildered expression on her amiable, puffy face, borrowed a handkerchief from her second cousin on the right, and shed several weak tears over these aspersions on her character.

And now Miss Pendragon would be repressed no longer, but insisted on relating how she arrived on the scene just as Mrs. Vangilt was rolling away in the cab. She testified that she herself was of a most domestic turn of mind, and should never have been away from home on such an important occasion, but she had borrowed an orguinette for the evening, only to please her darling boys, and finding the music had run rather low, she had gone out to buy a yard or two of the "Storm Centre Galop" and two or three feet of the "Blizzard Polka."

Here Miss Pendragon was so emphatically advised to confine herself to statements bearing upon the Vangilt damages that she tearfully proceeded to give a short statement of her losses.

It was not an ordinary greenhouse, she said, and the damages could not be assessed as in the case of common roses, geraniums, and camellias. Her poor brother, she must explain, had become infected with what was known as the "orchid craze," and had spent hundreds and even thousands of dollars in importing rare specimens from India and Mexico, the Himalayas and the Andes. Some of the most valuable plants he had never seen in blossom; they were now budding for the first time, and she was cherishing great hopes that they might prove unique, in which case she had intended to sell them anywhere from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece, as such prices were readily given for new varieties. But Mrs. Vangilt had utterly crushed all those hopes and all those orchids at one fell blow. Was it any wonder that in her first moments of remorse she had freely said that she would pay Miss Pendragon gladly and willingly a thousand dollars, and thought it little enough as compensation for such a great injury? This promise Mrs. Vangilt had since been base enough to utterly deny, but it made no difference with the facts. She would give her one more opportunity before all her friends and neighbors to clear her good name, redeem her pledge, and pay the money, or she, Miss Pendragon, would be forced to produce an unprejudiced witness—a most incorruptible and unimpeachable witness—who would bring Mrs. Vangilt to well-deserved shame.

If there was an uneasy shuffling in the direction of the twins at this moment, and a look of apprehension in the eyes of both James Henry and Henry James, it was not to be wondered at; Miss Pendragon was quite terrible in her denunciations and threatenings; and even the saucy young reporter felt, as he said, like a butterfly on a pin, when she turned her business optic upon him.

The case for the prosecution now rested, and the counsel for the defendant called upon Mrs. Vangilt to give her version of the affair.

The poor lady, greatly agitated, her whole vast frame in a quiver, was assisted to arise, and gently encouraged to tell her story; but her voice, always snuffy and asthmatic, and complicated with a little cough of embarrassment, was at first almost inaudible. The audience gathered, however, that she admitted being a passenger on the Cyclone Express upon the day in question. They had a rough passage from the start, even before they were caught in the whirlwind over Miss Pendragon's premises. The officers of the Cyclone were not to be blamed for anything, as they had done all in their power for their passengers' safety and comfort. The captain himself, seeing her timidity, had fitted on the life-preserving wings before they left the ground, and taught her how, in case of accident, she had only to press a button on the right, and electricity would be generated in sufficient quantities to keep the wings in motion from five to ten minutes at least. And he also showed her how, by touching an-

other button on the left, the motion would decrease, and she could gently lower herself to the ground. But being caught in the whirlwind had given her such a vertigo that when the Typhoon Special had knocked her balloon horizontal she just lost her head and her hold together, and went overboard, and should probably have gone to her death if the right button hadn't scraped against the edge of the car as she went over.

But no words could ever convey what she suffered as she found herself clawing and flapping and bobbing in the air, trying in the wildest manner to get her foot on something solid.

All this information had been elicited with the greatest difficulty, with frequent pauses and paroxysms of coughing on Mrs. Vangilt's part, and much patience and encouragement on the part of the judge and counsel; but at this point she was so entirely overcome that a squadron of cousins and aunts had to come to the rescue, with perfumes and smelling-salts and fans, before she was sufficiently restored to further stammer forth that from this time henceforward she should always pity the meanest bird that flies.

How she ever happened to come down she could not tell, for she never thought anything about the other button. She remembered thinking the last day must have come, and that everything was rushing back into chaos, and that she and the sun and the moon were falling through a horrible space, without any bottom, forever; and then came a crash like the crack of doom, and when she dared open her eyes, there she sat in the wreck of broken glass and flower-pots, from which Maud Adelaide was leisurely trying to rescue her.

"I can never tell you how lovely they looked to me," said Mrs. Vangilt, with almost a sob. "I could have kissed the ground, and every old flower-pot among them. But," she added, hastily, recalled by a warning look from her counsel, "I meant to say that I was very badly injured myself; terribly bruised about the arms and legs, and my best satin gown torn to shreds. I was advised to sue Miss Pendragon for damages myself, for a great many think that greenhouses are very dangerous things in these days of balloon travel, and ought not to be allowed along the regular lines. But I thought I would call the matter square if *she* would, and in fact made the proposition to her, when she immediately invented this—this infamous falsehood!"

There was a brief cross-questioning, which developed the fact that Mrs. Vangilt could not tell an orchid from a sunflower, and also that if they pressed the matter she would soon be unable to swear whether she had ever been in a balloon at all; and then she was allowed to retire.

A few other witnesses were called, who testified to the high character of Mrs. Vangilt and her undoubted veracity, and also to the very small value of Miss Pendragon's whole conservatory, which they said was not much more than a cold frame in which she started a few garden seeds and some early lettuce.

And then Miss Pendragon's counsel arose with a triumphant smile he had long been endeavoring to suppress. He greatly regretted, he said, Mrs. Vangilt's persistence in her false statement, as it gave him great pain to pursue the course which was now alone left open to him. He must now proceed to call a witness whose veracity nobody would think of impeaching, but whose valuable testimony would thoroughly establish Miss Pendragon's case, and leave an enlightened jury no alternative but to decide in her favor.

There was a rustle of expectation throughout the house, and every neck was craned to catch the first sight of the mysterious witness. Some disappointment was felt at first, as a plain-looking box, with some kind of a tomahawk painted on the side, was brought forward by Maud Adelaide and placed upon the witness stand by the counsel.

"This, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you may possibly recognize as a phonograph, but it is such a vast improvement on its ancestors of a quarter of a century ago that one can hardly believe it belongs to the same family. The instrument before you has the very latest modern improvements, and is probably the only one of its kind in Pepperton, having been recently acquired by Miss Pendragon for a debt. When properly prepared and set, it is self-registering, and reproduces every sound occurring in its presence with the most absolute fidelity. What has been intrusted to it, that it restores; no more, no less. For this reason it has been rightly named 'The Little Hatchet Phonograph.' It simply *cannot* tell a lie."

Was it a vagary of the March wind, or did a low whistle and a scarcely audible "Oh!" come simultaneously from the direction of James Henry and Henry James? And had not a look of white dismay succeeded that dawning apprehension on those ingenuous young faces? But who had time to look in such an insignificant direction?

"Just one word more of introduction," said the counsel, blandly, "and I will leave the phonograph to tell its own guileless story. Ever since Miss Pendragon has possessed the instrument it has been her pleasant custom to set it, upon the rare occasions of her leaving home, and upon her return it has never failed to faithfully rehearse all that has occurred in her absence. While there have been some painful revelations, you can easily understand the satisfaction it has been to a well-regulated mind thus to keep the reins well in hand, to be guarded against all surprises, and prepared for every emergency. I have only to add that the very existence of such an instrument was unknown to the other members of her household, as she always prepared it in secret, and carefully disposed it behind some bits of drapery and bric-à-brac. Upon her return from her musical errand on the day of the accident, finding her maid and young nephews in a very excited and unreliable state of mind, she retired, with her only level-headed friend and incorruptible sentinel, to the privacy of her own room. There — overwhelmed with her misfortunes, and having small reason to expect anything from the justice or generosity of her fellow-creatures—she turned the crank for a simple diversion from her grief, and to her great joy was rewarded with the unexpected but very reasonable words which will now be repeated in your presence. They were evidently addressed to the twins, who were naturally much alarmed at the scene of devastation, and the effect it might have upon the sensitive nature of their aunt. Little Hatchet Phonograph"—he bowed profoundly to the wooden box—"will you now please repeat what was said by Mrs. Vangilt in your presence on the day of the balloon collision?"

The crank was turned, there was a short prelude of coughs and asthmatic wheezings, and then came the words: "My young friends" (cough, cough), "do not look so alarmed and unhappy. I will make it all right with your aunt. I have done her a great injury; those orchids were worth their weight in gold; but if a thousand dollars will make it straight, she is welcome to it. Tell her" (cough, cough) "my word is as good as my bond. Don't cry, my dears; it will all come right. It is a long lane that blows nobody good."

A ripple of laughter, growing into an irresistible outburst of applause, shook the court-room. Why, this was Mrs. Vangilt herself; her own stuffy voice, interspersed with the familiar coughs and gasps; and then the speech, topping off with a dislocated proverb, was so exactly in her felicitous style that there could not be a reasonable doubt of the authorship.

Mrs. Vangilt herself sat the image of dismay, looking askance at the terrible instrument, which she evidently thought possessed of an evil spirit.

"But I never said it," she persisted, feebly, with a reproachful look at her friend Monsieur Ferretti, who had come in rather late.

"Do not be uneasy," he whispered; "if there is fraud or treachery here I shall be sure to find it;" and standing up, he glared around to see if he could catch any thought, like a naughty school-boy, out of its place. He explored Miss Pendragon relentlessly, but could detect nothing but triumphant belief in the truth of the phonograph and the justice of her cause. He hurried on from one to another, struggling bravely through the débris and second-hand furniture of the ordinary Pepperton mind; but the result was not reassuring; he only found that while there was no great liking for Miss Pendragon, there was a decided revulsion of feeling in her favor.

The case for the defendant was looking rather dark. Monsieur Ferretti was in blank despair, and conferred hastily with Mrs. Vangilt's counsel upon the advisability of a compromise.

Miss Pendragon's advocate rubbed his hands virtuously, and ventured on a mild joke. "It is the first time," he said, "that I have ever felt like complimenting a wooden-headed witness—almost a 'crank,' as you might say; but our unpretending friend has been so ennobled by this one rare virtue of perfect truth that I feel like crowning him as the ideal witness, whose influence in the trials of the great future is beyond my poor powers to cal-

culate. Gentlemen," he said, impressively, "let us bow before him, the witness that will never be committed for perjury—the only witness, in my whole career, who was above the *possibility* of telling a lie."

"Don't! don't! I'll tell you about it," exploded a desperate, choked voice, so suddenly that every one started. There was a tumultuous heaving in the rear of Miss Pendragon, and two boys came struggling and stumbling to the front. They were very thin boys, their arms and legs protruding awkwardly from garments much too small for them.

"Who calls these witnesses?" said the judge, good-humoredly, as he looked from the freckled face and halo of red hair that belonged to James Henry to the large frightened eyes and brown curls of Henry James.

"We do," cried Mrs. Vangilt's counsel, at the quick whisper of Monsieur Ferretti, who, much mortified at so long overlooking such a valuable source of information, was now sweeping in the little thoughts which lay helpless as minnows in a transparent pool.

"Very well; but one witness at a time," said the judge; but the meagre hands only interlocked in the firmest of grips.

"They're just like philopenas," explained Maud Adelaide to Mrs. Crayon, "and he'll just have to let them go in one shell. They can't do anything apart; the two only make one boy."

James Henry was finding his voice—a very thick, husky one, but it answered his honest purpose. "What do they do with a per—with a per—with a State liar?" he gasped. "Do they hang him?"

"They ought to," smiled the judge, "but they only send him to prison."

"For life?" continued James Henry, in the huskiest of whispers.

"Oh, not unless he is a very hardened case," laughed the judge again.

There was a profound silence, while the slim brown hands clasped tighter still, and the two faces were flushing and paling like the summer sky in a trance of heat lightning. Then James Henry raised his head, and he looked straight at the judge.

"Mrs. Vangilt never said it," he gasped. "The phonograph did tell a lie. No, it didn't mean to; I made it."

"You made it?" repeated the astonished judge.

"Yes," said James Henry, as white as death. "I did know about the phonograph; I had often watched her set the trap for us; we both knew."

Henry James nodded; but his soft eyes never moved from his brother's face.

"And sometimes we talked in it, just for fun, you know." A ghostly smile flitted over the freckled face in remembrance of past mischief, but ended in a little shiver.

"Ah!" said the judge, a light beginning to break upon him. "But you never could talk like Mrs. Vangilt, could you?"

"Yes," cried Henry James, speaking for the first time, his face lighting up with an enthusiasm that swept away all timidity; "he can talk like any man, or woman, or boy, or cow, or hen in the world. James Henry can do anything, *he* can!"

"Can he, indeed!" said the judge. "We would like to have him give us a specimen of his powers."

James Henry blushed deeply. "I don't mean to talk like Mrs. Vangilt ever again in my life," he said, "but I'll be a hen or a dog if you like."

And forthwith there was a succession of such triumphant cackles that Mrs. Pendulum could not get it out of her head for weeks that eggs ought not to be more than ten cents a dozen, there had been such an unusual number laid that spring. This was followed by such a blood-curdling growl and agonizing ki-yi that Mrs. Vangilt hastily tucked her skirts about her feet and made wild but ineffectual attempts to mount in her chair.

"That will do," said the judge, when the laughter had somewhat subsided, and poor James Henry, seemingly unconscious of it all, stood in the same grave, intense excitement as before. "But now tell me why you did this very wrong thing, deceived your good aunt, and made so much trouble for us all?"

"She was going to have a party," said James Henry, in a white-lipped whisper, "and when Mrs. Vangilt came down in such a dreadful way we thought we'd be to blame—we were 'most always to blame—and we thought she'd give it up, and so—and so—"

"Ah! I see," said the judge, more kindly. "It was your birthday party; you had been looking forward to it for months—to meeting all your young friends—"

"No," said James Henry, desperately,

feeling that no particle of truth must now be withheld. "She called it our party, but she didn't invite any boys, because their boots are always so muddy, and they always take three pieces of cake."

"Is it possible?" cried the judge, in surprise at this last fact.

James Henry, with his eyes glued to the floor, acknowledged that he himself had known such things to happen.

"Well, whom did she ask?"

"Oh, only old Mrs. Pendulum and old Mrs. Taffy and such."

If daggers looked from angry eyes were ever fatal, James Henry's short life would have ended then and there; but, fortunately unconscious of his indiscretion, he was spared to continue his simple tale.

"And Henry James and me was to grind music all the evening, and we just hate the 'Blizzard Polka.'"

"But I don't understand," began the judge.

"There was going to be sandwiches and cake and lemonade," hastily explained thin Henry James, with such a hungry smile that even the saucy young reporter dropped a sympathizing tear.

"And," added James Henry, continuing the tale, "I said, 'It's all up with us now, I guess, and I shouldn't wonder if we went without any supper at all. Oh, don't you wish Mrs. Vangilt had only said she'd pay Aunt Pendragon a thousand dollars for what she has done? and we would have the party and all.' And *he* said: 'Oh, wouldn't it sound gay, though! Let's try it in the phonograph.' And so we tried it—just for fun, you know—and we didn't get it right at first, so we kept tearing off the slips and trying again till it sounded so good we almost thought she was saying it. And then all of a sudden we heard aunt coming in at the gate, and we hadn't but a minute to hide it behind the Japanese fans and tear out of the back door to the barn. And when we came back, a little later, it was gone, and we didn't dare ask about it. She had the party that night, and was very kind to us," he said, with a furtive look at his terrible relative, who sat bolt-upright, with a complexion of purple. "Every night when we went to bed we made up our minds we would tell her next day, but somehow we never could find time. And then the snow came, and the coasting and skating was so jolly we forgot all about it. But we never, *never* knew what dreadful things might come of it till to-day; we never thought anybody could bring a phonograph into court, and aunt never told us anything. And this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—honest Injun!" finished James Henry, wiping his wet forehead with a fragment of handkerchief, a bit of fish-line, and a page of *Robinson Crusoe*, which he had drawn hastily from his pocket.

Monsieur Ferretti nodded grimly: the mind of the small criminal was almost a complete vacuum. At the same time he made a note in his pocket-book: "Remember that a small boy's mind, like his pocket, is almost sure to have the bit of string you want."

A half-hour later the trial was over, and the good people of Pepperton came pouring forth, laughing and chattering in the best of spirits: they had seldom been better entertained.

Miss Pendragon emerged with the "Little Hatchet Phonograph," disgraced and without character, tucked viciously under her arm, with the hatchet side turned in. She was much mortified and depressed with the trick the incorruptible witness had played her, and quite unreconciled, notwithstanding the fact that the verdict had been in her favor. It had all been such a farce, she thought, bitterly, and she had been so held up to ridicule, besides the damages being so shamefully inadequate! Fifty dollars and costs was all that Mrs. Vangilt had been called on to pay. And here was the saucy young reporter asking if she had taken out a patent on the Little Hatchet conscience, and if she didn't think the article provided by nature answered about as well for general purposes. Oh, it was quite intolerable! she should never hear the last of it. There might be some solace in disciplining those shameless twins. Where were they? She pushed her way, with plans of a dark room and meals of bread and water revolving grimly in her mind, till she found them, standing between two officers, very downcast and bewildered, although everybody was trying to shake hands with them.

"Come home now; come with me," cried Miss Pendragon, with a terrible beckon of her long forefinger.

"Not yet, madam," said the officer; "they have got to serve their sentence, you know." A tremor ran over the slim

bodies. "They are to pass a week in the custody of the judge in his big house on the hill; and we'd like to be in their shoes. See, there he comes for them now with his balloon yacht, the 'Zephyr.'"

James Henry and Henry James looked up swiftly; everybody was smiling; the policemen laughed aloud, and the young reporter clapped them on the back. The judge had to turn away from the enraptured, incredulous surprise in their grateful eyes. To the grand house on the hill! They remembered hearing that the judge's boys had just had a present of a new pair of electrical wings, with all the latest and most expensive modern improvements—those wings which had at last solved the long problem of human flying, and which, although not very popular with girls, had become such an ecstasy and craze with the closer-reefed boys that they threatened fast to supersede the antiquated bicycle. Supposing now, thought James Henry, that they should care to lend them to a fellow, and give one or two brief lessons in flying! why—Well, one would be such a very little lower than the angels that it would not be worth speaking about.

A LEGEND OF THE SKY-WATCHERS.

BY NINA F. LAYARD.

'TWAS God who in the olden time
  Fashioned a great red sun.
"And this," He said, "shall be the eye
That daily from the silent sky,
  For good and evil done,
Shall watch, and up the heavens climb."

And all obedient to the word,
  Unwinking from his place,
Looked out the watchman at his post,
And saw the ever-moving host
  That with or grief or grace
The changing landscape blest or blurred.

But when the daylight fades to eve,
  Full heavily the wight
Leans his great head upon his hands,
And like a tired sentry stands,
  And wearies for the sight
Of one who shall his watch relieve.

'Twas God who in the olden time
  Fashioned a silver moon.
"And this," He said, "shall be the eye
That, when the midnight of the sky
  Has overwhelmed the noon,
Shall search the earth for love or crime."

And all obedient to His word,
  But with a pallid fear
Of what the dreadful night would bring,
When every fierce and hidden thing
  Might suddenly appear,
The blanching moon looked forth and heard

And what she saw we do not know,
  Or whether 'twas the sight
Of Abel lying stiff and cold,

Half trodden in the trampled mould,
That filled her with affright,
Until she feared her face to show.

We cannot tell, but even now
When mortals are asleep,
Across her visage, fixed and pale,
She hasteneth to draw a veil,
And only dares to peep,
But fears to bare her marble brow.

And only when the month has rolled
Right round upon its wheel,
Full cautiously, with anxious dread,
She lifts the shadow from her head,
One moment to reveal
Her glory, and her face unfold.

The stars that are her children dear,
And learning to be moons,
Hang out their little lamps to burn,
And quake and tremble in their turn,
Or fall in sudden swoons,
Infected by her grievous fear.

And though to watch the ways of men
Sun, moon, and stars are told,
The sun alone, with open stare,
Upon the guilty world doth dare
To cast his eye of gold,
And clouds enfold him even then.

Perchance One brooding o'er the land
Of purpose willed it so,
And hath not been extreme to mark
The crooked ways that in the dark
His stumbling children go;
And even Cain shall have his brand.

And if the moon her secret keep
He may his brother find,
And kiss away the dreadful blue
That changed his body's goodly hue
By sudden stroke unkind,
And left him dead among his sheep.

Perchance at lifting of the lid
Of the resurrection day
Sweet Abel, with his brother's hand
Fast locked in his, shall meekly stand,
And for that other pray,
"Behold, he knew not what he did!"

And for the brightness of that Blood
That covers every stain,
The brothers two, in fields afar
United, may forget they are
The slayer and the slain,
And emulate each other's good.



KENTUCKY FAIRS.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

I.

THE nineteenth century opened gravely for the Kentuckians. Little akin as was the spirit of the people to that of the Puritans, life among them had been almost as granitic in its hardness and ruggedness and desolate unrelief. Perhaps the one creature in the country that had been perfectly free to dance when it chose was the bowing and retiring buffalo. The only thing in the log cabin that had sung from morning till night was the spinning-wheel. Not much behind those women but danger, anxiety, vigils, devastation, mournful tragedies; scarcely one of them but might fitly have gone to her loom and woven herself a garment of sorrow. Not much behind those men but felling of trees, clearing of land, raising of houses, opening of roads, distressing problems of state, desolating wars of the republic. Most of them, perhaps, could remember the time when it was so common a fate among them for a man to be killed that for one to lie down and die a natural death seemed almost an unnatural occurrence. Many must have had in their faces the sadness that was in the face of Lincoln.

Nevertheless, almost from the first, there had stood out among the Kentuckians some broad, outspeaking, outacting exhibitions of exuberant animal vigor, of unbridled animal spirits. Some of these were singularly and faithfully enough in the ancestral vein of English sports and

es, foot-racing for the men, and quarter-racing for the horses. Without any sense of making spectacles or of becoming themselves a spectacle in history, they were always ready to form an impromptu arena and institute athletic games. They had even their gladiators. Other rude pleasures were more truly characteristic of their local environments—the log-rolling and the quilting, the social frolic of the harvesting, the merry parties of flax-pullers, and the corn-husking at nightfall, when the men divided into sides, and the green glass whiskey bottle, stopped with a corn-cob, was filled and refilled and passed from mouth to mouth, until out of those lusty throats rose and swelled a rhythmic choral song that could be heard in the deep woods a mile or more away: at midnight those who were sober took home those who were drunk. But of course none of these were organized amusements. They are not instances of their taking their pleasures sadly, but of attempts to do much hard, rough work with gladness. Other occasions, also, which have the semblance of popular joys, and which certainly were not passed over without merriment and turbulent, disorderly fun, in reality were set apart for the gravest of civic and political reasons: militia musters, stump-speakings, county court day assemblages, and the yearly July celebrations. Still other pleasures were of an economic or utilitarian nature. Thus the novel and exciting contests by parties of men at squirrel-shooting looked to the taking of that destructive animal's scalp, to say nothing of the skin; the hunting of beehives in the woods had some regard to the scarcity of sugar; and the nut gatherings and wild-grape gatherings by younger folks in the gorgeous autumnal days were partly in memory of a scant, unvaried larder, which might profitably draw upon nature's rich and salutary hoard. Perhaps the dearest pleasures among them were those that lay closest to their dangers. They loved the pursuit of marauding par-





DRILLING AN AWKWARD SQUAD.

ties, the solitary chase; were always ready to throw away the axe and the mattock for the rifle and the knife. Among all pleasures, at the very extreme of peacefulness, were the weddings. For plain reasons these were commonly held in the daytime. And as it was, the men often rode to them armed, and before leaving too often made them scenes of carousal and unchastened jocularities. After the wedding came the "infare," with the going from the home of the bride to the home of the groom. Above everything else that seems to strike the chord of common happiness in the society of the time, stands out to the imagination the picture of one of these processions—a long bridal cavalcade winding slowly along a narrow road through the silent primeval forest, now in sunlight, now in the shadow of mighty trees meeting over the way; at the head the young lovers, so rudely mounted, so simply dressed, and following in their happy wake, as though they were the augury of a peaceful era soon to come, a straggling, broken line of the men and women who had prepared for that era, but should never live to see its appearing.

Such scenes as these give a touch of bright, gay color to the dull homespun texture of the social fabric of the times. Indeed, when all the pleasures have been thus enumerated, they seem a good many. But the effect of such an enumeration is misleading. Life remained tense, sad, barren; character moulded itself on a model of Spartan simplicity and hardihood, without the Spartan treachery and cunning.

But from the opening of the nineteenth century, things grew easier. The people, rescued from the necessity of trying to be safe, began to indulge the luxury of wishing to be happy. Life ceased to be a warfare, and became an industry; the hand left off defending, and commenced acquiring; the moulding of bullets was succeeded by the coining of dollars.

II.

It is against the background of such a strenuous past that we find the Kentucky fair first projected by the intensely practical and progressive spirit that ruled among the Kentuckians in the year 1816. Nothing could have been conceived with soberer purpose, or worn less the aspect of a great popular pleasure. Picture the

scene! A distinguished soldier and honored gentleman, with a taste for agriculture and fine cattle, has announced that on a certain day in July he will hold on his farm a "Grand Cattle Show and Fair, free for everybody." The place is near Lexington, which was then the centre of commerce and seat of refined learning in the West. The meagre newspapers of the time have carried the tidings to every tavern and country cross-roads. It is a novel undertaking; the like has never been known this side of the Alleghanies. The summer morning come, you may see gathering a very remarkable company of gentlemen: old pioneers, Revolutionary soldiers, volunteers of the war of 1812, walking in picturesque twos and threes out of the little town to the green woods where the fair is to be held; others jogging thitherward along the by-paths and newly opened roads through the dense forest, clad in homespun from heel to head, and mindful of the cold lunches and whiskey bottles in their coat pockets or saddle-bags; some, perhaps, drawn thither in wagons and aristocratic gigs; once arrived, all stepping around loftily on the velvet grass, peering curiously into each other's eyes, and offering their snuff-boxes for a grand sneeze of convivial astonishment at the turn affairs were taking, whereby they could venture to meet under the clear sky for so bucolic and benign an undertaking; the five judges of the fair, coming from as many different counties, the greatest personages of their day—one, a brilliant judge of the Federal Court; the second, one of the earliest settlers, with a sword hanging up at home to show how Virginia appreciated his services in the Revolution; the third, a soldier and blameless gentleman of the old school; the fourth, one of the few early Kentuckians who brought into the new society the noble style of country-place, with park and deer, that would have done credit to an English lord; and the fifth, in no respect inferior to the others. These "perform the duties assigned them with assiduity," and hand over to their neighbors as many as fifteen or twenty premium silver cups, costing twelve dollars apiece. After which, with many interchange of [illegible] felicitations, the dignified assemblage variously disperses—part through the woods again, while part make up a goodly company and return to the little town. There some inspect the manufactures, and predict that Lexington will rival Manchester or Birmingham; others find the taverns, and there, mellowed by their whiskey and their pipes, talk over their wars and wounds—as fine and rich a motley of modern Canterbury pilgrims as anywhere else in the world could have gathered together at the sign of a village inn. Such, then, was the first Kentucky fair. It was a transplantation to Kentucky, not of the English or European fair, but of the English cattle-show. It resembled or suggested the fair only in being a place for buying and selling. And it was not so much as thought of in the light of a merrymaking or great popular amusement. It seems not even to have taken account of manufactures—then so important an industry—or of agriculture.

Like the first was the second fair held in the same place the year following. Of this, little is and little need be known, save that there was formed the first State Agricultural Society of Kentucky, which also was the first in the West, and the second in the United States. This society held its two or three annual meetings, and then disappeared, but not before laying down the broad lines on which the fair continued to be held for the next quarter of a century. That is, the fair began as a cattle-show, though stock of other kinds was exhibited. Then it was extended to embrace agriculture; and with all branches of good husbandry it embraced as well those of good housewifery. Thus at the early fairs one finds the farmers contesting for premiums with their wheats and their whiskeys, while their skilful helpmates displayed the products—the never-surpassed products—of their looms: linens, cassinettes, jeans, and carpetings.

With this brief outline we may pass over the next twenty years with a dry pen. The current of State life during this interval ran turbulent and stormy. Now politics and finance imbittered and distressed the people. Time and again, here and there, small societies returned to their fair, but all efforts to expand it were unavailing. And yet this period must be distinguished as the one during which the necessity of the fair became widely recognized, for it taught the Kentuckians that their chief interest lay in the soil, and that physical nature imposed upon them the agricultural type of life. Grass was to be their portion and their destiny. Lexington was not to rival Manchester. It taught them, too, very slowly and pain-

CATTLE AT LEXINGTON FAIR.

fully, the insulation of their habitat, and the need of looking within their own society for the germs and laws of their development. As soon as the people came to see that they were to be a race of farmers, it is almost amusing to note the gravity of their concern that in this estate they should be hedged about with respectability. They took high ground about it; they would not cease to be gentlemen; they would have their class well reputed for fat pastures and comfortable homes, but honored as well for manners and liberal intelligence and blameless character. And to this end they had recourse to an expedient which must always provoke a smile: they turned to letters—to an agricultural literature. Thus, when the fair began to revive, with happier auspices, near the close of the period under consideration, they signalized it for nearly the quarter of a century afterward by instituting literary contests. Prizes and medals were offered for discoveries and inventions which should be of interest to the mechanic or the agriculturist; and hundreds of dollars were appropriated for the victors and the second victors in the writing of essays which should help the farmer to become a scientist and not to forget to remain a gentleman. In addition to the essays, they sometimes sat for hours in the open air while some eminent citizen—the Governor, if possible—delivered an address to commemorate the opening of the fair, and to review the progress of agricultural life in the commonwealth. No doubt the ideas thus scattered abroad did the people some service, but not as much, perhaps, as their own consciousness that they were willing to pay out money for so excellent a purpose, or as the sight of a concourse seated for so fruitful an entertainment. Still there were many anti-literarians among them, who conceived a sort of organized hostility to what they aspersed as book-farming, and on that account withheld their cordial support from the fair.

III.

It was about the year 1840 that the fair began to touch the heart of the whole people. Before this time there had been no amphitheatre, no music, no [illegible] no ladies. A fair without ladies! How could the people love it, or even come to look upon it as their greatest annual occasion for love-making?

An interesting commentary on the social decorum of all this period is furnished in the fact that for some twenty years after the institution of the fair no woman put her foot upon the fair grounds. She was thought a bold woman, doing a bold deed, who one day took a friend and under the escort of certain gentlemen drove in her own carriage to witness the showing of her own fat cattle; for she was herself one of the most practical and successful of Kentucky farmers. But where one of the sex has been, may not all the sex—may not all the world—safely follow? From the date of this event the tide of popular favor set in steadily toward the fair.

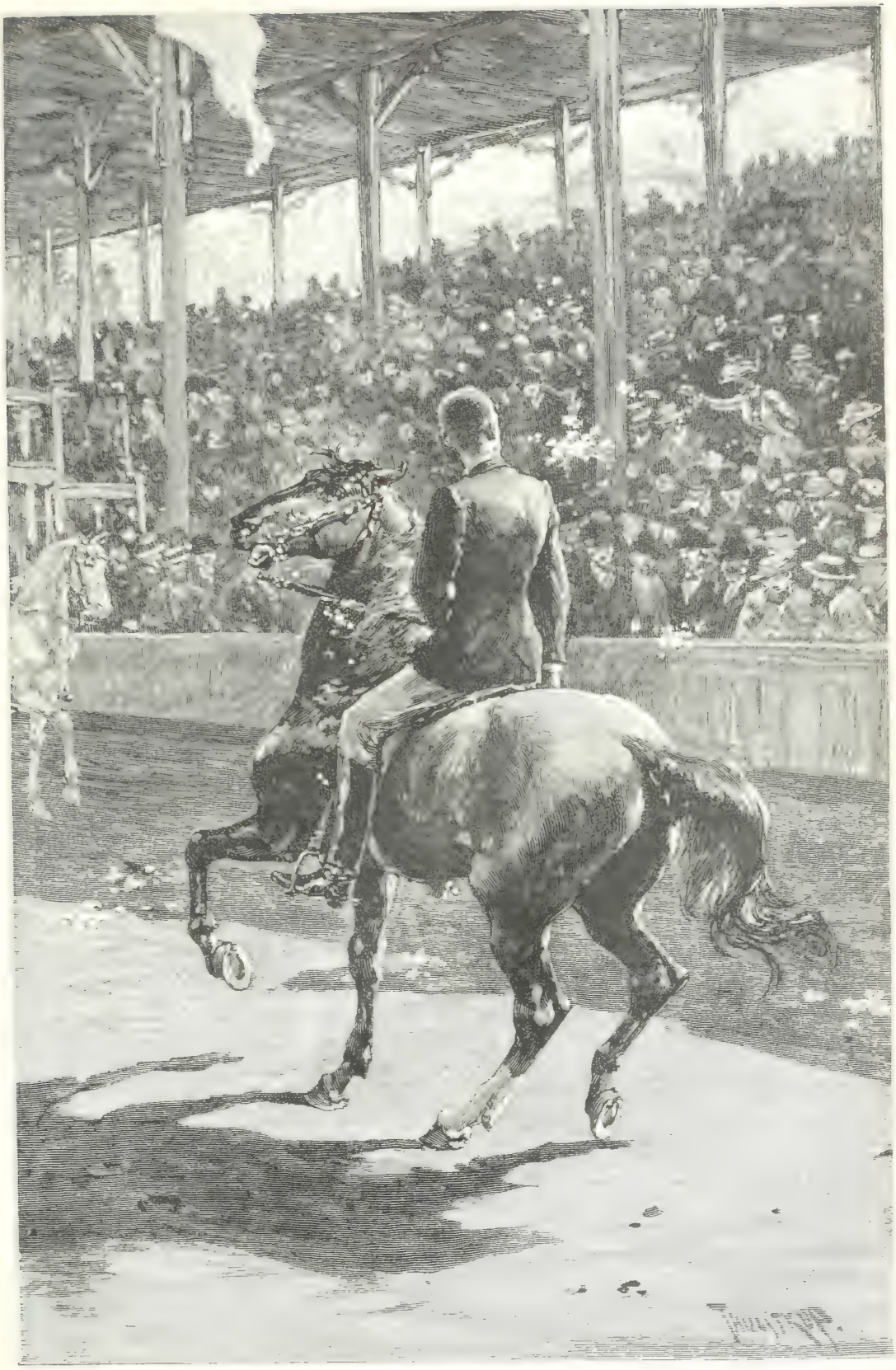
For, as an immediate consequence, seats must be provided. Here one happens upon a curious bit of local history—the evolution of the amphitheatre among the Kentuckians. At the earliest fairs the first form of the amphitheatre had been a rope stretched from tree to tree, while the spectators stood around on the outside, or sat on the grass or in their vehicles. The immediate result of the necessity for providing comfortable seats for the now increasing crowd was to select as a place for holding the fair such a site as the ancient Greeks might have chosen for building a theatre. Sometimes this was the head of a deep ravine, around the sides of which seats were constructed, while the bottom below served as the arena for the exhibition of the stock, which was led in and out through the mouth of the hollow. At other times advantage was taken of a natural sink and semicircular hill-side. The slope was sodded and terraced with rows of seats, and the spectators looked down upon the circular basin at the bottom. But clearly enough the sun played havoc with the complexions of the ladies, and a sudden drenching shower was still one of the uncomfortable dispensations of Providence. Therefore a roofed wooden structure of temporary seats made its appearance, designed after the fashion of those used by the travelling show, and finally out of this form came the closed circular amphitheatre, modelled on the plan of the Colosseum. Thus first among the Kentuckians, if I mistake not, one saw the English cattle-show, which meantime was gathering about itself many characteristics of the English fair, wedded strangely enough to the temple of a Roman holiday. By-and-by we shall see this form

ing from five to twenty acres, and



cattle-show. It has ceased to be simply a [illegible] competitive exhibition of [illegible] stock, which, by the way, is beginning to make the country famous. It has ceased to be even the harvest-home of the blue-grass region, the mild autumnal saturnalia of its rural population. Whatever the people can discover or invent is indeed here; or whatever they own, or can produce from the bountiful earth, or take from orchard or flower-garden, or make in dairy, kitchen, or loom-room. But the fair is more than all this now. It has become the great yearly pleasure-ground of the people assembled for a week's festivities. It is what the European fair of old was—the season of the happiest and most general intercourse between country and town. Here the characteristic virtues and vices of the local civilization will be found in open flower side by side, and types and manners painted to the eye in vividest colorings.

Crowded picture of a time gone by! Bright glancing pageantry of life moving on with feasting and music and love-making to the very edge of the awful precipice, over which its social system and its richly nurtured ideals will be dashed



THE MODERN TOURNEY.

to pieces below!—why is there no hand to seize the brush before it is too late, and [illegible] gedies?

IV.

[illegible] days, and this will be the greatest day of all: nothing shown from morning till night [illegible] der the saddle. Ah! but *that* will be worth seeing! Late in the afternoon perhaps the little boys will ride for premiums on their ponies, and, what is not so pretty, but far more exciting, the young men will contest the prize of horsemanship. And then such racking and pacing and loping and walking!—such racing round and round and round to see who can go fastest, and be gracefulest, and turn [illegible] and prancing, and cavorting, and riding with arms folded across the breast while the reins lie on the horse's neck, and suddenly bowing over to the horse's mane, as some queen of beauty high up in the amphitheatre, transported by the excitement of the thousands of spectators and the closeness of the contest, throws her flowers and handkerchief down to him in the arena! Ah, yes! this will be the great day at the fair—at the modern tourney!

So the tide of the people is at the flood. For days they have been pouring into the little town. The hotels are overflowing with strangers; the open houses of the citizens are full of guests. Strolling companies of players will crack the dusty boards to-night with the tread of buskin and cothurnus. The easy-going tradespeople have trimmed their shops, and imported from the North their richest merchandise.

From an early hour of the morning, along every road that leads from country or town to the amphitheatre, pours the hurrying throng of people, eager to get good seats for the day; for there will be thousands not seated at all, and the contest will last till near twilight. Streaming out, on the side of the town, are pedestrians, hacks, omnibuses, the negro drivers shouting, racing, cracking their whips, and sometimes nearly running into the way-side stands where old negro women are selling apples and gingerbread. Streaming in, on the side of the country, are pedestrians also, heated, their coats thrown over the shoulder or the arm; buggies containing often—but not too often—a pair of lovers who do not keep their secret most discreetly; family carriages, with children made conspicuously tidy and mothers all aglow with the recent labors of the kitchen: comfortable evidences of which are the huge baskets or hampers that are piled up in front or strapped on behind. Nay, sometimes may be seen whole wagon-loads of provisions moving slowly in, guarded by portly negresses, whose eyes shine like black diamonds through the setting of their white-dusted eyelashes.

Within the grounds, how rapidly the crowd swells and surges hither and thither, tasting the pleasures of the place before going to the amphitheatre: to the stalls, to the booths, to the swings, to the cottage, to the floral hall, to the living curiosities, to the swinish pundits, who have learned their lessons in numbers and cards. Is not that the same pig that was shown at Bartholomew's four centuries ago? All mixed in with the Kentuckians, people of a different type of anatomy and complexion. For Kentucky now is one of the great summering States for the extreme Southerners, who come up with their families to its watering-places. Others also who are scattered over the North return in the autumn by way of Kentucky, remaining till the fair and the fall of the first frost. Nay, is not the State a peculiarly interesting place for the tender reunion of families that have Southern members? Back to the old home from the rice and sugar and cotton plantations of the swamps and the bayous come fair young Kentucky wives with dark Southern husbands, fair young Kentucky husbands with dark Southern wives. All these are at the fair—the Lexington fair. Here, too, are strangers from wellnigh every Northern State. And, I beg you, do not overlook the negroes—a solid acre of them. They play unconsciously a great part in the essential history of this scene and festival. Briskly grooming the stock in the quarter of the stalls; strolling around with their carriage whips in their hands; running on distant errands; showering a tumult of blows upon the newly arrived "boss" with their nimble, ubiquitous brush-brooms; everywhere, everywhere, happy, well-dressed, sleek—the fateful background of all this stage of social history.

But the amphitheatre! Through the



A DINNER PARTY.

mild, chastened, soft-toned atmosphere of the early September day the sunlight falls from the unclouded sky upon the seated thousands. Ah, the women in all their silken and satin bravery! delicate blue and pink and canary-colored petticoats, with muslin over-dresses, black lace and white lace mantles, white kid gloves, and boots to match the color of their petticoats. One stands up to allow a lemonade seller to pass; she wears a hoop-skirt twelve feet in circumference. Here and there costumes suitable for a ball; arms and shoulders glistening like marble in the sunlight; gold chains around the delicate arching necks. Oh, the jewels, the flowers, the fans, the parasols, the ribbons, the soft eyes and smiles, the love and happiness! And some of the complexions!—paint on the cheeks, powder on the neck, stick-pomatum plastering the beautiful hair down over the temples. No matter; it is the fashion. Rub it in! Rub it in well—up to the very roots of the hair and eyebrows! Now, how perfect you are! Madam, I have sought you a long time all over the fair grounds. You are the great Kentucky show of life-size wax-works.

In another part of the amphitheatre nothing but men, red-faced, excited, standing up on the seats, shouting, applauding, as the rival horses rush round the ring before them. It is not difficult to know who these are. The money streams through their fingers. Did you hear the crack of that pistol? How the crowd swarms angrily. Stand back! A man has been shot. He insulted a gentleman. He called him a liar. Be careful. There are a great many pistols on the fair grounds.

In all the United States where else is there to be seen any such holiday assemblage of people—any such expression of the national life deeply impressed with local peculiarities? Where else is there to be seen anything that, while it falls far behind, approaches so near the spirit of uproarious merriment, of reckless fun, which used to intoxicate and madden the English populace when given over to the sports of a ruder age?

These are the descendants of the sad pioneers—of those early cavalcades which we glanced at in the primeval forests a few minutes ago. These have completely subdued the land, and are reclining on its tranquil autumn fulness. Time enough to play now—more time than there ever was before; more than there ever will be again. They have established their great

are here on the very spot where their forefathers were massacred or put to torture. So, at old Smithfield, the tumblers, the jesters, the buffoons, and the dancers shouldered each other in joyful riot over the ashes of the earlier heroes and martyrs. But this is no time for the contrasts and the parallels of history.

It is past high noon, and the thousands break away from the amphitheatre and move toward a soft green woodland stretch in another part of the grounds, shaded by forest trees. Here are the private dinner-tables—hundreds of them, covered with snowy linen, sometimes glittering with glass and silver. You have heard of Kentucky hospitality; here you will see one of the peaceful battle-fields where reputation for that virtue is fought for and won. Is there a stranger among all these thousands that has not been hunted up and provided for? Nay, how many, for need of honoring the pressure of multiplied courtesies, are sick unto death with dining! And such dinners! Old Pepys should be here—immortal eater—so that he could go home and set down in his diary, along with other prime gastronomic adventures, garrulous notes of what he saw eaten and ate himself at the Kentucky fair. You will never see the Kentuckians making a better show than at this moment. What courtesy, what good-will, what warm and gracious manners! Tie a blue ribbon on them. In a competitive exhibition of this kind the premium will stay at home.

But make the most of it—make the most of all this harmony. For did you see that? A father and a son met each other, turned their heads quickly and angrily away, and passed without speaking.

Look how these two men shake hands with too much cordiality, and search each other's eyes for a suspicious hidden meaning! There is a man from the North standing apart and watching with astonishment these alert, happy, efficient negroes—perhaps following with his thoughtful gaze one of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Toms. A Southerner has drawn that Kentucky farmer beside a tree, and is trying to buy one of these servants for his plantation. Ay, ay, make the most of it! The war is coming. It is in men's hearts, and in their eyes and consciences. By-and-by all this bright, gay pageant will pass so entirely away that even the thought of it will come back to one like the unsubstantial revelry of a dream. By-and-by there will be another throng filling these grounds; not in pink and white and canary, but in blue, solid blue—blue overcoats, showing sad and cold above the snow. All round the amphitheatre tents will be spread—not covering, as now, the hideous and the monstrous, but the sleeping forms of young men, athletic, sinewy, beautiful. This too shall vanish. And some day, when the fierce summer sun is killing the little gray leaves and blades of grass, in through these deserted gates will pass a long, weary, foot-sore line of brown. Nothing in the floral hall now but cots, around which are nurses and weeping women. Lying there, some poor young fellow, with the death dew on his forehead, will open his shadowy eyes and remember this day of the fair, where he walked among the flowers and made love to his sweetheart.

But it is late in the afternoon, and the people are beginning to disperse by turnpike and lane to their homes in the country, or to hasten back into town for the festivities of the night; for to-night the spirit of the fair will be continued in other amphitheatres. To-night comedy and tragedy will tread the village boards; but hand in hand also they will flaunt their colors through the streets, and haunt the midnight alleys. In all the year no time like fair-time: parties at private houses; hops, balls at the hotels. You shall sip the foam from the very crest of the wave of revelry and carousal. Darkness be over it all till the east reddens! On with the dance! Let Bacchus be unconfined!

V.

The fair languished during the war, but the people were not slow to revive it upon the return of peace. Peace, however, could never bring back the fair of the past: it was gone forever—gone with the stage and phase of the social evolution of which it was the unique and memorable expression. For there was no phase of social evolution in Kentucky but felt profoundly that sea of upheaval, drift, and readjustment. Start where we will, or end where we may, we shall always come sooner or later to the war as a great rent and chasm, with its hither side and its farther side and its deep abyss between, down into which old things were dashed to death, and out of which new things were born into the better life.

THE RACE COURSE—THE FINISH.

Therefore, as we study the Kentucky fair of to-day, more than a quarter of a century later, we must expect to find it much changed from its former self. Withal it has many local variations. As it is held here and there in retired counties or by little neighborhoods it has characteristics of rural picturesqueness that suggest the manners of the era passed away. But the typical Kentucky fair, the fair that represents the leading interests and advanced ideas of the day, bears testimony enough to the altered life of the people.

The old circular amphitheatre has been torn down, and replaced with a straight or a slightly curved bank of seats. Thus we see the arena turned into the race-course, the idea of the Colosseum giving way to the idea of the Circus Maximus. In front of the bank of seats stretch a small track for the exhibition of different kinds of stock, and another large track for the trotting races. This abandonment of the old form of amphitheatre is thus a significant concession to the trotting horse, and a sign that the contemplation of its speed has become the great pleasure of the fair.

As a picture, also, the fair of to-day lacks the Tyrolean brightness of color of its predecessor, and as a social event seems but like a pensive tale of by-gone merriment. Society no longer looks upon it as the occasion of displaying its wealth, its toilets, its courtesies, its hospitalities. No such gay and splendid dresses now; no such hundreds of dinner-tables on the shaded greensward. It would be too much to say that the disappearance of the latter betokens the loss of that virtue which the gracious usages of a former time made a by-word. The explanation lies elsewhere. Under the old social *régime* a common appurtenance to every well-established household was a trained force of negro servants. It was the services of these that made the exercise of generous public entertainment possible to the Kentucky housewife. Moreover, the lavish ideals of the time threw upon economy the reproach of meanness; and, as has been noted, the fair was then the unique[illegible] for the display of munificent competitive hospitalities. In truth, it was the sharpness of the competition that brought in at last the general disuse of the custom; for the dinners grew more and more sumptuous, the labor of preparing them more and more severe, and the expense of paying for them more and more burdensome. So to-day the Kentuckians remain a hospitable people, but you must not look to find the noblest exercise of their hospitality at the fair. A few dinners you will see, to keep up the former custom; but modest lunches are not despicable, and the whole tendency of things is toward the perfect understanding that an appetite is an affair of the private conscience, that may be allowed to inflict its silent wounds with impunity, or stifled according to the sufferer's choice between a public dining-room on the grounds or his hotel in town. And this, if well pondered, brings to light some striking differences between the old and the new Kentuckians. Along with the circular amphitheatre, the dresses, and the dinners have gone the miscellaneous amusements of which the fair was erewhile the mongrel scene and centre. The ideal fair of to-day frowns upon the side show, and discards every floating accessory. It would be self-sufficient. It would say to the thousands of people who still attend it as the greatest of all their organized pleasures, "Find your excitement, your relaxation, your happiness, in a shed for machinery, a floral hall, and the fine stock." But of these three the greatest attraction must be in the last, and of all kinds of stock the one most honored in the show is the horse. Here, then, we come upon a noteworthy fact: the Kentucky fair, which began as a cattle-show, seems likely to end with being a horse-show. The quality of the grass which covers a land may determine the character of a people's spectacles.

If anything is lacking to complete the contrast between the fair in the fulness of its development before the war and the fair of to-day, what better could be found to reflect this than the different *morale* of the crowd? Since the Lexington fair was selected as a type of the one, it may be taken now as a model of the other.

You are a stranger, and you have the impression that an assemblage of ten, fifteen, twenty thousand Kentuckians out on a holiday is pervaded by the spirit of a mob. You think that a few broken heads is one of its cherished traditions; that intoxication and ungovernable disorderliness are its dearest prerogatives. You ponder your increased liability to sudden death by intentional or accidental shooting. Well, for all your prejudices and misconceptions there is no better educa-

tion than the fair. You look in vain for those heated, excited men with money lying between their fingers who were once the rebuke and the terror of the amphitheatre. You look in vain for heated, excited men of any kind: there are none. There is no drinking, no bullying, no elbowing, or shouldering, or swearing.

While still in their nurses' arms you may sometimes see the young Kentuckians shown in the ring at the horse fair for premiums. From their early years they are taken to the amphitheatre to enjoy its color, its fleetness, and its form. As little boys they ride for prizes. The horse is the subject of talk in the hotels,



STALLIONS.

As a study in contemporary American life, you may take all these thousands of Kentuckians seated in their amphitheatre, or rather their Circus Maximus, quietly enjoying the speed and the beauty of the horse. Has it any relation to the life of the younger generations?

on the street corners, in the saloons, at the stables, on county court day, at the cross-roads and blacksmiths' shops, in country church-yards before the sermon. The barber, as he shaves his morning customer, gives him points in his ear, if he do not



races. There will be found many a group of gentlemen in whose presence to reveal an ignorance of famous horses and common pedigrees will bring a blush to the cheek. Not to feel interested in such themes is to lay one's self open to a charge of disagreeable eccentricity. The horse has gradually emerged into prominence among the blue-grass Kentuckians until to-day it not only occupies the foreground, but the student of the local life falls back upon history and ransacks it for counterpart illustrations of this unaffected and characteristic admiration.

JOE GILFILLAN.

BY JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN.

JOE GILFILLAN was wearing his usual old clothes very comfortably the day when Miss Lansdowne arrived at Ipswich. He was standing down on the platform of the railroad station—one of his favorite haunts for doing nothing. The train had come and gone, the little flock of passengers had alighted and enlivened the platform for a moment and dispersed, leaving Gilfillan no more and no less connected with the world than he ever was, one leg dangling over a freight package, the other braced on the platform, whistling, with his gray eye far out on the waters of the Sound.

He was sitting thus when a tall, shapely, stylishly dressed young woman swept round the corner of the station, approached, and lifted her veil. The face was a pretty one, with grayish-blue eyes against dark hair, the hair making with its little waves an inviting place just over each of the pretty ears; the lips were none too full, but they were garnet; and her nose was long enough to make you think she would not do anything mean, and delicate enough to make you certain she could not do anything coarse. She asked Joe how she could get a couple of trunks carried up to the village. Gilfillan rose. The hollowness of the tick, tick of the telegraph instrument inside the station proclaimed to his ear that that place was empty and the facile station-master gone. He reflected. Then he said: "Why, I think I might do it, ma'am"—as if it was a sudden idea.

Joe's manner, or something about him, made a quick flush run up the young lady's face. She had evidently taken him for an ignorant man of labor. It was natural. His face was as brown as an Indian's—the bronze ground in, so that a whole year under glass might not pale it; certain lines were drawn around the eyes and nose as if they had been furrowed by the weather; and the mustache was of a tawny hue, looking as if it was tanned; besides, he wore a blue flannel shirt, and a coat which had only that sea-green color that Nature, by her alternate rain and sunshine, at last imparts to a garment which was cheap to begin with. And when Joe lifted one hand to twist his mustache while he reflected, she had observed the knuckles were big. True, the brown jaw had evidently been shaved that morning, and the curling short ends of Joe's hair were wet on his red neck, as if his head had lately been soused in a pail of water. But these latter qualifications did not strike her until he raised his searching gray eyes to look into hers, and his voice to speak. Then she blushed.

"Could you?" said she; "that is—your business?"

Joe, having thought a moment, and about made up his mind that it was his business, was about to answer, when she, having collected herself, with a firm tone bade him "take them to Miss Edgcombe's, please"; and handing him the checks, she walked off.

Joe procured a wheelbarrow, and having done many an odd errand around Ipswich, wheeled the trunks to Miss Edgcombe's house, trundling the wheelbarrow up the highly ancient and respectable brick walk to the portico steps.

Miss Edgcombe being busied at the moment, Miss Lansdowne opened the door. The bonnet was off now, and now there was a spot just under each ear, where the bonnet strings had been, that was very inviting. The removal of the jacket, too, had not withdrawn any elegance from her figure. But Joe saw none of that. His brown hands dropped the baggage easily in the hall.

"How much is it?" asked Miss Edgcombe's niece, without any blush this time.

"Why, Joseph!" exclaimed Miss Edgcombe herself, as she appeared in the hall in her best black silk in honor of her niece's arrival. "I didn't know it was you. It was very kind of you," she added, looking at him over her spectacles.

"Like them upstairs, wouldn't you?" said Joe, cap in hand, unmoved.

"Why, yes, it would be best. In the front room, please, Joseph," as he proceeded to mount the stairs.

When Joe came down from taking the last trunk, Miss Lansdowne was in the hall with money in her hand. "How much is it?" said she.

Joe looked at her out of an eye as clear as an eagle's, though his brow was not so cross. "Nothing," he said.

She replied: "It is not an office to my [illegible] to me. I asked you. How much is it?" She was haughty and imperious.

"Twenty-five cents," said Joe, with the lines of his face unmoved.

She picked it out and gave it to him, very erect in her manner.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Joe.

As she looked at him, and saw him before her with bared head, his short hair —of about the hue of his bronzed face —matted on his sturdy-looking forehead saw him standing patient so, she had a sudden impulse to cry—a sudden sense of something, she knew not what, of something lovable and yet strong about Joe, something in his way of acting, something noble, perhaps, in his face; there [illegible] that she had humiliated him by not accepting his favor.

That evening she learned from her aunt that she, Miss Edgcombe, and Joe Gilfillan's mother—Hannah Morse, as she called her —were old time playmates. "Jonas Gilfillan lived just across the way," said she. "They had a fine old house over there. There was a family of four children. Three of them died of scarlet-fever in one winter. Joseph is the only one left. He is a very good son to his mother. When Judge Gilfillan died, everything was found to be mortgaged and eaten out, and now they live in Elderberry Lane, she and Joseph."

Elderberry Lane was in the purlieus of the village of Ipswich. There were no [illegible] there now: that was a long time ago; now there was a row of maples. The houses there were small, [illegible] mother were, personally, by far the most elegant residents of the avenue. There had been great hopes of Joe once. He had been sent to college, one of the largest colleges, near by; but in [illegible] year he had been expelled for [illegible] or other; and then his father died. He tried for a while to do as the [illegible] would have done in a poverty stricken case. He entered on a humble commercial life by going into the one dry goods store of Ipswich, and for a time measured off yards of fabrics to the ladies of the place, and sold them needles and pins. But he got tired of that pretty soon. His next attempt was to take service as hostler at the village tavern. But that menial position so grieved his mo[illegible]. Nothing [illegible] ever seemed to turn up for him to do, and he drifted into odd jobs about the village, for which he was never too well paid.

Much of the time he was a public lounger, to be seen, at any chance hour of the day, about the village—idle on the tavern porch, dangling off a sugar barrel in the grocery, bolstering up the blacksmith door-frame, or lolling in front of the post-office. Yet he kept the little place in Elderberry Lane in excellent trim—spading the garden faithfully every spring, and raising the summer and winter vegetables, distantly superintending the movements of a flock of hens, and keeping the front yard swept up.

Once, indeed, Mr. Hamilton, a friend of his father's, had taken Joe aside when he was about thirty, and demanded why on earth he didn't make a break, go away from Ipswich, and set himself up in the world, like a man. But Joe only smiled good-naturedly, and said he didn't think he could. And that was the end of it; and now, at forty, Joe remained insignificant.

Yet there wasn't a man in the town who ever thought of making light of him. On the contrary, if there was a hard colt wanted breaking, Joe was the one to drive him first. If ever it blew great guns on the Sound, and a solitary cat-boat was seen out there, everybody would say, without waiting to study the cut of the sail, that that was Joe. He was usually grave and in repose. Yet he would not be an uninterested spectator of a cock-fight that might chance in the tavern yard; and he was known to have taken a drink over the bar; but no one had ever seen him tipsy.

With all his idling, Joe never made less than a living. The sea was at hand; and down at the foot of Elderberry Lane, where the tide-water river ran in close to it, Joe, in the course of years, had established a floating-dock of his own and a small navy. The float was built entirely of drift timber. The boats—if a man has a genius for boat building, he will build them somehow—a job here gets a little privilege of some surplus lumber; errands for the store earn him a little galvanized iron-ware and some rope; there is plenty of time on his hands; and the boat gets together. As a consequence, Joe was much of the time on the water. Blackfish and blue-fish were often on Widow Gilfillan's table. A little lobster-

catching was indulged in; not enough to yield any for sale; the mercantile world was quite beyond Joe's grasp. Once in a while a boat was let; that gave a spare penny. And in the season Joe would shoot ducks. It always went against his grain, and his heart was heavy every time he lifted the dull-eyed feathered creature from the wave: he could not ravage nature more than enough to obtain a humble sort of living. So, what with his gardening, and his hens' eggs, his fishing and shooting—he used to shoot an occasional rabbit or partridge at one time, but now his dog was dead he was just as well suited—Joe got most of the small Gilfillan living direct from the hand of nature. It was lucky that he was next door to nature's storehouse, else he was like to have starved for all he could gain by trade. These things were known in a dumb way to the village, but only gradually did Miss Lansdowne acquire a knowledge of them.

Miss Lansdowne was from New York. She had come to spend the summer with her aunt. Her family was well known in New York. To have danced with Miss Lansdowne at the Plutarchs' Ball was to have danced with as dashing a belle as there was in the rooms—not a bud—a belle of some six or seven years standing. She was certainly fashionable; under control her own self-control; perhaps not yet very deeply excited; having in the course of her six or eight years fallen in love half as many times—only to find her affections soaring off, very much attenuated, over the heads of her successive lovers.

At last, the springs seeming to dry up, and the babble of affection to be heard no more, she came to the conclusion that life was hollow, and that there was no rest for the spirit in this world; therefore, the spirit for the next world; for this world, she being the eldest daughter, fact; marriage was marriage, and not a sentiment; and if one is to marry, one marries discreetly, with the head—the eye unobscured by vapors floating up from the heart. And there she was, in a state of mind rather desperate for her, but not altogether out of harmony with the wishes of her parents, which were, as plain as if they had said it, "Elizabeth, why *don't* you get married? Are you never going to get married?" Sometimes there was a toss of the head on the young lady's part; but she kept her eye on the preliminary canters of the male world, and listened to all the tales of the human stables with the calm mind of a gambler watching to place his stake. That had gone on for a year or so, when she suddenly discovered a disgust at the whole proceeding; and when the family went to Europe this summer, she elected, stubbornly elected, to come and spend the season with her brusque and kind aunt Sarah in Ipswich.

Not long after her arrival, Miss Edgcombe took her to pay a visit to Joe's mother in Elderberry Lane. She watched with some curiosity for that thoroughfare and her first impression of it. Half way down the old row of maples there struggled for existence a little tenement, with two lengthwise slits of glass under the front eaves for an upper story, with a small chimney, somewhat blackened and crazy about its top, and with clapboards mostly returned to their proper gray, with a mouldering box of a front step recently patched with fresh pine. There was the palace of the Gilfillans!

To Miss Edgcombe's rap with the knocker the door opened and disclosed a little old lady with a crisp, puffy cap, and an attire of black of the most scrupulous neatness. She smiled and half courtesied to her old friend; and even blushed a little through her wrinkles, when Miss Lansdowne was presented. "Surely," thought the young lady, "some of this modest grace has crept dimly into the son." She did not discover that she was judging of everything with reference to the son; that she was thinking of the ingrain carpet and the snowy muslin curtains as Joe's clean surroundings; of the fowls, which she saw out of the back window, as being his remote care; of the brush set for the peas to climb, as his work. She asked, disconnectedly, "Do you keep a cow?" "No," answered Mrs. Gilfillan; "Joseph fetches our milk in the morning." Miss Lansdowne meditated. She began to comprehend the probable variety of Joseph's domestic duties.

Once there came a timid tap on the door, and a rather shabbily dressed youngster put in his head. "Is it four o'clock?" he lisped, holding a toy sloop in his hand; "'cause he said he was going to finish it at four o'clock." No, it was not four o'clock yet.

As they went out, Joe was coming in

at the gate. He had the calm and the keen eye of a feudal baron entering his domains; there was no trace of shame at the humble belongings. They stopped and spoke to him; but the child ran up. "It's four o'clock," said he. Miss Lansdowne viewed this urchin for whom Gilfillan [illegible] certainly it was a very humble child in this world, with its scant clothes, bare feet, uncared-for curls, and much smut on one cheek.

Nor did she ever see Joe in any very [illegible] occupation. One [illegible] when refuge on the [illegible] however, the landlord, [illegible] Harvey, had come out, and, in his shirt sleeves, had been hospitable and polite with inquiries after the place of her residence in Ipswich and elsewhere, the length of her visit, and other personal matters. In the course of their speech she pointed to a certain Latin inscription, painted in yellow on a black strip of tin over the front door. "*Hic domi hospes*," it said. It was something unusual. "Where did you get that?" she asked. "Oh!" said Harvey, "Joe put that up. Do you know what it means? It means that every person that sets foot across that there threshold is welcome." But just as she was getting a good impression of Gilfillan, a carriage having dashed round the [illegible] Joe himself, hands in pockets, [illegible] from the bar-room; and being asked to water the horses, he pumped the water and did so in the wet, and received ten cents for his trouble. When he saw Miss Lansdowne he touched his cap re- [illegible].

But although she saw him engaged in such other humble work as blowing the bellows for the blacksmith in the forge, tinkering an oar on his float, bare-legged on the mud flats digging clams with a basket and hoe, nevertheless, whenever [illegible] Jupiter [illegible] disturbed in his mien, his tawny mustache sweeping his lip, his gray eye so steady that you could not fancy its facing [illegible] and [illegible] his [illegible] figure; and nevertheless, also, his original effect on Miss Lansdowne was intensified.

Yes, there was some sort of power about Joe that fastened its finger on her. There was something, even about his rusticity, that seemed noble to her. Not one of the men she had danced with in New York had possessed the indefinable charm that Joe had. He seemed to belong to another world where spirits were silent, noble, and calm. More than once she found the tears stealing to her eyes in a fit of sublimation as she thought of him. And yet he was humble, very deferential, very honest. "My world at last," she thought, "is here; it is here in this close communing with nature, this simplicity and humility, this sturdy obedience to the Earlier Law." Her past life seemed a dream. Its refinements sped away. The refinement of this covert spirituality of Joe's seemed something greater.

One afternoon she started off in jaunty costume and with picturesque parasol for a walk. Obeying the silver cord that led her, she went sauntering in a mindless way down the road that led to Elderberry Lane; and when she reached it she turned into it and went down to Joe's float. He was sitting there absolutely idle, his elbows on his knees and his face on his hands, looking out on the river. He looked up, and on seeing her arose.

"I wish to go sailing," she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

Joe rowed her out to the *Maria*. He sat up on the deck over the tiller, and his passenger planted herself in the forward part of the cockpit with her back to him. It was a delightful afternoon for sailing, such as would have loosed most tongues. But she uttered not a word nor budged an inch. When the skipper sang out "Hard-a-lee!" and she saw the boom coming, she ducked her head and that was all; and as the boat went free on the tack, she sat there and stared at the sail.

But in an hour the wind died out and they lay becalmed. Then she looked up and said, "Joe"—it was the only name he was known by in Ipswich—"Joe," said she, "what do you think about?"

That was a searching question; and it was rather a searching young woman too who was asking it, lying there half stretched out in the boat, in her smart clothes, and playing with the slack sheet while the boom bumped and bumped with the heaving of the boat. "What do you think about, Joe?"

He made a gesture, covering the water and the salt marsh. "Those."

"And those?" queried she, waving her arm toward the sky.

He looked at her, a little startled; then shook his head. "No; fish, and grass; bugs; boats, sometimes."

"You like to be under the clouds," there were some August specimens sailing overhead.

"Yes," he answered, smiling at her persistence.

"And you move in the world of the spirit while you are rambling around these flats."

"I don't pry into the spirit world, ma'am; this one is enough for me. I don't want any better company."

She was silent a few moments. "No better company!" It slightly offended her.

"Why didn't you stay in college?" she asked, by-and-by.

"That was beyond my control," returned Gilfillan, with a faint smile.

"I know it," she said.

Joe did not help her.

"What did you do it for?"

"Do what, ma'am?" asked Joe.

"Why, what you did do."

He turned to her with something like a faintly imploring expression on his face, and it was the more touching because it was so faint and on so strong a face. Then his eyes fell. Again he raised them and seemed to study the woman's face. Should he break his reserve, his stolid quiet? Was it altogether an unfriendly face that was opposite him? Joe trusted her.

"Perhaps," he said, "you could understand it a little better if I were to tell you: it's nothing to tell, except as the truth is always proper; but it isn't an excuse; I should have been the same, anyway."

"What do you mean, 'the same'?" she asked, more quietly.

Joe paused. "Digging clams," he replied, with a trace of a smile.

"And the truth—what is it?" she asked, after a little pause.

Gilfillan made a wry face, as if it came out hard. "Why, I didn't do it; some one else did."

"What you were expelled for?"

Joe nodded. "That's an old story; I'm sick of it," he quickly said; "that's what you are always seeing in books, only—I'd say it to you, as long as you'd started it; and perhaps if you hadn't."

"And you took it all?" she asked, reverting to the story; and then she appeared to muse; "and you came home, and you were the last of the children, and you told your father—"

"Not so much him, as mother. She took it more to heart; she had indulged great expectations of her children, and I was the only one left. She was disappointed."

"Did she wish you to go back and tell?"

"If I had said it wasn't I, they would have known who it was. I told mother so."

"What did she say?"

"I was a lad then. She said nothing; she—only kissed me." Joe was silent. Then he spoke up quickly. "But it doesn't make any difference; I should have been a disappointment anyway."

A puff of wind came; Joe hauled in his sheet, and the little craft set toward home. As they crept up the river toward the float, he said, "I'd like, ma'am, to make you a present of this voyage; it wasn't much," he added, "with the calm." She did not speak right away, and he continued: "People don't usually pay me when I take them out; it's pleasant to have company once in a while."

She was struck with the way that the money side of life never turned itself to Gilfillan; it was always to give to somebody, or to satisfy an emotion, never to gain means. This man, who liked to dig clams, who was simple, who would rather bear than tell against one may, who could not do otherwise than keep silent, let come what disappointment would, to him or to his mother — She paused there. Did she not know how gentle he was to the mother? Did not the mother understand her child? There was something touching in their life.

That night when she went to her chamber she sat down by the window. It was a moonlight night. Outside the open window the leaves stirred with the night breeze that crept up from the Sound. Far down past the boughs of the trees the salt-water lay; and the moon, making its pathway of light on it, on the dancing wavelets far out in mid-Sound, seemed to bring each little ripple distinctly to her ken. It was so still—down on that light pathway; so deserted! That was where Joe spent so much of his time—Joe—humbly coming and going. Where was he at this minute? Was he thinking of his own lonesomeness, down by his little casement in Elderberry Lane?

Joe did have his thoughts, his solitude, his reflection. He was alone. Joe always had been alone these twenty years back. The clams, the water-skippers, were

[illegible] have a human friend who could be as near to him as the water-skipper! The water-skipper shared with him his secret of be[illegible] friend with the bright eye, the mobile face, the speaking lip, with the human beating heart, could be as near to him as the water-skipper and all those dumb little friends were! Joe had felt such a presence. It was when Miss Grace Lansdowne was with him in the boat. The sought-for spirit seemed to be touching his then. He was conscious of the touch, and his eyes were turned wonderingly upon her. She did not see him do it. Joe was uniformly respectful, obedient. Could it be, after all these years, that the wandering spirit had come to him? was by his side? and that, a woman? Joe marvelled and marvelled; and thought often of a kind hand being in the skies at last.

The next time they were in the boat together, Gilfillan visited his lobster pots off the shore. She watched his operations, and finally said, "I think this is a very interesting way of getting a living, Joe."

"Yes, ma'am."

A kind of a picnic all the time."

Joe stopped in his work and stroked his jaw.

[illegible] "You know what I mean," said she. "Any man in the city would think it was great fun to have to take a sail every day or so to pick up his meal, and lobster pots are not uninteresting. You are so free, Joe, coming and going over these waters as you will."

Joe reflected. "The secret is," he said, "that when you work according to nature, it isn't so hard."

"And yet—don't you ever get lonesome?"

Again he turned from his lobster pot and reflected. "I don't know," he said [illegible] Human beings are social, you know, ma'am. It is natural to be elbow-near to somebody who won't disturb you, who can hear you if you want to speak, and reply and say something to you. But"—and Joe re[illegible] "I never presumed on getting anybody to talk to me the way I should talk."

"But, Joe," she interposed, "you do feel [illegible] sometimes?"

"Well, I might miss it," he replied, "if I had ever had it."

After a little silence she said, gently, "Joe, can I do anything for you?"

He stopped in his work, and his clear gray eyes rested on her. After a few moments he replied, as gently, "No, ma'am, nothing;" and his head again bent over his work. Presently they sailed away home.

The summer had worn on, and Joe had encroached on Miss Lansdowne's domain; but she, to all appearances, not one whit on his.

They had agreed to go after fiddler-crabs some time, and one day he asked her, "Will you go to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," she answered. It seemed to her at last as if she could not encounter again the disorder that had crept into these excursions. The serpent had appeared in Eden. The moment arrived when she demanded something more from her companion than respectfulness. She wished a new light in the eye, some turn of gallantry. It was all very well to go sailing the Sound with Joe, but she needed his companionship on another and deeper sea. The great passion was aroused at last.

One day, in her room, the tears gathered. She dashed them away; she had not cried. She sank down on a chair and held her face in her hands. In a few moments she sprang up. Her face was set as if it was marble. She caught it in the mirror. She saw it was set. A gay air trilled out from her throat; within, the iron wheels were grinding out resoluteness.

The resolution of conquest! The mortification of defeat! The woman's pride! Where souls do not meet in sanctity, then comes the bitter desire. Revenge? There is love behind it. But we shape our action as if it was naught but revenge. She would compel his admiration, if it was nothing but admiration for an animal. She would make him wish for her. She had made conquests before. Would not Joe bow too?

They went sailing again now. But it was a shining shield of a woman that was in the boat. The glitter from her high bearing, her contemptuous treatment, her beauty, was as if some beautifully traced shield of steel, that had belonged to some famous long-ago Amazon, and that was not within the touch of such an everyday mortal as Joe, had been set in his boat, and reflected ever from its surface

rays that went out like outstretched arms to keep all away. It was there to dazzle; a mass of sheen—with life behind it. But it was all one to Joe. He was still the respectful skipper, attending to his business, with "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," for answer.

She was enraged. But there was to be a fair at Ipswich—a fair for the benefit of the Congregational church. The costume for a sail-boat is limited. This evening entertainment would afford a greater opportunity. Joe was to be there. He was not addicted to dogma, though he always said grace at table and regularly escorted his mother to church; but that was because he thought it would please her; and there was a many-years-old black broadcloth frock-coat that gave Joe an astonishing appearance of solemnity and dignity on Sundays. He was engaged this evening to superintend the janitor-like operations in the public hall. The most that Joe had to do on such occasions was simply to be on hand. There was a general though never-spoken-of feeling of Joe's reliability and competency. So that, if there was to be a fire, or a crush from the falling in of a roof or floor, or what not, Joe would immediately rise in command and order all things well. Consequently he had been on hand, by request, more than once, as a possible salvator of the community; but his functions had never been called into play. For Miss Lansdowne's purpose, it was sufficient to know that he was to be at the fair.

The evening came, and all the flurry and bustle. It being a warm summer night, the Ipswichians turned out *en masse*. A festival was combined with the fair, in fact was coequal with it. Miss Lansdowne presided at the lemonade stand. Joe appeared in the assemblage in his black frock-coat. He moved about, with an eye more on the lamp fixtures than anywhere else—unless it was on an occasional bit of gauze fluttering near a candle. But of the proprietress of the lemonade stand he took no notice whatever, after he had once said his first "good-evening," as he sauntered by. That was not all that the young woman from New York had bargained for. Here and there a knot of Ipswich girls would form, and, with sidelong glances at the visitor, there would ensue a whispered conversation. You could guess that it was about her attire. There was some unusual cut about the back of the dress, and a curious sort of a corsage and a lace sleeve. No one could declare it immodest; and yet it did somehow suggest the idea that she would not look ill in marble; and the head was the head of a Juno in its poise. The head-rigging lacked the charm of simplicity; there were numerous metallic bands weaving in and out of the hair, and another round the neck, and others round the wrists. They all shone. So that mademoiselle had a kind of vigorous, armored look, as if she had dropped out somewhere from a band of rebellious angels, perhaps, and looked in no wise suited to dispense lemonade. But they came and drank, and stood in her sheen and looked, as if she had been the real Olympian goddess. She seemed, however, to be unconscious that she was attracting any attention. As the evening wore on, and the lemonade was gone, she stood by a door that opened on to an outside gallery. Joe sauntered by, his hands behind his back. She smiled at him and spoke to him. "It is so very warm in here," said she. He stopped. There was enough that he should look at beside her eyes. But at them alone he looked, and then only as if they were any ordinary eyes without fascination; just as he always looked into one's eyes. "Yes, ma'am," he said; and walked on.

She felt herself at that moment a clown. Her gleaming accoutrements, that should have given her a distinguished air, she felt to be but a fool's cap and bells. If she had been an actress, come out on the stage in some extreme, fantastic dress of beauty, and an unlettered audience had set up a hoot of derision at her cherished design, she would have fled in shame and grief, as she did not fly now. Joe had passed on. A great lonesome feeling came over her, and she hastened across the room to where she had left her wrap, threw it on, and hurried to the door, as if no one should see her in her brilliancy an instant longer. She hurried so, and her face was so intent on escape, that Joe, who was standing at the exit, said, "Can I help you, ma'am?" She avoided him, and was out in the dark.

The next day she met him on the street. He was going toward Miss Edgcombe's house, with a basket on his arm. He had long been in the habit of taking a fine fish or two to her occasionally. He

had taken them more frequently than usual this summer. But this time it was the green feeler of a fresh lobster that projected over the basket and groped in the streets of Ipswich for its native sea-bottom. The sight of Joe brought back all the humiliation of the evening before. The blood rushed to her temples. She felt it there. It would be tell-tale. In the keenness of her anger she kept straight on. It was a dead cut. Joe flushed; but he too kept on, and took the lobsters to Miss Edgcombe's back door. It was a cruel, a mean blow, to so gentle a fellow as Joe was, so poor as Joe.

In the afternoon of that day Miss Lansdowne appeared at Joe's float. Joe was not there. What was her errand?—what she would have said to him if he had been there, whether some word of command, or of mollification, only the angel knows who records, not our spoken words, but those that might have been spoken—unknown even to ourselves now and evermore. While she stood there the unkempt urchin that haunted Joe's possessions, and that owned the little sloop he had made, trotted down the hill-side and said, "Joe's gone up 'e river."

"Which is a good row-boat?" she asked, pointing to the small fleet.

"That one," designating a prettily painted affair.

She drew it up to the float, got in, and took the oars. The tide was running out, and she glided swiftly and easily down the bosom of the little stream, around the point, and out of view of the Gilfillan roadstead. The current bore her out into the broader channel of the river. She went with it, and drifted down between the marsh meadows to the sea. At the last point of land there was a little house. A dog stood there and barked, but no person was in sight. The sun was bright and the sky clear. The west gale had bowed the meadow grass as she came down the river. Now it cut the Sound into a million gashes, and churned the crests of the short waves into a momentary foam. The clear sky made the water look blue, and the spray from the wave crests was caught by the quick wind and scattered into nothing: it was very pretty.

About six o'clock that afternoon, just before the tide turned, Joe came staidly pulling down the main stream from an excursion up one of the mud creeks. There was always something interesting to be found in among the roots of the marsh grass, some sort of small marine life that was worth observing. As he stepped upon his float he saw that one of his family of boats was missing. His small barefooted adjutant, not yet in breeches, came running down, and told him how it had gone. At the same time a fellow-townsman, Tom Marlow, stopped on Elderberry Lane and saluted him. He carried a gun over his shoulder and a game bag. "Say, Joe!"

Joe turned his head.

"When I was shootin' down on the p'int I see Miss Lansdowne—I think 'twas her—goin' out to sea in your boat. I didn't quite like to holler, but I wisht I had." He was coming down the bank, with a serious look on his face. "Joe," he said, as he came near, "I don't see how she can git back."

"She can't," said Joe, looking up at the weather.

"She never can pull ag'inst the wind in the world," said his companion.

"I guess I'll go after her," said Joe.

"Don't you want no help? I kin come out in my boat soon as I'm home."

"You might," said Gilfillan.

With that he embarked again, pulled out to the *Maria*, and boarded her quickly but without any bustle. Disaster was abroad. But Joe was composed, only vigorous, quick, decided. He hoisted the sail, loosed her from her moorings, and took the tiller. She moved off slowly, with the tide against her and but little wind in the sheltered creek. But turning out into the river she caught the west wind, blowing fresh still, and heeled over to the blast. So Joe kept her until he came near the river mouth; then he loosed his sheet and eased his helm until she was going before the wind. "Now," he muttered, "I'm on her track."

It had promised a starlight night. But clouds came blowing up as the sun went down, and hung, bellied and full of wind, well up in the sky, and the waves grew longer. It was dusk already, and darkness would come very soon. Joe knew that it would be at least an hour, and everything black as ink, before he could come up to the probable neighborhood of the wanderer. It was a wild search. Anything might have happened. The boat might have been overturned; the boat and its occupant might have been

picked up; they might be found at last only over on the Long Island shore. The night was cold, so that he had buttoned his coat and drawn the collar up around his neck. He did not know: perhaps she might be unconscious, overcome with fatigue—and terror; perhaps he imagined her, while he was searching with his eyes as he did, hither and yon over the dark water; perhaps her face and figure did come up to him, so proud, so commanding, with her fair face and dark wavy hair; perhaps he saw her as they had sailed out together before, with the sunlight streaming around her, seeming to be reflected off her as from some white and glittering thing.

And now there was wreck; he knew it as well as he knew the channel in the little stream that led up to his float; he knew how she had drifted and drifted out with the wind and tide, thinking it would be easy to get back; how, at length, she had turned against the strong wind; how she had discovered all at once that she was making no progress—the boat's head going round before the wind, and every inch gained swallowed up in a dozen inches lost; there was a struggle, he knew it—there was an awful determined struggle from that strong-willed girl; and then there was only one end, her last bit of strength was gone, and the proud head was bowed in a wild, tearful fit of despair; then night came, and now—

If he could only see! if there was only light! There was nothing to do but to go the way the wind had blown her. There was the quiet, grim resolve to go on and search; that intent, eager eye of Joe's was everywhere, restless, peering, watching, prying into the darkness; the ear was open, catching every sound; but there was nothing but the rush of the wind over the water, the occasional hiss on the gunwale as the *Maria* swept through a crest and left its bubbles behind her, the whack of the boom as it fell, far out over the vessel's side, with the dip of the bow; and that crouching form of Joe's, the neck stretched out; the iron hand ever on the wavering tiller. He was nearing the middle of the Sound. The beat of the paddles of the night steamers began to come on his ears against the wind, and the lights were down there to his right. He could easily enough keep out of their way with that breeze. It was a quarter of an hour more. The clouds had thinned. It was not quite so dark. The first of the steamers was coming up close. He was about to bring his boat's head up and go astern of her. But at the moment he thought he saw a black object on the water just ahead. He hallooed. There was no answer. In a moment more, by the head-light of the steamer, he saw plainly it was his boat, and a hand hung over the gunwale. The lookout of the steamer shouted, and the whistle blew an alarm. Heaven knows what there was in Joe's heart. But he held that tiller as rigid as if his arm had been of iron; he was crouched, immovable, as if his body was iron; keeping straight on, the big bow over him, the little row-boat right ahead; ever a fast eye on that boat—to hit it straight. "Luff!" thundered the voice from the deck. The spray of the cutwater spurted over the *Maria*. But she kept straight on; her bow jammed the row-boat, and it spun on. Then there was a smash. The stern-sheet of the *Maria* was splinters, and Joe was deep in the water, the great bulk of the steamer, with her paddles stationary now, sweeping over the spot.

He was found by Marlow and his friends dazed and feebly swimming in the wake. "You had better pick her up now," he said in a faint voice, pointing to leeward as they lifted him in, and then he sank down in the bottom of the boat, and his eyes closed.

They sat still for a moment around the lantern, without a word. Then Marlow said, in an awe-struck voice: "Joe! is it you? I thought ye was dead." And he felt of him to see if he still lived.

He opened his eyes. "I've smashed my leg, Tom; that's all; you'd better pick her up."

They sailed along and found the row-boat, and took its bewildered occupant in with them. She gazed at the steamer lights fading into the distance. "Is that the city? Is that the square?" she asked, brushing the long hair from her face. "And who are you?" as she gazed on the group of lantern-lit faces. "Let me go!" and she struggled to get out of the boat.

"No, no," said Joe, as loud as he could, "we're friends."

"What?" she whispered—"what? Is that Joe's voice?" Then, with a dreamy abandonment, "Oh! I knew you would say that, Joe; I knew you would say we were friends—if I *was* mean." And with that she burst into hysterical weeping and

fell backward; but Marlow caught her in his arms. After a few minutes she seemed to [illegible] rose up and demanded roundly, "Where is Joe? Where is he?" Then in a moment she whispered, half dreamily, "Is he dead too?"

Marlow pointed to him in the bottom of the boat. She looked at him. His eyes were closed. "*Is* he dead?" she asked of Marlow, as if she were approaching him confidentially.

"Speak to her, Joe!" said Tom, half distracted.

The call made him open his eyes, but he did not speak.

"Oh no, I see he isn't dead," she said, cheerily. Then she suddenly put her hand to her forehead. "Where is my boat?" she cried.

"[illegible]"

She looked and saw it. "Oh yes," she said; "and Joe is resting;" and she sat down in the cockpit, as if it were a pleasure sail and daylight. The men did not speak to her. And gradually, as if overcome with some narcotic draught, she sank down and slept.

Early next morning the town was alive with the story. Nothing like it had ever been heard of in the boating annals of [illegible] Harvey, to the group of loungers at the tavern—"to steer straight under the *New England's* stem and her goin' nigh on eighteen knots, *I* say, that takes a stiff back, and a darned strong arm, boys, to hold a tiller stiddy, and not twitch her all to once at the last, and sheer; it takes an iron insides to run int' death like [illegible]

"'Twas jest luck that 't wa'n't death," remarked Dan'l Gibson, "and that's all."

Well, not altogether, Dan'l. He must ha' give a jump at last, or he'd ben struck by the cutwater. 'Twas the starn-sheets [illegible] if he'd be'n settin' there, good-by, Joe! He must ha' jumped."

[illegible] suggested Dan'l; "and that's what broke [illegible]

"Undoubted," replied Solomon. "You see the rock boat was t'other side o' the bow from the *Marcia*, and after Joe had once bumped her out o' the starboard suction, why, his work was done—what he could; and he could afford to go; but rap! crack! jump! it must ha' been jest like that; and all under that prow—it makes me creep all over."

"Quicker'n lightnin'," muttered Gibson; "ben nothin' like it round here;" and no one said nay.

And there were not wanting villagers now to say that they had always knowed there was somethin' in Joe.

It was evening of the second day before Miss Edgcombe had learned from injured Joe enough of the particulars of the rescue to be able to give her niece a full account of what had happened; and it was not earlier, indeed, that Miss Lansdowne herself had recovered sufficiently to listen to the tale.

When the old lady had finished, the listener was trembling and her eyelashes were wet. "There! I should have waited," said the historian.

"No," replied her niece, "it is not that."

"What is it, dear?"

The girl turned her face away. "No, not now." There was nothing to tell her aunt; only to tell Joe; her contrition and the story of it all; to Joe, who had given her everything.

The next day, against the remonstrances of her physician, she dressed and went to the Gilfillan cottage. Mrs. Gilfillan embraced her. "May I see Joe?" she asked.

"Yes;" and the gentle widow remained below in the sitting-room while the visitor climbed the attic stair. She tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried Joe's voice.

She entered the little room, where Joe, under the slanting ceiling, was lying on his bed. He received her gallantly, and begged her to sit down.

But she could not do that, all at once. She stood looking at him, with great depth in her eyes, her breast heaving. "How are you, Joe?" she asked at length, under her breath.

"The bones are making friends, ma'am. I'll be out in a few days."

She went over and sat down by his bed. There was a heightened color in her cheeks. Her breath came and went quickly. Her hands were tremulous. "I have come," she said, "to apologize; and my apology is a long story—a story of the whole summer. I cannot tell you why I did not bow to you on the street, without telling you everything. Forgive me, Joe, if I seem unwomanly. It is hard to

do it. But I will do it—and then you will not see me again." She paused. "I loved you, Joe, when I did not bow to you." Her voice wavered, and her hands clasped each other nervously. Joe did not speak nor move; his head was bent and his eyes cast down. "Before that, when I behaved haughtily to you, it was because I—loved you. You know now, Joe. I am sorry I acted so. I am going away." Her frame shook and the tears rained on her lap. "Here, Joe, please take this ring, and remember me by it."

She held out the ring, and Joe held out his hand, but took hers, and not the ring. He was very solemn. "I am sorry," he said, "to cause you this. You have acted very nobly. I might have spared it. But there are some confidences that one does not hesitate to give to another, that one does not grudge. One is not sorry to have given a confidence to a lover. One is sure of finding a home there. There need be no shame."

"Oh, Joe!" she gasped.

"I can only love you the more for what you have said and done here."

"Think what you did for me," she whispered.

"Do not trouble yourself about that," said he, tenderly. "I would have done it for—"

"Anybody?—even your little friend of the toy sloop, I guess."

"Perhaps," said Joe. "It is only what one *has* to do; there is no choice. It is nothing; do not dwell on it."

She pressed his hand.

"I have belied myself," he continued. "Do you remember you asked me once if you could do anything for me?"

"You said 'no.'

"I did not wish you to throw yourself away on a man like me."

"Joe!"

"After that you sat up very proud in the boat."

"Will you forgive me?"

"You were very handsome. After that you—appeared to me at the church fair."

There was a twinkle in his eye.

She blushed, and hung her head.

"I—liked that too."

She laughed as she glanced up at him.

"Thank you always."

"Did you like that?"

"Not for the moment. But I thought directly after, 'That is proper, that is fitting.' I recognized its logic; and—yes, I did like it. And when I found in the afternoon that you had taken my boat and gone out to sea, then I thought I had really found a woman who liked me. But was I to lose her so soon?"

She shuddered. The occurrence was not three days old yet. "Oh, Joe, don't speak of that! Joe," she said, suddenly, with a little horror in her face, "you don't think that *that* is what makes me— I began to like you long before that. Oh, you were such a blessed relief to me!"

"Perhaps you may suspect," said Joe, "that you are a happy deliverance to me."

"And you didn't speak to me all that time because—"

"Yes, because I loved *you*."

"That was a mistake, wasn't it, Joe?"

"All's well that ends well."

THE OLDEST AND SMALLEST SECT IN THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THERE is to be found in the heart of the small city of Nablus, in North Palestine, a little religious community—now numbering about one hundred and fifty souls—which has defied the ravages of war and poverty and oppression nearly three thousand years. Unlike the Vaudois, these Samaritans have had no friendly system of mountain buttresses to defend them through the centuries; and still more unlike the long-lived Savoyard Protestants, they have been right in the pathway along which the devastating armies have marched back and forth, from the time of Sargon to Napoleon. But they have lived on, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nablus and to their sacred Mount Gerizim, as the very cactus roots to the granite sides of the sombre Ebal that confronts them across their little enchanted valley.

The line of Samaritan history, however, extends to a far earlier period than thirty centuries since; indeed, it stretches back to the morning of history. When Abraham was called out of Mesopotamia to the land of Canaan he crossed the Jordan

and proceeded directly to Sichem, or Shechem, the probable site of the present Nablus, where he pitched his tent and dwelt for a time, receiving during his stay the divine promise of the possession of the whole land by his seed. From Abraham's time, therefore, the Samaritan history runs parallel with the Jewish, until the overthrow of the Jewish nationality by the Assyrian invasion. Since that catastrophe the line of Samaritan religious life has never been interrupted. The Jews are now dispersed all over the world, and are now divided into numerous shades of faith. But the Samaritans still live at the base of sacred Gerizim, and have never quarrelled among each other in tradition, faith, or usages. Dean Stanley has accordingly ample ground for claiming for this little Samaritan community the distinguished honor of being the "oldest and smallest sect in the world."

The feeling with which the present Samaritans regard the Mohammedans is of that intense bitterness which they have always manifested toward the Jews. And why not? Does not the Samaritan date his faith from Abraham, or rather from Adam? and has he not a right to call that an infant religion which has been in existence for only the trifle of twelve centuries? Is not the Koran one of your new catchpenny romances, while that mysterious copy of the Pentateuch, made of sacred lamb skins, which the Samaritans have been reading and kissing through these many ages, is the oldest copy in existence, written down by Aaron's own grandson, and the veritable original of all the Pentateuchs in the world?

As the population of Nablus is just about 12,000, the little Samaritan community is almost absorbed by the surrounding Mohammedan mass. Save to a careful observer, the very existence and presence of the Samaritans as a distinct element of citizenship in Nablus would not be noticed. The Samaritans wear a turban, much like that of their true Moslem neighbors, but between the history and theology of the two classes there is not a single point of positive resemblance.

My visit to Nablus was in April, the best of all months for the enjoyment of the rare beauty of the region. Having come from the barren and rocky hills of Judea, I was hardly prepared for so positive a change as this sudden luxuriance of foliage and flowers. At Jacob's Well I turned abruptly to the left, and entered the narrow valley of Nablus. What the valley of the Engadine is to the Tyrol, that of Nablus is to Syria. There is nothing elsewhere that approaches it. It is the quiet, half-concealed gem of the whole land. While the plain of Esdraelon is fruitful, there is chiefly the charm of history to make it attractive. But in the valley of Nablus there is a profusion of flowers and fruits that transfers you at once to the tropics.

Beyond the city of Nablus, as you bear northward toward Sebustieh, the ancient city of Samaria, the sound of brooks and fountains—new enough to the tourist from the south—is as present and cheering as to the guest who falls asleep amid the jasmines and fountains of the court of Demetri's Hotel in Damascus. The valley is a perpetual orchard, or rather garden, with a great variety of fruits and flowers. Figs, mulberries, grapes, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, apricots, almonds, and other fruits vie for mastery in this miniature Eden. Van de Velde, for a calm Dutchman, quite lost his self-control when he entered the valley. For example, he speaks of a peculiar coloring here to all objects—"a lovely bluish haze."

My dragoman conducted me into Nablus by the western gate—an old rickety affair. Through this I rode with something of a dash, lest the sleepy guard should take it into his head to detain me without for an hour or two until the completion of the customary meaningless formalities. On my way to my lodgings I passed an excellent bazar, which I have since learned is the best in Palestine. I found dark but otherwise comfortable quarters in the middle of the little city, and divided my few days in Nablus between clambering up the sides of Mount Gerizim, examining the marble ruins that crown it, conversing with the Samaritan high-priest, and rambling back to Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb.

The presence of the little Samaritan community in Nablus, clinging to their traditions and religion and first home with a tenacity which has no parallel in the annals of the world, suggests a glance at the marvellous history of this now dying sect. When Sargon, the successor of Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, took Samaria and carried all its strong inhabitants

to Assyria, B.C. 722, he supplied the place of the exiles by colonists from Babylon and other parts of his empire. These colonists united with the infirm population which had not been regarded worth taking captive, and the two elements formed the basis of a new and mixed population. The religion, up to a certain time, was semi-idolatrous, having been introduced by the new colonists from Babylonia. The country began to be infested with lions and other wild beasts, and the people, regarding this as an evidence of divine wrath for stripping the land of its native deity, sent a request to the King of Assyria to give an order for the return of some Israelitish priests from captivity, that the citizens might be instructed in their former worship of Jehovah, and thus the wrath of the popular deity be appeased for all time to come. The request was granted, and Israelitish priests became the religious teachers of Samaria. Shechem, the Sychar of the New Testament and the Nablus of our times, became the capital. We have, then, this anomalous combination of facts: a mongrel population, part Assyrian and part Israelitish, living in a country which had belonged to the latter element, and now instructed in the religion of Israel by the priests who had been voluntarily sent back from exile. When, at the end of the seventy years' Jewish captivity, Zerubbabel and his Jewish brethren returned to Jerusalem and began to rebuild the Temple, the Samaritans proposed to unite with them. But the Jews would not permit them, on the ground that they regarded the Samaritans as semi-pagans. They therefore disclaimed all fellowship with them, and would give them no share in the restoration of their worship throughout the land. The Samaritans now conceived the idea of religious independence; so they proceeded to their sacred Shechem, and erected on the top of Mount Gerizim that great temple whose ruins are to-day the wonder of the antiquarian. From the day of the refusal of the Jews to permit them to share in the rebuilding of the temple, the hostility between the two peoples has been singularly intense.

There is no sadder bit of local history than that of Nablus. In the Roman period this city was rebuilt by Vespasian, on or near the site of the ancient Shechem, and called Flavia Neapolis (new city). The present title is therefore a very perceptible Arabic corruption of the Roman name. A Roman colony was established there by Vespasian. It appears that the population has always been quarrelsome, either with itself or unitedly against its rulers. Toward the end of the reign of the Emperor Zeno, A.D. 490, the people arose against the Christians, and having chosen as chief a certain Justus, they fell on them during the feast of Pentecost, and put to death many of them and destroyed their churches. The Emperor sent troops against the rebels. Gerizim was given to the Christians, who built a church thereon in honor of the Virgin. The ruins of this church we find to-day beside those of the original Samaritan temple. Under Justinian the Samaritans rose again, and destroyed the churches and massacred as many of the Christians as fell into their hands. They murdered Ammonas, Archbishop of Shechem. These excesses were punished by Justinian, who sent out a general against the rebels, and the Samaritans were compelled to build the demolished churches at their own cost. This general rebellious spirit of the Samaritans explains the severity of the decrees of the Emperors in the Roman code against this sect.*

During the later Roman Empire the Samaritans, as a sect, began to lose all historical importance. The Christians had their churches at Nablus, and were protected in their rights, until the Mohammedan conquest of Syria, when both Samaritans and Christians shared in the devastations of that time. The Samaritans, however, were not exterminated, and were not even driven from Nablus. During the Crusades they fell under Christian rule, and again reverted to Mohammedan control when the Turks became possessors of Syria. The Samaritans have therefore never been an independent people, but have been successively ruled by the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Jews, Romans, and Turks. Yet during all these thirty centuries they have never gone beyond the sight of their pomegranate and almond blossoms, or the sound of their brooks, or the protecting side of their sacred Gerizim. But they have paid a fearful penalty in the decrease of their numbers and in their pre-

* Bargès, *Les Samaritains de Naplouse*, pp. 31, 33, 35, 36.

[illegible] poverty. Only their religion has kept them bound together.

I spent an entire afternoon on the top of Gerizim, and by the aid of an excellent diagram examined the ruins of the church and the ancient temple until an approaching storm hastened my departure. The various parts and uses of the temple are still traceable. The greatest of the Samaritan festivals, the Passover, is still celebrated on the top of Gerizim with the most solemn and elaborate festivities.

The Samaritan synagogue is a small building in the centre of Nablus, half obscured by the surrounding dwellings. I passed through arched and littered streets to a little court, in the middle of which was a little plot of grass, relieved by three trees, two of which were lemon. I here found a little Samaritan school, and at the sight of a stranger the children sprang from the floor where they were sitting, kissed my hand, and begged for backsheesh. The teacher was a youth of about fourteen, the son of Amram the high-priest. I was greatly disappointed at failing to find Amram himself, but in the end this circumstance aided me in my chief object, for the young man was willing, for a good fee, to show me the ancient Pentateuch. His father might have been deaf to all entreaties.

The claim of the Samaritans to have a copy of the Pentateuch older than the Jewish is supported by their own unbroken tradition and by the opinion of some learned men of the present time in Christian countries. But the weight of internal evidence is against it, among which may be mentioned grammatical emendations, late glosses in the text, insertions of foreign passages, alterations, Samaritanisms, and changes in support of [illegible].

There are three codices kept in the little synagogue in Nablus, two being generally shown to strangers. It is very rarely that the veritable one can be seen. My good fortune in getting a hasty look at it was due to the venturous and avaricious spirit of Amram's son, rather than to any management of my own. Having first exhibited the two imitations, the young man, upon the offer of an additional fee, then brought out the original scroll from a chest. After the removal of the red satin cover I saw that the codex was encased in a [illegible] metal case, which had two doors opening on two sets of hinges. When these doors were thrown back the whole column was exposed to the vision. This cylinder is of rich workmanship. It is about two feet and a half long and nearly a foot in diameter, and presents, in exquisite raised work, a good plan of the Tabernacle, with every part given with the utmost minuteness and rarest skill. The roll consists of dingy skins—prepared before the invention of parchment — sewed together with neat stitches, and worn and patched, and here and there entirely illegible. The skins are of equal size, and measure each twenty-five inches long and fifteen wide.

Before leaving Nablus I had the opportunity of spending an evening with Amram at his own house. He lived in the greatest simplicity, though in Palestine that is the rule rather than the exception. Mrs. El Karey, the wife of the missionary in Nablus in the employment of the Church Missionary Society of London, was good enough to accompany me and serve as interpreter. The venerable high-priest, who was barefooted, and clad in a great turban and loose flowing robe, received us with calm and dignified cordiality in his room—at once his parlor, dining-room, and bedroom. His very aged mother was lying on the floor, covered with bedclothing, and asleep. There were several children, half asleep, lying about the room. Amram's son-in-law was slowly copying a Pentateuch—for the Samaritans have no printing-press. It requires a year to make a copy, which is never sold, and is only used by the community. The aged mother of Amram arose after we had been present a few minutes, the many ornaments on her neck and in her ears making a harsh tinkling sound as she moved. I was invited to a seat on the floor, and to take coffee and cigarettes. The mother, on seeing guests in her presence, took a rude bellows and blew up the dull coals under the copper kettle. Coffee, the Oriental's unfailing proof of hospitality, was handed us in little cups.

The peculiar views of Amram may be said to represent very fairly the theology of his dying community. The world, he claimed, is about seven thousand years old. For fifty-five years men will go on increasing in wickedness, after which there will come a time of great peace and purity. Then there will come on a new

period of consummate wickedness, which will last three hundred years. This time will be consummated by the total destruction of the world. After this the general judgment will take place, when the righteous will go to live with God and the wicked with Satan. There are some people who have clean hearts, or at least are accepted as clean, though none are absolutely pure. Just here Amram looked off, as if in the distance, and said, "God is one!" Here he intended a slight thrust at all Christians, because of their emphasis on Christ and His divine character.

He spoke with interest of the ruins on Mount Gerizim, and of the increase of his community within the last thirty years. He closed by expressing his firm belief that the time would come when the Samaritans would be the most numerous body in the world.

Amram has since died, and the sedate son-in-law, being the eldest male relative, has succeeded him in the high-priesthood.

JUPITER LIGHTS.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

XXXI.

WHEN Eve reached the camp, after her parting with Paul, Cicely was waiting for her on the beach alone; apparently she had sent every one away. "Well?" she said, as the canoe grated on the sand.

"I told him," Eve answered.

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"And he did not—?"

"No; he did not."

For an instant Cicely's face expressed keen sympathy. Then her expression changed. "You did it, you know! You will have to pay for it."

"Will you help me to get away?" Eve asked. "I cannot see him again."

"And do you imagine that by any chance he wishes to see *you?*" said Cicely, with triumph.

"But he will have to come back here; he must. Let me go away before he comes. We were leaving to-morrow in any case; help me off now," Eve pleaded.

Cicely surveyed her with hard eyes; the once strong Eve now looked at her imploringly, her face pallid, her voice broken. Having had her satisfaction, the vindictive little creature turned, and going back to the lodge, began in her soft voice to issue orders with imperative haste, as though she had but one wish in the world, namely, to help Eve. Mrs. Mile found herself working as she had never worked before; the Irishmen tumbled over each other; Porley and the cook constantly gallopaded—no other word could describe their gait. The Judge worked fiercely; he packed portmanteaus and then unpacked them; he took numberless steps; he hurried down to the beach carrying the wrong thing, and then returned with equal rapidity, forgetting what he had come for; he helped in launching the canoes until the blood rushed to his head; he ran after the Irishmen; he carried Jack; he scolded Porley. And then, during one of these journeys, his strength failed suddenly, and he was obliged to sit down. As there was no bench near, he sat down on the ground.

Soon afterward Mrs. Mile came by. "*Oh!* Do let me assist you," she cried.

"I am merely looking at the lake; it is charming this morning," replied the Judge, waving his hand.

"Don't be mutinous. I could assist you *so* well," said the nurse, coming nearer. "Knowing as I do the exact position of all the muscles."

"Muscles, madam, muscles? Pass on!"

One of the Irishmen next appeared, carrying Jack's pillows and toys.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Hollis is?" demanded the Judge, still seated.

"Mr. Hollis, surr? Yes, surr. Think he's gone fishing, surr."

"D—— him! He takes a nice time for it—when we're sweating here," muttered the Judge, angrily.

But poor Hollis was fishing only in a figurative sense, and in bitter waters. He had sent for Paul—yes. But he could not stay to witness his return with Eve. (He had not the slightest doubt but that Eve would return with him.) He shook hands with Paul upon his arrival at the

* Begun in January number, 1889.

camp, and made a number of jokes, as usual. But soon after the younger man's canoe had started eastward in search of Eve, a second canoe, with Hollis paddling, stole quietly away, going in the opposite direction. Its occupant reached Bois Blanc in due time. He remained there four hours.

A month later a letter came to Paul from a small town near the base of the Rocky Mountains. "You see, when I got back to Bois Blanc, it sort of came over me that I'd go West. People are more lively out here, and not so crowded. I've got hold of a capital thing in raisins in southern California. If that fails, there is stock-raising, and plenty of other things. And the same old auctioneer line. I've left a trifle in the savings'-bank at Bois Blanc for Jacky. Perhaps you'll take charge of it for him? You'll hear from me again soon. C. HOLLIS."

But Paul never heard from him. From that moment all trace of him was lost. Ferdie, if he had known Hollis, would have had a vision of his thin figure making its way year by year further westward, always attired in the black coat and tall hat (which marked his dignity as a lawyer, as a man who knew Horace)—the same attire whether voyaging in a prairie schooner, chopping wood at a camp, working in the mines, or hunting elk along the ridges of the Cœur d'Alene. But Paul had no such visions; he did not see human lives as pictures, as *tableaux-vivants*. He was sincerely sorry that Hollis had vamosed in that way. But he understood it too.

The trifle turned out to be eight hundred dollars. It was regularly entered to little Jack's account, and there was a pass-book with his full name, "John Frederick Bruce." "Bruce! that did it," thought Paul. "He could give it to the *child*. Poor old Kit! it must have been all he had."

Through these busy preparations for departure, the hurrying hither and thither, the many orders, the talking, Eve did not stir: she sat apathetically on a bench, her eyes on the water. Once Cicely came, bringing her wraps and travelling bag. Eve accepted them, but said nothing. Cicely's generalship was excellent; in less than half an hour the three canoes were ready: the Judge, Porley and Jack, Eve, Cicely herself, with three of the men to row, took their places; the boats glided out on the water, turning toward the west. Mrs. Mile bowed gravely to the Judge, with an air of compunction; she knew what an impression she had made upon that old man; she was afraid that she had not done right! Mrs. Mile was left in charge of the camp to await the arrival of Paul Tennant.

The canoes were out all night. At dawn the little party found refuge on one of the North Shore steamers, and began the long voyage down the chain of lakes, stopping again at the beautiful city of Cleveland, thence by railway to New York, and from there southward by sea. On the ninth morning of their journey their ocean steamer turned her bows toward the distant land, a faint line on the right. By noon, still coming in, she was making her way along a winding channel, which was indicated here and there in the water by buoys painted white, which looked like little ducks. The Atlantic was very calm; its hue was emerald green; it was so clear that one could see the great jelly-fish floating down below. The Judge, with his hands clasped on his cane's head, stood looking eagerly at everything. His joy was deep. But he was past the age when the surface responds quickly to the feelings within, and his excitement only brought out more clearly the rigidity of his face and its deep wrinkles; the slight flush in his cheeks gave him an air of feverish fatigue. He felt himself an exile returning home. And oh! how beautiful home was! To him, this Southern coast was fair as Paradise: he welcomed the dark hue of the Southern trees; he welcomed the neglected fields; he even welcomed the broken-down old houses here and there. For at least they were not staring, they were not noisy. To the Judge, the smart new houses of Bois Blanc—those with Mansard-roofs—had seemed to yell. Three negro fishermen passing in a row-boat with a torn sail were eminently worthy creatures; they were not the impudent, well-dressed mulattoes of the North, who elbowed him off the pavements, who read newspapers on steamers with the air of men of the world. When at last the winding channel—winding through water—came to an end at the mouth of an inlet, the white sand-hills on each hand were more beautiful to his eyes than the peaks of the Alps, or the soft outline of Italian mountains. "God bless my country!"

was the old man's fervent thought. (But his country was limited; it was the territory which lies between the St. Mary's River and the Savannah.)

At the little port within the inlet they disembarked, and took the small steamer of the Inside Route, which was to carry them through the Sounds to Romney; night had come on, still and dark; clouds covered the sky; the air was warm, for it was still summer here. The dusky shores, dimly visible on either hand, gave a sense of protection after the unhuman vastness of the ocean; the dense odors of flowers reached them, and seemed sweet after its blank, cold purity. Cicely, with Porley and Jack, was on the deck near the stern. The Judge was now with them, now at the prow, now upstairs, now down-stairs; he could not be still. Eve stood by herself on the forward deck, gazing through the darkness at the water; she could not see it save here and there in broken gleams, where the lights from the lower cabin shone across it. She heard the rushing sound made by the great paddle-wheels as they revolved unseen behind her; the fancy came to her that she should like to be lashed to the outer rim of one of them, and be carried up and down through the cool water. Toward midnight a star shone out ahead. "See it?" said the Judge, excitedly, coming to show it to her. "Jupiter Light!"

And Eve remembered that less than a year before she had landed here for the first time, a woman imperious, sufficient to herself; a woman who was sure that she could direct her own course, who was proud of the firmness of her will; in addition, a woman who supposed herself to be unhappy. How like child's play did this all seem now—her certainties and her pride and her supposed sorrow! "If I could die, wouldn't that be the best thing for me, as well as for Paul? A way out of an impossible situation for both of us? The first shock over, I should be but a memory to him; I should not be a miserable haunting presence, wretched myself, and making him wretched as well. I wonder—is it wrong to try to die?"

The stern Puritan blood of her father in her answered, "One must not give up until one has exhausted every atom of one's strength in the contest."

"But if it is all exhausted—if—" Here another feeling came sweeping over her in a flood. "No, no; I cannot die while he is in the world; in spite of my misery, I want to be here if he is here. Perhaps some time—when we are both old— At any rate, I can hear of him here; and how do I know what I can hear down in the dark ground? And if I am not there, but in another world, I shall hate that other world, no matter how beautiful it may be! No, I cannot die."

After they had left the boat, and Pomp and Plato were hoisting the trunks into one of the wagons, Cicely came up.

"Eve, you must stay with me more, now that we are here; you mustn't be always off by yourself." She spoke sharply.

"I thought you preferred it."

"Yes, through the journey I have; but not now. It's a great deal worse for me now than it is for you. You have left Paul behind, but I am going to see Ferdie in a moment or two. I shall see him everywhere—in the road, at the door, in our own room. He will stand and look at me."

"You will like that."

"No; for it will be only a mockery; I shall not be able to put my arms round him; he won't kiss me."

"Cecilia!" called the Judge, his voice ringing out happily, "everything is ready now, and Cesh is restive."

Cicely gave one of her sudden little laughs. "Poor grandpa! he is so frantic with joy that he even says 'Cesh.' He loathes abbreviations."

Secession, the mule, started on his leisurely walk toward Romney.

In the same lighted doorway where Eve had been received upon her first arrival now appeared again the tall figure of Miss Sabrina. The poor lady was crying.

"Oh, my darling Cicely, what sorrow!" she said, embracing her niece fondly.

As they entered the hall: "Oh, my darling Cicely, what a home-coming! And to think—" More tears.

As they came into the lighted parlor: "Oh, my darling Cicely— What! no mourning?" This last in genuine surprise.

Cicely closed the doors. She stood in the centre of the room. "This is not a charnel-house, Sabrina. No one is to speak to me of graves. As to mourning, I shall not wear an inch of it. You may wear as many yards as you like. Did you begin to mourn for Ferdie before he was dead?"

"Oh, pa, she said such terrible things

to me—our own Cissy. I don't know how to take it," moaned poor Miss Sabrina to her father when they were left alone. "And she called me plain Sabrina, too, without any aunt at all. It seems so strange—so bold."

"She feels older, perhaps," suggested the Judge, doubtfully; "and you *are* pretty black, Sabrina. Those tossels and—"

"I got them because they were cheap. I hope they look like mourning."

"You needn't be afraid; they're hearse-like."

"Are they, really?" said Miss Sabrina, with gratification. "The choice at the main-land store is so small." But presently the tears came again. "Oh, pa, everything is so sad now. Do you remember when I used to ride my little pony by your side, and you were on your big black horse? How kind you have always been to me, pa; and I have been such a disappointment to you."

"No, no, Breeny; no, no, little girl," said the Judge.

They kissed each other, the old man and his gray-haired child. Their minds went back to brighter days, and they had no need of words; they understood each other.

At two o'clock Eve had not yet gone to bed. There was a tap at her door. She spoke. "Cicely?"

"Yes."

She drew back the bolt, and Cicely entered, carrying a small lamp. "You haven't gone to bed? So much the better. You are to come with me."

"Where?"

"To the places where we went that night."

"I cannot."

"There is no question of 'cannot.' I wish you to go. And you must, if I say so."

Eve looked at her with forlorn eyes. Cicely was inflexible. She opened the door. Eve followed her.

"First I want to see that Jacky is all right," Cicely said. She led the way to Jack's room. Jack was asleep, his dimpled arms thrown out on the pillow. Cicely bent over him for a moment. Then she looked at Eve.

"And you would give him up—let you have him! Only an old maid could have no understanding of one of them. Old maids haven't the least realization of maternal love; they don't know that it's a passion. They think 'passion' means something indecent, so they comb their hair straight back, and braid it tight, and are very moral and stupid. But I can tell you one thing, Eve Bruce—love for one's child is the strongest of all loves!" She turned and looked at Jack for a moment. I didn't *want* to have it the strongest—you understand that. I hated the idea." Jack stirred. Cicely soothed him to sleep again with the tenderest touch and words. "Yes, I hated it," she went on when he was quiet. "I wanted Ferdie to be first—always first. But—one can't help it!" She looked at Eve with a jeer in her eyes. "You won't be troubled by all this, will you? You'll never have a child." She laughed, and taking the lamp, she turned toward the door. "This was Ferdie's dressing-room; don't you see him over there by the window? I do." Eve shrank. "Now he has gone; but we shall hear him following us along the corridor presently, and then across the ballroom; and he will pull down that window that opens on the veranda, you know. Then in the thicket he will come and look at us. Do you remember his eyes, and the corners of his mouth, how they were drawn down?" And the corners of her own mouth unconsciously took the same grimace.

"I will not go with you," said Eve, stopping.

"You will do what I wish you to," answered Cicely; "one generally does when one has injured a person as you have injured me. For I loved Ferdie, you know; I really had the folly to love him." (She said this insolently.) Turning to Eve, with the same insolent smile, "At last you know what love is, don't you?" she said. "Has it brought you much happiness?"

Eve made no answer; she followed humbly; together they went through the labyrinth of small rooms at the end of the corridor; they entered the ballroom.

Its broad empty space was dark, a glimmering gray alone marking the unshuttered windows. The circle of light from their lamp made the blackness still blacker.

"Do you remember when I put on that ball-dress of my grandmother's and came jumping along here?" said Cicely. "How strange it is! I think I was *intended* to be happy."

After a moment she went on: "Now we

must begin to listen. He will come in behind us; we shall hear his step. *You* ought to hear it all your life!" she added, turning suddenly upon Eve, and giving her shoulder a bite, as a child might do. It was the act of a child; yet there was a certain ferocity in it.

They reached the window at last; it had seemed to Eve an endless transit. Cicely drew back the bolt, threw up the sash, and, with the aid of a chair, stepped out.

"Wait here," she said, when Eve had joined her outside. "Then, when I have reached the thicket, draw the window down, just as he did; I want to hear the sound."

She went quickly toward the thicket, carrying her lamp. Eve was left alone on the veranda.

After five minutes Eve tried to draw down the sash. It resisted; she was obliged to use all her strength. A shiver came over her as she lifted her arms to try a second time; she almost expected to see a hand come stealing over her shoulder (or under it), and perform the task for her. The hand would be a handsome one—Ferdie's! She hurried after Cicely.

Cicely came out from the thicket. "Now take the lamp and walk down the road a little way. I wish to see the gleam moving over the bushes."

Eve obeyed. It seemed to her as if she should never be free from this island and its terror; as if she should spend the rest of her life here following Cicely, and pursued by a shape which would look at her with horrible fixed eyes.

When she came back with her lamp, Cicely said, "Now for the Point." She led the way along the north road. Their footsteps made crunching sounds in the sand. Eve heard a similar sound behind them.

Cicely said: "I was so in hopes that the moon would come out from behind those clouds. I'm so glad! there it comes! now it will light up the very spot where you shot him. I will leave the lamp here on the sand; that will give the yellow gleam that we saw coming after us. Now go into the woods. Then, in a few moments, you must come out and look, just as you did then, and you must put out your hand and make a motion of shooting."

"I will not," said Eve, outraged. "I shall leave you and go back."

Cicely saw that she had come to the end of her power. She put her arms round Eve's neck, and held her closely. "To please me, Eve; I shall never be content without it; I want to see how it all was; how you looked. Just this once, Eve. Never again; but just this once."

"I thought you had forgiven me, Cicely?"

"I have, I have." She kissed Eve again and again. "*Do* content me."

Eve went slowly toward the trees. As she disappeared within the shadow, Cicely instantly concealed herself on the other side of the road. There was a silence.

The moon, emerging still further from the clouds, which until this moment had covered the sky, now silvered the forest, the path, and the Sound with its clear light. There was no boat drawn up at the Point's end; the beach sloped smoothly to the water, unbroken by any dark outline; the water stretched smoothly toward Singleton Island, with only the track of the moon across it.

Eve stood in the shadow under the trees. The spell of the place was upon her. Like a somnambulist, she felt herself forced by some inward compelling power to go through the whole scene; the thought of Cicely had passed from her mind; there was but one person there now—Ferdie! In another moment she should see him; she listened; then she went forward to the edge of the wood and looked down the road.

Something came rushing from the other side, and with quick force bore her to the ground. Not Ferdie, but Cicely, like a tigress, was upon her, her hands at her throat. In a strange suffocated voice she cried, "Do you like it? Do you like it? Do you *like* to be dead?"

And Eve did not struggle; she lay motionless in Cicely's grasp—motionless under the weight of her body keeping her down. The thing did not seem to her at all incredible; suddenly it seemed like a way out of all her troubles—if Cicely's grasp should tighten. Passively she closed her eyes.

But Cicely's grasp did not tighten; the fury that had risen within her had taken all her strength, and now she lay back white and still. Eve, still like a person in a dream, went down to the beach and dipped her handkerchief in the water. Slowly she came back, and bathed Cicely's forehead and wrists. But still Cicely did not stir. Eve put her hand on her heart. It

lifted Cicely in her arms, holding her as one holds a child, with one arm round her shoulders and the other under her knees, Cicely's head lying against her breast. Then she began her long walk back.

On the way all thought of Ferdie and his death, all thought of Cicely even, whom she was carrying, faded from her her shoes; they were very good shoes; she wondered if she could get another pair like them in Savannah. Probably she should be obliged to have them made. They would be like London shoes at the

XXXII.

The stars were fading, there was a band of clear light over the sea when Eve reach- pauses for rest, she had carried her sister all the way. Cicely was small and light, of a child; still, owing to the distance, the effort had been great, and Eve's strength was exhausted. She put her burden gently down on the floor of the veranda, and stood leaning against one of the wooden pillars, with her arms hanging by her sides to rest them. They were numb and stiff, almost paralyzed. She began to be afraid lest she should not be able to raise them again; she went to the window to try. The effort of lifting the sash drew a groan of anguish from her. But Cicely did not hear it; she remained unconscious. The dawn grew brighter, soon the sun would appear; it any one would pass this uninhabited end of the house. Still, negroes were inconsequent; Pomp and Plato might be seized with the fancy that a romantic hen had wandered this way and made her nest mysteriously under this veranda, and they might therefore come in pursuit; if she could only get Cicely back to her room unseen, there need be no knowledge of their midnight expedition. She knelt sister: "Cicely! Cicely!" She put the whole force of her will into the effort of reaching the dormant consciousness, wherever it was, and compelling it to waken. "Cicely! Cicely!" She looked

Cicely stirred, her dark-fringed lids opened. Her vague glance caught the gleam of the Sound. "Where are we?" she asked.

"We came out for a walk," Eve answered. "Do you think you could climb in—I mean by the window? I am afraid I cannot lift you."

"Of course I can. Why shouldn't I?"

She did it as lightly and easily as ever; she was in perfect possession of all her faculties. Eve followed her. Then she drew down the sash with the same effort.

"What is the matter with your arms?" Cicely asked. "You move them as though they were rusty."

"I think they *are* rusty."

They went through the ballroom, now flooded with the light of the rising sun. "We're always tramping through this old ballroom!" said Cicely.

When she reached the door of her own room she abruptly drew Eve in. "Well—are you going to leave me forever?"

"I shall not leave you unless you send me away."

"Is it on baby's account that you stay?"

"Not more now than at any time."

"You don't mind what I did, then?"

"You didn't do anything."

"That's awfully kind of you, when you hate lies so. You are trying to make me believe that nothing happened out there in the road—that I was just as usual. But I remember perfectly—I sprang at you. If I had been a man—my hands stronger—you wouldn't be here now!"

"Fortunately you are not a man, nor anything like one," Eve answered, in the tone of a person who makes a joke. She turned toward the door.

"Wait, I want to tell you," said Cicely, going after her, and turning her round with her hands on her shoulders. "This is it, Eve: it comes over me with a rush sometimes, when I look at you—that here you are alive, and *Ferdie* dead! He was a great deal more splendid than you are, he was so handsome and so young! And yet there he is, down in the ground; and *you* walking about here! Nothing seems too bad for you then; my feeling is, 'Let her die too!' and see how she likes it.'"

"I should like it well enough, if somebody else did it," Eve answered. "Death wouldn't be a punishment, Cicely; it

Cicely's grasp relaxed. "Oh, very well. Then why haven't you tried it?"

"Because Paul Tennant is still in the

world! I am pusillanimous enough to wish to breathe the same air."

"You *do* love him!" said Cicely. She paused. "Perhaps—after a little—he would not mind."

"No; I have thought it all out; it can never be. If he should come to me this moment, and tell me that he loved me in spite of everything, it wouldn't help me. For I should know that it could not last; I should know that, if I should marry him, sooner or later he would hate me; it would be inevitable. Ferdie's face would come between us; every time I lifted my hand" (she raised her hand as she spoke) "he would remember that it had held—"

"And so do *I* remember!" cried Cicely, striking the hand down with all her force.

Eve looked at the red mark of the blow. Cicely looked at it too, and their eyes met. "It will always be so," Eve said, in a low voice.

"Then why do you keep on staying with me?" said Cicely, with violence. "I don't wish you to stay. Not in the least."

"I thought that I could perhaps be of some use. You were so dear to my brother—"

"Much you care for poor old Jack now! Even I care more."

"Yes, I have changed. But—Jack understands."

"What a convenient belief!"

"And you have his child."

"And I am Paul's sister."

"Yes; I can sometimes hear of Paul through you."

Eve's voice, as she said this, was so humble that Cicely was softened. She came to Eve and kissed her. "I am sorry for you, Eve."

"Will you promise me to go to bed?" Eve answered, resuming her usual tone, as she turned toward the door. "I must go now; I am tired."

Cicely went with her. "I am never sure of myself, Eve," she said, warningly. "I may say just the same things to you to-morrow."

"In any case, I shall not leave you," Eve answered.

Once in her own room, she did not follow the advice which she had given to Cicely. Finding that she could not sleep, she dressed herself anew, and sought the open air again. It was still early; no one was stirring save the servants. Meeting Porley, she asked the girl to bring her some tea and a piece of corn-bread; after this frugal breakfast, taken in the shade of the great live-oaks, she wandered down one of the eastern roads. Her bath had brought no color to her cheeks; her eyes had the contracted look which comes after a night of wakefulness; though the acute pain had ceased, her weary arms still hung lifelessly by her side, her step was languid; only her golden hair, freshly braided, looked bright and young as the sun's rays shone across it.

It was a beautiful morning; she walked on at random. Upon looking down one of the tracks, bordered by the glittering green bushes, she recognized Miss Sabrina's figure, and turning, followed it.

Miss Sabrina had come out to pay an early (and furtive) visit to her temple of memories. It was a new thing for her visits to be furtive; but Cicely had remarked that "no one was to speak to her of graves!" She heard Eve's step, and looked up. "Oh, is it you, my dear? It's St. Michael and All-Angels. I have only brought a few flowers; I hope you don't mind?" Her voice was apologetic.

"Do you mean for my brother? I wish you had brought more, then; I wish you would always remember him," said Eve, going over and sitting down beside the mound. "He has the worst time of any of us, after all!"

"Oh, my dear, how *can* we know?" murmured Miss Sabrina, shocked.

"I don't mean that he is in hell," said Eve; "that is, physically."

Miss Sabrina had no idea what she meant. She returned to the subject of her temple. "Cicely thinks I come here too often; she spoke of charnel-houses. Perhaps I do come often; but it has been such a comfort to me."

"Miss Sabrina, do you believe in another world?"

"My dear child, most certainly."

"And have we the same feelings, the same affections, there as here?"

"The good ones, I suppose."

"Is love one of these?"

"The best, isn't it?"

"Well, then, my brother took his love for Cicely. If she should die to-day, how much would she care for him when she met him?"

"I think that something else would be provided for your brother, probably," suggested Miss Sabrina, timidly.

"Another wife? Why not arrange

[illegible] for Ferdie Morrison, and give Cicely [illegible]

She loved Ferdie the best. Aren't you inclined to think that it must be when they *both* love?" said Miss Sabrina, coming nearer.

"And when they both love, should any thing be permitted to come between them?"

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" said Miss Sabrina, with fervor. "That is, of course, when there is no barrier; when it would be no crime."

"What is crime?" demanded Eve, looking at her sombrely. "I don't think I know."

"Surely the catechism tells us, doesn't it?"

"What does it tell?"

Miss Sabrina folded her hands reverently. "Idolatry; blasphemy; desecration of the Lord's Day; irreverence to parents; murder; adultery; theft; falsehood; covetousness."

"And which is the worst? Murder?"

"I suppose so."

"Have you ever spoken to a murderer?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Miss Sabrina. She glanced with suffused eyes toward Ferdie's grave. "It is *such* a comfort to me to think that though he was in effect murdered, those poor ignorant nig-roes who did it had probably no such intention. It was not done deliberately by [illegible] who *wished* to harm him."

"I don't believe his murderer will be afraid to face him in the next world (if there *is* a next world)," said Eve. She, too, looked toward the mound. She seemed to see Ferdie lying there with closed eyes, but the same grimacing lips.

"Oh, as to that, they would have so little in common that they wouldn't be thrown much together, I reckon," said Miss Sabrina, hopefully. "I doubt if [illegible]"

"Your heaven is not like the Declaration of Independence, is it?" said Eve.

Miss Sabrina did not understand. She pinched her throat with her thumb and forefinger, and looked vaguely at Eve.

"I mean that all men 'are created equal.' Your heaven has an outside colony for negroes, and once or twice a week white angels go over there, I suppose, ring the Sunday-school bell, and hold meetings for their improvement."

Miss Sabrina colored; she took up her basket.

"Forgive me!" said Eve, dropping her sarcasms and going to her. "I am unhappy. That is the reason I talk so."

"I feared so, my dear; I feared so," answered the gentle lady, melted at once.

Eve left her, and wandered across the island to the ocean beach. The sky was clear; low waves came rolling in and broke upon the sand; no ship was in sight; the blue of the water met the horizon line unbroken. She walked down the beach with languid step; every now and then she would stop, then walk slowly on again. After half an hour a sound made her turn. Paul Tennant was close upon her, not twenty feet distant; the wash of the waves had prevented her from hearing his approach. She stood still involuntarily, turning toward him as if at bay.

Paul came straight to her side. "Eve, I know what I am about now. I didn't know out there at Jupiter Light. I was dazed, but I soon understood. I went back to the camp, but you were gone. Then I hurried to Bois Blanc, and as soon as I could I started after you. Here I am."

"You understood? What did you understand?" said Eve, her face deathly white.

"That I loved you," said Paul, taking her in his arms. "That is enough for me. I hope it is for you."

"That you love me in spite of—"

"There is no 'in spite of.' What you did was noble, was extraordinarily brave. A woman is timid; you are timid, though you may pretend not to be. Yet with your own hand—"

Eve remembered how Cicely had struck her hand down. "You will strike it down, too!" she said, incoherently, bursting into tears.

Paul soothed her, not by words, but by his touch. Her whole being responded; she leaned her head against his breast.

"To save Cicely you crushed your own feelings; you did something utterly horrible to you; and you faced all the trouble and grief which would certainly come in consequence of it. Why, Eve, it was the bravest thing I have ever heard of."

Eve gave a long sigh. "I have been so unhappy—"

"Never again, I hope," said Paul; "from this moment I take charge of you; we will be married as soon as possible; next week; we will go to Charleston."

"Don't let us talk of that now. Just love me here. To-day."

"Well—don't I," said Paul, smiling.

He found a little nook between two spurs of the thicket which had invaded the beach; here he made a seat for her with a fragment of wreck which had been washed up by the sea.

"Let us stay here all day," she said, longingly.

"So that I can have you all to myself?"

"Just this one day," she pleaded again.

"You will have me all the days of your life," said Paul. He had seated himself at her feet. "We shall have to live at Bois Blanc for the present: you won't mind that, I hope?"

She drew his head down upon her breast. "How I have loved you!"

"I know it," he said, flushing. "It was that which made me love you." He rose (it was not natural to Paul to keep a lowly position long); taking a seat beside her, he lifted her in his arms. "I'm well caught!" he murmured, looking down upon her with a smile. "Who would ever have supposed that you could sway me so?"

"Oh," cried Eve, breaking away from him, "it's of no use; my one day that I counted on—my one short day—I cannot even dare to take that! Good women have the worst of it; if I could pretend that I was going to marry you, all this would be right; and if I could pretend nothing, but just *take* it, then I should have it, a remembrance for all the dreary years that have got to come. Instead of that, as I have been brought up a stupid, good woman, I *can't* change all at once—though I wish I could. I shall have to tell you the truth, and go without my day: I can never marry you; the sooner we part, then, the better." She turned and walked northward toward the Romney road.

With a stride Paul caught up with her. "What are you driving at?"

"I shall never marry you."

He laughed.

She turned upon him. "You laugh; you don't know that it is like death to me. I think of you day and night; I have longed to have you in my arms—on my heart. No, don't touch me; it is only that I won't have you believe that I don't know what love is, that I don't really love you. Why, once at Bois Blanc I walked miles at night because I was so wild with jealousy (I thought you cared for that common girl), and I found you playing bézique. If I could only have known beforehand—if I could only have seen you once—Ferdie might have done what he chose with Cicely; I shouldn't have stirred."

"Yes, you would," said Paul.

"No; you might as well know me as I am. What I despise myself for is that I haven't the force to make an end of it, to relieve you of the thought of me—at least as some one living. But as long as you are alive, Paul—" She looked at him with her eyes full of tears.

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Paul, sternly. "You will live, and as my wife; we will be married here at Romney to-morrow; it's high time!"

"Would you really marry me *here?*" said Eve, the light of joy coming into her wan face.

"It's a tumble-down old place, I know. But won't it do to be married in?"

"Oh, it is so much harder when you seem to forget, when for the moment you really do forget! For of course I know that it could not last."

"What could not last?"

She moved away a step or two. "If I should marry you, you would hate me. Not at first. But it would come. For Ferdie *was* your brother, and I *did* kill him; nothing can alter these facts—not even love. At first you wouldn't remember. Then, gradually, he would come back to you; you would begin to think of the times when you were boys together, and you would be sorry that he was gone. Then you would remember that *I* killed him; whenever I came near you, you would see his face between us." Her voice broke, but she hurried on. "You said I was brave to do it; and I was. You said it was heroic; it was. Yet, all the same, he was your brother. And I killed him. In self-defence? in defence of Cicely and the baby? Nothing makes any difference; I killed him, and you would end by hating me. Yet I shouldn't be able to leave you; once your wife, I know that I should stay on, even if it were only to fold your clothes, to touch them; to pick up the burnt match ends you had dropped, and your newspapers; to arrange the chairs as you like to have them. I should be weak, weak;

I should follow you about. How you would loathe me! It would be to you hell."

"I'll take care of that," said Paul; "I'll see to my own hells. At present I'm thinking of something very different. We will be married to-day, and not wait for to-morrow. And I will take you away to-night."

Eve looked at him. "Haven't you heard what I've been saying?"

"Yes, I heard it; it was rubbish." But something in her face impressed him. "Eve, you are not really going to throw me over for a fancy like that?"

"No; for the horrible truth."

"My poor girl, you are all wrong; you are out of your mind. Let us look at only one side of it: what can you do in the world without me and my love as your shield? Your very position (which you talk too much about) makes *me* your refuge. Where else could you go? To whom? You speak of staying with Cicely. But Cicely—about Ferdie—is, and always will be, a devil. The little boy will never be yours; she will not give him to you; and all alone in the world, how desolate you will be! You think yourself strong, but to me you are like a child. I long to take care of you; I should guard you from everything. And there wouldn't be the least goodness in this on my part; don't think that. I'm passionately in love with you; I might as well confess it outright."

Eve quivered as she met his eyes. "I shall stay with Cicely."

"You don't care whether you make *me* suffer?"

"I want to save you from the far greater suffering that would come."

"As I told you before, I'll take care of that," said Paul. "You needn't be so much concerned about what my feelings will be after you are my wife; I know what they will be. Women are fools about that sort of thing—what the future husband may or may not feel, may or may not think. When he has got the woman he loves, he doesn't *think* about her at all; he thinks about his business, his affairs, his occupations, whatever they may be—all he has to do in the world. As to what he *feels*, he knows. And she too. There comes an end to all her fancies; generally they're poor stuff." And drawing her to him, he kissed her. "That's better than a fancy. Now take my arm and we will walk back to the house; there is a great deal to do if we are to be married this afternoon, as we certainly shall be. By this time to-morrow it will be an old story to you—the being my wife. And now listen, Eve, let me make an end of it. Ferdie was everything to me; I don't deny it. He was so lovable, and I have always had the charge of him. But he had that fault from boyhood. The time came when it endangered Cicely's life and that of her child; then you stepped forward and saved them, though it cost you a lifetime of pain. I honor you for this, Eve, and always shall. Poor Ferdie has gone. His death was nobody's fault but his own; and it wasn't wholly his own, either, for he had inherited certain tendencies which kept him down. He has gone back to the Power that made him; and that Power understands His own work, I fancy. I am willing to leave Ferdie to Him. But in the mean time we are on the earth, Eve—we two—and we love each other. Let us have all there is of it. In fact, I give you warning that I shall take it."

Two hours later a note was handed to Paul. He had just come back from the main-land, where he had been engaged in the necessary preparations for the marriage, which was to take place at five. So far he had told no one. He opened the note.

"It is of no use. In spite of all you have said, I feel sure that in time you could not help remembering. For myself, I should not mind. But I should mind it for you. Once your wife, I should not have the strength to leave you—as I can now. EVE."

XXXIII.

The Judge was waiting for the steamer at Warwick Landing. Attired in white duck, with his boy Pomp (Pomp was sixty) waiting respectfully in the background, he was once more himself. As the steamer drew near, he bowed with all his old courtliness; and he was immediately answered by the agitated smile of a lady on the deck, who, with her shawl blowing off and her veil blowing out, was standing at the railing, timid and blushing in spite of her fifty-three years. It could be no one but Miss Leontine. She had come over from Gary Hundred with her maid to pay a visit to her dear Sabrina at Romney. The maid was a negro

girl of thirteen, attired in a calico dress and large sun-bonnet. She did nothing save strive to see how far she could straddle on the flat surface of the deck, which seemed to attract her irresistibly. Miss Sabrina carried her own travelling-bag. Occasionally she would say: "Clementine, shush! Do not expand so; draw yourself together immediately." But Clementine never drew herself.

The Judge assisted his guest to disembark; she ambled across the plank, holding his hand. They drove to Romney in the one-seated wagon, the Judge acting as charioteer. Pomp and the maid were supposed to walk.

"Clementine, don't cling on behind," said Miss Sabrina, turning her head once or twice to blink at the offender. But Clementine clung all the way, and whooped at intervals.

The Judge, in his present state of joy, almost admired Miss Leontine; she was so unlike Idora Drone! "Ah, my dear Miss Wingfield, how changed is society in these modern days!" he said, flicking the flank of the mule. "In my time who ever heard a lady's voice three feet away? It was at best but a sigh. Who ever knew her opinions — if she had any? Who ever divined, at least in the open air, the texture of her cheek, or saw more than the tip of her slipper under the hem of her robe? Now women think nothing of speaking in public — at least at the North; they attend conventions, pass resolutions, appear at Fourth of July parades; their bonnets for the most part" (not so Miss Sabrina's) "are of a brazen smallness, and their feet are, if I may so express it, in the centre of every room! When I was young, the most ardent suitor could obtain, as a sign of preference, only a sigh; at most some startled look, some smile, some reppurtee. All was timidity — timidity itself."

Miss Sabrina, in her gratification at this description of her own ideal, clasped her hands so tightly together under her shawl, that her corset-board made a long red mark against her ribs in consequence.

As they came within sight of the house a figure was walking rapidly across the lawn. "Is that Mr. Singleton?" inquired Miss Sabrina. "Dear Nannie wrote that they would come over to-day."

"No, that's not Singleton. Singleton's lame," said the Judge.

"And yet it looks *so* much like him," murmured Miss Sabrina, with conviction, still peering with the insistence of a near-sighted person.

"It's only a man named Watson," said the Judge, decidedly.

Watson was a generic title; it did for any one whom the Judge could not quite see. He considered that a name stopped unnecessary chatter, made an end of it; if you once knew that it was Watson or Dunlap, you let it alone.

In reality the figure was that of Paul Tennant. After reading Eve's letter once, he crushed the sheet in his hand, and turned toward the house with rapid stride. There was no one in the hall; he rang the parlor bell.

"Do you know where Miss Bruce is?" he asked, when Powlyne appeared.

"In her room, Marse, I spex."

"Go and see. Don't knock; listen." He paced to and fro until Powlyne came back.

"Ain't dere, Marse. Nor yet, periently, she ain't in de house anywhuz; spex she's gone fer a walk."

"Go and find out if any one knows which way she went."

But no one had seen Eve.

"Where is Mrs. Morrison?"

"*She's* yere, safe enough. I know whur *she* is," answered Powlyne. "Mis' Morrison she's down at de barf-house, taken a barf."

"Is any one with her?"

"Dilsey; she's dere."

"Go and ask Dilsey how soon Mrs. Morrison can see me."

Powlyne started. As she did not come back immediately, he grew impatient, and went himself to the bath-house. It was a queer little place, a small wooden building near the Sound. It seemed an odd idea to bathe there, in a tank filled by a pump, when, twenty feet distant, stretched the lagoon, and on the other side of the island the magnificent sea-beach, smooth as a floor.

Paul knocked. "How soon can Mrs. Morrison see me?"

"She's troo her barf," answered Dilsey's voice at the crack. "Now she's dess a-lounjun."

"Tell her who it is; that it's important."

In another moment Dilsey opened the door, and ushered him into the outer room. It was a square apartment, bare and rough, lighted only from above; its

of furniture was a divan in the centre; an inner door led to the bath-room beyond. Upon the divan Cicely was lying, her head propped up by cushions, the soft waves of her dark hair loose on her shoulders. Delicate white draperies, profusely trimmed with lace, enveloped her, and fell in billowy folds to the floor, exhaling an odor of violets.

demanded Paul.

"Wait outside, Dilsey," said Cicely. Then, when the girl had disappeared, "She has gone to Charleston," she answered.

"Two hours ago."

"Immediately after leaving me!" Paul reflected, audibly.

"But there's no steamer at this hour."

"One of the field hands rowed her up to Mayport; there she was to take a wagon, and drive inland to a railway station."

"She could only hit the Western road."

she can make connection, to reach Charleston by to-morrow night."

"I shall be twelve hours behind her, then: the first steamer leaves this evening. You are a traitor, Cicely! Why didn't you let me know?"

"She did not wish it."

"I know what she wishes!"

"Yes, she loves you—if you mean that.

"That the barrier is too great. You would end by hating her," said Cicely, with

"If any one hates her, it is you. You constantly torture her; you are merciless."

"She shot my husband."

"She shot your murderer! Another moment, and Ferdie might have killed

"And if I preferred it! At any rate, *she* had no right to interfere," cried Cicely, springing up, her lace floating out, and filling the room with sweetness.

"Why were you running away from him, then, if you preferred it? You fled to her room, and asked for help; you begged her to come out with you."

"It was on account of baby," answered Cicely, her voice like that of a little girl, her breast beginning to heave.

"And she saved your child's life a second time—on Lake Superior."

"I know it—I know it. But you cannot expect—"

"I expect nothing; you are absolutely unreasonable, and profoundly selfish."

"I'm not selfish. I only want to make her suffer!" cried Cicely.

Paul looked at her with stern eyes. "In that dress you appear like a courtesan; and now you talk like one. It is a good thing my brother was taken off, after all—with such a wife!"

Cicely sank down at his feet. "Oh, don't say that, Paul: I loved him so! It is not true. All this—these are the things that are underneath; they are the things that touch me: you never see them when I am dressed. It is only that I always liked to be nice for *him;* that is the reason I had all this lace. And I keep it up, because I want him to think of me always as dainty and fresh—just the same; yes, even when I am old. For I know he does think of me, and he sees me too; he is often here. I can't help hating Eve, Paul. But it only comes in little whiffs, now and then. Supposing *I* had shot *her*, could you like me after that? Would you feel like touching my hands after they had held the pistol?" She rose, holding up her hands to him pleadingly. "In one way I love Eve."

"Yet you let her go! Heaven knows where she is now."

He turned his head away sharply. But she saw his tears. "No, Paul," she cried, terrified; "she isn't dead—if you mean that. She told me once, 'As long as he is in the world, I want to live!'"

"Well—I shall go after her," said Paul, controlling himself. He turned toward the door.

Cicely followed him. "Say good-by to me." She put up her face.

He touched her forehead with his lips. Then he held her off for a moment, and looked at her. "Poor child!" he said.

He returned to the house after his travelling-bag; he remembered that he had left it in the parlor upon his arrival five hours before.

The pleasant, shabby room, as he opened the door, held a characteristic group: Miss Sabrina, gliding about with plum-cake; the Judge, pouring cherry-bounce; Mistress Nannie Singleton, serenely seated, undergoing the process of being brushed by Clementine and Powlyne, who

made hissing sounds like hostlers, and standing on one foot in a bent attitude, held out behind a long leg, black and bare; Rupert Singleton, seated like a Colossus in the largest arm-chair, was evidently paying compliments to Miss Leontine, who, gratified and embarrassed, and much entangled with her veil, her wine-glass, and her plate of cake, hardly knew, to use a familiar expression, whether she was on her head or her heels. Not that Miss Sabrina would have mentioned her heels; to her, heels, shins, and toes did not exist, in a public way; they were almost medical terms; they belonged to the vocabulary of the surgeon.

"I beg your pardon; I think I left my bag here," said Paul.

"I had it taken to your room," answered Miss Sabrina, coming forward with her hand out. "Powlyne, go with Mr. Tennant."

"Let her bring it down, please. I am leaving immediately," said Paul, shaking hands with his hostess in farewell.

The Judge followed him out. "Leaving, did you say? But you've only just come."

"I am going to Charleston. I must follow Miss Bruce without a moment's delay."

"Has *she* gone?" There was a gleam of triumph in the old Georgian's eyes as he said this. "You'll find Charleston a very pleasant place," he added, politely.

XXXIV.

"Drive to the New York steamer."

"She's off, boss. Past her hour."

"Drive, I tell you."

The negro coachman cracked his whip; his two rawboned steeds broke into a gallop; the loose-jointed landau behind clattered and danced over the stones.

"Faster," said Paul.

The negro stood up; he shook the reins over the backs of his team with a galloping motion that corresponded with the sound of their feet; in addition, he yelled without intermission. They swayed round corners, they lurched against railings and other carriages; every head turned; people made way for them as for a fire-engine. At last they reached the harbor, and went clattering down the descent to the dock. Here there met them the usual assemblage of loiterers, who were watching the steamer, which was already half a mile distant, churning the blue water into foam behind her, her nose pointed straight toward Sumter.

Paul watched the line of her smoke for a moment; then he got out of his carriage, paid the coachman mechanically, told him to take his luggage to the Charleston Hotel, and walked away, unconscious alike of the mingled derision and sympathy which his late arrival had drawn from the group—boys with market baskets, girls with baby wagons, slouching mulattoes with fishing-tackle, and little negroes of tender age with spongy lips and bare prehensile toes, to whose minds the departure of the steamer was a daily drama of intensest interest and excitement.

There was nothing to be done until evening, when he could take the fast train to New York. Paul, therefore, went to the Battery, but noticed nothing. A band from the arsenal began to play. Immediately over all the windows of the tall old houses which looked seaward the white shades descended; Northern music was not needed there. He went up Meeting Street, and noticed nothing. Yet on each side, within sight, were lines of picturesque ruins, and St. Michael's spire bore the marks of the bomb-shells of the siege. He opened the gates of the church-yard of the little Huguenot church and entered. The long inscriptions on the flat stones were quaint, but he did not see them. He walked into the country by the long shaded road across the neck. Then he came back again. He stared at the old Manigault house. Finally, at three o'clock, he went to the hotel.

Half an hour later an omnibus came up. Waiters in white and bell-boys with wisp-brushes rushed out; dusty travellers descended. Paul, standing under the white marble columns, looked on. He still stood there after the omnibus had rolled away, and all was quiet, so quiet that a cat stole out and crossed the street, walking daintily on its clean white paving-stones, and disappearing under a wall opposite.

A figure came to the doorway behind. Paul became conscious that he was undergoing inspection. He turned and scanned the gazer. It proved to be a muscular, broad-shouldered man of thirty-five, with a short yellow beard and clumsy features, which were, however, lighted by keen blue eyes. His clothes were dusty; he carried a travelling bag

from the Northern train. A bell-boy
colonnade; then with his wisp-brush he
indicated Paul.

"Dat's him, sah. You was a-asking."

"All right," said the traveller. Put-
Thinks I knew you.
the one who was with your brother."

Paul's face changed; its fixed look dis-
appeared. "Will you come to my room?"
wash first, and something to eat. Be here
long?"

"I go North at six o'clock."

have time."

In twenty minutes he appeared at Paul's door. The door was open, revealing the usual bachelor's room, with one window, a narrow bed, a washstand, one chair, a red velvet sofa, with a table before it. The bed was draped in white mosquito
little white children, overdressed, and chattering in the sweet voices of South

"Curious that I should have run against you here, when this very moment I am on my way to hunt you up," said Knox, trying first the chair, and then the sofa. "I landed twenty-four hours ago in New York. Been off on a long yachting excursion; started immediately after your brother's death; perhaps Miss Abercrombie told you? Whole thing entirely unexpected; had to decide in ten minutes, and go on board in an hour, or lose the chance. Big salary, expenses paid; couldn't afford to lose it. I'd have written before starting, if it had been possible. But it wasn't. And after I was once off, my eyes gave way, and I had to give them a rest. It wasn't a thing to write, anyway, and I'm not a writing man; it was a thing to *tell*. There was nothing to be done in any case, and such kind of news will keep. I decided that as soon as I landed I'd come down here and find out about you from Miss Abercrombie; then (as quick as my engagements permitted) I was going up to Bois Blanc—or wherever you were—to see you."

"I suppose you can tell me—in three words—what all this is about?" said Paul, who had not seated himself.

"Yes, in three. Or thirty-three. What do you suppose was the cause of your brother's death?"

"Pistol-shot," Paul answered, curtly.

"No; that was over; I had cured him of that. I telegraphed you that the wound wasn't dangerous, and it wasn't. No, sir; he died of a spree—of a series of 'em."

Paul sat down.

"I say, have some brandy? No? Well, then I'll go on, and get it over. But don't you go to thinking that I'm down on Ferdie. I'm not; I just loved that fellow. I don't know when I've seen anybody that took me so. I was called to him, you know, after those negroes shot him. 'Twasn't in itself a vital wound; only a tedious one. The difficulty was fever; but after a while we subdued that. Of course I saw what was behind: he had had an attack of something like delirium tremens; it was that which complicated matters. Well, I went over there every day, sometimes twice a day. I took the biggest sort of interest in the case; and, besides, we got to be first-rate chums. I set about doing everything I could for him, not only in the regular line of business, but also morally, as one may call it, as a friend. You see, I wanted to open his eyes to the danger he was in; he hadn't the least conception of it. He was perfectly sure that he could stop at any time—perfectly; that it was only a question of will, and that his will was particularly strong, and that sort of talk. Well, after rather a slow job of it, I pronounced him cured—as far as the wound was concerned; all he needed was rest. Did he take it? By George, sir, he didn't! He slipped off to Savannah, not letting me know a gleam of it, and there he was joined by— I don't know whether you have heard that there was a woman in the case?"

Paul nodded.

"And she wasn't the only one, though she supposed she was. They weren't the common kind; Ferdie wouldn't look at the common kind. And they tried their best (I saw them both later) to save him. But it was impossible; from the first the drink got hold of him again. And this time it killed him; he led an awful life of it there for days. As soon as I found out that he had gone—which wasn't at once, as I

had given up going over there regularly

I chased up to Savannah after him as fast as I could tear. I had the feeling that he was going to the devil! I couldn't find him at first. And when I did, he was past helping. All I could do was to try to get him back to Romney. I wanted him to die decently at home, and not up there among those— Well, sir, he died the next day. I couldn't tell those women down there—Miss Abercrombie, Mrs. Singleton, and her aunt. They were all there, of course, and crying; but they would have cried a great deal worse if they had known the truth; and as there was nothing to be gained by it for any one, it seemed cruel to tell them. For good women are awful fools, you know; they are a great deal harder than we are about many things; they think nothing of sending a man to hell; they're awfully intolerant. 'T any rate, I made up my mind that I'd say nothing except to you, leaving it to you to inform the wife or not, as you thought best. Then, suddenly, off I had to go on that yachting expedition. And I couldn't send you a letter. But as soon as I landed I started, and here I am—on the first stage of the journey."

Paul did not speak.

"I say, do you take it so hard, then?" said Knox, with an embarrassed laugh.

Paul got up. "You have done me the greatest service that one man can do another." He put out his hand.

Knox, much relieved, gave it a hearty, prolonged shake. "Faults and all, he was the biggest kind of a trump, wasn't he? Drunkards are death to the women—to the wives and mothers and sisters; but, except for that, some of 'em are better than lots of the moral skinflints that go nagging about, saving a penny, and grinding everybody but themselves. Ferdie made everybody love him. The trouble with him was that he was born without any conscience, just as some people have no ear for music. It was a case of heredity; and heredity, you know—"

"You needn't excuse him to *me*," said Paul.

XXXV.

Outside of a walled town in North Italy there stands on a high hill an old villa, which, owing to its position, is visible for miles in every direction. It was built in the fourteenth century. Its once high tower was lowered in A.D. 1423. Its blank yellow walls are long, pierced irregularly by large windows, which are covered with iron cages. Massive doors open upon a court-yard within. An avenue of cypresses leads up the bare hill to the entrance.

Sixteen days after the conversation between Paul Tennant and Edward Knox, three persons were standing in the court-yard of this villa behind the closed outer doors. The court-yard was square, open to the sky; a large stone shield, bearing three carved wolves, was tilted forward on one of the walls; opposite, over a door, there was a headless figure of a man in armor; a small zinc cross over a smaller door marked the entrance to the family chapel. In one corner stood a circular stone well, with a yellow marble parapet supported by grinning masks; in another hung a wire cord that led to a bell above, which was covered by a little turret roof, also bearing a cross. There were no vines or flowers, not a green leaf; the yard was bare, paved with large stones, which, though ancient, were clean; the usual blades of grass marking the interstices, usual in Italy, were absent here.

Of the three persons who stood together near the well, one was a stout woman with a broad face, an air of decision and business-like cheerfulness, and pretty hands which she kept crossed on her black dress. The second was a small thin man of fifty. The third was Paul Tennant.

"I have heard your reasons; I am not satisfied with them," Paul was saying. "I must insist upon seeing her."

"But consider, pray—when I tell you that she does not *wish* to see you," said the woman, rubbing her hands together, and then looking at them inspectingly.

"How can I be sure of that?"

"You have my word for it."

"I can assure you that it is as Mrs. Wingate says," interposed the small thin man, earnestly. His voice was clear and sweet.

"She may have said so; but she does not really mean it. And when we have once met—"

"Well, I think I'll go in now," interrupted Mrs. Wingate, giving her hands a last rub, looking at them, and then crossing them on her black dress again. "I've given you twenty minutes; but I've a thousand things to do; all the clothes to cut out—fancy! I leave you with Mr. Smith. Good-day."

"Instead of leaving me, you had better take me to Miss Bruce," said Paul.

She shook her finger at him. "Do you think I'll play her such a trick as that?" She crossed the court, opened a door, and disappeared.

Paul turned impatiently to Mr. Smith. "There is something that Miss Bruce must know. Call her down; you can be present, if you like, to convince yourself."

Mr. Smith was silent. Then he said: "I might evade, but I prefer not to. The lady you speak of has asked our protection, and especially from you; she is soon to be taken into our Holy Church."

"So you're a priest, are you?" said Paul, in a fury. "And that woman Wingate is your accomplice? Now I know where to have you!"

Mr. Smith did not quail, though Paul's fist was close under his nose. "I am not a priest. And Mrs. Wingate is an English lady of fortune, who devotes her life to charitable works. Miss Bruce came to us of her own accord, only three days ago. She was ill and unhappy. Now she is tranquil."

"Is she—is she alive?" said Paul, his voice suddenly beginning to tremble. It had come to him that Eve was dead.

"She is. I may as well tell you that she did not wish to be; but—but it has been represented to her that our lives are not our own, to cut short as we please. And so she has repented."

"I don't believe she has repented," said Paul, with inconsequent anger. He hated the word, and the thin little man.

"She told me that she had killed some one," Mr. Smith went on, in a whisper, his voice, even in a whisper, however, preserving its sweetness.

"See here!" said Paul, taking him by the arm eagerly; "that is what I have come for. All these months she has thought so. But it is a mistake; he died from another cause."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Smith.

"Thank God and bring her out, man! *She* is the one to know."

"I'll do what I can. But it may not be thought best by those in authority. I must warn you that I shall obey the orders of my superior, in any case."

"Yet you don't look like an ass!"

"Wait here, please," said Mr. Smith, without noticing this comment. He opened a door beside the chapel (not the one by which Mrs. Wingate had entered), and, going in, gently closed it behind him.

Paul waited. Five minutes passed. Ten. Fifteen. He tried all the doors. They were locked. He went over to the corner where the bell-rope hung and pulled it twice. "Cling-clang! cling-clang!" sounded the bell in its turret.

In answer a window opened, and a large, placid Italian peasant appeared, looking at him amiably.

"Mr. Smith?" said Paul.

"Fuori."

"Mrs. Wingate, then?"

"Fuori."

"There's only one road—the one by which I came up; I haven't heard any carriage drive away. If 'Fuori' means out, you are not telling the truth: they are not out; they are here."

The Italian smiled, still amiably.

"Is there any one here who speaks English?" said Paul, in despair.

"Ingleese? Si." She went off with the same serene expression. Before long she appeared again at a door below, which she left open; Paul could see a bare stone-floored hall, with a staircase at the end.

Presently down the staircase came a quick-stepping little old woman, with a black lace veil on her head. She came briskly to the door. "I hear you wish to speak to me, sir?"

"You're an American!" said Paul. "I'm glad of that."

"Well, you're another; and I'm not glad of it! Americans are limited. Besides, they are Puritans. My being an American doesn't make any difference to *you*, that I know of."

"Yes, it does. You come from a country where no one is shut up."

"Prisons."

"For criminals. Not for girls."

"Girls are silly. Have nothing to do with them until they are older; that's *my* advice," said the little old lady, alertly.

"Do you know Miss Bruce?"

"A little."

"Take me to her."

"I can't: she is in retreat."

"You wouldn't approve of force being used for any one; I am sure you would not," said Paul, trying to speak gently.

"Force? Force is never used here. You must be out of your mind. If you do not see Miss Bruce, you may depend that it is because she does not wish to see you."

"She would—if she could hear me say one word!"

"No doubt you'd cajole her! I'm glad

she is where you can't get at her, poor dear."

"She was to have been my wife two weeks ago," said Paul, making a last effort to soften her.

"Well, go home now; go home. She'll never be your wife *this* side the grave," said the little old lady, laughing.

"I'll make all Italy ring with this, madam. This old house shall come down about your ears."

"Mercy me! We're not Italians; we're English. And we've got a government protection. It's a charitable institution."

"For inveigling people, and getting their money. Miss Bruce, you know, has money."

"I didn't know a thing about it—not a thing! Money, has she? Well, Ernestine Wingate *does* like money.—Look here, young man, Father Ambrose is coming here to-day; you want to see him. He'll do what's right; he is a very good man. And he commands all the others; they have to do as he says, whether they like it or not. I guess you'd better not *hurry* away." And, with a nod in which there was almost a wink, the American convert went back down the hall and up the stairway, disappearing through a door which closed with a sharp bang behind her.

Paul crossed the court-yard, and opening one of the great portals, he passed through, shutting it behind him. Outside, attached to the wall of the villa, there ran a long low stone bench, crumbling and overgrown with ivy. He sat down here, and remained motionless.

An hour later a carriage drove up, and a priest descended; he was a man of fifty-eight or thereabouts, tall, slender, with a fine bearing and an agreeable face. Paul went up to him, touching his hat as he did so. "Are you going in?"

"That is what I have come for," answered the priest, smiling.

The doors, meanwhile, had been thrown open; the priest passed in, followed by Paul.

When they reached the court-yard the priest stopped. "Will you kindly tell me your business?"

"It concerns Miss Bruce, an American who has only been here a few days. She came, supposing that the death of my brother was due to an act of hers. I have just learned that she is completely mistaken; he died from another cause."

"God be praised! She has been very unhappy—very," said the priest, with sympathy. "This will relieve her."

"I should like to see her. The whole community can be present, if you please."

"That will hardly be necessary," said Father Ambrose, smiling again. He went toward the door by the side of the chapel. "I will tell her myself; I will go at once." He opened the door.

"I prefer to see her. You have no real authority over her; she has not yet taken the vows."

"There has been no talk of vows," said Father Ambrose, waving his hand with an amused air. "Every one is free here; I don't know what you are thinking of! If you will give me your address, Miss Bruce will write to you."

"Do you refuse to let me see her?"

"For the present—yes. You must remember that we don't know who you are."

"She will tell you."

"Yes; she is very intelligent," answered the priest, entering the doorway and preparing to mount the stairs.

But Paul knocked him down.

Then he ran forward up the stairs; he opened doors at random; he ran through room after room. Women met him, and screamed. At last, where the hall turned sharply, Mr. Smith confronted him. Mr. Smith was perfectly composed.

"Let me pass," said Paul.

"In a moment; all shall be as you like, if you will wait."

"Wait yourself!" cried Paul, felling him to the floor. Then he ran on.

At the end of the hall Mrs. Wingate stopped him. Her manner was unaltered; it was business-like and cheerful. Her plump hands were clasped over her dress.

"Now," she said, "no more violence. You'll hardly knock down a woman, I suppose?"

"Forty, if necessary."

He thrust her against the wall, and began trying the doors. There were three of them. Two were locked. As his hand touched the third, Mrs. Wingate came to his side, and opened it promptly and quietly.

"No one has ever wished to prevent your entrance," she said. "Your violence has been unnecessary—the violence of a boor!"

Paul laughed in her face.

There was no one in the room. But there was a second door. He opened it. And took Eve in his arms.

THE END.

HOLY MOSCOW.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

ONE morning I went to call on a friend who was staying at the Hôtel Dussaux, and while waiting in the reading-room, whose windows were literally hermetically closed, I overheard some luminous remarks. During the summer, it must be stated, Dussaux's is the rendezvous of those adventurous spirits who travel with Cook's tickets, and pay their hotel bills with coupons; it is the eastern limit annually attained by between two and three thousand tourists, of whom the majority are Americans. The reading-room at that moment was occupied by a party of men who had evidently just arrived, and who were laying out a plan of action.

"This is no one-horse city," said one of the men, who had been studying the map; "it is seven miles long in one direction and nine in the other, and its area must be over thirty square miles."

"Great Scott! Then we shall want a week to see Moscow."

"This book says there are nearly four hundred churches and chapels," continued the first speaker.

"Well, we've got to see it anyhow, now that we are here."

"I suppose we shall have to attach to our persons one of those chump-headed guides," continued the man who was studying the map. "I'll go and see if there is a guide to be had who can speak English."

"I advise you not to engage the red-headed Jew," broke in a shrill voice from a distant corner of the room; "he's a thief and a fool. I have had him with me, and had enough of him and of Moscow too. You can see Moscow easily in two days. There's nothing to see besides the Kremlin."

"Is that so? Well, all the better," replied the organizer of the party, as he thanked his informant and moved toward the door, where he was met by a dainty little lady, who lifted up her voice and said, with misplaced earnestness:

"Say, Gus, are you going out? Do ask if there is a candy shop near, and get me some candies."

"How do you ask for candies in Russian?"

"Take a guide with you."

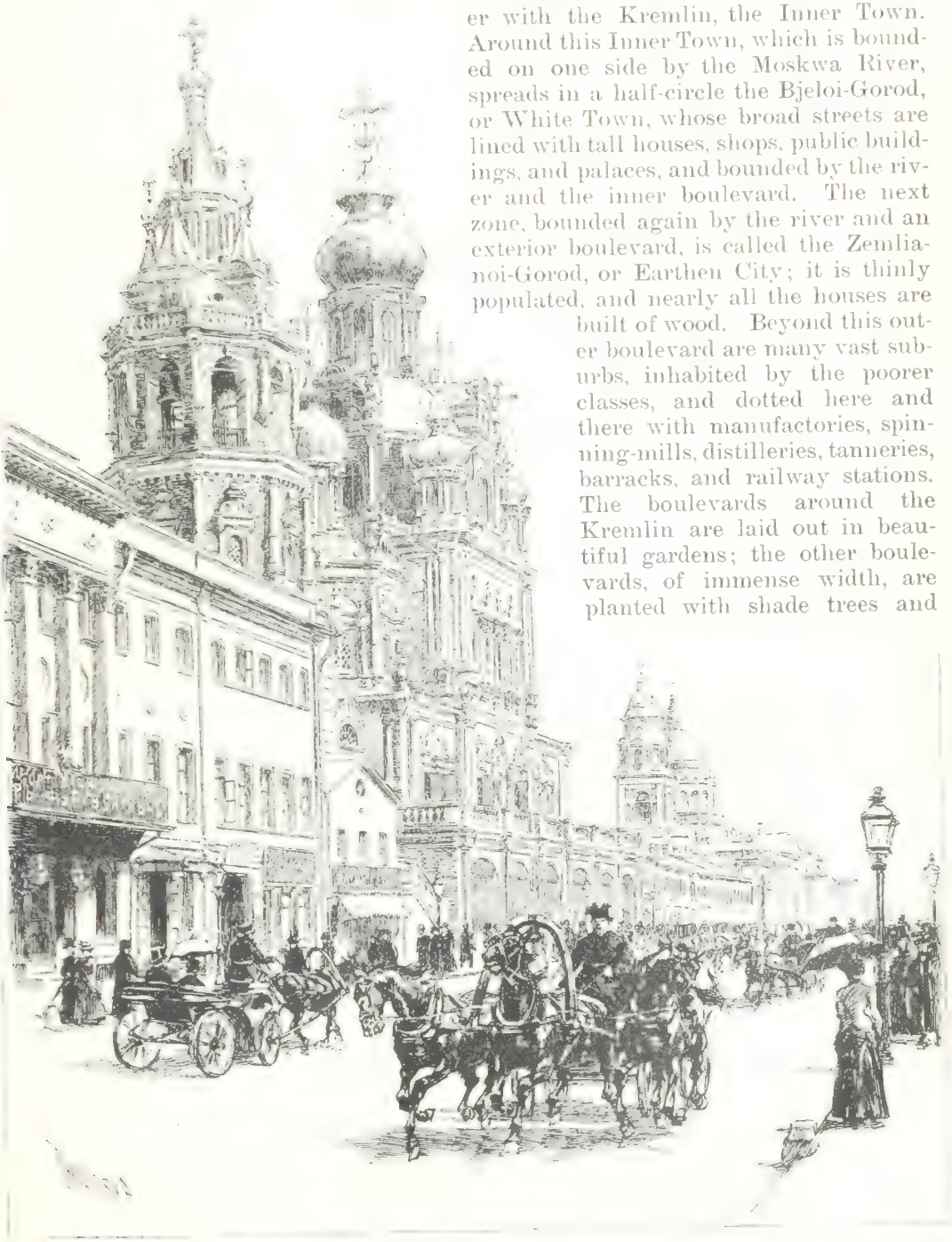
"Always that chump-headed guide! What a system!"

This scrap of conversation may be taken as typical of the sentiments of many people who visit Moscow in the spirit of the average tourist bent only upon satisfying an unreflecting curiosity, and in seeing as quickly and completely as possible all the sights which are indicated, classified, and numbered by Murray or Baedeker. Of course you can see Moscow in two days after a fashion. That there is nothing to see except the Kremlin is also true, but only from the point of view of the historian and the archæologist. Moscow is not rich in monuments and museums. When once you have seen the Kremlin, its churches and its palaces, you may consider your sight-seeing at an end; but to our mind it is often when the obligatory sight-seeing is over that the real pleasure of travelling begins. Like Ulysses of old, we wish not only to see the cities of many men, but also to know the manners and habits of the citizens. Evidently, in order to carry out such a programme thoroughly, we ought to live for months and years in a country, to associate with the people, and above all to speak their language. Our pretension, however, is more modest: we shall be content with rapid impressions of the exterior of men and things, with notes of common life and familiar scenes, with the record of the sensations of a disinterested *flâneur* in the streets and public resorts of this holy city of Moscow, or, as the Russians call it, "Moskwa Matouchka," Mother Moscow with the white walls.

In our youth, when we looked at the colored prints representing the Kremlin and its walls and churches, the name of Moscow evoked in our minds the vague image of some fabulously splendid and prodigiously distant city, as it were a glorious crown of precious stones rising amidst a vast desert of snow and ice.

Of this dream city the Kremlin was a realization, but the Kremlin forms only a small portion of Moscow—it is the Capitol, the citadel, the sanctuary. Outside its walls is the city proper, and this, characteristic as it is, by no means deserves the epithet of splendid, or even the name of a city. It is rather a colossal village,

for it is utterly unlike any European great town, and lacks altogether the principle of concentration. With the exception of the old inner city and of a few streets, differing but little in aspect from those of St. Petersburg, Moscow consists for the most part of houses one or two stories high, each with roomy court-yard, garden, and out-buildings, the whole fenced around with walls or hedges. The city forms a succession of concentric zones, starting from the Kremlin, which is the oldest part of the town. The second zone is the Kitai-Gorod, or Refuge Town, built very irregularly, surrounded with battlemented walls and towers, and containing the Bourse, the Bazar, the markets, and the principal commercial and financial establishments, the whole constituting, together with the Kremlin, the Inner Town. Around this Inner Town, which is bounded on one side by the Moskwa River, spreads in a half-circle the Bjeloi-Gorod, or White Town, whose broad streets are lined with tall houses, shops, public buildings, and palaces, and bounded by the river and the inner boulevard. The next zone, bounded again by the river and an exterior boulevard, is called the Zemlianoi-Gorod, or Earthen City; it is thinly populated, and nearly all the houses are built of wood. Beyond this outer boulevard are many vast suburbs, inhabited by the poorer classes, and dotted here and there with manufactories, spinning-mills, distilleries, tanneries, barracks, and railway stations. The boulevards around the Kremlin are laid out in beautiful gardens; the other boulevards, of immense width, are planted with shade trees and



ON THE "POKROFFKA," MOSCOW.



AN OMNIBUS.

land with houses. The squares abound with immense open spaces, trees, gardens, and parks, and generally the whole city presents such a vast and empty aspect that it seems to have been built in expectation of some multitudinous future population, rather than to meet present wants. Vastness and emptiness are, however, the common characteristics of all Russian towns. The system of wooden architecture and the frequency of fires are the explanation of the immensely wide streets and of the isolation of the houses: by these means the spreading of a fire is limited.

The land on which Moscow is built is a series of undulations, so that you are constantly going uphill or down-hill, and discovering new points of view. Seen from any considerable height, the panorama of the city presents to the eye a wavy expanse of verdure and green house roofs, above which rise innumerable bright blue or gilt domes, spires, and cupolas. Outside the walls of the Kitai-Gorod there are no old buildings in Moscow; everything is modern, generally hastily built, irregular, and without any particular style. The new look of everything is increased also by the Russian custom of constantly renewing whitewash, paint, and gilding. Even the most ancient churches in the Kremlin are freshly whitewashed and painted every year or two.

One of the first things that strike the visitor to Moscow is the multitude of unpoetical and noisy horse-cars that tear along the streets at a furious gallop, and with a perpetual and generally inopportune tinkling of bells. As the streets are invariably hilly, the tram cars are drawn by four and often six horses, the front teams ridden by postilions. In most Western countries it would seem natural that a heavy tram car should be pulled up a steep hill slowly. The Muscovites, however, like all Russians, cannot endure slow driving; uphill or down-hill makes no difference; the horses must run as fast as they can, their hoofs beating out clouds of sparks, and clattering over the stones with an ear-splitting din.

Besides its swift tram cars, Moscow boasts a number of less rapid but more picturesque omnibuses, which are much used by the poor people from the outer suburbs. The city is so immense, and the distances from point to point so enormous, that even the very poor Muscovites cannot think of walking: hence the great number of conveyances. The Moscow omnibus is probably the most primitive vehicle of the kind still used in Europe; it resembles the coaches depicted in early mediæval manuscripts, and consists simply of a double bench placed on four wheels, and roofed over by flat boards supported by vertical boards at each end. Some of these omnibuses are painted a gaudy red color, others are yellow, or green, or Prussian blue, naïvely bedaubed with flowers and arabesques. The omnibus, with its motley

load of male and female passengers, its long-haired, brown, and shapeless driver, its horses with tangled manes and tails sweeping the ground, their fetlocks long and untrimmed, and ponderous, gayly painted "dougas" arching over their shoulders, is one of the most grotesque and quaint features of street life in Moscow.

The moment you issue from a house door, or if you merely stop for a second on the narrow sidewalk, immediately a dozen droskies dash up at full speed, the drivers standing with the reins in their left hand, gesticulating with their right, and offering their services: "*Iswostchik, pajal's gospodine*" (Coachman, if you please, sir). So necessary is the drosky in the immensity of Russia that it seems to come into existence spontaneously. Whatever the hour, whether of the day or of the night, you have only to stand on the sidewalk and cry "Iswostchik," and you will suddenly see one before you.

The drosky, which is *par excellence* the national Russian vehicle—and a most foolish vehicle too—deserves a particular description, for nothing like it exists in any other country. Whether private or public, whether belonging to a rich seigneur or a frowzy mujik of the humblest category, its form and construction are invariable: it is a small toy-like open carriage, very low, and running on four wheels, of which the hinder are not more than two and a half feet in diameter, and the anterior pair not more than eighteen inches. The carriage itself has a seat for the driver and a seat for the passenger, the latter without even the most rudimentary support for the back, and generally without any protection against the weather, though at Moscow hooded droskies are not uncommon. Over the wheels on each side are splash-boards, which curve down, and at their junction form a step only a few inches from the ground. The splash-boards are black; the color of the carriage is always dark; the seat is covered with blue or dark green or black cloth. The front wheels are without axle boxes, and the axle-tree projects on each side a certain distance beyond the hub—for a purpose which we shall see shortly. The horse stands almost naked between



"ISWOSTCHIK!"

the shafts: no blinkers hide his eyes; no saddles and kicking-straps conceal the beauty or poverty of his body; the head-stall is composed of a few slender leather cordlets and light brass chains; over his back perhaps are thrown a few dangling thongs of leather, decorated in parts with metallic scales; the collar is the only part of the harness that attaches the horse directly to the carriage. Very rarely do you see a slender saddle and belly-band. There are no traces; the shafts are tied to the collar by means of straps wound round and round, but without rings or buckles or any metallic fastening; and at the point of junction of the collar and the shafts are fixed, by means of the same straps, the ends of the bow of flexible wood, called the "douga," which arches over the horse's shoulders, and serves to keep the collar and the shafts stretched taut so that they neither pinch nor gall the horse, and also to carry the bearing-rein. The shafts of the drosky are attached, not to the body of the carriage, but directly to the front axle; and for the sake of greater security, and in order to augment the purchase, an exterior leather trace runs from each extremity of the axle, projecting beyond the hub, and is attached to the shafts. The reins are half of leather and half of woollen or cotton, the part held by the driver being of the warmer material. The Russians drive holding one rein in each hand, and therefore as a rule they have no whips; a lash attached to the end of the reins is sometimes clumsily brought into use over the horse's hind quarters, but generally the voice, or the mere raising of the hand as if to reach the lash or whip, suffices to quicken the pace. Such whips as are used by drivers of carriages, sledges, or telegas are short-handled, like the "nogaik" of the Cossacks, and we may note as an instance of Russian conservatism that these whips resemble precisely one found in the royal Scythian grave-tumulus of Koul-Oba, near Kertch, and now in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

The Russian coachman is as characteristic as the vehicle he drives. He wears a low crowned felt hat, narrowing down toward the brim, which is curled on the sides and strongly curved back and front, and a dark blue, dark green, or yellowish caftan, with long plaited skirts reaching quite to the ground. This caftan is wrapped diagonally around the body, fastened under the left arm by five hooks and eyes or five globular silver open-work buttons, and girt with a ceinture either embroidered with many colors or sometimes interwoven with gold thread in the Circassian style. A "swell" coachman should be very fat and have an immense beard spreading over his bosom, and wear his hat well pulled down over his ears. The humbler hireling iswostchik resembles his greater confrère in silhouette, costume, and general aspect: the only difference is in cleanliness of person and glossiness of costume and hat. Among the hireling iswostchiks, too, are many beardless boys, whose small persons and youthful faces emerge grotesquely from the uniformly voluminous caftan and generous hat which their craft imposes upon them, and of which, it would seem, only one size exists. A boy coachman sitting on the box of one of these toy-like vehicles, with just his chin and his nose visible beneath the curly hat that oppresses his juvenile head, is a truly comic sight. In St. Petersburg, where the droskies seem to be peculiarly low, and where there is no splash-board in front, these little drivers look especially awkward as they sit often below the level of the horse's head, and by an incessant and automatic movement of the hands jerk the reins free from the embarrassment of the horse's whisking tail. Verily the drosky is a foolish vehicle, uncomfortable withal, and in wet weather simply diabolical, as we could demonstrate by many an instance did we not fear to weary the reader by prolonging still further this already too minute description of the Russian national carriage.

The drosky is the every-day vehicle to be seen everywhere. In the streets of Moscow you see also very frequently droskies harnessed with two horses, one between the shafts and the other running at the side, attached by a single trace. But the height of elegance and the quintessence of Russian "style" is the drosky drawn by three horses, and driven by a coachman with a cap bedecked with peacock feathers. Such a team is called a troika, and with its three horses harnessed abreast and fanwise, it is most picturesque and full of local color. The middle horse between the shafts carries a collar and the arched douga over his shoulders; the other two are attached to the collar of the shaft horse by a loose strap, and to the



THE TELEGA.

reins suffice to drive these three horses, two for the shaft horse, and one shorter rein for each of the side horses. The shaft horse trots seriously with a spanking step, throwing out his feet straight before him; the other two horses, whose heads are perpetually pulled round by the shorter single rein, gallop, the one furiously, the other coquettishly; the one like a wild horse, the other with graceful bendings of the neck and gay capricious dancing. The harness is of the lightest possible kind, mere thongs of leather, thin as string, adorned with fine chains and ornaments that glitter in the sun like gold or silver spangles.

The rest of the street traffic of Moscow is mercantile, and composed of flat drays and telegas and rustic tarantasses. The last is a rough sort of basket or coracle fixed on four or six poles resting directly on two springless axles. The telega is the national rustic cart, which every Russian peasant can hew with his axe out of the ordinary timber that is always at hand; it is composed of shafts, four wheels, two axles, some poles to hold the axles together and to form a platform, on which is built a sort of long rack or basket of poles and cross-pieces. To this the horse is attached in the orthodox Russian fashion with collar and douga; the rest of the harness is generally heavier and more primitive than it is for other vehicles. These telegas, driven by yellow-bearded mujiks clad in brown caftans, pass along the streets often in endless processions: in Russia you never see heavy loads; the telegas are light, their load is light, the horses are small; and so it requires twenty telegas to transport the merchandise that would be piled on a single European dray. The telega is a most tempting object for a painter, and nothing in Russian street life is more characteristic and more picturesque than this brown, dusty, faded, weather-stained vehicle, with its horse, driver, and harness equally brown, dusty, and shabby. In the inner city, in the vicinity of the Gostinny Dvor, or Grand Bazar, these long strings of telegas and commercial drays, the latter with gayly painted dougas, present a very curious spectacle in the picturesque perspective of the narrower streets.

eration of shops and sheds, streets, arcades, and court-yards, that are anything but monumental, but yet not without specialty. Here are lapidaries and jewellers in whose shops you see Siberian diamonds, amethysts, and turquoises heaped up in dirty wooden bowls. Here are the sellers of those gaudily painted trunks in which the peasant women pack their wedding trousseaux. In another section you hear a continuous rattling as of fire-works or musketry, which proves to be the sound of the nimble willow wands of the fur-beaters. The sidewalk is encumbered with piles of skins and fur coats, which are being carefully beaten by Tartar furriers, and combed or brushed with birch twigs. In other lines you find samovars and hardware; in another, religious images of all kinds and sizes, some richly inlaid with topazes, rubies, and precious stones; in another, silks, cashmeres, Persian and Caucasian carpets; in others, silver goods, bales of cotton and wool, chests of tea, felt and leather boots—in fact everything that Russian humanity can need. At every street corner and also in front of many shops are suspended sacred images, archaic Byzantine Madonnas or brown saints in frames of repoussé silver or vermeil, each with a little lamp burning before it; and amongst the hawkers that pass to and fro in the roadway are quantities of licensed beggars in light blue caftans, bareheaded, their hair parted in the middle and hanging over



hands a book enveloped in a

women beggars also, mendi-

who beg in the streets, in the popular restaurants, and even in the lowest traktirs, vaunting the miraculous powers of

lodge it worthily.

centre of the trade of Moscow ever since 1596, along the battlemented wall of the Kitai-Gorod, are the second-hand goods shops and old-clothes fair. Here may be seen an amusing mixture of trades and

their heads, street hawkers, beggars, priests in long black flowing robes and

boards, and surmounted by domes, belfries, pineapple-shaped cupolas and pyramidal towers, whose roofs of bright green faience tiles glisten like fish-scales in the clear sunlight.

The merchants of the Gostinny Dvor are curious types. Their hair cut straight across the neck, as if the barber had placed a basin over their heads to guide his scissors, their ample beards spreading over their bosoms, clad in long dark-colored coats or caftans, tall boots, and a cap with a visor, they sit gravely in their shops playing draughts or drinking tea, while their clerks walk up and down in front, praying the passers with obsequious bows and voluble "pajal's" (if you please) to enter and buy. If you are tempted, the merchant interrupts his game, receives you with many salutations, vaunts the quality of his goods in exaggerated terms, and reckons up the price in primitive style on an abacus. In Russia all arithmetical calculations are made with the aid of the abacus—a wooden frame across which are stretched rows of wires threaded with movable balls of different colors. The abacus and the glass of tea are the indispensable accessories of Russian commerce: even in the largest and most progressive banks, for instance, you will see on the desks beside each clerk his abacus, and in front of him his glass of tea, which he sips from time to time. When a merchant has a deal with another merchant he invites him to accompany him to a traktir, or restaurant, where he orders "a pair of teapots" (*pari tchaiou*), consisting of a large teapot full of hot water, a smaller teapot with tea in it, two cups and saucers, and two lumps of sugar, the whole served on a brass tray. The traktirs are all arranged on the same principle, and consist of series of rooms with at one end a sort of bar laden with the cold meats, sausage, caviare, raw fish, etc., called "zagouska," and with many kinds of brandies and "vodka," or grain spirit, in bottles of various forms, amidst which is enthroned a monumental samovar for the supply of boiling water. In the finer establishments a mechanical organ is considered indispensable, and from morning until night this instrument grinds out airs from Western operas and operettas. The waiters are generally Tartars, distinguishable by their yellowish complexion, small black eyes, prominent cheek bones, flat noses, and thick lips; they are dressed in white loose trousers, white blouses with a belt round the waist, and attached to the belt by a button is a small leather wallet or purse. The tea served, the two merchants sit at a table, and holding the lump of sugar between the teeth, sip the hot tea, cup after cup, potful after potful, till the perspiration literally rolls down their faces. Meanwhile the bargaining goes on deliberately; the faces are mopped now and again with large check handkerchiefs, and finally, after the teapot has been filled up and emptied five or six times, and after innumerable glasses of vodka have been swallowed, the bargain is concluded. In the traktirs, contrary to a prevalent idea, the Russians drink their tea out of cups and saucers, holding the latter balanced on the outspread fingers of one hand while the elbow rests firmly on the table. In our description of a traktir we must not forget to mention the colored portrait of the Tsar invariably hung on the wall, and in the corner of each room a sacred image with a little lamp burning in front of it.

At sunset the Gostinny Dvor is closed, and the shops secured by means of iron doors and gigantic padlocks. Then these old-fashioned merchants retire to their houses in the suburbs, dine copiously on several soups and two or three kinds of meat, and after dinner they let loose the watch-dogs in their court-yards and gardens and go to bed.

Treating their women-folks as slaves, and their sons as minors even long after they have attained the age of manhood, the merchants of the old types live aloof from any political or even intellectual movement, under a rude patriarchal system.

The sons and grandsons of these old-fashioned bearded merchants, the "kupecheskiye synki" (merchants' sons), as they are called, when they abandon the habits of their ancestors, astonish the capital by their extravagancies and absurd display of wealth. These young Russians shave their chins, dress in European style, keep horses and carriages and actresses, go to the theatres, and often push beyond the frontiers as far as Nice, Monte Carlo, or Paris, where they astound waiters and chorus girls by their wild prodigality and fantastic ostentation. The Muscovite merchant of the old type is a sordid Oriental; his emancipated sons and grandsons have

AT THE "TRAVELLER'S."

a thin varnish of apparent Western civilization, or rather Western corruption, but they remain nevertheless rank barbarians. This they show in their amusements, and even in their hospitality, as we may readily convince ourselves by spending a "gay" evening in Moscow.

The reader need not be alarmed; we shall not invite him to follow us into any very terrible places, but simply to accompany us to the park. It was a long ride. The swift drosky rattled along uphill and down-hill, through this suburb and that suburb, and then along an endless street



MENDICANT NUN.

of immense width paved with cobblestones and bowlders, and lined with low white houses, mostly only one story high. Finally we pass beyond the utmost limits of the city, past an enigmatic triumphal arch erected in the middle of a wilderness, and so across a stretch of open country, beyond which is the Petrofski Park. At the entrance of the park are some pretty summer villas built of wood, and ornamented with fretwork carvings in the well-known Russian style. Then, after driving down immense avenues bordered with [illegible] we reached the restaurants and concerts of which we had heard so much, Strelna, Mauritania, Arcadia, Eldorado, and others, where the famous Tsyganes or Bohémiennes sing. After the lyrical and hyperbolical descriptions of Théophile Gautier and other enthusiastic travellers, to say nothing of the boasts and recommendations of Russian acquaintances, we were prepared for marvels and splendors, for something fairy-like and unheard of, or at least for some new and memorable sensations. The deception was complete. These establishments consist of pine-wood halls surrounded by gardens similar to the ordinary German beer-gardens; and the salons and private rooms, instead of being enriched with gilding and sumptuous divans, are furnished with economical bent-wood chairs, simple looking-glasses, and paltry tables. We visited these establishments one after the other: they were all the same, all enveloped in a veil of dismal malaria and ennui suggestive of bankruptcy; the pine-wood halls were empty, the waiters half asleep; in one corner of the room on a dais was an orchestra, but the musicians did not play. Pacing up and down in couples, their arms around each other's waist, were women, mostly Swedes and Germans, dressed in bright in-door costume—chorus-singers who did not sing. In out-of-the-way corners sat ancient matrons of horrible aspect, painted and powdered, who seemed to watch over the safety of the promenading chorus-singers. Near the door stood a few gypsy women in shabby European costume, and a fat brigandish gypsy man dressed in brown corduroy, with a black cloth cap on his head. In the garden a dozen customers and military officers were sitting at the tables drinking tea and smoking cigarettes: they wore long overcoats, although we were supposed to be enjoying midsummer heat—so sensitive are the Russians to cold and damp. Strange, is it not, that in spite of this sensitiveness they should be so fond of out-of-door places of amusement?

What was to be done? We consulted a Russian friend, an officer who had kindly guided us to these distant wastes.

"Why do not the Bohémiennes sing? Why are there so few people here?"

These questions seemed to strike him as being rather odd. The Bohémiennes, he told us, sing only when they are paid: we must hire a private room and make a bargain with the fat man in corduroy.

"How much do they want?"

"At least twenty-five rubles."

We made the bargain, hired a room, ordered refreshments, and soon half a dozen men with guitars, and the same number of women, all of them ugly beyond expectation, and dressed in ridiculous French costumes, entered and took their places at the end of the room. They sang some melancholy Russian songs, then some passionate Tsygane songs, and then three of them danced with lascivious Oriental movements, while the others howled and ejaculated in truly savage fashion. But in order to induce them to execute this dance the guerdon had to be raised from twenty-five to a hundred rubles, and still we were looked upon as very small seigneurs. Certainly the songs and dances of these Bohémiennes have a wild and striking character—on several subsequent occasions we had the opportunity of ascertaining this fact—but from the point of view of art and intensity of expression, these famous Moscow gypsies cannot for a moment be compared with the Spaniards; and as for their vaunted beauty, it is a delusion and a snare. Not one in a hundred of them can pretend to good looks. The Tsyganes of Moscow are one of those colossal "frauds" in which the East is so fertile. In any other country these people would exercise the profession of chair-menders, fortune-tellers, poultry thieves, and horse-dealers, for which the gypsies have natural gifts; in Moscow, thanks to the naïveté of the new-fangled merchants and of the rich young men in general, they are able to spoil the Egyptians with less trouble and risk. No fête is considered complete without the Bohémiennes; no prodigality in money or jewelry can satisfy their rapacity; reserved, disdainful, inaccessible to the enterprises of gallantry, these gypsy women drive the gilded youth of Russia wild with enthusiasm, and stir their torpid souls in much the same way as ardent spirits tickle their



PILGRIMS.

and gypsies. The fascination which they exercise over the incoherent imagination of the Russians is exemplified by the case of a Prince Galitzin, who in our own days bought from her tribe for more than fifty thousand dollars the young Tsygane who became his wife and the mother of his children. This lady, now divorced from her husband, lives in the vast Galitzin Palace at Moscow, on the Moskwa Quay, and does not disdain to increase her handsome income by carrying on one of the largest pawn-broking businesses in the Russian Empire.

After hearing the Bohémiennes, and after further questioning our Russian friend, we began to understand why these *cafés chantants* in the park are ordinarily so deserted, and why there is no regular public to speak of: they depend largely upon the support of the *jeunesse dorée*, and this gilded youth has a peculiar way of organizing a pleasure party. A young seigneur or a young merchant will drive up to one of these establishments, accompanied by his friends, and hire the whole house. If there are other customers present, he will pay them to go away, or fight with them for possession if they prefer the latter course. Then he will hire the Bohémiennes, order champagne by the hundred bottles, and a feast copious enough for a company of giants, and then, after so many hours of wild and brutal eating, drinking, and roistering, he and his friends will smash glasses, dishes, tables, chairs, and everything breakable within the place. This breakage is always reckoned beforehand in the contract. Such is young Moscow's idea of a night of



FÊTE DAY OF THE PATRON SAINT

pleasure—the ostentatious spending of large sums of money. Naturally, with such customers as these, say four nights only out of the seven, Strelna and Mauritania can exist and even enrich their proprietors; but when some gay sparks are not engaged in making match wood of the furniture, they are dull, dismal, and full of ennui.



BRINGING IN THE MUTTON.

This love of ostentation is one of the most marked characteristics of the Russians. We remember on one occasion being invited by a young merchant to dine at one of the great restaurants of Moscow. Our host asked us what we should like for dinner, and if we had a desire for any particular dish. We suggested our tastes were catholic and simple, but that we would gladly take some Russian mutton. When the dinner hour arrived, amongst the fourteen *plats de résistance* figured a sheep roasted whole, which was carried to the table on an immense silver dish, borne on the shoulders of four Tartars dressed in the usual white blouses and trousers. In reply to our look of surprise, our host turned toward us and explained, "You said you liked mutton; pray choose the portion that you prefer."

The Russians are enormous eaters and prodigious drinkers. The great restaurants at Moscow are stupendous enterprises, and several of them are appointed with barbaric luxury, and with conveniences of a variety and a nature which surprise the veteran Western traveller, and make the Puritan hold up his hands in pious horror. On these matters, however, we need not insist. But given the appetite of the Russian man, we shall not be astonished to find that all places of public resort, such, for instance, as the Hermitage and the Zoological Gardens, with which are combined theatres, concerts, and variety shows that remain open until long after midnight, are also provided with gigantic refreshment bars and restaurants, where much solid eating is performed. Otherwise these latter establishments offer but little interest; in general they resemble German beer-gardens, with the exception that the family element is less conspicuous, and less desirable elements more *en évidence*.

The Bohémiennes of Moscow have been famous in Russia for their musical talent ever since their migration from the East and their settlement there in the fifteenth century. Like the gypsies in Spain and other countries, they live in tribes under the rule of chiefs, and hold their wealth in common. A whole quarter of the town near the Zoological Gardens is occupied by their dwellings. The men employ their leisure in horse-dealing. From the beginning, too, the women seem to have fascinated the boyars and nobles; several marriages between gypsy women and Muscovite gentlemen are recorded in the annals of the town, while in the course of centuries irregular intercourse has been so great that few of the modern Bohémiennes are of pure blood or of the true Tsygane type. Nowadays the craze is as

strong as ever; every Muscovite of means has his favorite company of Bohémiennes, who, under the guard of their director and of the men of their tribe, are invited to the seigneur's fêtes, and profit by his wild [illegible]. It must, however, be said that the Russians themselves do not begin to appreciate the music of the Bohémiennes until they are wild with drink, [illegible] generally attain toward two or three o'clock in the morning. After the traditional Russian fashion, the Bohémiennes keep challenging the seigneurs to drink, and excite them by melodious recitative, in which they repeat the name of each guest, emptying at the same time a cup of champagne or spirits, and then passing the cup to the one named. This invitation is never refused, and these amiable savages finally get into such a condition of frenzy and enthusiasm that they fling to the Bohémiennes a hundred rubles, a thousand rubles even, and then their watches and chains and all the jewelry they may have about their persons.

The drinking capacity of the Russians passes description. On one occasion we were the guests of a Muscovite seigneur who had invited a party of ten to the Hermitage Restaurant to supper, together with his favorite Bohémienne, who came, not professionally, but as a guest, accompanied by three other Bohémiennes, and of course by the inseparable tribesman as director and guardian. Such is the custom, and in such cases the Tsyganes would feel insulted if they were offered any fee—a delicacy which does not prevent them accepting presents in the form of ruble notes and jewelry. The Bohémiennes, it must be added, are poor eaters; their only preferences are cold sturgeon and *agourtsis*, or salted cucumbers, of which they consume enormous quantities; as for drink, anything and everything is welcome. Our dinner was copious and over-abundant, according to the Russian manner, and things went on merrily until two o'clock, when we and our host retired, after paying the bill of nearly two hundred dollars, and requesting the maître d'hôtel to provide the guests who remained with whatever they might require, at [illegible] expense, the extra bill being [illegible]. Happening to go to the Hermitage the next day, we inquired of the maître d'hôtel, out of curiosity, what the extras had amounted to. The [illegible] had left had remained until four o'clock in the morning, and in the space of two hours had drunk three hundred dollars' worth of champagne and other wines.

From the Tsar down to the humblest mujik, the Russians are more or less barbarians, from the point of view of the refined West, but certainly most amiable barbarians, so far as foreigners are concerned. Their hospitality knows no limits; no trouble is too great when it is a question of obliging a foreign visitor; but charming as they are, you are constantly being reminded of the wildness of their real underlying nature by the strange contrasts of delicacy and brutality, of civilization and barbarism, which their daily life offers. To hear the Russians talk about the unwritten contemporary history of their social and national life is like listening to the stories of the Arabian Nights. The true narrative of Skobeleff's career and death, and the true narrative of the circumstances of the assassination of the late Tsar, are far more thrilling and extraordinary than print has ever told.

As an example of the strange contrasts of real Russia we will cite two anecdotes that were related to us by a distinguished official, whose intention was certainly not to throw dust in our eyes, or even to astonish us beyond measure. The conversation happened to turn upon General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded "third section." The Emperor, we were told by our informant, had given Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually created him Vice-Emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say. Now Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoï, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoï's country house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoï recognized him, and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the third section. Do you come to see me officially, or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys; search; open everything. You are free."

"I come not officially," replied Melikoff.

"Very good," answered Tolstoï; and calling two mujiks, he said to them, "Throw this man out of the house!"

The mujiks obeyed Tolstoï to the letter, and Loris Melikoff had to accept this treatment, for in his way Tolstoï is a



THE "IVERSKY" VIRGIN.

mightier man even than "our father the Tsar." In the eyes of the Russian people he is an exceptional being, being more than a saint, and almost a saviour.

The mention of Loris Melikoff brought up another anecdote. Some twelve years ago the Emperor sent for Melikoff and announced to him that the plague was raging in two villages of the empire, and ordered him to do whatever was needful with a view to stopping its ravages, at the same time giving him unlimited powers.

Thereupon Loris Melikoff went first of all to the Minister of Finance, informed him that he should perhaps require a great deal of money in order to carry out the Emperor's commands, and demanded a credit of fifty millions of rubles. The Minister of Finance made a long face, but was unable to refuse. Loris Melikoff then posted to the villages in question, and having observed the situation, he telegraphed for twenty fire-engines to be sent from the neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and ordered the firemen to approach the villages by night, inundate the cottages with petroleum, set them on fire, and save nobody. The order was executed; the cottages and their few hundred inhabitants — men, women, children, and cattle—were burnt to ashes, and those two villages disappeared from the map of Russia and from the registers of the empire. The measure was radical, but it stamped out the plague effectually. Loris Melikoff thereupon reported to the Emperor that his commands had been executed, and then called on the Minister of Finance to tell him that out of the credit of fifty millions of rubles granted to him he had spent only two hundred rubles to buy petroleum, and that consequently his Excellency the Minister could dispose of the balance.

In both of these stories, which we have reason to believe to be literally exact, we find that curious mixture of the grandiose, of ostentation, and of barbaric reck-



THE SACRED GATE.

lessness which are characteristic of the Russian temperament.

Let us now return to popular Moscow, for although the wealthy Muscovite, both of the old and of the new school, has marked individuality, and although the strong divisions of classes are very striking, yet Moscow derives its present physiognomy chiefly from its busy lower classes, and from its streets full of merchants and peasants, who go about on foot in the antique Russian garb, and sweat over tea-pots in modest traktirs. In all our wanderings in Russia we remarked the extreme piety of the people, the multitude of sacred pictures, and the incessant crossings and genuflections; but nowhere are the manifestations of religious feeling more conspicuous than in the streets of Moscow. In a previous article we have explained the exceptionally sacred character of the whole city, and especially of the Kremlin, within whose precincts there is a constant succession of pilgrims, men and women, who prostrate themselves before its churches, and go round the walls of the various



PRISONERS ESCORTED BY SOLDIERS.

shrines, kissing image after image and relic after relic. Outside the Kremlin also these pilgrims find plenty of churches, chapels, and shrines.

The most sacred of all the minor chapels is that of the Iversky Virgin, situated at the Iversky Gate. The exterior walls of this chapel are built of imitation marble; the pilasters are of imitation malachite; the roof is a sky-blue cupola, spangled with gilt stars, the façade is panelled with paintings of saints framed in embossed brass; in front is a sort of platform raised three steps from the ground. So great and incessant is the concourse of worshippers that the steps and platform are made of iron, that being the only material that will resist the wear and tear of pious boots for any length of time. Inside, the chapel glitters with burnished brass and burning tapers, amidst which is enthroned the miraculous image of the Iberian Mother of God, a copy made in 1648 from the original wonder-working icon at Mount Athos. The image is of the usual Byzantine type, of a dark brown color, with a big jewel on the brow and another on each shoulder, and on the head a net of real pearls and a brilliant crown of precious stones. When the Tsar arrives at Moscow, the first thing he does is to go and worship this image; from morning until night there is a throng of people round the door of the little chapel, and in front of it a double line of mendicant nuns and beggars of various kinds. The wonder-working Iberian Virgin also pays visits in the town, travelling in a big coach drawn by four horses harnessed abreast, and driven by a coachman bareheaded, while behind stand two lackeys, also bareheaded.

A frequent sight in the streets is a party of prisoners escorted by soldiers. At Moscow is the Perissilnii Zamok, the prison or depot for Siberia, whence during spring and summer the convicts are despatched, the first Monday of each month, in troops numbering several hundreds. The railway conveys them to Nijnii-Novgorod, where they are embarked on boats and carried down the Volga to Samara, and thence by rail to Orenburg, on the borders of Russia in Asia. From Orenburg



THE BELL-RINGERS.

the exiles continue their route on foot, and often they have to march a whole year before they reach the distant spot in vast Siberia which has been assigned to them as a dwelling.

How many rambles we might yet take in the streets of Moscow! How many pages we might write about its museums, its theatres, its schools, its innumerable charitable institutions, its wonderful foundling hospital with its six hundred nurses and thousands of babies, its bath-houses, its traktirs, its watch-towers and fire-brigades! Moscow is truly the mirror of Russia—a city of violent contrasts, a mixture of Europe and Asia; its leading families are Lithuanians, Finns, Tartars, Tcherkesses, old Russians—a mixture of Aryan Slavs and of elements from the East.

Our parting impression of Moscow was the sound of the evening chimes and a vision of the Kremlin at sunset.

We left the Kremlin through the Iversky Gate, and passing the venerated chapel, we followed the rosy white wall of the Kitai-Gorod until the sound of a bell caused us to look upward. Overtopping the battlemented wall rose the silhouette of a square tower. The tower was pierced by four arched openings, and inside were hung from huge beams great bells and small bells. Two men were pulling to and fro the clapper of the great bell; another man and a boy were striking the smaller bells with hammers, and playing that gay carillon that suggests the lively and grotesque contortions and leaps of the national Kamarinsky dance. In the twilight the white tower and its green cupola stood out brilliantly and distinctly, while the beams, the bells, the ropes, and the bell-ringers formed soft black silhouettes against the evening sky.



TO THE CUCKOO.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

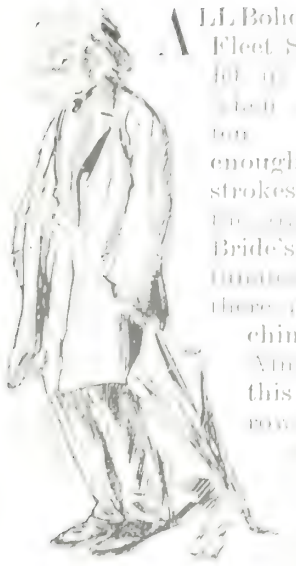
O the whole warbling grove in concert heard,
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!



"NOT THE WHOLE WARBLING GROVE IN CONCERT HEARD."

LONDON MOCK PARLIAMENTS.

By [illegible]



A CHARACTER.

ALL Bohemian ways lead to Fleet Street, and thither let us direct our steps [illegible] the clock [illegible] ten. If we are near enough to hear the strokes rung out from the graceful spire of St. Bride's we shall be fortunate, for in all London there are no bells and chimes so musical. Almost underneath this spire is a narrow, dark little street, about one hundred yards long, into which we must turn, and then a row of glaring lamps over a public house at the bottom of the street lures us on. That and its dazzling [illegible] in fact, our destination for the moment, and when we draw near you can read in antique characters inscribed across the front,

Ye Antient Society of Cogers.

In the window is a large placard with this inscription: "Ye Ancient Society of Cogers. Established 1755. Strangers Are Invited. Admission Free. The Question for Discussion This Evening Will Be ——" (and here the subject is written in every morning). "The Chair Will Be Taken at Nine O'clock." In the centre of this announcement is a picture of the interior of Cogers' Hall, the quaintest old place you can imagine. It is a long, narrow, wainscoted room, with vaulted roof; in a niche at the further end sits the chairman, and about the long tables are gathered a numerous company, smoking slender "church-wardens," drinking beer, and listening to a speaker who stands in the foreground. This, however, is not the scene we are going to look upon within, for the pictured company are in the wigs, [illegible] of the eighteenth century, and the room is not the one we are about to enter, but the original Cogers' Hall [illegible] about two hundred yards from here. It was their home for more than a century, and they left it for their present quarters only a few years back. After the above, it is hardly necessary to explain further that the Society of Cogers is a semi-political debating club. Where it got its name nobody knows. The Cogers themselves insist on the pronunciation of Coger with a long ō. This must not be forgotten in the presence of the fraternity, for it is a point on which they are naturally touchy; and there is something else you should bear in mind on entering their meeting-room: it is etiquette always to lift your hat to the company as you cross the threshold.

Passing through the public-house bar, with its glittering background of mirrors and colored bottles and dashing bar-maids, we come to a little door that introduces us with a creak and a bang into the presence of the honorable Society. The place looks like a big old-fashioned school-room, with oak tables and wooden-bottomed chairs and forms enough to seat a hundred people; and its low ceiling, quaint fireplace, and panelled wainscoting, behind which you may sometimes hear rats scurrying, speak of considerable antiquity. Upon the wall hang numerous portraits of distinguished Cogers of a past generation, and though to the cold eye of the outsider these works of art are far from being masterpieces, the Cogers regard them, and the great chair of their "Grand," with the utmost pride and veneration. The chair, which stands on a dais at the top of the room, is bigger than the famous Coronation Chair at Westminster, elaborately carved and ornamented, and has been in their possession for a century or more. It is partly hidden by the table and desk on which the chairman, or "Grand," as they call him, keeps his papers, his mallet, his pipe, and his grog. The "Vice-Grand" and secretary sit at his right and left, and the prominent Cogers are grouped about the neighboring tables. Each has his favorite seat, always respected by the others, the new-comers modestly seating themselves in the lower part of the room, till months or years of loyal attendance gives them the recognized right to sit among the elect.

Though one lifts his hat to the company on entering, nobody thinks of tak-

ing it off, except the "Grand" and the member who is addressing the House. There is one other hatless individual in the room, and a very important functionary he is, by-the-way. I mean the waiter, in immaculate evening dress, whom we find standing beside us almost the moment we are seated. In an incredibly short space of time he vanishes and reappears with whatever we have ordered, makes change by lightning calculation, and is off like a bird. The favorite beverages are ale and stout, served in huge low-bodied goblets that were in fashion about the year 1805. You may have spirits if you like, or coffee, but nearly everybody drinks stout and smokes a pipe, and the clean, long-stemmed "church-wardens" and matches scattered about the tables are free to all.

It is not easy to describe the audience. An artist who went there with me one evening said he had never in his life met with such a field for character study. There seem to be men of all ages, classes, and conditions—well-to-do tradesmen, budding lawyers, newspaper reporters, clerks, a small sprinkling who might be artisans or petty tradesmen, and a good many whose occupation it would be difficult to guess. It is a thoroughly respectable company, intense in its enthusiasms, almost violent in its applause, but always well disciplined and good-humored. If, in the heat of debate, a Coger is guilty of unfairness or disrespect toward another speaker, he is promptly called to order, and never fails to apologize. In fact, the tone of judicial fairness and rough politeness that prevails here is delightful to witness; especially if we have just come from another discussion room I shall describe later on, or if we contrast it with the manners of the House of Commons on a wild Irish night. The Cogers are not very punctual people, and when the meeting is



THE COGERS IN THE OLD DAYS.

called to order the benches are generally [illegible]. The [illegible] from his [illegible] the question that has been chosen for discussion, and sometimes opens the debate himself. Oftener he invites some prominent member to make [illegible] and is calm and judicial in tone. By the time this speech is over the house is crowded, [illegible] are plenty of men ready to reply. If the [illegible] a Conservative, the Liberals proceed to lay bare the fallacies of his argument, and then some Radical hastens in turn to scoff at his two predecessors, and to proclaim the advanced statesmanship of his own party. By this time the house is becoming warmed up, and the telling



points of each speaker are greeted by his partisans with vociferous "Hear! 'ears!" the hammering of fists upon the tables, the tinkling of spoons and pipes against the tumblers, and thumping of umbrellas and sticks upon the floor.

When I first knew the Cogers and the neighboring debating clubs their discussions were not limited to politics, but covered a wide field. They were specially fond of mysterious murder trials, and great law cases like that of the Tichborne claimant (which they re-tried in all its curious phases), the Bradlaugh and Besant and Weldon cases, and other *causes célèbres*, were tried in these amateur courts of justice in calm disregard of the proceedings elsewhere, the trial sometimes occupying several consecutive evenings, and the verdict, taken by show of hands, often differing from that of the courts. It has been a time-honored custom of all these clubs, I think, to devote Saturday evenings to discussing the political "events of the week," and within half a dozen years politics seem to have driven every other subject out of the arena.

The Cogers are proud of having numbered several historical characters in their list of members. In the middle of the last century John Wilkes, the famous politician and city magnate, was one of them. Curran, afterward Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was a Temple student about 1770, and began at Cogers' Hall the development of his splendid gift of eloquence. Two other law students, who afterward rose to eminence, Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," in 1794, and Judge Keogh, about a quarter of a century later, got their first training in oratory under the same hospitable roof.

It is delightful to watch the tactics of these subtle amateur statesmen, the ingenious traps they lay for each other, their skill in evading pursuit and unmasking the enemy, their circumlocutions to introduce some favorite metaphor or telling quotation or anecdote. They have learned each other's tricks of rhetoric and usual line of argument, and each has his own way of dealing with the various types of enemy. One, for example, likes to begin his speech with ironical compliments and congratulations to the last speaker upon his "very eloquent and lucid argument to which we have all listened with admiration," but which he forthwith undertakes to show is based upon something little short of imbecility. Another contemptuously sneers at his high-flown adversary, ridicules his logic, and sets right his facts; while a third attacks his foe with vehemence, branding him with unfairness, and pleading his own cause with stentorian lungs and crushing energy. This last never fails to bring down the house, for the house loves energy, and the majority here, like the world in general, have neither time nor capacity for original thinking, but accept anything that is told



AN IMPORTANT COGER.

them with emphasis and an air of conviction.

As I look back upon the evenings I have spent with the Cogers, various types of people rise before me whom I have often seen there, and expect to see again, for they are perennial. There is the utterly unpromising individual, he of the oyster eye and vacant wooden face, whose thoughts appear to be centred on a hole in the ceiling. You would as soon expect champagne out of a teapot as eloquence from that small round mouth; but when he gets on his legs you are surprised to find him one of the keenest and readiest debaters in the room, and he carries all before him. There is the radical reformer, pessimist, and fire-eater, who seems to regard every speaker as his natural enemy, and tries after each speech to get the floor and express his accumulating indignation. There is the tedious logician, with statistics and parliamentary reports and the world's history always on tap. There are generally several of him; but the most exasperating of them all that I can remember is no longer there; he was a broad, squat man, with a small apple head, but a waist like a barrel, and people used to say he stored up his knowledge beneath his ample waistcoat, instead of in the usual place. If he only would have kept it there! But he had a way of firing off a running fusillade of interruptions and trivial corrections, often at a critical moment in a speech, so as to totally wreck sometimes a fine burst of eloquence. These are only a few of many characteristic types that may be found any evening in this interesting assembly.

If we are to see the other discussion forums it will be time for us to take leave of the Cogers when the bells of St. Bride's chime the half-hour. A walk of two minutes down Fleet Street brings us to a tall new freestone building labelled on the lamp "The Green Dragon," and wearing the appearance of a public-house and tavern, which it is. Across the window is inscribed in permanent letters: THE TEMPLE DISCUSSION FORUM. ESTABLISHED 1667. And underneath is posted up every morning a paper announcing the subject of the evening's debate, and inviting strangers to enter and engage in the discussion. This is the oldest, by more than a century, of the existing discussion forums, and until recently was the most crowded and most interesting of them all. If it is no longer so resorted to by the debaters and *habitués* of the old type, their falling off is probably due to two causes: first, the recent death of Mr. Ross, the chairman who had watched over its councils for more than twenty years with great ability; and, secondly, the modernizing and beautifying of their assembly-room has, perhaps, caused the old *habitués* to feel themselves no longer at home under the old roof. You will understand this better if I tell you what the place was when I first knew it, and continued to be till about two years ago, when the Green Dragon, from cellar to attic, was reconstructed on the latest architectural principles. The original Green Dragon which stood on this site was one of the last buildings destroyed in the Great Fire of London, which was subdued when it reached the Temple and St. Dunstan's Church, only a few doors west of this spot. When Fleet Street was rebuilt in 1667 a new Green Dragon rose from the ashes of the old one, and soon became conspicuous in a political way, for several "no-popery" clubs met here during the Popish Plot, and "from the windows," says Thornbury, "Roger North stood to see the shouting, torch-waving procession pass along to burn the Pope's effigy at Temple Bar," which was only a stone's-throw distant. Here was founded the "Temple Discussion Forum," which for more than two centuries has been by turns a cradle of eloquence and practice-



SKETCHES AT DISCUSSION FORUM, FLEET STREET.

[illegible] of argument and a seething pell-mell motion. Generations of eminent statesmen and diplomatists and Q.C.'s have made their maiden speeches here, and these walls have echoed the budding eloquence of many a future Lord Chancellor. My knowledge of the place, even from tradition, does not go beyond the period when Mr. Ross, the veteran chairman, guided its councils. "Old Ross," as he was affectionately called by his disciples, was a remarkable man in many ways. Not only was he an admirable speaker, but, as chairman, he possessed great tact, discernment, and coolness, which were sometimes put to the severest tests, as I shall presently show. He was a man of profound and varied knowledge, one of the best Greek scholars in the kingdom, a strong and graceful writer, and a contributor to several of the leading periodicals of London, including, I think, the *Times*. With all these qualities he possessed another that eminently fitted him for his post: he knew how to combine the easy-going ways of the Bohemian with the refinement of a gentleman, to be genial and responsive yet dignified and firm, to the most motley assembly, it seems to me, that was ever gathered together in one room.



[illegible]

It was quite by accident that I discovered the place one evening many years ago, when I dodged into an open doorway to escape a sudden shower. Down a long passage was a leather-padded door, with an oval glass window in it marked DISCUSSION FORUM. I shall never forget my surprise and delight when I found myself within, seated upon a bench of adamantine hardness, and looked about on the quaint old room. It was long and narrow and low between decks like the cabin of a ship, and, also like a ship, it had forms, or settees, along each wall behind a row of mahogany tables, and above, near the ceiling, was a row of square port-holes for windows. Two centuries of soot and tobacco smoke had dyed the floor, the walls and ceiling, the wooden-bottomed chairs and forms, to nearly the same color as the rude old fireplace. At the top of the room, on a great mahogany and horse-hair throne, sat the chairman, "Old Ross," in his long gray beard like the figure of Father Time, but with a glass of steaming toddy before him instead of the traditional hour-glass, and a very large pipe between his teeth. On the wall above Old Ross hung a quaint old mirror, flanked by a fine portrait of George Washington on one side, and on the other by an elderly gentleman in the costume of 1830, and wearing various jewelled orders and decorations. The further decorations of the walls were limited to framed placards with various tempting inscriptions. Here ale and stout were served in huge pewter tankards, spirits in glasses, hot water in antique metal pots with lids, replenished now and then from a steaming kettle on the hob. These delicacies were distributed by two perspiring waiters in draggled evening dress, who flew about balancing trays of glasses and pewters in a wonderful manner, and mumbling in undertones to their customers: "Two of Scotch for you, sir. Thanky, sir." "Pint of bitter, sir. Tuppence change, sir. Thanks." "Hot water, sir? Yes, sir"—all in a breath. Everything in the room spoke of a by-gone age, when the world was not so rectangular and commonplace as it is now.

But if the room was fascinating, what shall I say of the people who sat smoking

at a score of tables, waiting for the debate to begin? It was a company that would have delighted Hogarth and thrown Lavater into a frenzy. Such variety of heads, of physiognomy and make-up, such strongly marked character and clear-cut individuality and wonderful clothes, one might go far to see. Here a swell from Mayfair cheek by jowl with a bargeman from the docks, a colored student from the Temple, a prosperous merchant; opposite, a Strand shopkeeper, a printer, a journalist, a lawyer, in a row. The same diversity extended all round the room, and there seemed to be no two men alike. As at the Cogers', there were always many elderly men who looked as if they had passed their whole lives here, and much of the speaking was by them. Old Ross used generally to make the opening speech himself at half-past nine, and by ten o'clock there was hardly a vacant seat in the room. Later than ten one could not expect more than standing-room, and I have known many to stand contentedly for half the evening listening to the stirring speeches made by these veteran statesmen when it happened to be a "field night," for the debates were often brilliant in those days, and would have done honor to the House of Commons at its best.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, and the sudden leap of Prince Louis Napoleon into the throne of France, the occupant of the famous horse-hair throne in Fleet Street called upon his little Parliament to consider what should be the attitude of England toward the new Emperor. Their deliberations, which lasted for several evenings, and were conducted with a good deal of acrimony, came somehow to the ears of the Emperor, and he considered the matter sufficiently important to be referred to in a diplomatic communication to the British government. The joy of the "House" when this news became known may be imagined. It was a proud day for Old Ross and his followers, who never tired of alluding to it in their speeches in after-years, and the tradition of it will be handed down as long as there is a Green Dragon.

I often wonder what has become of the orators and statesmen who used to reappear so faithfully night after night in their familiar seats at the old place. A few are faithful still, some no doubt have gone to a better world, but many more have faded out of view, like the clouds



"IRISH HOT."

from their long-stemmed pipes, and the very walls that listened to them and to generations of their predecessors have now resolved themselves into frigid and repellent newness. Since the Green Dragon has renewed his youth, and become bright and beautiful to look upon, he is no longer the lovable old dragon we used to know. One of the old *habitués* sat beside me the other evening, waiting for the debate to open, and we fell into conversation.

"The old place is changed, sadly changed," said he; "it's not much good now. These modern improvements will be the death of it. Why don't they put in electric lights and steam heating, and hire an orchestra to play between the speeches, I wonder? Most of the old set have deserted, but I've been coming here these forty years and more, and don't know where else to go. You'll find there's no real discussion here now: nothing but jaw." And the old gentleman took a sip of his steaming "Irish hot" with an air of melancholy.

When the debate began, however, I found that though the background and many of the faces were new, the peculiar features of Green Dragon oratory were not only maintained, but intensified. I found the same rough eloquence and strong convictions, only a little rougher and a little stronger than of yore; the same vigorous argument, and the same boisterously ap-



AFTER THE DEBATE.

preciative audience; and I felt bound to tell the old gentleman at parting that I feared he was inclined, like me, not to give modern improvements their due.

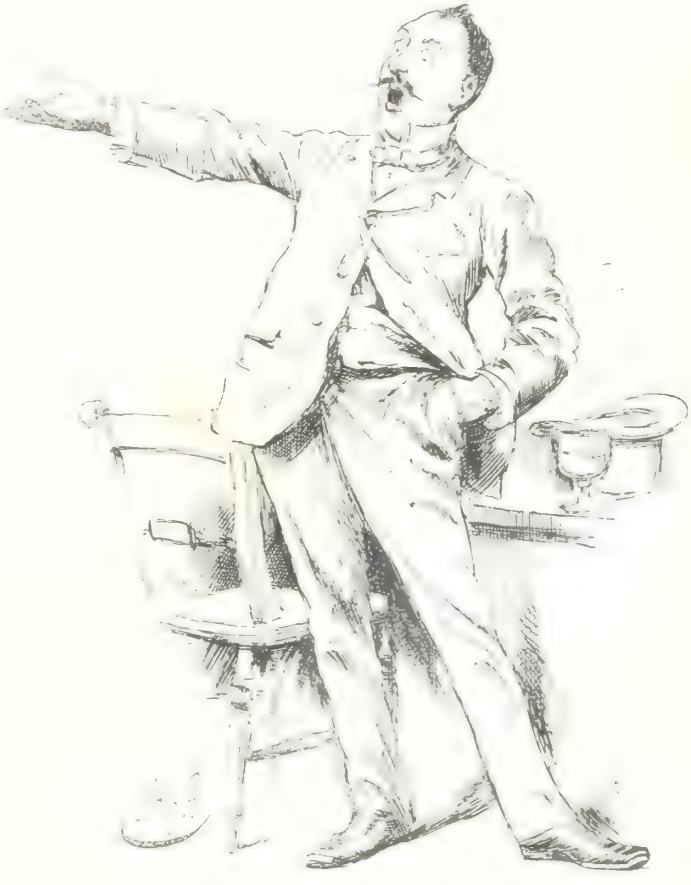
A sharp drive of fifteen minutes in a hansom will bring us to the Peacock, a famous old posting-inn in the High Street of Islington, in which flourishes one of the most interesting discussion forums in London. My affections are divided between this place and the Cogers'; but when it comes to comparing the quality of their debates, I cannot hesitate to give the Peacock the preference. The club is not an old one; it was founded only in 1879; but the inn where it holds its meetings four times a week was built in 1564, and though it has been restored once or twice and partially rebuilt, it has never taken down its sign or closed its doors as an inn since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The room in which the debating society holds its councils is memorable in another way, for Charles Dickens immortalized it by making it the rendezvous of Nicholas Nickleby with Squeers and his pupils, when they took coach for Dotheboys Hall. Here, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, assemble a numerous company, often more than one hundred people, to discuss the political events of the day. I hardly need describe the scene, it is so like the meetings at Cogers' Hall and the Green Dragon of old days. There are the familiar smoke-stained walls, the placards and quaint old mirrors, the throne and its historic occupant, with his pipe and glass of something-and-water, the polished tables, hard seats, flaring gas jets, tropical heat, clouds of tobacco smoke, and incense of malt and alcohol from countless tankards and tumblers, the rough eloquence of the orator, jingle of glasses, interruptions, cheers, hammering of fists on the mahogany, the nimble waiters and their orders in stage-whispers—in a word, the older forums are

here reproduced in all essential particulars. But you will not be long in the room before you are struck by two of its features—the incisive vigor of the speakers, and the admirable tact and grip of the chairman. Disorder and unparliamentary language or conduct are not tolerated here for a moment, and the discipline is perfect. The company is as varied in character as those we have seen at the Fleet Street forums, but its tone is higher, and there seems to be a larger sprinkling of professional men.

Another drive of three miles, this time in a westerly direction, brings us to two rival discussion forums in the Marylebone Road, both connected with public-houses, and both admitting strangers. The Portman Debating Society, which is a sort of proprietary club on a small scale, has met for many years at the Portman Arms, but only on Saturday evenings, and the questions for debate are limited, I think, to politics and political economy. The local M.P. takes great interest in the club, and sometimes engages in the discussions, which are carried on with much spirit.

The above-mentioned are, so far as I know, the only discussion forums of the old type now existing in London. Several others have flourished and passed away within my recollection, and in the history of London there is frequent mention of similar institutions that were carried on for a generation or two and then broken up. Even as far back as 1659 there was a debating society called the "Rota Club," that met at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in New Palace Yard, for the public discussion of current politics and the dissemination of republican opinions. I fancy that was about the earliest of the public-house forums. One of the most curious I know of was the "Flash Coves' Parliament," which flourished in the early part of this century in Drury Lane, and is described by Walford as "a loose sort of gathering of members of the bar, small tradesmen, and men about town, each of whom bore the title of some member or other of the Upper House of Parliament: *e. g.*, one would be 'Lord Brougham,' another the 'Duke of Wellington,' another 'Lord Grey,' etc." This grotesque assembly disappeared many years ago, but it may have contained the germ of suggestion from which grew a species of mock Parliament that has flourished exceedingly of late years, and deserves a good deal more space than I have left to it. We are now to take final leave of Bohemia, and enter an assembly more serious and rigidly proper than even the national Parliament of Great Britain.

Not many years ago there was established at Liverpool a debating society modelled almost precisely after the form of the House of Commons. It had its Speaker, its Ministry, its Leader of the Opposition, and its Whips, while its rules of procedure, and even its printed Bills and sta-



ENERGY.



SKETCHES IN KINGSTON PARLIAMENT

tionery, resembled as closely as possible those of its historic prototype. The members were elected by ballot, as in a club, and a small entrance fee and annual subscription from each paid the current expenses. The debates took place in a large hall, and strangers were admitted to the gallery on payment of twopence; the price of a glass of beer was found a sufficient barrier to keep out the rough element. The Liverpool Parliament took wonderfully, and before long was imitated in Glasgow, Sheffield, Hull, Bristol, Norwich, Manchester, and many other provincial towns, and in London half a dozen similar institutions sprang into existence, most of which are still in a flourishing condition. All of these were copied from the same model and conducted upon the same system, so a sketch of one will answer for the others. I cannot do better than describe a visit I once paid to the Kensington Parliament by invitation of a member—the only mode of access. You could hardly picture a greater contrast than this scene presented to those we have just been visiting in Fleet Street. To start with, the meeting was held at a fine hall in a fashionable part of town. Everybody was in irreproachable evening dress, and the presence of ladies in the background gave an additional tone of refinement to the gathering, and no doubt had its effect upon the oratory. Here were neither pipes nor ale, but the clatter of tankards gave place to the tinkle of tea-things; and when it came to applause, instead of the uproarious hammering of tables and banging with umbrellas and sticks, we heard only the well-modulated parliamentary hear-'ears, roared you as gentle as a sucking dove. In the centre of the room was a table long enough to seat a dozen people, and here in solemn conclave sat the Ministry, with the Speaker of the House at the top, all looking as serious as if they felt the empire to be regarding them. There were the Premier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the five Secretaries of State, the Postmaster-General, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and various other exalted officials, all in their proper places. Near by were clustered the Junior Lords of the Treasury and Liberal Whips, and in the cross benches were arrayed the members of Parliament, all looking as real as if they had never been anything else. A little to the rear sat the ladies in their daintiest toilets, and tea was served to them continually throughout the evening. At intervals the "Honorable and Gallant Members" in various parts of the House allowed themselves to unbend sufficiently to steal over to the back benches for a whispered chat with the tea drinkers, till the exigencies of state recalled them to their duties. It was a pretty scene, however you looked at it. In one part it was like a bachelors' dinner party waiting for the wine to be brought on after removal of the cloth. In the other, it was like a fashionable *conversazione*, with the music left out and half the gentlemen missing.

Some of the speakers were actual M.P.'s, to whom this amateur parliament served as a practice-ground for the duties in the real House, and there were many others who were preparing themselves here for a future seat at Westminster, to which every Englishman who can afford it looks forward as instinctively as the American school-boy looks to the White House.

The Kensington Parliament has about 600 members, made up chiefly of the leisure class, and of M.P.'s, barristers, and professional men of various kinds, with a sprinkling of the aristocracy. The ordinary meetings are held in a lecture-room near Campden Hill, and the debates are upon the same subjects that are being argued nightly in the House of Commons. Once a month there is a "Ladies' Night," when visitors are invited, and everybody is in evening dress; it was on such an evening that I attended. A short-hand report is taken of the speeches and proceedings at each meeting, to be printed, with other matter interesting to members, in a little periodical of their own. Once a year the members meet at a public dinner, after which there is always brilliant speaking by men of distinction connected with the club. The Kensington Parliament, as I have already said, is similar in all essential respects to the other institutions of the kind in London and the provinces. For five or six years past all of these have sent delegates to an annual Conference, held by turn in various parts of the kingdom. On these occasions the members are faithful to the traditional English habit of combining festivity with business, and after the banquet there is a grand debate, in which representatives from all the leading parliaments take part.



ÆSTHETICS.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(Scene—A London Drawing-Room after Dinner.)

MRS VAN TROMP: "'Oh, Sir Charles! modern English male attire is *too* hideous! Just look round.....there are only two decently dressed men in the room!'"
SIR CHARLES: "'Indeed!: and which are *them*, may I ask?'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE return of Independence Day this year seemed more than ever to quicken consciousness of the fact that an immense proportion of the people of this country have no interest in its chief traditions, or even knowledge of them. The excellent Bridget who, called upon to expound the significance of the Fourth of July, replied that it commemorated the arrival of the Irish in America, was the representative of a great multitude of Americans. Patriotism is the vital condition of national permanence. It is the moral power which is stronger than armies or navies. But without traditions patriotism is inconceivable.

It is odd that the larger the proportion of citizens who have no knowledge of what is distinctively American, the stouter seems to be the assertion of Americanism. This, too, has its ludicrous aspects. Thus there is a withering scorn expressed of those who are unduly friendly to one foreign people, while the sneer is most vociferous from those who crawl before another. Regard for anything English is branded as peculiarly servile and un-American by those who explode in rhetorical hysterics over everything Irish. The wiser plan is to cultivate a spirit of American independence, which includes honorable courtesy of feeling toward all other nations. But if there should be preferences in sympathy for other countries, it would seem only natural that the country from which we are chiefly descended, whose language we speak, whose popular safeguards of liberty we inherit, upon whose precedents and principles our whole civilization is reared, should be the first of such countries in our affections.

It will not be denied, however, that an American public man upon the stump or in any appeal to the people, if he should allude to England at all, would probably speak of "our old home" in a strain of unfriendliness, while he would be very sure to speak of Ireland as our fathers spoke of France after the alliance and the arrival of Rochambeau. It must be due, then, to some peculiar obligation under which we lay to Ireland, and which has somehow escaped adequate historical record. Ireland has probably strengthened our distinctive American character, and exercised a conservative, elevating, and ennobling influence upon our national development. In this view Bridget's impression is justified, if not strictly conformed to the facts, and Fourth of July commemorates the descent upon America of the foreign spirit and force which have enabled her to become more truly herself.

The American, indeed, is not a pure race. It is blended of many bloods, and no people has a more various ancestry. The Scotch-Irish element is conspicuous. But that has nothing to do with the spirit which we describe, and thus far the distinctive and controlling impulse of our development is undeniably English.

There has been evidently some misapprehension. To cherish the traditions of Magna Charta and of the great Puritan triumph over kingcraft and ecclesiastical politics, to respect the father-land of trial by jury and the *habeas corpus* and constitutional freedom, the country of Alfred and Pym and Hampden and Milton and Somers and Chatham and John Bright, the home of our literature and of our distinctive origin, is to be a poor, weak, effeminate, affected, un-American, British dude. But to defer respectfully to the Irish name, to whatsoever applied, is to demonstrate our true Americanism. This situation is explicable, we say, only upon the theory of the essential service of that country to this, or its essential superiority to England in all things which are most vital and precious to the American mind.

Unless this be the truth—and as yet it has escaped the quick eye of Clio—the situation is comical, or at least suggestive. If it be not true, the articles in the newspapers which taunt and toss the imbecile Anglophiles or unhappy Anglomaniacs, and the caustic vituperation of the orators which is meant to consume like lava the hapless panegyrist of some English virtue, are open to suspicion. There will be those who will insist that the orator and the newspaper are but Pickwickianly indignant; that their fury is addressed to the great constituency of Buncombe; that the awful roar is, after all, not that of a real lion, but only of good and gentle Snug the joiner, an exemplary member

disputatious company of his side, and professionally engaged in earning his wages. In other words, there will be a theory not that there really is so profound an American preference of green Erin to the neighbor island, but only a strong desire to secure the Irish vote.

It is this perception, probably, which explains the ineffectiveness of the uproar. Nobody honestly believes that respect for our own traditions in the land of their origin proves want of interest or pride in our own development of them; nobody supposes that a discriminating estimate of the comparative value of English and American views of the best securities of liberty and popular government argues a base subservience to English methods because they are English. But it is convenient for certain purposes to say so. What American politician thoroughly warmed to his work will hesitate to clinch his fist and thrust it threateningly in the face of a neighbor whose vote he is sure to lose, and to damn him as a base British cur, if by so doing he can gain a vote from the jintleman lately arrived? It is most innocent play. It is only part of the game, and when it is ended the hero of the fist will join the British cur in a friendly glass, and pleasantly talk over the sham battle.

To be sure, there is another question. Whether this particular game promotes American patriotism, may be asked with some earnestness. Whether the best way to strengthen American national sentiment is to pander to the most ignorant foreign prejudice is always a fair inquiry. Whether it is a laudable way to stimulate a manly and honorable national pride for a great people constantly to present itself to mankind as a testy, bragging, boisterous bully, the youngest and most remote of powerful nations, but too experienced to care to learn and too wise not to know more than the whole world, is, of course, also a question. If the great body of the literature of our language in which we delight, and by which we are largely trained in letters, if the sources of our law and politics, if the great exploits of scholarship and science, are still largely beyond our boundaries, and if it be a truth which the English scholar carved upon a [illegible] Cornell University, "Above all nations is humanity," it may be still open to inquiry whether the true spirit of Americanism consists in sneering at the intelligence and advancement of other lands, and in especially honoring and cultivating foreign ignorance and anti-American tendencies.

If that question be un-American, make the most of it.

Of late years there has been such frequent allusion to John Gilbert by the Easy Chair that he must not have made his final exit without a word of affectionate remembrance from it. Certainly no actor ever died who has been followed by more and warmer words of that kind. They show that the personality of no actor ever made a deeper or more winning impression. Great as the artist was, the man was not lost in him. By a fond instinct it was believed that the kindly simplicity which he portrayed was so actual and delightful because it was the actor's own personal quality. He might call himself old Dornton, or Bramble, or Hardcastle, or what he would, but he was always John Gilbert.

To say this is not to accuse his art as implying that he did not wholly transform himself into the character he portrayed. It is only to say that there was a certain range of characters to which his genius especially inclined him. Shakespeare was the least limited in his power of any artist, but there is still a quality which we recognize in him and call Shakespearian. When Shelley says, "She was one of Shakespeare's women," he means the kind of woman that Shakespeare liked to depict—a thoroughly womanly woman, whatever her ambition or her character. Gilbert says of himself that he began in high tragedy, as they all do—Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, the very monsters and nightmares of tragedy—and he had been acting for some time before he discovered the true vein of his genius. But when he struck it there was no doubt of it; and although he played in his time some twelve hundred parts, it was the old man under a hundred names, which was truly Gilbert.

In his acting in the old comedy, in his training, and in his life, he belonged to what is called the old school. It is not only that he was an old man to the generation that saw him, but his tastes and sympathies were of the theatre of our fathers, the theatre of Charles Lamb and Hazlitt, of the elder Richard H. Dana and Gulian C. Verplanck. It was a different

theatre from that with which we are familiar, and which has been largely influenced by the French drama. The gentlemen who in a great city are called first nighters still represent the old tradition of theatre-goers, but the last genuine figure of that kind among us was Mr. Verplanck. Perhaps the distinction is that they took the theatre more seriously than we. It was not such a mere entertainment. They knew the plays critically, and compared with knowledge the different players. The theatre was a *culte*, as it is not now. Indeed, to the mass of our audiences the names of the old plays and their characters would be strange. The traditions are largely gone in the house, however they may survive upon the stage. It is but natural that our theatre should be more cosmopolitan than that of our fathers, so that the reminiscences of an old play-goer have a quaint strangeness and pleasant provincialism, like the talk of a man who lived in a small world.

Gilbert was a survival of this old theatre. He played the modern parts, indeed, and played them well, of course. But he was at home in the older comedy. One of his friends, Mr. Henry Lee, of Boston, who knew him in his former days, and who first saw him as Buckingham in *Richard the Third* upon his return to his native city after a varied experience in the West, says of Gilbert: "How his image comes back as one of the rubicund, peppery, high-flavored, whimsical, strenuous old gentlemen of the last century! .... I confess he always seemed more unfamiliar as the quiet, dignified gentleman of modern date and dress than in breeches and powder." Mr. Lee's recollections, printed in the Boston *Post* at the time of Gilbert's death, are delightful, and full of the very spirit of the old play-goer of which we were speaking. He discriminates the quality of Gilbert's acting with a delicate sympathy and perception and gusto which recall Charles Lamb's praises of his favorites—a praise which is not admiration merely, but intelligent appreciation.

Mr. Lee does justice to Gilbert's "long apprenticeship to his art." He was a master-workman because of this. Genius, said the old artist, is nine parts in ten diligence. The one part, indeed, is essential, but without the other nine it is ineffective. Gilbert knew that great actors do not come in through the cabin window, although sometimes, like the Kembles, they are born in the buskin. Their secret is not costume, nor spectacle, nor puffing, nor fashionable countenance, nor personal beauty, nor scandal; it is art, patient and intelligent labor to express adequately a distinct conception. Comparing Gilbert's Sir Peter with Warren's, Mr. Lee says that Warren's was more interesting, and captured your sympathy, but it was the Sir Peter of our times, Sir Peter as we wished him to be, rather than Sheridan's Sir Peter, which Gilbert portrayed. But this last was the greater art, for it preserved the form and pressure of the time, without which the distinctive value of the character is lost.

How fine also was Gilbert's discrimination of the rural and urban aspect of the English gentleman of the last century! Sir Peter is the city figure, old Hardcastle is the country squire, a more stately Sir Roger. Could anything be more delightful than his training of Diggory and the servants, or more masterly than the scene with Marlowe and Hastings, in which he proffers them cup of his own mixing? The "very gentility" of the squire under almost intolerable provocation was an exquisite stroke of art, which is not to be reached by any love of display or crude eagerness for notoriety, but only by natural parts trained with knowledge, sympathy, patience, and care.

Mr. Lee's familiarity with Gilbert's various characters and successes is quite beyond that of any other critic. He recalls "his Frederick the Great, Mr. Simpson, Uncle John, his part in *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger*, and, above all, his Dominie Sampson and Caliban." They were all admirable; nothing was more laughable than his Dominie, and his Caliban is still the ideal of that part. No wonder that the hand which records these charming reminiscences of the kindly actor grieves to think that it will never again knock at the door of his pretty, old-fashioned cottage upon the sea-shore near Boston, and that the talks and laughs over old plays and players are ended forever!

We have our exits and our entrances, and although this one man in his time played many parts, there was one part which he played always and by nature, and which will be longest remembered, that of the kindly, honorable, upright man, whom success did not spoil, nor flattery cajole, nor age enervate, and whose

modest, gentle, and beautiful life was the pride of his profession and a public service.

The celebration of the Centenary of the Constitution was so impressive and satisfactory that the proposition to erect a permanent memorial of it in the form of a noble arch, like the temporary structure designed by Mr. Stanford White, was very popular. It was an impulse, however, which, although frequent in this country, is not permanent. We have less taste for public monuments than any other people. Or, to speak more exactly, there are fewer such monuments here than elsewhere, because here they are left generally to private enterprise. Statues and arches and memorial monuments of every kind in other lands are largely the work of rulers and governments rather than of the people.

There are, however, very noble monuments among us of another and most valuable kind. Schools and colleges and libraries and museums and hospitals everywhere attest a general sense of the humane responsibilities of wealth, and there is no finer or more characteristic American spectacle than these benefactions. But works of art designed solely for memorials, statues, arches, and columns, which appeal to general and public sympathy, and not to a special society or circle of friends, are of very slow growth. On the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, Daniel Webster delivered his famous oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument. But the good work languished and faltered and stopped. It was renewed with immense exertion and earnest appeals and ingenious schemes. But still the slowly rising pile was a monument of profound indifference rather than of patriotic pride and reverence, and it is doubtful whether it would not have remained a permanent impeachment of American public spirit and generous feeling if Fanny Elssler, whose [illegible] had bewitched us of money enough to build the monument, had not kindly returned us part of it in the form of a contribution to the fund. It was nearly twenty years after the corner-stone was laid that Webster also celebrated the completion of the monument.

More recently we undertook to raise money to build a pedestal for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The position was ludicrous, but unavoidable. The statue was offered to us by various bodies of Frenchmen. It cannot be said truthfully that we wanted it, or that the project did not strike us as Frenchy and fanciful, and the sentiment as largely factitious. But it could not be declined without an air of discourtesy, which we did not wish to assume. Congress, therefore, good-naturedly gave a site, and a committee of distinguished citizens was organized to take charge of the enterprise. But the comedy deepened when either the donors of a gift not ardently desired, or the artist, or the party of the first part, intimated that a proper setting for the gift would be naturally expected from us, and submitted a sketch for such a setting, which would cost perhaps a million of dollars.

The situation was absurd, but the committee, whatever its real feeling, after refusing to entertain the plan of such expense, resolved to raise the money for a pedestal of moderate cost. Several generous subscriptions were made, and then the usual languor which attends such schemes set in. The appeal became desperate, but the project was plainly doomed unless an unexpected providence intervened. Fortunately it appeared. The *World* newspaper assumed the work, and with unremitting energy beat up the country for subscriptions, and presently raised the whole sum, which otherwise would not have been obtained. A copy of the statue, one-third the size, has been presented to France by Americans, and has recently been unveiled in Paris with due ceremony by the President of the French Republic.

Another instance of the difficulty of great memorial enterprises of this kind in America is the Grant monument. General Grant died four years ago, amid a universal public feeling of sympathy and gratitude. A memorial was immediately proposed, and the committee decided that the sum of a million of dollars should be raised for the purpose. It is understood that less than a fifth of this amount has been obtained. The contributions are now not many, and it can hardly be thought probable that the whole sum will be raised. This apparent indifference, however, must not be misinterpreted. It does not mean indifference to the memory or forgetfulness of the service of the great soldier of the Union.

Whatever may have been jestingly said during the long eclipse of the Bunker Hill monument, the jesters would have been first to resent the insinuation that there was any indifference to this great day or ignorance of its significance. The jest meant only that Uncle Sam does not take naturally to such things. But when Chicago is laid in ruins by fire, or the valley of the Conemaugh by water, or some Southern city is smitten by yellow-fever, then the cent which will not stir in the pocket for twenty years to add a stone to a monument springs forth in an instant a winged host of dollars to succor the suffering and help a stricken community to its feet. The statue of Longfellow, at his home, rises very slowly, but the hold of the poet upon the heart of his countrymen is as close and true as ever.

If, then, we do not yet incline strongly to memorial works of art, we should be all the more careful to make no mistake when we build one. A statue, for instance, is one of the most obvious forms of personal commemoration, and upon the death of a man of distinction friendly affection and regard often suggest such a monument. But the statues which decorate a city measure its aims and ideals and standards. The city of New York narrowly escaped a statue of Tweed. The list of subscribers is remarkable, like that of the givers of gifts at the Tweed wedding. But neither of them is a list of friends or well-wishers, or means honestly what such a list really implies. It is undeniable, however, that if the Tweed statue had been raised it would have represented the man in whose supremacy the city of New York acquiesced, and so far it would have been a most just and biting reproach.

Even for the friends of a man who are eager to commemorate him by a public statue, and who are also good citizens, the question is not whether he was an amiable and excellent man, but whether among his fellow-citizens he was a figure so eminent, a citizen so peculiarly identified with public progress and benefit, so distinguished by genius, by public spirit and service, that he should be set apart and personally commemorated as the kind of man whom youth should emulate and the community should be glad especially to honor.

A public statue is a signal distinction. John Jay, De Witt Clinton, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Cooper, and Bryant might well be commemorated by statues in the city of New York, because of their fame and their association with the city. But how many other men, fit as they are fit, can be named for such a distinction? That the feeling for them and the consciousness of their peculiar distinction has not yet provided a statue of any of them may explain the lingering subscription for the Centennial arch and the Grant monument. It may also admonish us of the degree and quality of character and service which justify such honors. If we build statues seldom, let us at least build them worthily.

MRS. GRUNDY has been passing the season as usual at Saratoga and Newport, and it is doubtful if she was ever in what is called "better form." Her court has been as crowded as ever, and her comments have been caught up as eagerly and echoed as widely as those of a queen upon a birthday. She is still a social authority of papal infallibility, and the air is full of stories in which reputations of every kind gasp and die, all of which are traceable straight to Mrs. Grundy. If she had sat to Pope he could not have painted her more vividly as the chief of those who

> "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

If the nymphs of the year who are sipping the nectar of pleasure in the dance, the drive, the ride, the stroll, the game, and who thread with a flutter of delight the glittering maze which is renewed forever as freshly as morning upon the sea, were forced to choose between the approval of the Madonna or Mrs. Grundy, they would choose the latter, probably, *pro tempore*, so to speak, for Newport or Saratoga. They read Victor Hugo sometimes, and they remember, perhaps, his letter to the Peace Congress, in which he said substantially, "Peace, by all means; nothing so heavenly; but couldn't we postpone the happy day until France has had just one more thwack at Germany?"

It was watching Eugenia at Newport that Mrs. Grundy made the celebrated remark which furnishes the text of our sermon. It is an interesting text, brethren, because it illustrates the spirit of her realm. Nobody at court is unaware that

[illegible] dreams of Eugenia as his namesake worshipped Diana, and like the young duke who was lately wedded in England, Endymion is held to be the best of all possible matches. Mrs. Grundy has constantly said so, and every [illegible] with the sweet timidity of anticipation which Malbone depicts in his central figure of the Hours, has heard that Mrs. Grundy says so. But what Mrs. Grundy [illegible] of the head, is: "What on earth is Eugenia looking for? Does she expect to do [illegible]

She is speaking of marriage, and transmutes the [illegible] question means. Does Eugenia expect in a husband a more amiable youth, richer, and more correct of life? Unless she does, implies Mrs. Grundy, the young woman is a fool not to marry him. On the other hand, Eugenia, [illegible] young woman who possibly thinks that youth, amiability, correctness, and riches are very desirable things, but that in considering marriage they are not all. She has often met the same combination, but they did not suggest to her marriage. Even the ardent Pygmalion did not care to espouse his statue until it lived. In *Hyperion* the young woman says to her lover, "Sir, you are in love with certain attributes." "D—— your attributes! madam," he answered, and they parted.

Now Mrs. Grundy presents certain attributes to Eugenia, and requires her to be in love with them.

What do you say? That she does no such thing? That she merely presents to her certain advantages, and requires her to marry them? Very well. Then she proposes marriage without love as the best Eugenia is to expect.

It may be [illegible] you remark, that Mrs. Grundy has no nonsense about her; but nevertheless, except in the realm of pure reason known as Newport and Saratoga, her remark would seem to be nothing but nonsense. Here is Eugenia, one of the most intelligent and self-possessed of her sex, a woman quite as capable [illegible] of her own as Florence Nightingale or Maria Mitchell, and she is asked to marry amiability, correct conduct, and fifty thousand dollars a year in a form for which she has no particular attraction and no affection whatever.

Eugenia's name is legion, and she is often persuaded by Mrs. Grundy to do the thing that she advises. But often also she is not persuaded, and says that as even Mrs. Grundy would not advise her to marry the amiability and correctness without the money, it is evident that the chief consideration is the money, and she, Eugenia, is not yet ready to marry for money.

The young woman is undoubtedly eccentric, but such are her views or whims, and she ought not to be too severely condemned. She has been so naturally disposed to self-respect and personal honor, her imagination has conversed so habitually with lofty and generous ideals of character, she has so respected women whose conduct has been saintly or heroic, or who, without renown, have quietly done their duty, and modestly and effectively devoted themselves to useful and ennobling lives, that she has probably forgotten the commandment which requires young women to marry amiability, correctness, and money when they can, whether they care for them or not. The duty of presiding over a fine establishment, if she has the chance, whatever her feeling for its owner, she has thoughtlessly disregarded, and may be, therefore, in danger of seeing some more heedful and happy comrade borne away by Endymion. Dreaming of Apollo, lord of the sun, she has neglected Plutus, master of the earth. She has chosen to walk with the Muses, when she might have driven to the races. She has preferred her own respect to the approbation of Mrs. Grundy. She has been content to be happy when she might have been rich.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Grundy tosses her head at such maidenly wilfulness, and asks indignantly what Eugenia expects. If that young woman would allow an old Easy Chair to speak for her, it would say, she expects, madam, to enjoy her life by yielding to the natural impulses and play of youth, and by securing her own approval, whatever other approbation she may lose. She will remember that as love is the deepest feeling of her nature, she cannot betray and outrage it without a bitter penalty, knowing that a woman wrongs herself most irreparably when her heart does not go with her hand; and, madam, if it may be said without offence, she proposes to follow her own womanly sense of duty, nor care what Mrs. Grundy says.

Editor's Study.

The Rose of Flame and Other Poems of Love, by Anne Reeve Aldrich, is a book which must somet[illegible] we had better s[illegible]

But her experience must have been fortunate, if she has found her readers always able to seize the dramatic intention. We [illegible] without reserve; we have our misgivings as to the final usefulness, which is to say the lasting beauty, of much of what she has written. Many women must have thought such things, felt such things as she expresses; and yet there is somewhere a limit, an end, to the open saying of such things as one thinks and feels. We are not inclined to draw the line very fast, or draw it very close; but we suggest that there are risks in not drawing it at all. Yet this said we are bound to recognize the truth, the power, of Miss Aldrich's verse at its best; and we should think it really a dishonest neglect of critical duty if, in regretting much of her work, we failed to draw attention to the subtle perception, the impassioned solemnity of such a poem as this:

[illegible]
And died of horror at its loathsome child.
[illegible]
Yea, hide it in this second Eden wild,
This dim, strange place where, for aught we two

No man hath stepped since first God made it so.

[illegible]
Look on this tangled snare of undergrowth,
These low-branched trees that darken all be-

[illegible]
Drink in the hot scent of this noontide air,
And hear, far off, some distant river flow,
Lamenting ever till it finds the sea.
New Life, new World, what's Shame to thee and me?

Let us slay Shame: we shall forget his grave
Locked in the rapture of our lone embrace.

Then for the art to [illegible] to impart the [illegible]

Such words as these could not have come from a shallow heart or a narrow [illegible] they are profoundly appealing, they em[illegible] and that is none the less a truth because it is not the only truth about life. The ability to write poetry like this accuses much of the author's verse of mere sensuousness in the rapture and the regret it records: and it may be hopefully left to condemn to her the error and excess which we often feel in her book.

II

In like manner, we are willing to deliver over to his own judgment some passages of Mr. Cawein's *Accolon of Gaul*. He did not invent the facts: they are in the old legends out of which Tennyson mined the *Idyls of the King:* but the younger poet might well have studied from the master the science of assay which rejected the baser particles of the ore imbedding them. It is because these passages are well done that one feels it the greater pity they should have been done; they mar, if they do not spoil the beauty of the poem, which abounds in splendors such as the rich fancy of Mr. Cawein loves. We have before now tried to make the reader feel his lyric quality,

and now we have to recognize his power to tell a story not only with pictorial sumptuousness but with dramatic strength. There is "passion" galore in it; that we have reproachfully intimated; but there is character too; and the poet knows how to lead on to a supreme moment, as when Queen Morgane has sent her lover Accolon to kill Arthur, and having murdered her husband Urience, against his return, hears

Him victor and so King; and then awoke
A yearning to behold, to quit the dead.

Burst on a glare of links and glittering mail,
That shrunk her eyes and made her senses quail.
To her a bulk of iron, bearded fierce,
Down from a steaming steed, into her ears,
'This from the King, a boon!' laughed harsh and hoarse;
Two henchmen beckoned, who pitched sheer with
Loud clanging at her feet, hacked, hewn, and red,
Crusted with blood, a knight in armor—dead;
Even Accolon, tossed with a mocking scoff,

With pictures, with colors, this poem and the others that go with it to make up the book abound, perhaps superabound. In one of his earnest and loveliest lines, Mr. Edgar Faweett speaks of a butterfly whose wing is a "turmoil of rich dyes," and the phrase would fit much of Mr. Cawein's work: too often he seems like the painter Monticelli, to have given you his palette instead of a picture. But having said this we are rather sorry, for we are not aware of being the poorer for this young poet's opulence; and one rather likes to see his appetite for splendor glut itself; the time will doubtless come when he will find enough. In the mean while, it is as if we had another Keats, or as if that fine, sensitive spirit had come again in a Kentuckian avatar, with all its tremulous hunger for beauty. We had marked a good many passages for quotation before deciding,

Who waves diaphanous beauty on some cliff
That drowsing purrs with moon-drenched pines";

and

"A forest vista, *where faint herds of deer*
Stalked like soft shadows";

or these lines from the poem *To the Rain Crow*:

"Oft from some dusty locust that thick weaves
With crescent pulse pods its thin foliage gray,
Of sun-tanned oats winds, red with rutty clay,
grieves,
Nature's Astrologist, dost promise rain....
And thou.... contented art
In thy prediction, fal'n within the hour;
While fuss the brown bees homeward from the
Of honey-filtering bloom; beneath the cart
Droop pompous barn-yard cocks damped by
And deep-eyed August, bonnetless, a beech
Hugs in dishevelled beauty, safe from reach

Or this sonnet, from four on *Loveliness*:

"Oft do we meet the Oread whose eyes
Are dew-drops where twin heavens shine confessed;
She, all the maiden modesty's surprise
Temptures, tawny bewildering tresses press-
Of some delicious dream, *then shrinks distressed,*
Like some weak wind, that haply heard, is gone
In rapport with shy Silence to make sound;
So like storm sunlight, bares clean limbs to bound,
A thistle's flashing to a woody rise,
A graceful glimmer, up the ferny lawn."

But this picturesqueness, this daring for a phrase, ending sometimes in luminous felicity and sometimes in teasing obscurity, but always leaving the sense of a vivid and gracious intention, is the very texture of Mr. Cawein's verse, and it is not so different from what we have tried to make the reader know of him before. His exuberance will tame itself in time; he will learn temperance and self-denial, which are as good in the worship of the beautiful as in other things. But he gives now with both hands, and we are rather disposed to enjoy the spectacle of his profusion. At least it shows that he has something to give.

III.

Or, at the end of the ends, and if we must come very low in our defence of one we own a favorite with us, he is at the worst not writing from a theory, which seems to be what works Mr. William Sharp an injury in his *Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy*. Mr. Sharp believes that "there is a romantic revival imminent in our poetic literature," as "in pure fiction the era of romance as opposed to pseudo-realism is about to begin, if the tide be not already well on the flow," and

lads are of blue china and the like rather

mood: it was not merely literary and voluntary: it grew naturally out of the political, social, and even economical conditions at the close of the eighteenth century. It was a development of civilization, and not simply a revulsion from the

placed, or it could not have gone so deep in the lives of men as it did. In its day it was noble and beautiful: it lifted and widened the minds of people: it afforded them a refuge in an ideal world from the failure and defeat of this. To assume that we can have it back on any such terms as Mr. Sharp imagines seems to be little a world-mood to a study-mood, a clos-

it from humanity and give it to the humanities. Romanticism belonged to a dis-

not have its spirit back because this is the age of hopeful striving, when we have

working through realism to this end, not

So it seems to us, but we may be wrong. What we are sure of is that in reacquaint-

pernatural, as they are seriously address-

agreeable condition of goose-flesh which we knew in our romantic youth, and which we understand to be the intentional and exemplary state of the neo-roman-

Weird of Michael Scott, the wizard who accidentally burns up his own soul, which he happens to find outside his body, is a Weird that leaves us quite cold, though we own to have experienced rather a fine thrill in reading the poem of the Willis Dancers, those youths and maids who have died unloved, and whose spirits meet in phantasmal wooing above the church-yard mould. The suggestive theme is

tenderness which gains nothing when it

IV.

Sharp's poetry in our dissent from his theory: one of the evils of having very firm convictions is that you want to deny

ones. Mr. Sharp is by no means a narrow-minded critic, and he has a word of warning for those who think the impor-

them that noble or ignoble is in the mind of the artist, not in the material he works

would like to call his notice, and that of others who are nowadays asking a good deal of the imagination, to a passage concerning the true nature and office of that

Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of another Life*, and is in explanation of his preference of analysis for his attempted

and different mode of existence, since this faculty [illegible] *around it, and must draw all its materials* [illegible] never actually sees; yet it must end [illegible] and in recombining forms furnished to [illegible] *go beyond these limits, the product is grotesque or absurd, not beautiful; there is no grace or charm in that which*

less or voluntary, of either epoch, is grown
le; and for our own part,
or any more capable of resuscitation in the awe or the sentiment of grown people. Nobody, we suppose, would ask us to go back and believe in, or make-believe in, the knights and ladies, pages and squires, hinds and minstrels, of romance, as at all like the real ones who once existed; and it is rather hard to be asked to toy again with the wizards and the phantoms, the weirds and the wraiths, that never existed. Once we believed in them, and once we made-believe in them. Is not that enough? Or are we to make-believe again? How tiresome! Why not go back and do pastorals a third time? Or is there some law of the mind that suffers one re-

V.

But while we could never consent to let Mr. Sharp reromanticize imaginative literature by any exhortation or endeavor, we are very sensible of the gracious service he has done American poetry in his collection of *American Sonnets*. We do not know that we should ever have thought so well of our compatriotic sonnet without his work in its behalf. Out of some two hundred and fifty sonnets, there are really none bad, and some are of
excellence. Here and there a poet
memorable by a single sonnet,
would have been otherwise quite un-
or would have been forgotten;
several cases it happens that a
net,
might else have hardly

to venture upon any comparison of their work; and from like motives of prudence we refrain from specifying our favorites among the living poets represented in Mr. Sharp's excellent collection. It is safe, however, to thank him for a sense of Longfellow's greatness in this kind, and for his cordial recognition of the mastery of several other of our poets in it. His collection is of singular worth, to our thinking, because we cannot think (for the present at least) of any memorable sonneteer who has been forgotten in it; though we might easily be wrong in this. Sometimes it seems to us that Mr. Sharp fails to include the best sonnet of this or
— but he has fairly represented the quality of each. A noticeable feature of the whole is the fact that one of our greatest poets is not in it, because he had not used a form so popular with our younger if not wiser poets. Holmes is there in one sonnet; Whittier in three; Lowell in five; none of them at their best, or second best; but Emerson is not there at all. One can easily fancy that he, who rejoiced in compactness, must have found a conventional form like the sonnet too irksome; and it is hard to understand just why fourteen lines of rhymed decasyllabic verse should prove so perfect a vehicle for the thoughts and creations of so many poets in every tongue. The structure of the American sonnet is varied as to the rhyme; but there is a general tendency to the Petrarchan order; Bryant is almost alone with Sidney Lanier in writing the Shakespearian sonnet. Mr. Aldrich, who has done his most serious work in the sonnet, is one of the most scrupulous in respecting the Italian form, but not more so than some others: Mr. Fawcett, for instance, who also is perhaps at his best in his sonnets; and Mr. Gilder, of whom the same might be said. There remains to be made a strict analysis of the sonnet form, and an inquiry into the secret of its convenience, which it doubtless would not surprise, but which would be very interesting. It is a form of extraordinary vitality, and survives in our time as vigorous as it arose in that of whatever remote Italian invented it.

VI.

But we find ourselves recalled from the pleasure of praising Mr. Sharp's American Sonnets to our grievance with him concerning a romantic revival, by Dr. S. Weir

Mitchell's suggestive treatment of the old superstition of the elixir of life in his new poem, *The Cup of Youth*. Here the poet evolves from the subject qualities which appeal in the highest degree to the imagination without overtaxing your modern capacity by asking you to suppose his own acceptance of the superstition; whereas, if we understand the neo-romanticists aright, he should have pretended to make himself a party to it. Uberto, the inventor of the elixir in *The Cup of Youth*, might have really drunk it off, and in his return to youth abandoned to loveless old age the wife who had devoted her life to him. But this would have been a fruitless effect in the reader's mind; it would have been recognized, and then it would have ceased. As it is, the group of people sketched remain living in our thoughts: the selfish seeker after the secret of renewed existence, defeated and mocked in the very moment when he was to have triumphed, by the girl who spills the draft and avenges the poor old wife, and then finds her own punishment in the rejection and disavowal of her deed, to which the wife's pity of her pitiless husband's suffering moves her. Here are real motives that go far deeper than any make-belief could reach; they touch that feeling for all the actors in the little drama which the wise view of any human situation must evoke, and which plays from one to another in equal interest. Here is the truly imaginative treatment of a romantic theme; that is, the scientific treatment, which can alone dignify it. What was vital in it is suggested; the mere husk is still left for the fancy of any neo-romanticist to batten on. In some such sort Dr. Holmes has dealt with recondite phases of our common nature, and has given them the last charm for the imagination by refusing to deal with them in the spirit of make-belief, by keeping himself an impartial spectator. In the same sort Hawthorne himself achieved his highest effects; and with that delicate smile of his cast a final discredit on the superstition he had been playing with. But no such tricksy gleam remains upon the tragedy which our poem has sketched: the picture at the close perpetuates a moment of poignant pathos.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of July.

President Harrison made the following appointments. Minister: (June 26) Germany, William Walter Phelps. Ministers Resident: (June 22) Hawaiian Islands, John L. Stevens; Paraguay and Uruguay, George Money; (June 28) Hayti, Frederick Douglas; (July 1) Roumania, Servia, and Greece, A. Loudon Snowden.

The New Hampshire Legislature elected William E. Chandler Senator of the United States, June 18th.

The proposed prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania was rejected at a State election, June 18th, by a majority of over 180,000.

The prohibition amendment to the Constitution of Rhode Island, adopted in 1886, was repealed at a State election, June 20th, by a majority of 18,596.

DISASTERS.

June 26th.—Three freight trains wrecked in a collision at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and thirty lives lost.

July 2d.—A passenger train wrecked near Thaxton, Virginia. Seventeen persons killed.

July 3d.—An explosion of fire-damp in a coal pit at St.-Étienne, France, resulted in the death of over two hundred and twenty miners.

July 9th.—Fifteen persons killed in a collision near Cincinnati, Ohio.—Despatches from India, forty persons drowned in the overflowing of the river Indus.

OBITUARY.

June 17th. In Boston, John Gilbert, actor, aged seventy-nine years.

June 23d.—In Chicago, the Rev. William Henry Beecher, aged eighty-seven years.

June 25th.—In Fremont, Ohio, Lucy Ware Webb Hayes, wife of ex-President R. B. Hayes, aged fifty-six years.

June 26th.—In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Simon Cameron, statesman, aged ninety years.

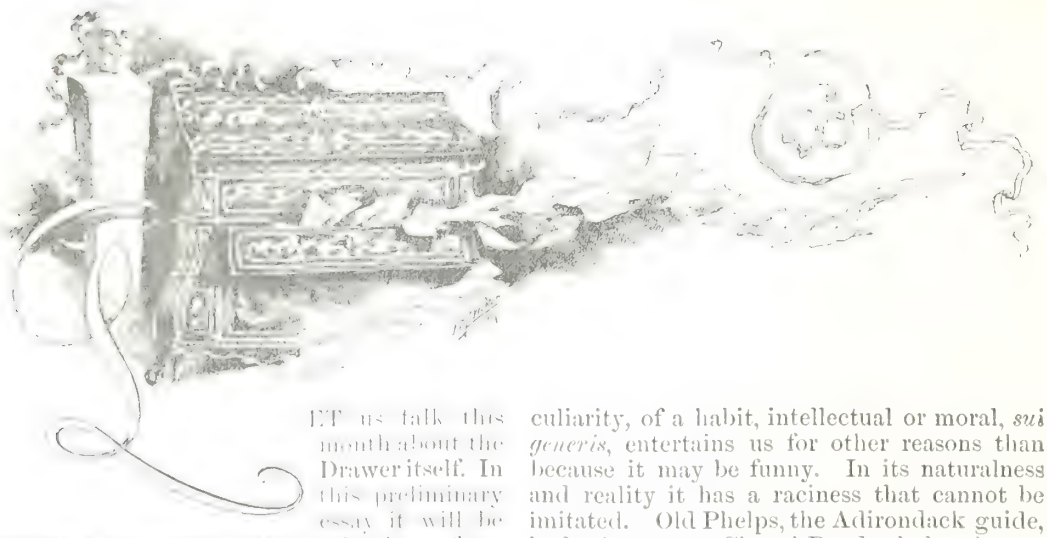
June 28th.—In Lynn, Massachusetts, Maria Mitchell, astronomer, aged seventy years.—In Paris, Carlotta Patti Munck, prima donna, aged forty-nine years.

July 1st.—In New Haven, Connecticut, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Yale College, aged eighty-eight years.

July 5th.—In New Haven, Connecticut, George Henry Watrous, late President of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, aged sixty years.

July 10th.—In Glen Cove, New York, Samuel L. M. Barlow, lawyer, aged sixty-one years.—In Richmond, Virginia, Julia Gardiner Tyler, widow of ex-President Tyler, aged sixty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.



LET us talk this month about the Drawer itself. In this preliminary essay it will be admitted that most other topics have from time to time been touched upon, and if the world has not been edified, if it has gone socially or ethically astray, who is responsible? At the same time it may be confessed that it has not been the leading idea of the Drawer to instruct mankind, but rather to establish between this Magazine and its readers an exchange of sympathy and good-fellowship on the gay, the amusing, the pathetic side of life. In an important sense this has been the reader's department, a genuine receptacle for his own observations of what is characteristic of human nature, not manufactured facetiousness.

The name, Drawer, was not adopted by chance. It is a spontaneous and altogether sincere institution, and was at its birth. Mr. Fletcher Harper senior used to keep all the funny and characteristic anecdotes sent to the publishers from all parts of the country in a *drawer* devoted to that purpose, and selections were made from this collection for each month's issue. Hence the title *Editor's Drawer*. Always the space devoted to this department has been mainly occupied by real anecdotes—stories of actual occurrences and sayings. No one can invent such things. Their value is in their genuineness, in their illustration of national traits, in their illumination of the habits and character of noted people. It is [illegible] that an anecdote which might have little point when related of a person unknown, gains importance when told of a man or woman of wide reputation and distinction. [illegible] historical value. There [illegible], for instance, in a new anecdote about Washington, or Franklin, or Lincoln, or any other famous person, quite apart from any amusing quality in it. A story that smacks of original human nature, that is, as we say, of the soul, that has the stamp of an odd personality, a touch of sectional peculiarity, of a habit, intellectual or moral, *sui generis*, entertains us for other reasons than because it may be funny. In its naturalness and reality it has a raciness that cannot be imitated. Old Phelps, the Adirondack guide, had taken to see Chapel Pond a lady who expressed a little disappointment at its tameness, saying that the principal charm of the place seemed to be its loneliness. "Yes," he replied, in gentle and lingering tones, "and its *nativeness*. It lies here just where it was born."

The life of a good story has never been determined; its vitality and power of continuance are undoubted, but its origin can scarcely ever be traced. That it will reappear in certain periods, and be applied anew to certain characters, is well known. Once in a generation it is certain to be brought out and attached to some person who has gained a preeminent reputation for shrewd sayings or witty observations, or for eccentricity of conduct. It may be George Buchanan, or Joe Miller, or Benjamin Franklin, or ——, or ——: the reader can fill in the names to whom the anecdotes of his own day are credited. No one knows to whom these funny incidents first happened, who first made these jokes. They are traced back by scholars to mediæval times, to the Greeks, to the Sanscrit. One theory is that the world was originally stocked with jokes, as it was furnished with a certain quantity of atmosphere, and that none have ever been added to the original quantity. Another theory is that, human nature remaining always the same, these anecdotes and pithy sayings are likely to occur to different people in different ages, and that we have not a case of plagiarism, but of coincidence. Research would doubtless fix the periodicity of anecdotes as accurately as the appearance in the press of the sea-serpent, or the baby carried off by an eagle, or what is known as the "silly season" in the newspapers. But besides all this there is an element that has to be taken into account, and that is the infirmity of human nature in relation to stories—the tendency to connect them, for purely dramatic purposes,

with the personality of the narrator. How else could it happen that the Drawer received last week from a contributor an account of a most ludicrous incident which happened under the writer's own observation, for which names and places and dates are given, when the same story had come the week before from another part of the country, with the same accurate identification with persons and places; and when the same anecdote had recently been repeated by a personal friend of undoubted veracity, as occurring to him; and when the auditor had a dim recollection that he had read it ages ago in that delightful compilation of wisdom and prophecy, Thomas's Almanac, that used to hang in the chimney-corner of an old farm-house? The other day it appeared in the daily newspaper; and if it had been prepared for the Drawer—not to be published, according to the exigencies of the case, until more than a month after its preparation—would not the nimble pen of the critic in the daily newspaper be justified in his facetiousness about its antiquity? Nay, to look at the matter in another aspect: if the anecdote sent to the Drawer had been absolutely new, would not the narrator have told it to somebody else, and would not the nimble press have snatched it up long before its appearance in these pages?

Perhaps there are no new *motifs* or principles of humor, only new applications. And we are amused when they are applied to characters well known. During the war, at a time of great depression, it is said that a public meeting was called in Oneida County, New York, for the purpose of stimulating the war spirit. It was matter of general notoriety at the time that there was a decided political disagreement between Roscoe Conkling and his nephew, Mr. Morris Miller, and that they warmly opposed each other's views and measures. The meeting was a very fervent one, and in the course of it great enthusiasm was aroused for the more vigorous prosecution of the war. The speakers vied with each other in their devotion and personal self-sacrifice. One speaker offered to contribute a large sum of money, another and another offered an increased amount. An aged man arose, and with a broken voice declared that he had no money to give, but that he had a young son whom he would dedicate to the service of his country. Another father arose, and with tears in his eyes pledged the same sacrifice. The enthusiasm was at its height, and the house was carried away by the spirit of self-surrender, when Mr. Miller arose and eloquently expressed his devotion to the cause. "I have," he said, in thrilling tones, "no money to give, but I offer to my country my uncle, Roscoe Conkling!" There was dead silence for a moment, and then suppressed laughter, and then a roar that shook the house. Business was resumed, the speaking went on, other pledges were made. But every now and then somebody would break out in a titter, "He offers his uncle, Roscoe Conkling," and the fancy would tickle somebody else, until the whole house was convulsed, again and again, with merriment. Is this anecdote new? Is it true? It is a specimen of the kind that may be both new and true, and that have an interest apart from the fun in them, due to historical association.

It is desired to maintain the traditional character of the Drawer, to preserve its historic value as a repository of the real story, the veritable saying, the characteristic anecdote, that illustrates natural life, manners, peculiarities. The stories must be genuine. These the Drawer solicits from its friends, from its readers, from the lovers of humor, and from the observers of the racy side of human nature. All contributions of this sort that can be used will be paid for.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

BOWLING ALLEY REMINISCENCES

PAT was keeping the score for a bowling party in the White Mountains last summer, and in true scientific manner kept each player posted both as to his score and as to his relative position in the contest.

"How do I stand now, Pat?" asked one of the bowlers.

"Sure an' yer behind, Mr. Bodley, sorr."

"How much?"

"How manny? Let me see; there's thirteen an' two. Ye've gotter make twinty-wan t' ketch um, an' ye'll be foor ahead of um."

Apropos of this same Mr. Bodley, on his return to the haunts of trade after summering in the New Hampshire hills, he expatiated upon the beauties of the region, remarking incidentally that he had made two hundred and eighty points on one of the bowling-alleys there.

"That is a pretty high score," said the friend to whom he was talking. "Where did you say the alley was?"

"At the Blank Mountain House," replied Bodley, naming one of the most expensive hotels in the mountains.

"Ah, that accounts for it. Everything is high at the Blank Mountain House."

It was from this alley that a facetious young man sent word to the proprietor of the hotel that he would not again become a patron of his establishment until the alley was supplied with a new paper of pins. To which the landlord made the ingenuous reply that "no one but an idiot would suppose that tenpins could be bought by the paper." J. K. BANGS.

THE EXTENT OF HER KNOWLEDGE

A CORRESPONDENT sends a Celticism that is not bad.

"Bridget," said I, "did you water the flowers?"

"Noo, ma'am. Sure oi didn't know how much wather was too much. All I knowed was that too little wasn't enough."

THE STAGE-COACH.

Tarnished and battered and old,
Heartlessly hidden away,
Left to the moth and the mould,
Dark[illegible]
This was the pride of its day.
[illegible]
Faded and vanished for aye;
[illegible]

How shall its story be told?
What shall a song of it say?
Once it was brilliant as gold,
Once it was gilded and gay.
[illegible]
Many the bride that it bore.
Now are they wrinkled and gray;
[illegible]

Long through the heat and the cold,
Ever from May until May,
Over the highways it rolled.
[illegible]
Never a stately display,
Never a dash as of yore,
Never a swing or a sway;
Gone are the driver and four!

[illegible]
Only sweet memories stay;
Gone are the driver and four!

Bissell Clinton.

ON BOARD THE "BETSY JANE."

Old Captain R—— for many years commanded a coasting schooner called the *Betsy Jane*, which sailed from one of the ports of "down East." On one of his voyages he shipped as part of his crew a couple of green hands who had always been accustomed to "farm it," and who knew little of the difficulties and dangers of the mighty ocean. But as "hayin'" was over, and the farm-work mostly done for the season, they thought to turn an honest penny by going to sea before the mast. For the first day or two all went well — the weather was fine, and the new sailors gave promise of becoming first-class navigators, like Christopher Columbus, Lord Nelson, or even the bold Captain Kidd. But, as the proverb says, "into all lives some rain must fall": so it was with them. A black cloud arose, the wind blew with fury, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and everything was commotion and confusion. In the midst of it all the crew were doing their best to get things again in apple-pie order, not forgetting to splice the main brace as opportunity offered, and the captain was roaring, [illegible] through the thunder, such orders as "Throw overboard the painter!" "Let go [illegible]" who should be seen coming [illegible] and terribly afraid but our doughty farmers, like a pair of enterprising newspaper reporters, bent on interviewing the skipper. [illegible] the could, they approached him, in a sort of conciliatory way, with this proposition, "Say, cap, it looks like there's goin' to be a spell of weather, and me and Bill thinks we *guess we'll lose half a day and go to law.*"

Unfortunately tradition has not preserved the reply of the captain, but there can be no doubt it was forcible and to the point. And a diligent search through the log of the *Betsy Jane* fails to discover any record of deductions for lost time.

HISTORICAL PUNS.

The Roman Bishop's famous compliment to the handsome Anglo-Saxon captives, "Not Angles, but angels," had greater results than its actual brilliancy might seem to merit: and St. Leo doubtless had no idea when he prayed to Heaven to aid Rome against the invading Huns, "and hurl back these *Tartars* into the fires of *Tartarus*," that this punning prayer was to fix upon the unlucky "Tartars" (as they were then called) a nickname that would never die.

Such puns have more than once played a formidable part in history. France expiated by the devastation of an entire province a coarse and clumsy play upon "corpse" and "corpulence" made by the French King in derision of his terrible neighbor William the Conqueror. Charles V.'s jesting assertion that he could put Paris in his glove (gant), though meant only to indicate the superior size of Ghent to the Paris of that day, stung Francis I. into the renewal of a languishing war. One of Louis XV.'s upstart favorites was driven from the court by the biting pun that turned his new title of Marquis de Vandière into "Marquis d'Avant-hier" (the day before yesterday).

The epigrammatic brevity of Sir Francis Drake's celebrated but probably mythical despatch announcing the rout of the Armada—which consisted of the single word "Canthardes," *i. e.*, the *Spanish fly*—has been twice paralleled in our own age. Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dalhousie respectively announced the annexation of Scinde and that of Oude in one word apiece, "Peccavi," I have sinned (Scinde), and "Vovi," I have vowed (Oude). Equally historical is the bitter pun that changed the name of the sluggish Admiral Torrington to "Admiral Tarry-in-town."

Napoleon (who was no man for light jesting) is credited with only a single pun, and that a rather poor one. During his great Italian campaign of 1796–7 he replied to a lady, who wondered to find such a famous man so young, "I am young to-day, but to-morrow I shall be a Milan," *i. e.*, "*mille ans*," a thousand years). A much better joke was that made on the great conqueror himself by an Italian countess, who, hearing him say, "All Italians are traitors," replied, pointedly, "Not all of them, but a *good part*" (Buo-na-parte). Equally neat, and even more grimly significant, was Bismarck's answer to a person who was speculating how much the impending war of 1870 would cost France. "Not much," said the Iron Count: "only *two Napoleons*."

David Ker.



WHAT'S IN A WORD?

... of his accent in the pronuncia-

The daughter gave up her hopeless scholar

to "gang his ain gait" in pronunciation hence-

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

LOOKER-ON. "Why is the service so long?"

SEXTON. "Because the best man has gone for the ring."

LOOKER-ON. "Why has the best man gone for the ring?"

SEXTON. "Because the bridegroom forgot it."

LOOKER-ON. "Why did the bridegroom for-

SEXTON. "Because he is a plumber."



THE TRIALS OF AN ARTIST.



HARPER'S
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DISCOVERY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHEN the world's first great westward voyager
Sailed out in faith to this new continent,
Whither he felt all his life-currents stir,
Though knowing not unto what place he went,
One day, no land in sight, his grating keel
Reported shoals; the unconscious vessel slid
Across, nor heard the grinding sands reveal
The secret of the coast beyond them hid.
He drifted past, though waif of leaf and bird,
Floating and fluttering after, bade him stay;
Vague invitations everywhere he heard:
By hope's own dazzling glamour led astray,
He landed on an island's rim, nor guessed
How nearly he had won his larger quest.

Alas! the dumb, inscrutable human sea
That will not tell us of the shores we seek!
Its jealous waves, in moaning mockery,
But just returned from pressing a blue cheek
Against fresh roses blown for us, unseen,
In our own realm, that never will be ours,
Though through the starry dusk all night we lean,
And, unaware, breathe balsam from the flowers,
And feel its soft mists wrapping us around,
And hear far, wave-tossed voices whispering
From some dim bourne beyond the horizon's bound—
Heart's kindred starving for the love we bring,
As we for theirs—an unreaped harvest-field:
Our treasure just within our reach—concealed!

And yet, Columbus, this New World is thine!
Thy claim was in thy forward-reaching soul,
An inner, prescient right; thou didst divine
Wonders that the veiled hemisphere should unroll
At last, from out the blue blank of the sea:
And whatsoever foot might tread this shore,
Clear was thy title of discovery,
Whose thought outsailed thy ships so long before.
That which we recognize and seek is ours:
Approaching unperceived, related souls
Stir irresistibly our noblest powers;
Us toward our own the tide of being rolls:
And shall it not be joy, the voyage done,
To know the continent and island one?

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FORESTS OF THE CALIFORNIA COAST RANGE.

THE Coast Range of mountains running [illegible] California [illegible] ging the western shore of the continent, is a great natural arboretum—a paradise of forest trees and flowering shrubs. North of Shasta the forests awe with their grandeur; south, the scenery is park-like and sylvan, and the shrubs are at home.

Looked at from Shasta or the peaks of the Sierras, the tract of which we write is almost continually shrouded in an amethyst haze, that turns at times into garments of purple, and shreds out into all the hues of crimson and gold. Beneath the ever hanging haze is a spine of miniature mountains, flanked by rounded hills and smooth-sided cañons, with thousands of little valleys dimpling the entire area, and nursing in their snug warm bosoms a luxuriance that is something more than semi-tropical. Here can be found the extremes of tree growth. The hardy species of the North are not only neighborly, but familiar, and even intimate, with the delicate representatives of the South. The resinous breath of the pine and hemlock, juniper and fir, mingles on the same hill-side with the spicy fragrance of the bay-tree and the perfume of the balm. The evergreen redwood rises, straight as an arrow, to a height of from two to three hundred feet. There are whole tribes of the coniferæ, dozens of species of cypress and cedar, a variety and relationship of the oaks that drives the botanist wild, ravines filled with the flowering dogwood, sweeps of glistening manzanita, spattered patches of the red-berried buckthorn, rifts of the pink-petaled rhododendron, sanguinary patches where stands the Judas-tree. In this favored country also bloom and bear the pomegranate, fig, olive, almond, apricot, lemon, orange, and the nectarine. The camellia is a tree, the heliotrope a stout shrub; geraniums are used for scarlet hedges; the calla-lily is a weed. And to round out this riot of luxuriance—this saturnalia of foliage, fruit, and flower—Nature sows every spring, in and through it all, a crop of wild oats such as was never even dreamed of by the original [illegible]

East of the Coast Range lies one of [illegible] world. It is a valley about four hundred miles long by fifty to seventy wide, and contains over five millions of acres in its sixteen thousand or more square miles. Through it run two great rivers. The Sacramento, rising in an immense spring at the base of Mount Shasta, flows to the south. The San Joaquin, born in the Sierras and nursed in the foot-hills, winds its tortuous way north, till about the centre of the valley the two meet, and passing—a ribbon of silver—through the Strait of Carquinez, mingle in the Bay of San Francisco with the grass-green waters of the Pacific that crowd eastward through the Golden Gate. These great continuous valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin have a climate of their own. Shut in by mountains, and covering about six degrees of latitude, there is at times a brewing here of the atmosphere that actually makes vegetation jump with life. From October to April—the rainy season—the soil drinks in the waters from heaven with an unquenchable thirst. During the dry summer season the entire area is an immense oven, over which hangs a cloudless sky.

West of the Coast Range is an expanse of deep sea bewildering in its immensity. As long as the hemisphere, the Pacific has a clear breadth of seven thousand miles to the Asiatic shore. The Japanese Stream from the eastern Asiatic coast comes within thirty miles of the coast of California. The passage of this warm current through the cold waters of the Pacific generates immense clouds of vapor.

This incoming of the fog is one of the fascinations and peculiarities of the dry season in California. It is this and "the trades" which give to San Francisco an atmosphere that admits of furs on the Fourth of July, and that reaches for the human marrow on what elsewhere is a sultry summer afternoon. By mid-day, after a forenoon of absolute perfection, there are hints of the daily invasion. Thin streamers of fog creep slowly along the spines of the low-lying and westward-sloping hills, and cautiously feel their way into the interior. Until it reaches the high Sierras the mist is victorious. But the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin have never yet been conquered by the silent battalions of the sea; for they hold in storage and reserve



FOG IN THE REDWOODS, RUSSIAN RIVER.

the power of the sun—now quite down behind the western waters—and bending over the crowded and confused enemy the resistless wave of reflected and refracted heat, they start back the mighty host in full and disastrous retreat. Victorious almost to the end, the charging cohorts are thrashed back over the whole ground, till finally, aided perhaps by a breeze from the Sierras, they are swirled ingloriously into the ocean waste, while hills and valleys, and even the streets of a great city, drip with the moisture of annihilation and the perspiration of the great endeavor.

With this somewhat superficial description of the location and climatic peculiarities of the Coast Range, the marvellous variety and character of its vegetation can be better understood. Thoroughly soaked during the rainy season; supplied with surface moisture during the dry; blest during the day by the direct rays of the sun, and visited at night by wandering currents of warmth from the great valleys; free from ice and snow and frosts, but favored by the cool and bracing breezes of the ocean—the whole region teems with life and beauty, health and strength. There is not the tangle of the India jungle, the miasma of a Southern swamp, or the suffocation of the torrid zone; but there is a listlessness and languor sufficient to the requirements thereof, and an atmosphere, especially in the early morning, that draws into the human system like draughts of extra dry champagne.

Here, then, is the home and habitat of one of Nature's masterpieces, the redwood-tree. A stranger almost to the botanist, this Apollo of the woods. Belonging to the tribe of the giant pines, which stand in groups of proud exclusiveness in the foot-hills of the Sierras, these stalwart children of virtually the same progenitors, in the years long gone by, came in seed form from the paternal location to root and grow where they could look out upon the heaving sea, and revel in the relish of its moist and salty exhalation. For the redwood loves the fog. Where the mist hangs dense and lingers the longest, there this giant stem stands the thickest and the straightest. They colonize in the upper parts of all the ravines sloping to the Pacific, occupy the valley of the Russian River and the narrow gulches of the smaller streams, and from the Clear Lake country or the region of San Francisco Bay the tall plumes of their handsome tops can be seen standing clear and straight above the vapor clouds that toss and tumble across the mountain outline for more



A [illegible] MAN-OF-STUMP

than a hundred miles. Fairly in the presence of these trees, the human pigmy is conscious of his littleness. Like the great pines, the redwoods stand in family groups or groves, the trunk straight as the plummet's fall, with oftentimes a hundred and fifty feet to the light hemlock-green foliage of the first limb. "The tall pine of the Northern forest," over which the chief Red Jacket used so eloquently to rave, was a stripling beside this Hercules of an evergreen. Its height is from [illegible] feet. It is as round as a cylinder, tapering from root to tip like a finely finished mast. Its girt is so great that ten men could not compass the circumference of many of them, clasping their outstretched hands. Its bark is brown and clean and beautifully seamed; its wood soft and straight-grained, the color more of a maroon than red. It is as fragrant as the cedar, its cone long [illegible] and the silver of its double [illegible] is a choice tint of the moon- [illegible] ed to the earth, one of the mon- [illegible] furnish the material to frame and board and shingle—in fact entirely [illegible] arge country villa. It will do more: it [illegible] finish the interior, supply with furniture, and fit dining-room and library with beautifully polished shelves.

Valuable, beautiful, and majestic as is the redwood, it has been wastefully and shamefully raided upon by the ruthless woodmen of the West. Even Nature recognizes the shame, for about the trunks of her fallen favorites she has caused to grow in a closed and sacred circle a hedge of the same beautiful green-leaved species, not to attain greatness or any industrial worth, but simply to screen from the vulgar gaze the great scar within, and with the vines and the ferns, wet with the tears of the fog, to stand and mourn the first and best born in this its living tomb.

The redwood, while the bright particular star, is not, however, the all in all of the wonderful forest combination. There is the California white cedar, and its own cousin the giant arbor-vitæ, one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet tall—stalwarts both of them; the magnificent Lawson cypress, the great silver-fir, and the noble silver or red fir, growing in groves at the base of Shasta. Then comes the Douglas spruce, a coarse-grained fellow with three hundred feet of trunk, and by its side the graceful California hemlock, with its slender and drooping twigs and branches hanging from the same great height. As for pines, there are varieties at Monterey which grow to the water's edge: the beautiful twisted-branched, the prickly-coned, the hook-coned, the swamp, the scrub, the sugar, and the nut pine—the favorite food of the Indians. There are species of the soft and the sugar maples, one or two representatives of the ash, black and white and weeping willows, buckeyes like unto those of the Middle States, and the "chinquapin," or golden-leaved chestnut. Often in midday, in the close and sultry cross cañons, one will be driven almost insane by the heavy perfume of the mountain-laurel or spice-tree, and as frequently delighted by the aromatic odor of the native nutmeg. And as for oaks, a bewildered botanist summed up the situation when he ex-

claimed "I know not where one variation end and the species begin." There are tall oaks from little acorns grown, and abnormally large acorns grown from little oaks. There are large and small, squat and tall, thorough-bred and scrub. There is a live-oak, a very gnarled, rheumatic-looking, and nearly dead oak, a chestnut-oak, the evergreen white oak with pendent branches, a black and blue oak, a desert variety, and that insignificant-looking but potent member of the family that can swell the human head quicker than a recently acquired inheritance, "the sheep-herder's delight," the "real devil" of the hill-top, "the terror" of the ravine—the so-called poison-oak. Most of the open valleys of the Coast Range are filled with the beautiful evergreen or live oak, distributed as no landscape gardener could arrange for park-like effect. The valley of the Sacramento is thick spotted with the low and broad-spreading mounds of green, the region about Clear Lake a marvel in the beauty of these trees. At Oakland and Alameda





SCRUB OAK AND CHAPARRAL.

and Menlo Park, and thence down the valley of San Jose and Gilroy, there are a number and a beauty of veterans that Old England and all Europe cannot show, while the Ojai Valley, back of Santa Barbara, is the ideal of the great temple the forest [illegible]. North of the Golden Gate, in the ravines of the Sancelito Hills, there is a square topped variety [illegible] the holly-leaved oak, bright and beautiful and very closely growing, so much so that when suddenly through a heavy layer of mist there bursts the glory blaze of the sun at high meridian, the dense foliaged shrubs blend into a [illegible] and the [illegible] and [illegible] weaver's loom. Other varieties of the [illegible] with the laurel to give richness of color to Mount Tamalpais, and one of the beautiful sights about the bay is to sit at San Rafael and watch the evening shadows come and go, pick out on the [illegible] seven or eight varieties of manzanita and kindred shrubs to contrast with the darker tints of the laurel and the oak, while the drapery of the fog folds itself about the [illegible] and fading of the [illegible].

To the south of San Francisco there is even a greater range of color and diversity of tree growth. The San Mateo hills are rich with evergreens; the country sweeping up from the pebble beach at Pescadero is made up of sunny ridges, and rifted with narrow and close-grown valleys, where thread-like brooks murmur their way through tunnels of foliage to the sea, while the mountains of Santa Cruz furnish another rendezvous for the mammoth redwood, the chestnut, and the oak. But distinguished from all the rest of these Southern nabobs, curious in shape and almost humanly beautiful, stands the giant madrono, or arbutus-tree. The genus really belongs to the Old World. Asia has its species, and Mexico claims one or two representatives, but the pride of the family and delight of arboriculturists is the strong, healthy, and handsome child of the west coast. It is often eighty to one hundred feet high, three feet in diameter, and a famous specimen in Marin County has a measured girt of twenty-three feet at the branching point of the tremendous stem, with many of the branches three feet through. The foliage is light and airy, the leaves oblong, pale beneath, bright green above. The bloom is in dense racemes of cream-white flowers; the fruit, a dry orange-colored berry,

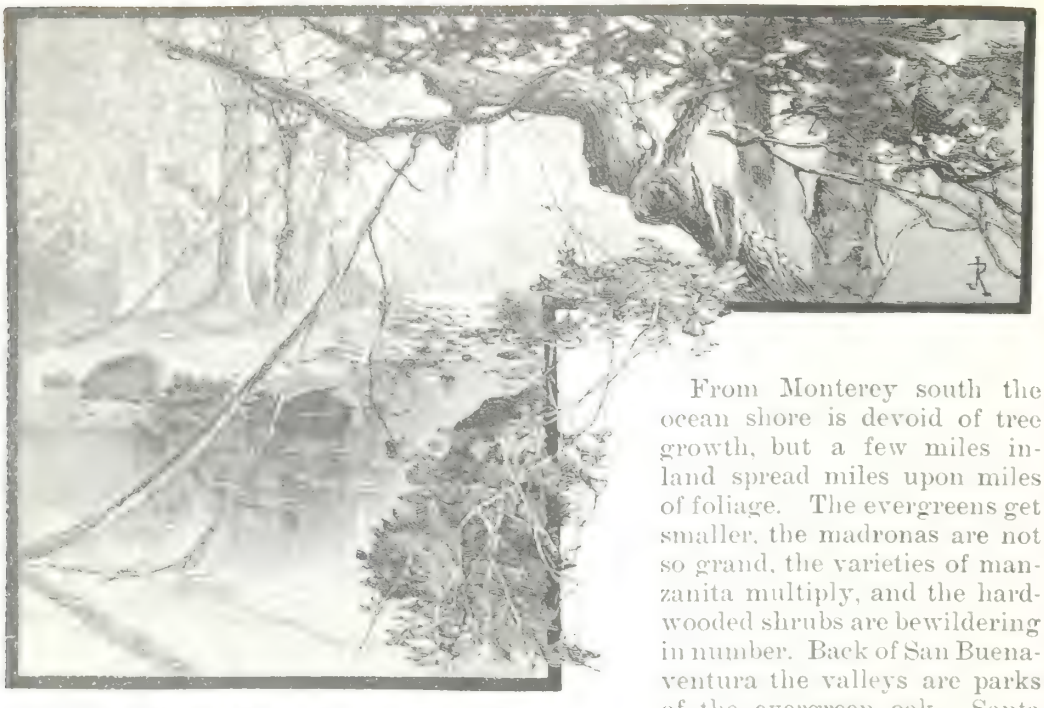
of the madrona, outside of its general appearance, is in its bark—no, it is not a bark, it is a skin, delicate in texture, smooth, and as soft to the touch as the shoulders of an infant. In the strong

the moonlight the graceful upsweep of its branches is like the careless lifting of a dusky maiden's arms. Every feature of the madrona is feminine. They grow in



sunlight of the summer these trees glisten with the rich color of polished cinnamon, and in the moist shadow of the springtime they are velvety in combination colors of old-gold and sage-green. There is a human pose to the trunk. Seen through the tangle of the thicket, it looks like the

stand in isolation, courtesy to the winds mock at the dignified evergreens and oaks, and with every favorable breeze and opportunity flirt desperately with the mountain lilacs that toss high their purple plumes on the head waters of Los Gatos Creek.



WILD GRAPE VINES, SONOMA CREEK.

From Monterey south the ocean shore is devoid of tree growth, but a few miles inland spread miles upon miles of foliage. The evergreens get smaller, the madronas are not so grand, the varieties of manzanita multiply, and the hard-wooded shrubs are bewildering in number. Back of San Buenaventura the valleys are parks of the evergreen oak. Santa Barbara is not only a sanatorium, but the entrance to a floral paradise; and the steep mountain-sides of the San Fernando, just north of the bluffs at Santa Monica, are dense and dark with thickets of chaparral, shading down into the light green streak of bottom willows that follows up the valley to the orange groves and apricot orchards surrounding Los Angeles—the City of the Angels. North again through the San Francisquita Cañon, across the Mohave Desert, through the Tehichipa Pass, and following the west side of the great valley of the San Joaquin, the hills and shallow valleys of the eastern slope of the Coast Range, unknown to the fogs and sheltered from the ocean winds, smile serenely out upon the plain through a vegetation of tropical luxuriance. The Gilroy Valley is a garden, and wonderful in the spring-time is the passage of Pacheco Pass. San José and the beauty of its surroundings are known to every tourist. Here, in amazing growth by the road-sides, can be seen thousands of the imported strangers, the eucalyptus, or Australian blue-gum tree. In the same neighborhood is also the famous "Alameda," or avenue of willows planted by the old padres, and shading miles of carriageway to Santa Clara. But to the lover of the naturally beautiful there is little to admire in these innovations. There is nothing in the euca-

[illegible] of the Santa Cruz Mountains, by way of the famous San Lorenzo cañon, across a sweep of bay as blue and beautiful as that of Naples, around a point of bright green pines, and the seaside hermitage of one of California's wonders is reached, the cypress of Monterey—a strange, picturesque, and peculiar tree. Botanists say it has not a near relative in all the world. Monterey and one other spot on the coast are its only home. It is far from being handsome. The trunk is large and fairly tall, and the branches wide spreading; but the bark is wrinkled and rough, the limbs, partially dead and often distorted, are hung with beards of gray moss; and with its dark green leaves matted and bunched with the terminal twigs, the whole grove looks like a wan and weary survivor of some strange vendetta of the past. The tree still fights for life, disputes with the broad Pacific. For it grows on a bed of granite bowlders on the very edge of the sea, and in places its [illegible] roots cling in desperation to the [illegible] its stiff neck is twisted, and it is assaulted and battered without mercy by the uncompromising storm. A thing of wonderful endurance in fact, so is its [illegible] the world over. The fibre of the [illegible] is almost as tough as iron, its



CYPRESS WOOD INTERIOR, CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY.

lyptus, with its bilious blue-green foliage, but the rapidity of its miserable sprawling growth; and the straight lines of the beheaded willows only remind of the forestry of the Old World, that amputates everything in the shape of a tree to the nakedness of the trunk and the loneliness of the terminal tuft, clips hedges into square-backed abominations, prunes vines into horrible deformity, and combs the hair of Nature even to the snow line of the bald mountain-top.

Out of the inhabited valleys, then, and into the abandon of the hills. There can be found "sermons in trees, books in the running brooks," health and happiness in hundreds of nooks of Arcadian beauty all along the coast. Places of rural peace and absolute rest are the Napa and Calistoga valleys, where roses and the honeysuckle smother a cottage in a fortnight, and wind one a prisoner within the doors. On Sonoma Creek the wild grape-vine fairly runs riot. It climbs into the overhanging oaks, droops to the pebble bed of the dry stream, and swept down and across by the rushing waters of the period of rains, mounts the trees of the opposite side, and thus from season to season weaves madly back and forth, till whole ravines are a labyrinth, and the tangle of green and brown is a net-work of wonder. At times the mountains about Clear Lake are thick with underbrush in bloom, and when the high Sierras are bound in snow, the flower-carpeted valleys hereabout are white with what is known as "the blossom storm." The woods of

Mendocino are primeval and grand, and the explorer who has survived the wilderness of the Southland can be forever lost in the vast reaches of forest, never yet entered by human foot-steps, on the head waters of the Eel, Klamath, Sacramento, and McCloud.

And thus end our glimpses of the California Coast Range. They have been given for a purpose—to in a measure redeem a splendid State from the reputation of grossness, to silence the everlasting rattle of the tourist regarding the Yosemite, big trees, big cañons, big strawberries and pears, and to testify that with all the wonders of the great and the grand, there also exist the sylvan and the delicately beautiful.

ALL'S WELL AT THE EARTH.

BY HOWARD HALL.

THE mountains calmly lift their heads;
The solid ancient hills endure;
The oceans in their oozy beds
And bowlder-lined limits sag secure.

The pines are roaring as of old;
The Spring renews her virgin growth;
Our Earth is unreluctant rolled,
And the Sun wheels him nothing loath.

He's drunk and dazzled with delight,
And dizzy with his headlong pace;
Before his front recoils the Night,
And in his wake the worlds give chase.

Over his face of flame have passed
The untallied times; his blinding glow
Is great as when the gods aghast
Looked on him rushing long ago.

Earth basks in sunshine as she flies,
Or in the moonlight veils her breast;
Far o'er her path fair planets rise,
But surely she is loveliest.

Sea, sun, and zephyr paint the sky;
All the high ways evolve in wonder;
The lightning leaps from Nature's eye,
Her voice still peals in the ponderous thunder.

O'er all who stand alone and grieve,
O'er all who strive and are forlorn,
Arches the vast cloud-columned eve
And eager splendor of the morn.

The secret seeds of Beauty—Love—
Erst planted deep in slag and slime,
Have blossomed out the earth above,
And resolutely up they climb.

In every heart this seed reposes;
It leaps to light in many lands;
The little children love the roses,
And hold each other's little hands.



THE NOBLE PATRON.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

WHAT is a *Patron?* JOHNSON knew,
And well that life-like portrait drew.
He is a Patron who looks down
With careless eye on men who drown:
But if they chance to reach the land,
Encumbers them with helping hand.



"PRUE WAS IN BED; THEY DRANK HER HEALTH."

Ah! happy we whose artless rhyme
No longer now must creep to climb!
Ah! happy we of later days
Who 'scape those *Caudine Forks* of praise!
Whose votive page may dare commend
A Brother, or a private Friend!
Not so it fared with scribbling man,
As POPE says, "under my Queen *Anne*."

DICK DOVECOT (this was long, be sure,
Ere he attain'd his *Wiltshire* cure,
And settled down, like humbler folks,
To cowslip wine and country jokes)
Once hoped—as who will not?—for fame,
And dream'd of honors and a Name.
A fresh-cheek'd lad, he came to Town
In homespun hose and russet brown,
But arm'd at point with every view
[illegible]
Besides a stout portfolio ripe
For LINTOT'S or for TONSON'S type.
He went the rounds, saw all the sights,
Dropp'd in at *Will's* and *Tom's* o' nights;



"HE WENT TO TONSON."

Heard BURNET preach; saw BICKNELL dance;
Ran round from ADDISON a glance;
Nay, once, to make his bliss complete,
He supp'd with STEELE in *Bury Street*.
('Tis true the feast was half by stealth:
PRUE was in bed—they drank her health.)

By this his purse was running low,
And he must either print or go.
He went to TONSON. TONSON said—
Well, TONSON hummed and shook his head;
Deplor'd the times; abus'd the Town;
But thought—at length—it might go down,
With aid, of course, of *Elzevir*,*
And *Prologue*—to a Prince or Peer.
DICK winced at this, for adulation
Was scarce that honest youth's vocation;
Nor did he deem his rustic lays
Required a Coronet for Bays.
But there—the choice was that or none.
The Lord was found; the thing was done.
With HORACE and with TOOKE'S *Pantheon*,
He penn'd his tributary paean:
Despatch'd his gift, nor waited long
The meed of that ingenuous song.

Ere two day pass'd, a hackney chair
Brought a pert Spark with languid air,
A lace cravat about his throat,
Brocaded gown, *en papillotes*.
("My Lord himself," quoth DICK, "at least."
But no, 'twas that "inferior priest,"
His Lordship's man.) He held a card:
My Lord (it said) would see the Bard.

The day arrived; DICK went; was shown
Into an anteroom, alone—
A great gilt room with mirrored door,
Festoons of flowers, and marble floor,
Whose lavish splendors made him look
More shabby than a sheepskin book.
His own book, by-the-way, he spied
On a fair table, toss'd aside.

DICK waited, as they only wait
Who haunt the chambers of the Great.
He heard the chairmen come and go;
He heard the Porter yawn below;
Beyond him, in the Grand Saloon,
He heard the silver stroke of noon;
And thought how at this very time
The old church clock at home would chime.
Then, then! how plain he saw it all!
The lich-gate and the crumbling wall,
The stream, the pathway to the wood,
The bridge where he so oft had stood.

* *I. e.*, Elzevir type.



"NOW CROSS? A WOMAN'S FACE."

Then, in a trice, both church and clock
Vanish'd before—a shuttlecock.

A shuttlecock! And following slow
The zigzag of its to and fro,
And so intent upon its flight
She neither look'd to left nor right,
Came a tall girl with floating hair,
Light as a wood-nymph and as fair.

O Dea certè! thought poor DICK,
And thereupon his memories quick
Ran back to her who flung the ball
In HOMER'S page, and next to all
The dancing maids that bards have sung;
Lastly to One at home, as young,
As fresh, as light of foot, and glad,
Who, when he went, had seem'd so sad.
O Dea certè! (Still he stirred
Nor hand nor foot, nor uttered word.)

Meanwhile the shuttlecock in air
Went darting gayly here and there;
Now cross'd a mirror's face, and next
Shot up amidst the sprawl'd, perplex'd
Olympus overhead. At last,
Jerk'd sideways by a random cast,
The striker miss'd it, and it fell
Full on the book DICK knew so well.

(If he had thought to speak or bow,
Judge if he moved a muscle now!)

The player paused, bent down to look,
Lifted a cover of the book;
Pished at the Prologue, passed it o'er,
Went forward for a page or more
(*Asem and Asa:* DICK could trace
Almost the passage and the place);
Then for a moment with bent head
Rested upon her hand and read.
(DICK thought once more how Cousin CIS
Used when she read to lean like this:—
"Used when she read"—why, CIS could say
All he had written—any day!)

Sudden was heard a hurrying tread;
The great doors creaked. The reader fled.
Forth came a crowd with muffled laughter,
A waft of Bergamot, and after,
His Chaplain smirking at his side,
MY LORD himself in all his pride—
A portly Shape, in stars and lace,
With wine-bag cheeks and vacant face.

DICK bowed and smiled. The Great Man stared,
With look half puzzled and half scared;



"THEN FOR A MOMENT WITH BENT HEAD RESTED UPON HER HAND AND READ."



"AND MILLY . . . THE GREAT MAN STARED"

Then seemed to recollect, turned round,
And mumbled some imperfect sound:
A moment more, his coach of state
Dipped on its springs beneath his weight;
And DICK, who followed at his heels,
Heard but the din of rolling wheels.

Away, too, all his dreams had rolled:
And yet they left him half consoled:
Fame, after all, he thought might wait.
Would CIS? Suppose he were too late!
Ten months he'd lost in Town—an age!

Next day he took the *Wiltshire* Stage.



"WOULD CIS?"

THE FAIR OF NIJNII-NOVGOROD.

BY THEODORE CHILD.



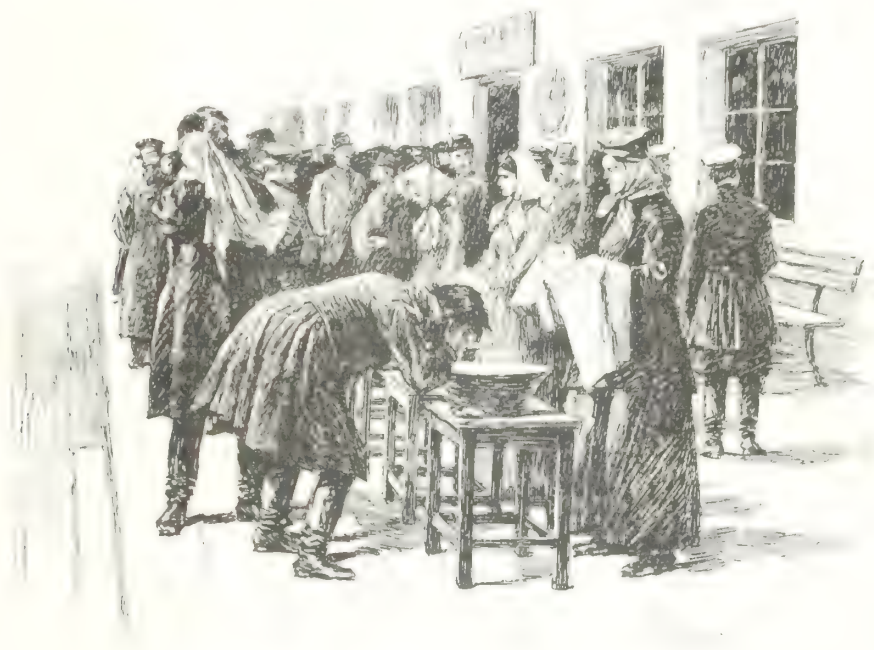
WHEN I started for Russia I announced to my friends, not that I was going to the land of the Czars, to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, but to Nijnii-Novgorod. The two words had fascinating for their exotic sound: for years my imagination had been busy with these quaint syllables; often I had contemplated this vague and distant name on the map. Years ago the demon of travel had whispered in my ear that I must visit one day Nijnii-Novgorod, and years ago I had internally and tacitly agreed to obey the insinuating demon's orders. For, as Théophile Gautier has remarked, it is wisest to offer no resistance to the suggestions of the spirit of travel, in order the sooner to be delivered from temptation. Having once internally consented to follow his promptings, you need no longer trouble yourself about anything: the tempter will arrange the rest. In the course of time, under his magic influence, obstacles disappear, leisure and money and plausible excuses are forth coming, passports get stamped and visaed without the smallest difficulty, and behold! one fine day your wildest dreams become realities.

Thus one evening in the beginning of August, after a Gargantuan dinner at the Hermitage, we found ourselves and our baggage installed in a roomy carriage, which jolted swiftly along uphill and down hill several miles, until we reached the station of the Nijnii-Novgorod line on the outskirts of Moscow. A motley crowd filled the restaurant and waiting-rooms, [illegible] littered with piles of bedding, rugs, and pillows; the Russians are wont to carry their bedding with them, which is, after all, a defensible refinement. There were Muscovite merchants, German merchants, some Persians and Armenians, a Turcoman, several Circassians, and in the corners a few shapeless bundles of clothes which on closer inspection proved to be women. All these were going to Nijnii, and waiting patiently and silently under the guard of half a dozen gendarmes with big boots, curved Oriental swords, and smart caps bound with black astrakhan and surmounted by a white brush cockade. After the due number of bell ringings the gendarmes opened the doors, and there followed a rush toward the train and a scrimmage for places on the part of the mujiks and porters, who hurried to the fray laden with bags and rugs, each eager to retain a good place for his master. There being no sleeping cars, we made ourselves fairly comfortable in a chair car, having closely watched our travelling companions in order to catch the trick of unravelling the complex and secret prolongations and backward tiltings which convert the stiff arm-chairs into very passable beds. By this time the train had started; the night was moonless and dark; the long car was dimly lighted with four candles placed in lanterns hung on the walls. There was nothing to do but to smoke cigarettes, and finally to allow the staid rumbling of the train to lull one to sleep.

Toward six o'clock the next morning there was a fifteen-minute stoppage for tea and washing. The tea was taken in the usual conditions in the buffet; the washing operations were performed in a manner that struck us as being rather novel. At different points along the platform were stationed women of more or less advanced age, each holding a long towel in one hand and a water pitcher in the other, while in front of her stood a stool or table supporting a brilliantly polished brass basin and two or three cakes of soap. A tall hirsute Russian, with his big boots, his long coat pleated round the waist, advanced, flung his cap on the ground, or passed it to the woman, who put it on her head as a pledge of payment, and then held out his hands over the basin. The woman raised her pitcher and poured water, while with much spluttering and with rapid, graceless gestures the man swilled his face, holding out his hands repeatedly for more

water, which the woman reluctantly gave. Then, the ablutions finished, the man grabbed the towel, wiped himself on a clean corner, the woman holding it tightly all the time to prevent the washer getting more than his share. The man tugged one way and the woman the other in the most serious and yet the most comic manner, not a word being spoken on either side. Meanwhile another customer was swilling himself over the basin

the hieratic forms pronounced to be orthodox by the Greek faith, present no variety of style. As for the villages, they consist generally of a few dozen log cabins lining a single muddy street. Soon we crossed a broad gray river, the Oka, one of the affluents of the Volga, and in another half-hour we were steaming into the station of Nijnii-Novgorod, which was crowded with dirty-looking Tartars who had come to witness the arrival of the train,



FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR TEA AND WASHING.

that glittered in the pale morning sunlight, and by the time the first had extracted a three-kopeck piece from the depths of his pocket, the second was ready to begin his struggle with the chary towel.

After this incident we proceeded on our way, cleansed and refreshed, through a green and fertile country, more undulating and varied than the parts of Russia we had hitherto traversed between the frontier and Moscow. The villages, however, presented the same aspect of squalor and poverty, and the small towns the same character of uniformity which strikes the traveller from one end of Russia to the other. In the construction of a Russian town, individual fancy plays no rôle. The absence or the rarity of stone accounts for the almost universal use of wood or brick, and the churches, being built according to

and who stood penned in like sheep behind barriers along the platform. Gathering our bags together, we bargained for a drosky, and drove along the edge of the fair ground parallel with the Oka River, through a brown and dusty street lined with shops, until we reached the wooden bridge of boats that leads across the river to the permanent town of Nijnii-Novgorod, where we hired a "number," as the Russians call it, in Sobolef's "nomera," and the bed being devoid of sheets or blankets, we hired some bedding too, and, all things considered, we found ourselves fairly comfortable.

Our lodging secured, we proceeded to fortify ourselves with a good breakfast, composed of the inevitable sterlet, the equally inevitable gelinotte and "agourtsis," or salted cucumber, which in Russia takes the place of salad, the universally

popular beefsteak, whose name remains invariable in all countries from China to Peru, a dessert of preserved and fresh fruits, and a bottle of white Bessarabian wine. Then we sallied forth to inspect Nijnii-Novgorod, and to compare the reality with the formless dreams which the name had conjured up in our imagination.

Nijnii-Novgorod, situated at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga, 276 miles by rail east of Moscow, is composed of three parts, the upper city, or Kremlin, built on three hills, rising to a height of [illegible] feet; the lower town, along the right bank of the Oka and Volga; and the Fair and Kunavino suburb, on a flat, sandy tongue of land between the Oka and Volga, connected with the town by a bridge of boats 900 metres long and 25 broad. The position of the town is most picturesque. As we stand on the bridge the foreground is formed by the bistre waters of the Volga crowded with boats and barges; in the middle distance are the quays and sloping banks, surmounted by the large red buildings of the lower town, with their white window-frames; to the right, midway up the hill, is the vast monastery of the Annunciation, dating from the thirteenth century, with white domes and white enclosing walls; crowning the hill to the left is the Kremlin, with its capriciously irregular walls and battlements, from amidst which rise bulbous cupolas with gilded domes, and towers with conical roofs; to the left, also in the lower town, may be seen the green domes of the Church of the Nativity, built in a bastard style of Italian Gothic of red brick picked out [illegible] the whole very eccentric in form and color; still further to the left, beyond the Kremlin, on the summit of the hill, is an alley of trees, the Atkos, or terrace, from which may be obtained a magnificent view of the mighty Volga and the plains through which it flows. This is the Mother Volga, the "Matuschka Wolga" of which you hear so much in Russia; and indeed when we follow its course on the map, and when we examine the products that it concentrates at Nijnii-Novgorod, we can understand why the Russians speak of it so affectionately, and why the annual fair at [illegible] important in Russian commerce. From its source to [illegible] the Volga runs a course of 2300 miles; the extent of its water-shed is three times that of France; by various systems of canals it is connected with Moscow, St. Petersburg, and the Baltic; by a canal also it is connected with the Dwina, and therefore with the White Sea; by its affluents the Oka and the Kama it acquires a total navigable system 7500 miles in length, and commands vast districts westward toward Toula and eastward as far as the foot of the Ural Mountains. The consequence is that the Volga is the greatest waterway in Russia. Above Nijnii-Novgorod the river is navigated by some 14,000 boats, employing 300,000 men; below Nijnii it is navigated by 8000 ships, manned by 225,000 hands; while on the lower Volga immense fishing and fish-curing enterprises are carried on.

Although it numbers only 60,000 inhabitants, Nijnii-Novgorod boasts more than fifty churches and chapels.

From time immemorial Russian merchants were wont to meet in the summer with the merchants of the East at various points on the Volga between the confluences of the Oka and the Kama. In 1624 the greatest fair was located on the ground of the monastery of Jeltovodski, near Makarieff, where it remained until 1817, when it was transferred fifty-five miles higher up the stream to Nijnii-Novgorod. In order that we may relieve our minds of too serious thoughts before venturing to explore this famous fair, let us plunge once for all into the most recent statistics, and sum up briefly its commercial importance. First of all, the reader must bear in mind that the Jahrmarka,* as it is called, which takes place annually from August 5th to September 15th, is a wholesale fair. The goods chiefly dealt in are cotton, woollen, linen, and silk stuffs, which constitute about forty per cent. of the whole; next in importance come iron, corn, tea, furs, salt, wine, fish, pottery, and manufactured goods. About four-fifths of the whole goods brought to the fair are of Russian origin. The basin of the Oka River sends agricultural and manufactured products; the basin of the Kama sends metal wares; corn and salt are produced in the southeast provinces; fish comes up from the lower Volga and the Caspian; Siberia, the Caucasus, central Asia, and Persia send a variety of wares; and about ten per cent. of the to-

* This name of German origin probably dates from the days of the Hanseatic League.



ON THE BRIDGE LEADING TO THE FAIR GROUNDS

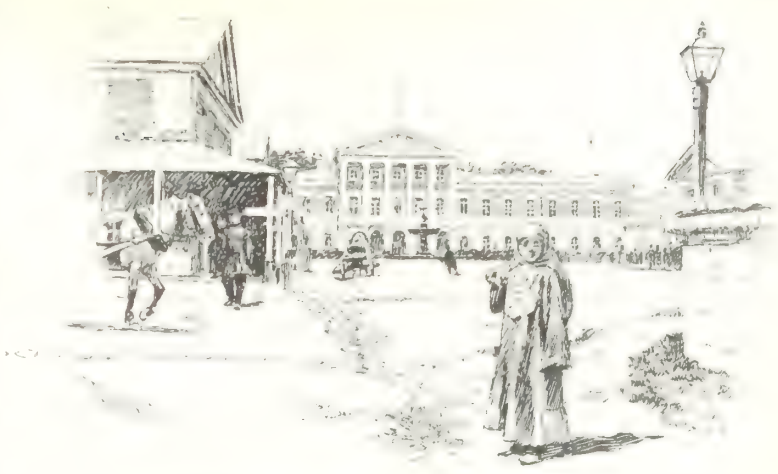


BARGE ON THE VOLGA.

One fourth of goods are imported from Asia, namely, tea *viâ* Kiachta, Canton, [illegible] cotton and silk, leather wares, madder, and other manufactured goods. The chief article of trade is cotton, of which the price is fixed at this fair; the prices of raw wool and silk are also fixed here. Economists will also readily demonstrate that the whole iron production of the Ural depends on the fair of Nijnii-Novgorod. The caravans of boats laden with iron start from the Ural works in the spring, stay at the fair of Laishev, which supplies the lower Volga, and then proceed up to Novgorod in August. The purchases of iron made at this fair for [illegible] Russia determine the amount of credit that will be granted for the next year's business to the owners of the iron-works, who are largely dependent on this credit. The corn and salt trade, and still more the whole trade of Siberia and Turkistan, are influenced by this fair, their success depending entirely on the conditions of credit which the merchants are able to obtain at Nijnii-Novgorod. It thus appears that the fair exercises a direct influence on all the leading branches of Russian manufacture. During the six weeks that it lasts it attracts daily some 200,000 people from Russia and Asia; the river is literally laden with thousands of boats; the quays, extending over a length of ten miles, are covered with merchandise; on the fair ground proper and around it 6000 shops are occupied; and although no exact and absolutely trustworthy statistics can be obtained, it is safe to reckon the total business transacted at the fair at the sum of four hundred millions of rubles, or forty million pounds sterling.

The Jahrmarka, as we have seen, is connected with the town of Nijnii-Novgorod by a bridge of boats, which is entirely removed in winter, and put into position

again only after the ice has disappeared. Like the similar bridge between Pera and Stamboul, this is a favorable point for observation. The view up and down the river comprises the panorama of the town on one side and the panorama of the fair buildings on the other, with between the two banks the busy Pessky Island and the still busier stream, with boats plying up and down and across, threading their way between compact shoals of heavily laden barges with pointed wooden roofs pierced by tall slender masts. All day long until two o'clock in the morning the bridge itself swarms with people going to and fro; at each end and in the middle are mounted policemen to direct the traffic, and to see that no one infringes the rule which throughout Russia prohibits smoking on bridges. On the sidewalks, passing to and fro, is the usual rusty Russian throng, composed of peasants, mujiks, beggars, and pilgrims, mendicant monks and nuns with their black trays marked with a white cross, priests with their long blond hair, flowing black garments, and tall brimless hats. The only novel elements noticeable are the Tartar workmen with their marked Mongolian features, high cheek-bones, brown skins, and shaven heads covered with a cotton skull-cap. Occasionally, too, you see Persians and Armenians wearing tall Astrakhan fezzes or voluminous turbans, their long garments floating majestically as they walk. Often you may notice Tartar women, closely veiled after the Mussulman style, who glide along discreetly, and contrast strongly with the flaunting German, Russian, and Hungarian women who swarm to the fair in the hope of captivating the merchants. In the roadway pass endless series of telegas conveying merchandise to the fair, and innumerable droskies dashing along at a swift trot, and rattling over the rickety planks with that reckless velocity that nothing can moderate. But of human sounds there are none. In any Western country such an agglomeration of moving humanity would produce a great noise like the tumultuous roaring of the sea; but Russian crowds are unlike crowds composed of other elements: they are silent. The only sounds you hear on the bridge are the rattling and rumbling of the vehicles over the rough planks of the roadway, the occasional puffing and whistling of some river steamer, or a snatch of song wafted across the water. Something wild and novel in the air catches your ear, and leaning over the railing you see below a black barge moving slowly across the stream, with in it four men pulling oars, while another man pushes against a pole, which he plants in the bed of the river, and then walks the length of the boat, leaning his shoulder against the T-shaped handle. In the prow sits a venerable old man, and near him a woman. The old man sings a lugubrious air in a deep and soft bass voice, and the woman chants the contrasting refrain of rapid shrill notes, with animated gestures. The scene is striking: it is late afternoon; the mass of the boat appears dull black against the background formed of the sheeny silver-gray water, the russet brown shipping, and the higher brown piles of timber on the mud shores of the Pessky Island; on this soft neutral ground the costume of the figures in the boat throws warm patches of blue, green, scarlet, and rose red; and alternately grave or flippant, discreet or importunate, the strange notes of the song and refrain continue clear and wild as the oars strike the water in unison and the barge glides slowly past.



RESIDENCE OF THE GENERAL GOVERNOR.



A CHEAP RESTAURANT.

At the end of the bridge to the right are some gigantic ice-breakers, built of whole tree trunks, somewhat in the shape of a primitive ploughshare. To the left is a little chapel, gorgeously gilded inside and lighted with innumerable tapers, the offerings of rich and poor. Around the door of the chapel stand mendicant nuns and a swarm of beggars. We are now within the confines of the fair—a whole town laid out in rectangular blocks covering a superficies of more than a square mile, and surrounded by annexes and dependencies that encroach upon the surrounding fields. The old fair buildings occupy a horseshoe space forming an inner town enclosed on three sides by a canal, and fronting toward the river Oka. The buildings are one or two stories high, and mostly of stone. Twelve streets or lines run at right angles to the river, and six cross lines parallel to it. The central line is a pretty boulevard planted with shade trees, having at one end the quaint roofs of the Chinese row and the imposing mass of the old cathedral, and at the other the residence of the General Governor, the government and police offices, and a square in the midst of which is a kiosk where a band plays of an afternoon while the merchants and the cosmopolitan beauties promenade to and fro. On the other side of the General Governor's residence, on the bank of the Oka, is a chapel flanked by two square pavilions surmounted by black and white flagstaffs, from which floats triumphantly the bunting that announces to all that the fair is open.

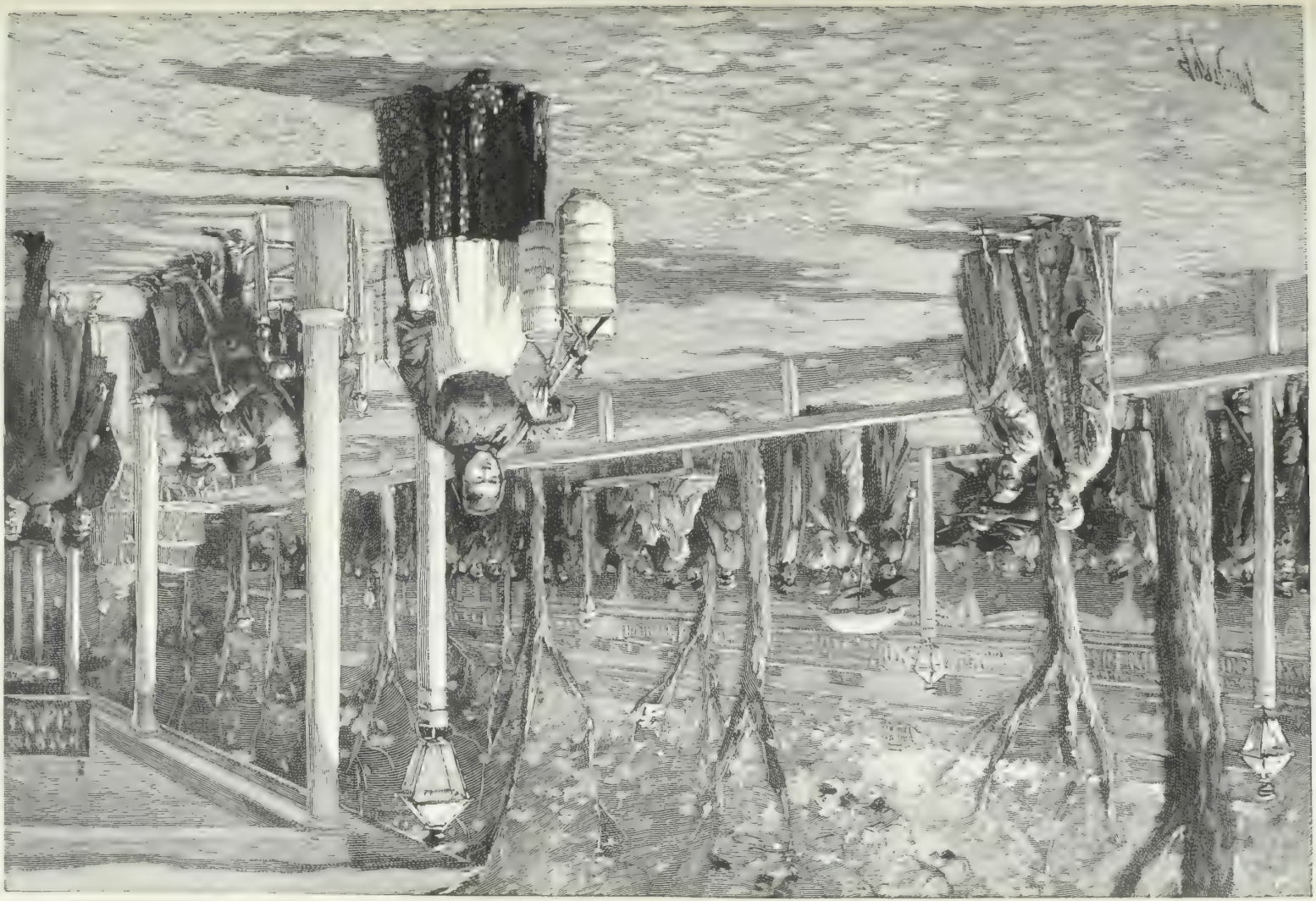
Within this inner horseshoe space the thousands of little shops, store-rooms, and warehouses bring in to the government an annual rental of 300,000 rubles, out of which there is not very much profit, for during several months the whole fair grounds are flooded by the muddy waters of the Oka and the Volga, and the cost of repairs and renovation is consequently very considerable. This inner fair, however, has long been insufficient for the requirements of the merchants, and so other shops and warehouses have been built on either side of the horseshoe, forming an outer fair, which reaches on

one side as far as the railway station, and on the other as far as the Siberian quay, where enormous masses of merchandise are stored in temporary wooden sheds covered with bark matting. The peculiarity of this fair is that very little merchandise is sold by pattern or sample: the greater part of the goods for sale are visibly and materially there on the spot.

As we are not bent on business, we need follow no plan or itinerary in visiting the fair. Let us suppose that we have just crossed the bridge, and that we are standing near the little chapel at the entrance of the fair. We are in a broad, crowded street. One of the first things that strike us is the silence of the crowd, which enables us to perceive the sound of the fluttering wings of the innumerable tame pigeons that swarm on the pavement, on the houses, and in the shops, and almost dare to settle on our shoulders. The Russians respect pigeons as the symbol of the Holy Ghost, and the pious give them food, so that they abound everywhere in incalculable numbers. In the dusty roadway are interminable processions of telegas laden with bales of goods, and drawn by shaggy, nervous little horses, lightly harnessed, and with gayly painted "dougas" arching over their shoulders; quantities of beggars and dirty children; throngs of mujiks, Tartars, and nondescript laborers wearing the most primitive costume. Amongst these people socks and stockings are rare; their feet are swathed in rags bound round with string or rope, and if not plunged into big boots they are encased in thick-soled shoes of plaited bark. In a comparatively quiet corner near the chapel some open-air barbers are combing the shaggy beards and long hair of mujiks or shaving the heads of Tartars. Here is the Bourse, and in front, at the foot of the steps, is a horde of mujiks and Tartar laborers waiting to be hired. Along the sidewalks are innumerable booths and hand-carts piled up with eatables, such as salted cucumbers, "kvas" and other drinks, dried fish, nuts, sweets, bread, cakes, fruit, and those inevitable sunflower seeds, which seem to be absolutely necessary for the happiness of Russian men, women, and children of the lower classes. This nibbling of sunflower seeds is indulged in all the more within the precincts of the fair as smoking is prohibited under penalty of a fine of twenty-five rubles, and the distraction of cigarettes is therefore impossible. The brown, dusty, and roughly paved street stretches away in a straight line; the sidewalks are covered by a continuous marquee resting on iron pillars; the shops are invariably two stories high only; the loftier buildings that vary the perspective lines are restaurants, tea-houses or "traktirs," "nomera" or lodging caravansaries. The pavement is brown, the dust is brown, the crowd is brown; the telegas, the horses, the droskies and their drivers, all look equally dusty and rusty as they move along in the full blaze of the August sun. And what droskies and what coachmen! During the fair thousands of vehicles come to Nijnii-Novgorod from all the towns and villages in the vicinity, and even from as far as Kazan. The forms of the telega, tarantass, and drosky are invariable from one end of the empire to the other; the costume of the "iswoschtschik" or coachman is also invariable, being composed of a low-crowned hat with a curled brim, and a long coat with voluminous skirts hanging in heavy folds down to the ground. But Nijnii presents unrivalled opportunities for seeing these vehicles in all stages of dilapidation, and for making comparative studies of coachmen's costume in progress toward complete disintegration. Generally the "iswoschtschik" at Nijnii has the folds of his coat padded and puffed out, so that as he sits on his box with his embroidered girdle tied just below his arms, and his hat pulled well down over his ears, he presents from behind a depressed and pumpkin-like silhouette of a most grotesque character.

Turning to the left, we find parallel with the river a series of booths and shanties covered with ragged awnings. These are popular restaurants where the laborers and peasants sit at long tables and eat a fair dinner for eight kopecks. At intervals are the cooking stoves and barrels of dried and pickled fish, salted cucumbers, and all kinds of queer food, that looks more picturesque than appetizing. A few steps to the right will bring us into the first longitudinal street of the fair. According to the Oriental fashion, the different trades occupy each a certain section of the fair, and the first section we happen to traverse is that of the trunk sellers, one of the brightest and gaudiest. Piled up inside the shops and

outside in the street are trunks of all sizes, some painted with roses and other flowers on a ground of tender green or blue; others covered with strange arabesques in gold or silver; others panelled with *paillon* and sparkling with metallic reflections; others trellised with straps of metal and braced with brass or tin corners; others varnished and lacquered like a sultana's mirror. During the fair thousands and thousands of these tawdry trunks are bought for packing cases by the merchants, who cover them with coarse canvas to protect them, while in use, from scratches, and then, after they have unpacked their goods, sell them to their townsmen all over the country. The most ornate of these trunks are bought by the Persian merchants, who doubtless dispose of them at a good profit after they have served them to carry home their purchases. In the next row of shops we find book-stores full of patriotic volumes, pious treatises, religious pictures, cheap colored prints of the Czar and of innumerable saints, horrible chromo-lithographs of German manufacture, and various terrible images devoid of all merit. After the book-stores come the dealers in brass wares and cutlery from Toula. Here are samovars of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of richness, basins and pans for various uses, lanterns, ecclesiastical lamps, incense burners surmounted by the Greek cross, small lamps to hang before holy images, mortars and pestles, knives, edge-tools, and miscellaneous objects. Next we find ourselves in the sheepskin department, where are sold tunics of all sizes, called "touloupes." The touloupe is a garment made out of the skin of the sheep, the wool being worn inside and the tanned skin outside. When it is new the wool is white and the leather is of a pale salmon-color, ornamented with arabesques stitched with black waxed thread. But the mujik is as faithful to his touloupe as the Arab to his burnoose: he lives in it, works in it, sleeps in it in all the warm and dirty corners imaginable, so that it does not retain its agreeable aspect for long, but becomes greasy, shiny, varnished, as it were, with a dark bituminous glaze, rich and juicy in tone, like a picture by Ribera. Next come dry-salters and dealers in chemical products of no interest to the ordinary observer. Let us turn back and make for the General Governor's residence. In the square in front of this building there are picturesque fruit stalls. On one side of the square is a bazar where you may buy Caucasian jewelry and metal wares, Siberian amethysts and other cut stones, German toys, French perfumery, mercery, and all the knick-knacks and trumpery that come under the heading of "articles de Paris." In the vicinity of the residence are some of the richest shops of the fair, and in front of it starts the broad twelfth line or boulevard, with its central avenue of shade trees. This is the section of the jewellers, the goldsmiths, and the makers of gold and silver icons; of the dealers in furs, manufactured silks, and fine dry-goods. The arcades on either side of the boulevard are lined with the shops of goldsmiths, image-makers, and mercers, each shop front gayly painted with pictures of the goods that may be bought inside, while across the sidewalk are slung from the roof swinging sign-boards covered with inscriptions in Russian characters. Before each shop, too, there stands a neat turned wood bench, on which the store-keepers, awaiting the arrival of customers, sit in silent contemplation or in taciturn communion with their neighbors. Here and there at intervals along the arcades an icon is suspended from the roof, and before it burns a little lamp; in every shop you see an icon accompanied by its lamp; even in the traktirs there is a religious image in every room, so that there is as much bowing and crossing done at Nijnii-Novgorod as in holy Moscow itself. An example presents itself as we are strolling along: at the corner of the boulevard and a cross street is a water tap and a cup attached by a chain; a thirsty "iswoschtschik" descends from his box to drink, takes his hat off, puts it under his arm, crosses himself devoutly, then drinks, recrosses himself, puts on his hat, mounts his box, and drives off. This boulevard being provided with benches, and at intervals with stalls for the sale of lemonade and Seltzer, we may sit under the spreading linden-trees and watch the movement. In reality there is not much movement; except along the wharves there is not much animation at Nijnii; the great commercial activity remains invisible, and if we wish to discover where the big business transactions are accomplished we must enter the traktirs, where the mujiks pass to and fro, clad in white, and carrying trays laden





CHINESE ROW.

[illegible] glasses of tea and where the merchants sip the hot beverage, holding a lump of sugar between their teeth, and exchanging now and then a few words with apparent indifference. The Russians cannot do business without the aid of tea; their commercial exchange is the nearest traktir. Along this boulevard, then, we must not look for commercial animation; it is, however, an agreeable and picturesque spot for observing [illegible] we settled ourselves comfortably in the shade a little sideways, so as to command a view along the arcades, before we are conscious of a murmuring humble voice; it is a beggar, who is modulating a prayer for alms and bowing assiduously, not with the Occidental bow that [illegible] the Oriental bow that bends the whole body from the waist upward; a few kopecks obtain for us a blessing and a few minutes' peace. Soon, however, two handsome young Persians accost us in [illegible] with inexhaustible pertinacity to sell us turquoises.

who hurried along balancing on their shoulders long bow-like yokes, from which were suspended piles of food receptacles, some of tin, others of white porcelain, and others of copper—three piles of reeves, each of six dishes, at either end of the yoke. These women, whom you see striding along in all directions through the fair toward noon, distribute dinner to the hungry shopkeepers who cannot leave their counters. Now some Tartar maidens, their heads enveloped in black shawls embroidered with bright red roses and green leaves, stroll past with looks that are not guileless. Here is a decidedly German Gretchen, wearing a bustle and a loud Parisian hat, who inspects us through an impertinent eyeglass; and contrasting with her obtrusive modernity, here are three Persians wearing monumental conical fezzes and long garments of silk, one blue, the other lilac, and the third green of the tone of young lettuce.

This Oriental apparition was so startling that we rose and followed the Persians discreetly until they entered a fur merchant's shop at the other end of the boulevard, where we found ourselves on the Place in front of the old cathedral, with in the centre a fountain, and on each side the buildings of the Chinese Row, and in the distance to the left the Armenian church, and to the right the Tartar mosque. The Chinese Row is so called



THE TARTAR MOSQUE.



THE PERSIAN BAZAR.

from the style of its architecture, and not from the nationality of the occupants. It is a series of warehouses with white walls and green pagoda-shaped roofs decorated with white Chinese figures at the corners. The warehouses are tenanted by Russian tea merchants; curiously, in the whole Chinese Row there is not a single Chinaman. In reality the fair of Nijnii-Novgorod is not international, but almost entirely Russian; the majority of the merchants who frequent it come from Moscow; the number of Persians, Armenians, Georgians, and Circassians who visit it is small, and the chief element of novelty in the crowd is afforded by the Tartars. Nevertheless, the types that you see in the streets are varied and interesting. Tartars with prominent cheek-bones, eyes sparingly open, slightly concave noses, tufted lips, and yellowish skin darkening into a greenish hue where the hair is shaved on the temples, abound in Nijnii-Novgorod. You see them hurrying along the streets carrying steaming samovars; you see them beating Astrakhan skins out-

the wharves unloading strange mediæval looking craft, with pointed bows, laden with grain, watermelons, hides, wineskins from the Caucasus, or cotton from Bokhara. The Tartar is a day laborer and Jack of-all-trades, like his Mongolian brother the Chinaman, whom he resembles in facial aspect. The Persians are easily recognizable by their long oval faces, large aquiline noses, brilliant eyes, thick black beards, and noble Oriental looks. With their bright-colored plain or striped silk gowns and cashmere waistbands they contribute a rare note of color to the dusty Russian crowd.

Passing over the canal in the direction of the Tartar mosque, we come to the Persian section of the fair, where disdainful and majestic merchants clad in silk caftans recline upon divans in the midst of their stocks of brocade, silks, gauzes woven with gold and silver thread, Persian and Daghestan carpets, scarlet cloths curiously embroid-



ered, meliè mouth-pieces for pipes, nargiles from Khorassan, stools inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets of amber and sandal-wood, babouches gaudily embroidered with flowers and arabesques, and all the usual Oriental frippery that has lost the charm of novelty since Western enterprise has thrown cargoes after cargoes of it into the European and American markets. Hard by is another Persian section, devoted to the sale of dried fruits. Here, as usual, are shops with a covered gallery in front, but the greater part of the merchandise is spread out half across the street in the open air. In wooden boxes or bulging sacks are walnuts, dates, raisins, almonds, currants, pistachios, dried peaches, and other products of the Persian provinces, all standing open for inspection, and sheltered from dust and sun only by the thick cloud of flies that no assiduity with whisk or lash can drive away.

Further wanderings through the streets of the fair might lead us to the Siberian Line, where we should see bales of tea packed in hides covered with incised hieroglyphics; to the boot department, where there are thousands of cases of gray felt overshoes, some small and dainty enough for Cinderella's foot, others of gigantic proportions and thickness; to the island on the Oka, where there are stores of caviare, live sterlet, and tons of dried and salt fish for consumption during the four months of fasts which the Greek Church imposes during the year. On the island, too, are noisy forges where smiths are working sheet-iron into household utensils. Elsewhere we see huge piles of Siberian wood bent by steam for wheels and for those tall bows or dougas that form an essential part of Russian harness. But whichever way we direct our steps within the fair we shall notice the same characteristic odor, composed of boots, cart grease, harness, perspiration, and stale incense, and we shall find the same architectural type in every street, namely, two-story structures of white stone or red brick, with round-topped windows in the upper story, and in the lower story open shops sheltered by a continuous green marquee supported by slender iron pillars painted green. At various points we shall notice tall wooden towers with at their base a fire-engine station, and horses ready harnessed to rush to the scene of danger at the first alarm given by the watchman on the tower. Yet another peculiarity that will strike us is the belt of low-roofed whitewashed towers placed at regular intervals throughout the fair, and surmounted by a basket of wire-work such as you see on the funnel of locomotives in countries where the fuel used is wood. From this basket there issues a light blue smoke, which perfumes the air with the aromatic smell of burnt herbs. In each tower is a door always open, and a staircase descending spirally into the earth. These towers mark the entrances to the catacombs, or tunnels, as the Russians call them—a vast system of vaulted lobbies or cloacæ, which are flushed by steam-pumps every night, and serve to keep Nijnii healthy and free from plague or cholera in spite of the enormous concourse of people gathered there during the fair.



A TUNNEL TOWER

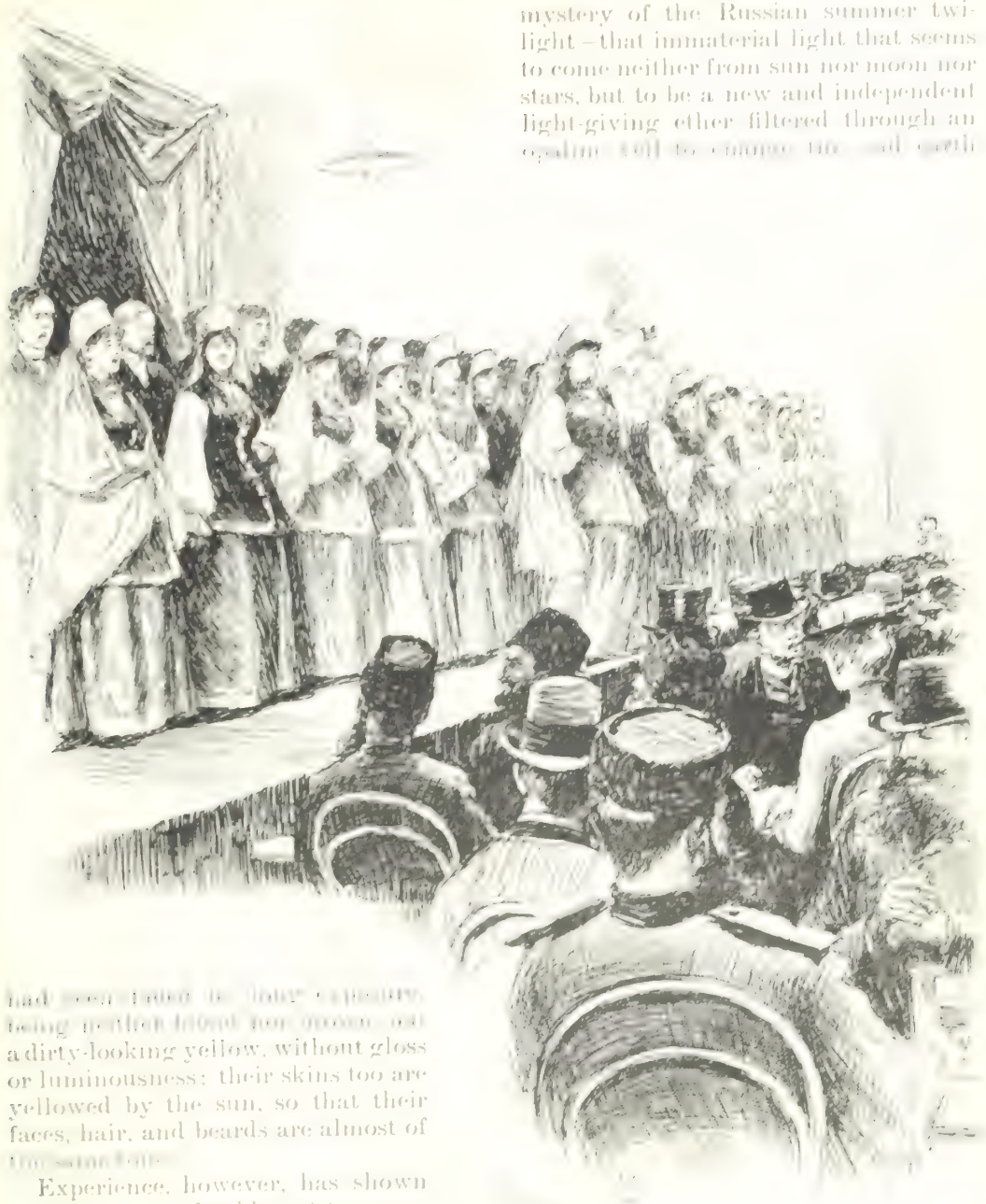
Let us now work our way to the outskirts of the fair, where it abuts on the open plain. Beyond the old cathedral, picturesquely situated near the canal, which we cross over a wooden bridge, a long black building of strange form stands by itself, isolated on the plain. It is constructed of roughly hewn tarred planks, with a broad low roof sweeping down and forming an arcade along the front, which is pierced by great oblong black openings. This primitive structure is the bake-house of the fair, located here in order to diminish the danger of fire. On the plain also are numerous bath-houses, all built of wood, either in logs or in planks, all painted in bright tones of green, red, or blue, and planted there without order or regularity on the brown dusty surface of the plain, over which a track of boards is laid

to facilitate walking. Beyond the bath-houses are wooden stables, used for the horse fair; and then, working back round the canal toward the Tartar mosque, we reach a spot wholly devoted to popular amusements. This corner of the fair, grouped around a wooden watch-tower, on the top of which you see the silhouette of the lookout man pacing the narrow terrace day and night, is one of the most characteristic in Nijnii. Here from morning until far into the night there are sounds of music and revelry. In this quarter is the circus, and a great wooden theatre where Russian drama and gorgeous ballets are performed. On an adjacent patch of ground—a brown dusty waste strewn with wood chips, watermelon peel, herring heads, shells of sunflower seeds, and



AROUND THE FIRE TOWER

miscellaneous débris—the mountebanks and showmen are encamped amidst a fluttering of flags; and with much braying of trumpets and thumping of drums the proprietor of the American Panopticon, the serpent charmer, the unrivalled acrobats, and the exhibitors of decapitated yet garrulous [illegible] anatomical museums, and of other natural and unnatural phenomena, invite the silent crowd to enter their establishments, whose exterior is painted [illegible] monstrosities, and quaintly inscribed with colossal Russian letters. On one side of the mountebanks' enclosure is the old-clothes market, one of the most fascinating parts of the fair for a painter, while on the other side is a row of tumble-down sheds and booths, which on examination prove to be cheap—very cheap—restaurants and stalls for the sale of bread, cakes, "kvas," sweetmeats, and salted cucumbers. These shanties and their ragged and dirty customers would also form very picturesque and dainty subjects for an etcher or a water-color painter. In this part of the fair you see simple folks only, mujiks wearing sandals of woven bark, and dressed very much like the Danubian peasants represented on Trajan's Column; others wearing long boots, baggy trousers, coats with voluminous pleated skirts, or greasy touloupes of sheepskin, although we are in mid-August—for the Russians of all classes are very sensitive to cold, whereas we Westerns imagine that they endure the most severe cold without suffering; others clad in red shirts with over them a loose coat of yellowish felt of most primitive cut and most primitive material. As for the women, their costume consists of a cotton skirt, a sort of camisole hanging down to the knees, and a kerchief of some bright color covering their heads, tied under the chin, and generally stamped or embroidered with gaudy floral patterns. Some of these women wear big boots rubbed over with grease like the men's. Few of them have any pretensions to prettiness, but often their expression of gentleness and resignation is not without charm. As for the men, they look as a rule absolutely imbruted and without a glimmering of intelligence; their dull, oval, gray, lizard-like eyes are without expression; their long hair and beards look as if they



black silhouette against the luminous mystery of the Russian summer twilight—that immaterial light that seems to come neither from sun nor moon nor stars, but to be a new and independent light-giving ether filtered through an opaline veil to enhance the [illegible] earth

had seen rather its [illegible] being neither blond nor brown, but a dirty-looking yellow, without gloss or luminousness: their skins too are yellowed by the sun, so that their faces, hair, and beards are almost of the same hue.

Experience, however, has shown us that it is preferable not to examine things Russian too closely or in too brilliant a light. The stucco palaces of St. Petersburg look best in the transparent obscurity of the long June twilight, which conceals their real poverty and envelops their contours in a soft mantle of poesy. So, too, the most charming [illegible] we have retained of Nijnii is that of the fair ground seen from the bridge, with its low buildings, its fire towers, its huge Nevsky cathedral, and its girdle of masts and shipping standing out in soft velvety blue- into dream-land, and its burden of buildings into fairy palaces.

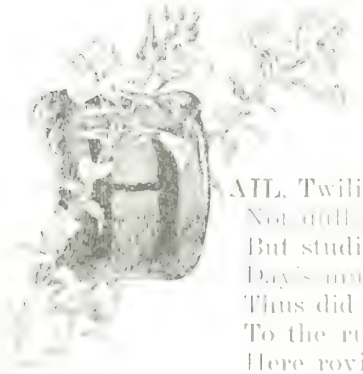
The multitude of tea-houses and restaurants [illegible] at Nijnii-Novgorod shows that the frequenters of the Jahrmarka are not of an austere turn of mind; but it is not until night that the amusements can be seen in full swing in the various quarters of

the fair and particularly in the Kunavino suburb, which the guide-books forbid ladies to visit. This prohibition need not be observed by our fair readers, for in these tabooed establishments they would only meet very wretched music, see very slow and gloomy dancing, and scarcely be repaid for their trouble by the privilege of making acquaintance with the very peculiar refinements of toilet indulged in by Tartar women.

On the whole, the amusements to be found in the fair struck us as being rather lugubrious, and few of them had any markedly Russian character. After visiting several traktirs, beginning with those of the lowest grade, and having been utterly disappointed, we entered still another a vast establishment brilliantly lighted by electricity; in the hall an army of mujiks relieved us of hat and stick and overcoat; the staircase was decorated with green plants and flowers; the concert-room, which was also the grand supper-room, was painted and gilded in fine style, and the promenading chorus-girls were dressed in antique Russian costume of the time of the boyars, such as you see in Makowsky's well-known picture of a Russian marriage—cloaks of scarlet, rose, green, or blue, lined and bordered with fur, dresses stiff with gold embroidery, the neck laden with strings of beads, and the hair surmounted by a diadem or hennin of velvet embroidered with pearls. At first sight this seemed to be what we had been looking for, but on reflection we pronounced it to be theatrical and incongruous. If the public had been dressed in national costume the effect might have been better; but this establishment was above the means of the red-shirted mujiks: its frequenters were mainly rich Muscovites, and young clerks dressed in large check suits, "quite English, you know," for in matters of dress Anglomania rages among Russian men to an alarming extent.

The electric light, too, did not harmonize well with sixteenth-century costume; and then, to spoil all, a sprightly little Parisian "chanteuse" appeared on the stage dressed as a pert soubrette, and began to warble, first a sentimental romance about nightingales and violets and vernal courtship, and secondly a martial song with plenty of drum taps, rataplan, rataplan, plan, plan, and military salutes, and marching up and down with parade step.

The fair, in obedience to imperial will, has been located on a sandy flat island which remains flooded some six months out of the twelve, and which during the rest of the year is a desert of dust when rain or assiduous watering-carts do not convert it into a desert of black mud. The flatness and unpicturesqueness of the fair ground as a whole is unimaginable by those whose eyes have not seen it, and both the town and the fair, in spite of the thousands of people who are there, present that same vast, empty, and silent aspect which so strongly impresses the Western traveller in Russia.



HAIL, TWILIGHT.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The flood, the stars—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!



"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR!"

HIERAPOLIS AND ITS WHITE TERRACE.

BY TRISTRAM ELLIS.

HIERAPOLIS, whose ruins cover a considerable extent of ground in a wild and lonely tract of the upper valley of the Meander, presents two different sources of interest to the explorer. The traveller who reaches it—and the journey is not difficult, and in a few years will be much easier—finds himself on ground that teems with the associations of many centuries. The classic Meander flows through that serpentining channel which has made its name a word in every language. Close by are the sites of Tripolis and Colosse. The ruins of Laodicea are not far off. In sacred Scripture the two towns are coupled in a single verse. "I bear him record," writes St. Paul to these very Colossians, "that he [Epaphras] hath a great zeal for you, and them that are in Laodicea and them in Hierapolis." After eighteen centuries the ruins of both towns may still be traced, though

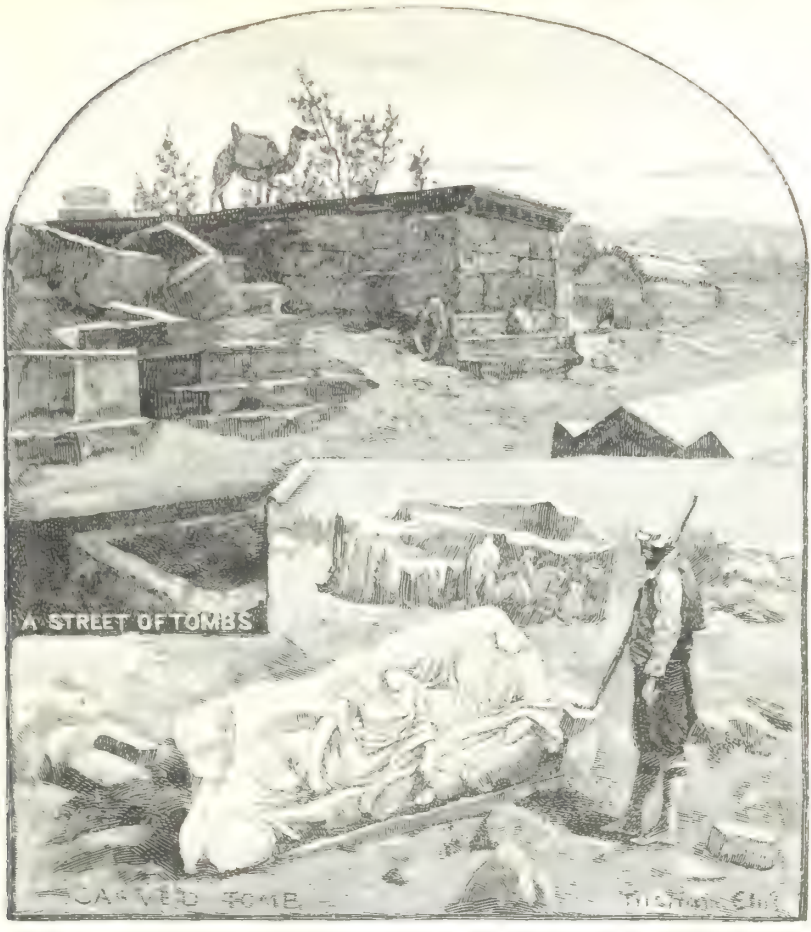
those of Hierapolis are much the more important. Another traveller had visited the place before the Christian era, and left his record of its singular attractions. Strabo, the first geographer, writing about twenty years before the birth of Christ, speaks of the wonderful hot springs, the water of which consolidated if it were left to cool. Recent travellers and writers have had little to say about the town, and indeed it is the construction of the railway from Smyrna which first brought it within measurable distance of an easy trip. The terminus of that railway is still at Seraguay, and Seraguay is about fifteen miles from Hierapolis. The excursion is not a difficult one. The station-master at Seraguay can provide you with accommodation for the night, and his aid is readily given in procuring horses and a guide for the morning's journey.

The surrounding country is most picturesque—wooded hills and mountains, Baba-Dagh, "The Father Mountain," rising some 8000 feet, its summit generally clouded over, dominating the scene. As you ride along you see plainly certain white streaks that look like patches of snow caught in the crannies of the rocks, bright and glistening in the sunshine. They form the famous White Terrace of Hierapolis. In New Zealand there was such a formation. Travellers came from all parts of the world to see it. The native sovereign, Twenho, drew a large income from it, till the earthquake of 1887 destroyed one of the greatest curiosities of the world. No one as yet gets any revenue out of the White Terrace of Hierapolis, which, so far as the writer knows, is unique in its special attraction. But Hierapolis has charms for the archæologist as well.

You enter the town through a street of tombs. Some are large mausoleums that hold the ashes of forgotten generations. A small door gives access to a chamber fitted round with shelves on which the coffins lay. The tomb was always surmounted by a sarcophagus of considerable size, and generally carved from one piece of stone. As a rule they follow in form a conventional pattern, but one, evidently of very early date, is carved with figures in relief, groups of dancing boys, while another, later and of debased Roman work, shows a series of niches each with a figure on the sides, and on the cover two recumbent figures carved in very high relief. What is very curious about these tombs in Hierapolis is the paucity of inscriptions. Hierapolis must have been an important trading city, whose inhabitants were peaceably inclined, and not given over to ambition. Many of them were dyers, and it may be presumed the chemical qualities of the waters made this trade an easy and a profitable one. For more

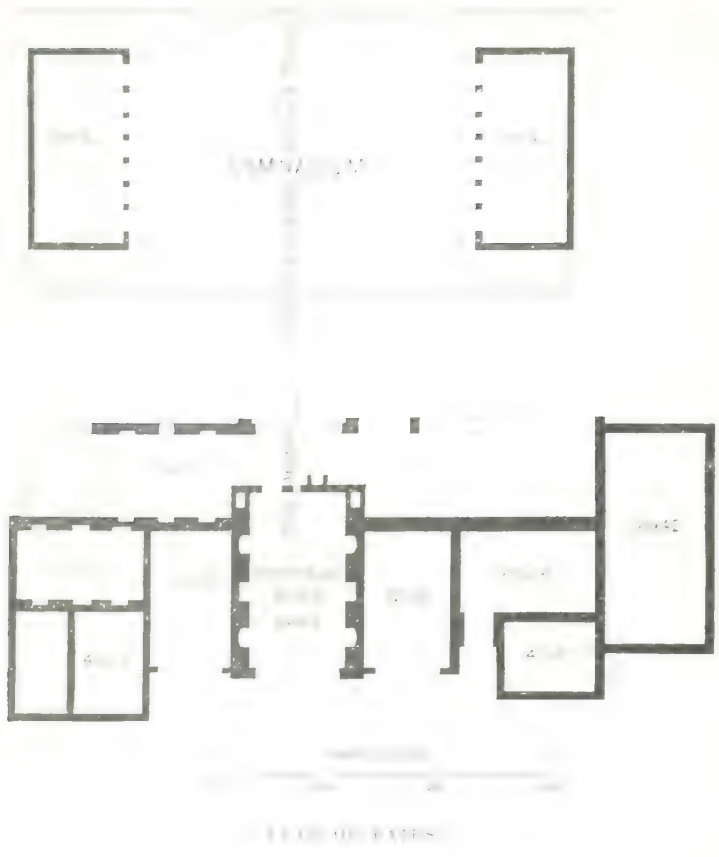


THE WHITE TERRACE



than a mile this stretch of tombs winds on—the sarcophagi in some places clustered thick, in others scattered about at intervals, but in all cases rifled of their contents, the very bones having been removed—till quite unexpectedly we come on a large, solidly constructed, arched building. The stone-work is very rude, but very massive; the key-stones of the arches are carved with Christian symbols. The work is obviously Roman, but so deficient in style as to show that architecture had scarcely yet attained the dignity of an art when this structure was reared. It is still a moot point what purpose it could have served. It may be that, lying thus outside the city gates, and forming the commencement of the street of tombs, this building was consecrated to the service of the dead, and funerals halted here while the last religious rite was performed.

Leaving this building on our left, a few paces take us to the gates of the city. They consist of three arches, and flanking the building at either side oval watch-towers. Immediately on entering we see, still outside the walls, and perched up on the side of the hill, the ruins of a very large theatre. There is plenty of evidence to show that the buildings within the walls are of much more recent date. There may have been an older Hierapolis, destroyed perhaps by earthquake, and these ruins may have been venerable when houses, walls, and temples now as ruinous sheltered a population whose very existence is forgotten. We have to pass through a second and inner gateway before we come fairly within the ruins of the town. A single doorway in a very massive wall admits us, and now the fragments of architecture are plentiful, and we may judge the buildings from their ruins to have been important. Most of the columns are of ordinary yellow sandstone. A few of white marble are to be met with, but marble, though common in the Ephesian ruins, is rare at Hierapolis. When we reach the far end of the street we come to what must have been the aristocratic end of the



town. Here were the baths and the gymnasium. Here issued from the rock, or and delicately tinged with the faintest tint of aquamarine, the spring which Strabo travelled to see. The opening from which and looking down into the clear water pillars clear and sharp as the day when the surface is always smooth, the water the city stands. The course through these channels gradually cools the water, and as

The normal temperature is about 100°, but the surface of the pool gives off no vapor sunset the steam rises cloudily. The cool- the stream, spreads out on the surface of

The spring probably does not now issue from its original source, but above the street on the hill-side it may be seen running through a culvert and past a hole now nearly choked with rubble, till it is carried by another culvert under the road southward and on to the baths and the gymnasium. The plan shows clearly the arrangement of the baths and gymnasium. The vaulted chambers are grouped about a central hall, 84 feet by 42, with three large arched niches on each side. Many of the chambers, as also the central hall, are a double square in form, with an arched ceiling of elliptical intrados. The two smallest rooms are quite below the level of the ground, and have others above them. The baths, gymnasium, and theatre are all built on the same axis, which also passes through the spring head. At the end of the central hall there is a small aperture or window about two feet high, and from it a view can be obtained down the centre of the gymnasium, the spring, and the theatre. We have spoken of the great theatre whose ruins lie outside the walls. There is another inside the walls, in a very perfect state of preservation, and which must have been able to seat about 20,000 spectators. There is one peculiarity about Hierapolis which makes it of special interest to the antiquarian. The ruins are very much as time has left them. The tombs have indeed been rifled, and the Turks carried from them whatever was portable. But though the robber has been here, the builder has not. In the Italian cities, and especially in Rome, classic ruins were quarried to build up more recent houses and palaces. The columns of heathen temples support the roofs of Christian churches. In Hierapolis the stones lie as they fell, or where they have suffered it has been from nature, not from man. For the stream, always active, depositing day by

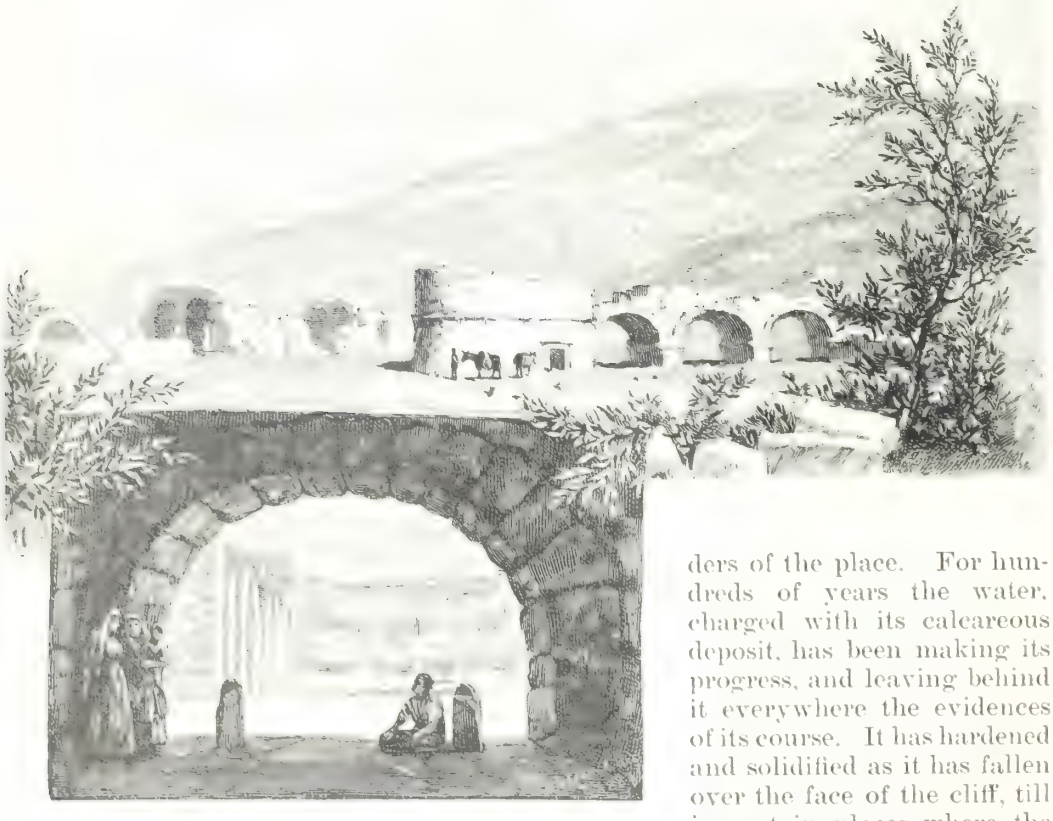


THE THEATRE.

day its thin layer of calcareous formation, has buried many of the ruins completely. The theatre has indeed escaped, as has the church at the entrance gate. Both lying high upon the slope of the hill, have not as yet been reached. South of the course of the spring are the great baths, huge arched chambers of immensely massive construction. In that country, where earthquakes are frequent and often very destructive, many of these great vaults still remain undisturbed, apparently indestructible. All the marble linings of the interior walls have been stripped away, but you can still trace where the staples which held the slabs were inserted into the masonry. The ceilings were plastered. Sometimes the vaulted rooms were in two stories—the lower, the tepidarium, being ribbed and ornamented. In the thickness of the great walls one comes on passages and staircases, and at times on the track of the culverts which conducted the stream, but these apertures have mostly been choked by the gradual but steady deposits of the water. Here, too, as in so many other Eastern ruins, the buildings which testify to a past magnificence shelter the nomad races of to-day. In one of the largest of these vaults the writer found a little colony of poor Circassians encamped, most harmless and peaceable settlers, though they bristled with knives, daggers, and revolvers like pirates in a stage burlesque. Sometimes shepherds lead their sheep down from the neighboring plains, and the spring once more becomes useful to man and beast.

Our illustration gives a view taken from inside the great vault and looking through one of the side doors. Only the head of the arch is visible above the ground, to such an extent has the calcareous deposit raised the level of the ground: the tops of the stone uprights to which the door itself was hinged can be easily made out. Through the opening to the left you can see the gymnasium with its square columns, and beyond it, perched on the side of the hill, the theatre with its tiers of seats rising one above the other. The columns seem to be made of conglomerate, very hard, and yet, singularly, bent many of them in the same direction, as if by the action of the weather. Nothing but earthquake could have brought buildings so massively constructed to their present state of ruin.

Perhaps to the same cause we have to attribute the change in the temperature of the spring. Those clouds of sulphurous vapor so destructive in Strabo's time to bulls and sparrows, and that scarcely spared the sacred eunuchs of the temple in those days, no longer steam up from its source. That wonder has indeed passed away; but it has been succeeded by another. As you stand on the terrace that fronts the ruins of the baths, you see the valley of the



CITY GATES, LOOKING OUTWARD, AND A PEEP FROM THE GREAT VAULT.

Meridin stretches before you, the tortuous river coming into its bends and again disappearing at different points in the distance. The wooded hills and mountain slopes, green with the carob and the dusky grays of the olive bushes, group themselves around the rocky peak of Baba Dagh, the Father Mountain, as the natives call it, of all the district round about. The Tigris takes its rise in the neighboring valley. A small Circassian village lies in front, probably the home of the natives who encamped in the great ruins of the town. At the edge of the bluff that drops directly to the back of the valley are remains of the old city wall, with the coping stones in some places still intact.

Passing [illegible] Walls we find all among the [illegible] of the spring flowing and silently producing the wonders of the place. For hundreds of years the water, charged with its calcareous deposit, has been making its progress, and leaving behind it everywhere the evidences of its course. It has hardened and solidified as it has fallen over the face of the cliff, till in certain places where the descent was sheer the appearance is as of a frozen cascade. Sometimes, however, the slope would incline almost inappreciably, and the water in these places would widen out and flow languidly and in shallow sheets. The cooling in such places would be much more prompt, and the process of deposit more general and immediate. Sometimes it would happen that a little obstruction—a twig or even a leaf would check the current. The water would widen out in thin edges, which would quickly solidify, so as to form a little bank; but the stream still filling in, the bank would be pushed further and further back, till the little pool would widen to a large one, and the large pool extend to a basin, and still the deposit continuing, the terraces would gradually be formed, of which our illustration can give but an incomplete idea. The idea is incomplete because no engraving, indeed no

painting, could represent the dazzling whiteness of these terraces when the sun shines full upon them. It happens that the bluff faces south, so the first aspect of them is generally in a blaze of light.

These series of terraces, some of them like beautiful vases zoned round with circles of stalactites that seem to guard them from destruction, others so minute that you must study them carefully apart, many of them quaint and fantastic in shape, all brilliant in the blazing sunshine, look like some realization of forgotten legend or work of old enchantment not yet overthrown by time. So dazzling is the color that the sky overhead, blue with the depth of Oriental color, looks here as dark as indigo. The surface looks like ice, and an Alpine climber before making the descent from above would think twice and commence cautiously. But in reality the climbing is easy work, the surface gives a good foot-hold, and the natives clamber up and down barefoot, apparently with little difficulty and no danger.

BUTTERNEGGS.

A STORY OF HEREDITY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

SHE was a woman of nearly seventy, I should think; tall, thin, and angular, with strongly marked features and eyes of very pale blue. Her hair, still dark, though streaked with gray, was drawn back from her temples and twisted into a little hard knot behind, and she wore no cap. We had scarcely exchanged greetings before her eye fell upon my modest bouquet.

"Butterneggs, I declare for't!" she exclaimed, with lively interest. "Fust I've seed this seas'n; mine don't show a speck o' blowth yet, an' mine's gen'lly fust. Where'd it grow, ma'am, 'f I may ask?"

I told her of the spot near Buttermilk Falls where we had found it, but did not think it necessary to inform her that we had gone there in search of the plant at Jane's suggestion, that the sight of it might prompt the old woman to tell a certain tale. I begged her at once to accept the flowers, which she did with evident pleasure, placing the homely little nosegay carefully in water. For a vase she used a curious old wineglass, tall and quaint, far more desirable in my eyes than a garden full of the common yellow flowers it held; and I bent forward eagerly to examine it. Aunt Loretty seemed to regard my interest as wholly botanical in its nature, and centred upon her beloved *Linaria vulgaris*, and I at once rose in her estimation.

"It's a sightly posy, ain't it, ma'am?" she said; "jest about the likeliest there is, I guess. But then it's heredit'ry in our fam'ly, so o' course I like it."

"Hereditary!" I exclaimed, forgetting for a moment my promise to take things quietly, showing no surprise or incredulity. "Butter-and-eggs hereditary in your family?"

"Yes, ma'am, 'tis; leastways the settin' by't is. All the Knappses set ev'rything by butterneggs. Ye can't be a Knapp—course I mean our branch o' the fam'ly—ye can't be one o' our Knappses an' not have that plant with its yeller blooms an' little, narrer, whity-green leaves for yer fav'rite. The Knappses allers held it so, an' they allers will hold it so, or they won't be Knappses. Didn't I never tell ye," she asked, turning to my companion, "'bout my sister an' losin' her, an' the way I come to find her?"

I do not remember just how Jane evaded this direct question, but her reply served the desired purpose, and Aunt Loretty was soon started upon her wonderful story.

"My father was Cap'n Zenas Knapp, born right here in Coscob. He follered the sea; an's there warn't much sea 'round here to foller, he moved down Stonin'ton way, an' took ter whalin'. An' bimeby he married a gal down there, S'liny Ann Beebe, an' he lost sight an' run o' Coscob an' the Knappses for a long spell. But pa was a Knapp clear through 'f there ever was one; the very Knappiest Knapp, sotespeak, o' the hull tribe, an' that's puttin' it strong 'nough. All their ways, all their doin's, their likin's an' dislikin's, their taketos an' their don't-taketos, their goods an' their bads—he had 'em all hard. An' they *had* ways, the Knappses had, an' they've got 'em still, what's left o' the fam'ly, the waysiest ways! Some folks ain't that kind, ye know; they're jest

like other folks. If ye met 'em 'way from hum ye wouldn't know where they come from or whose relations they was; they might be Peckses o' Horseneck, or Noyeses o' West'ly, or Simsb'ry Phelpses; or ag'in they might be Smithses o' ary place, for all the fam'ly ways they'd got. But our folks the hull tribe on 'em, was tarred with the same stick, 's ye might say; ye'd 'a knowed 'em for Knappses wherever they was—in Coscob, Stonin'ton, or Chiny. Frinstance, for one thing, they was all Congr'ation'l in religion; they allers had ben from the creation o' the airth. Some folks might say to that that there wa'n't no Congr'ation'l meetin's 's fur back's that. Well, I won't be too sot; mebbe there wa'n't; but 'f that's so, then there wa'n't no Knappses, there *couldn't* be Knappses an' no Congr'ation'lists. An' they all b'leeved in foreord'nation an' 'lection. They was made so. Ye didn't have ter larn it to 'em; they got it, jest 's they got teeth when 'twas time; they took it, jest 's they took hoopin'-cough an' mumps when they was 'round. They didn't, ary one on 'em, need the cat'chism to larn 'em 'bout 'Whereby for 's own glory He hath foreordained whats'ever comes to pass,' nor to tell 'em 't 'He out o' His mere good pleasure from all etarnity 'lected some to everlastin' life;' they knowed it theirselves, the Knappses did. An' they stuck ter their b'leefs, and would 'a stood up on the Saybrook platform an' been burnt up for 'em, like John Rogers in the cat'chism, sayin',

> [illegible] 's curious 's earth and sin,
> What though this life decay.'

"An' they was all Whigs in pol'tics. There wa'n't never a Knapp—our branch—who voted the Dem'cratic ticket. They took that too; no need for their pas to tell 'em; jest 's soon 's a boy got to be twenty-one, an' 'lection day come 'round, up he went an' voted the Whig tick't, sayin' nothin' to nobody. An' so 'twas in ev'rything. They had ways o' their own. It come in ev'n down to readin' the Scripters. For ev'ry Knapp 't ever I see p'ferred the Book o' Rev'lations to ary other part o' the Bible. They liked it all, o' course, for they was a pious breed, an' knowed 't all Scripter's give by insp'ration, an's prof't'ble, an' so forth; but for [illegible] on Rev'lations. An' there was lots o' other little ways they had, too, sech as strong opp'sition to Baptists, an' dreffle dislikin' to fur-r'ners, and the greatest app'tite for old-fashioned, hum-made, white-oak cheese. Then they was all 'posed to swearin', an' didn't never use perfane language, none o' the Knappses; but there was jest one sayin' they had when 'xcited or s'prised or anything, an' that was, 'C'rinthians!' They would say that, all on 'em, 'fore they died, one time or t'other. An' when a Knapp said it, it did sound like the awf'lest kind o' perfan'ty; but o' course it wa'n't. An' 'fore an' over all, ev'ry born soul on 'em took ter flowers an' gard'ns. They would have 'em wherever they was. An' ev'rything they touched growed an' thriv'; drouth didn't dry 'em, wet didn't mould 'em, bugs didn't eat 'em; they come up an' leafed out an' budded an' blowed for the poorest, needin'est Knapp 't lived, with only the teentiest bit of a back yard for 'em to grow in, or brok'n teapots an' crackt pitchers to hold 'em. But they might have all the finest posies in the land, roses an' heelyertropes an' verbeny, an' horseshoe g'raniums, an' they'd swop 'em all off, ary Knapp would—our branch—for one single plant o' that blessed flower ye fetched me to-day—butterneggs. How 't come about 's more'n I can say, or how long it's ben goin' on; from the very fust start o' things fortino; but 'tennerate ev'ry single Knapp I ever see or heerd on held butterneggs to be the beautif'lest posy God ever made.

"I can't go myself in my rec'lection back o' my great-gran'mother, but I r'member her, though I was a speck of a gal when she died. She was a Bissell o' Nor'field, this State, but she married a Knapp, an' seemed to grow right inter Knapp ways; an' she an' gran'f'ther—great gran'f'ther I mean, Shearjashub Knapp—they use ter have a big bed o' butterneggs in front o' the side door, an' it made the hull yard look sunshiny even when the day was dark an' drizzly. There ain't nothin' shinin'er an' goldier than them flowers with the different kinds o' yeller in 'em; they'll most freckle ye, they're so much like the sun shinin'. Then the next gen'ration come Gran'pa Knapp—his giv'n name was Ezry—an' he was bedrid for more'n six year. An' he had butterneggs planted in boxes an' stood all 'round his bed, an' he did take sech cumf't in 'em. The hull room was yeller with 'em, an' they give him a sort o' biliousy, jandersy look; but he did set so by 'em; an' the

very last growin' thing the good old man ever set eyes on here b'low, afore he see the green fields beyond the swellin' flood, was them bright an' shinin' butterneggs. An' his sister Hopey, she 't married Enoch Ambler o' Greens Farms, I never shall forgit her butterneggs border 't run all 'round her gard'n; the pea-green leaves an' yeller an' saffrony blooms looked for all the world like biled sparrergrass with chopped-egg sarce.

"Well, you'll wonder what on airth I'm at with all this rigmajig 'bout the Knappses an' their ways; but you'll see bimeby that it's all got suthin' to do with the story I begun on 'bout my sister, an' the way I come to lose her an' find her ag'in. There's jest one thing more I must put in, an' that's how the Knappses gen'lly died. 'Twas eenamost allers o' dum'aigger. That's what they called it them days; I s'pose 'twould be malairy now; but that wa'n't invented then, an' we had to git along 's well 's we could without sech lux'ries. The Knappses was long-lived—called threescore 'n ten bein' cut off in the midst o' your days—but when they did come ter die 'twas most gen'lly o' dum'aigger. But even 'bout that they had their own ways; an' when a Knapp—our branch I would say—got dum'aigger, why, 'twas dummer an' aiggerer 'n other folkses dum'aigger, an' so 't got the name o' the Knapp-shakes. An' they all seemed to use the same rem'dies an' physics for the c'mplaint. They wa'n't much for doctors, but they all b'leeved in yarbs an' hum-made steeps an' teas. An' 'thout any 'dvice or doctor's receipts or anything, 's soon 's they felt the creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' that meant dum'aigger, with their heads het up an' their feet 'most froze, they'd jest put some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' sew a strip o' red flann'l round their neck, an' put a pepper-grass poultice to the soles o' their feet, an' go to bed: an' there they'd lay, drinkin' their cam'mile an' hardhack, strong an' hot, an' allers with their head on a hard, thin piller, till all was over, an' they was in a land where there's no dum'aigger nor any kinder sickness 't all. Gran'f'ther died o' dum'aigger; great-gran'f'ther died on it—had it six year; Aunt Hopey Ambler, great-aunt Cynthy, an' second-cous'n Shadrach all went off that way. An' pa—well, he didn't die so; but that's part o' my sister's story.

"Ma, she was a Beebe. 's I said afore, but she might 'a ben 'most anything else, for there wa'n't any strong Beebe ways to her. Her mother was a Palmer—'most ev'rybody's mother is, down Stonin'ton way, ye know - an' ma was 's much Palmer 's Beebe, an' she was more Thayer than ary one on 'em (her gran'mother was a Thayer). So 't stands to reas'n that when we child'en come 'long we was more Knapp than Beebe. There was two on us, twins an' gals, me an' my sister; an' they named us arter pa's twin sisters 't died years afore, Coretty an' Loretty, an' I'm Loretty.

"Well, by the time we was four year old pa he'd riz to be cap'n. He was hon est an' stiddy, 's all the Knappses be, an' that's the sort they want for whalin'. So when the *Tiger* was to be fitted up for a three-year v'yge, why, there was nothin' for't but pa he must go cap'n. But ma she took on so 'bout it—for he hadn't ben off much sence she married him—that jest for peace, if nothin' else, he fin'lly consented to take her an' the twins along too; an' so we went. Well, I can't tell ye much about that v'yge, o' course. I was on'y a baby, an' all I know about it 's what ma told me long a'terward. But the v'yge 'ain't got much to do with my story. They done pretty fair, took a good many sperm-whales, got one big lump 'o ambergrease, an' pa he was in great sperrits, when all on a sudden there come a dreffle storm, an' they lost their reck'nin', an' they got on some rocks, an' the poor old *Tiger* went all to pieces. I never can rightly remember how any soul on us was saved; but we was, some way or t'other, ma an' me an' some o' the crew, but poor pa an' Coretty was lost. As nigh 's I can rec'lect the story, we was tied to suthin' nuther that 'd float, ma an' me, an' a ship picked us up an' fetched us home. 'Tennerate we got here—to Stonin'ton I mean—but poor ma was a heart-brok'n widder, an' I was half an orph'n an' only half a pair o' twins. For my good pa an' that dear little Coretty was both left far behind in the dreadful seas. An' that's why pa didn't die o' the Knapp-shakes.

"I won't take up your time tellin' all that come arter that, for it's another part you want to hear. So I'll skip over to the time when I was a woman growed, ma dead an' gone, an' me livin' all by myself, a single woman, goin' on thirty-seven year old, or p'r'aps suthin' older, in Har'ford,

this State. I'd had my ups an' my downs, more downs than ups; I'd worked hard an' lived poor; but I was a Knapp, an' never gin up, an' so at last there I was in a little bit of a house, all my own, on Morg'n Street, Har'ford. An' there I lived quite well-to-do, an' no disgrace to any Knapp 't ever lived, be she who she be. I had plenty to do, though I hadn't any reg'lar trade. I wa'n't a tail'ress exactly, but I could make over their pa's pant'loons for boys, an' cut out jackets by a pattern for 'em; an' I wa'n't a real mill'ner, but I could trim up a bunnet kind o' tasty, an' bleach over a Leghorn or a fancy braid as well as a perfession'l; I never larnt the dress-makin' trade, but I knew how to cut little gals' frocks an' make their black silk ap'ons; an' I'd rip up an' press an' clean ladies' dresses, an' do over their crape an' love veils, an' steam up their velvet rib-b'ns over the teakettle to raise the pile. An' I sewed over carpets, an' stitched wristban's, an'—I don't know what I didn't do them days, for I had what ary Knapp I ever see—I mean our branch—had all their born days, an' that was, 's I s'pose you know, o' course—fac'lty.

"An' the best fam'lies in Har'ford employed me, an' set by me, an' knowin' what I was an' what my an'stors had ben, they treated me 's if I was one of their own sort. An' ag'in an' ag'in I've set to the same table with sech folks 's the Wadsworthses an' Ellsworthses an' Terrys an' Wellses an' Huntin'tons. An' I made a good deal outer my gard'nin'. I had all the Knapp hank'rin' for that, an' from the time I was a mite of a gal I was allers dig-gin' an' scratchin' in the dirt like a hen, stickin' in seeds an' slips, an' pullin' up weeds, snippin' an' prunin' an' trainin' an' waterin'. An' I had the beautif'lest gard'n in Har'ford, an' made a pretty penny outer it too. I sold slips an' cuttin's, an' saved seeds o' my best posies, puttin' 'em up in little paper cases, pasted over at the edges, an' there was plenty o' cust'mers for 'em, I can tell ye. For my sunflowers was 's big as pie plates, my hollyhawks jest dazzlin' to look at, my cant'b'ry-bells big an' blue, my dailyers 's quilly 's quills all colors: I had four kinds o' pinks; I had bach'lor's-butt'ns, feather-fews, noneserpretties, sweet-williams, chiny-asters, flowerdelooses, tulups, daffies, lorkspurs, prince's feathers, cock's combs, red-balm, mournin'-bride, merrygools—Oh, I'm all outer breath, an' I 'ain't told ye half the blooms I had in that Har'ford gard'n. But I could tell ye! If 'twas all drawed out there on that floor an' painted to life, I couldn't see 't any plainer'n I see 't this minnit, eyes shet or op'n. An' how I did set by them beds! Dr. Hawes—I went to the Centre to meetin'—Dr. Hawes he says, one time when he come to make a past'ral call, says he in his way—he was kinder ongraceful, ye know—pintin' his long finger at me an' shakin' it up an' down, he says: 'Loretty, Loretty,' very loud an' sollum, ye know, 'don't you set your 'fections on them fadin' flowers o' earth, an' forgit the never-with'rin' flowers o' heav'n,' he says. Ye see he'd ben pray-in' with me, an' right in the midst an' 'mongst o' his prayer he ketched sight o' me reachin' out to pull up a weed in the box o' young balsams I was startin' in the house. So 'tain't no wonder he was riled, for he was dreffle good, an' was one of them folks who, 's the hymn says,

> 'Knows the wuth o' prayer,
> An' wishes offen to be there.'

"Well, 'twas 'bout that time, 's I was sayin', an' I was a single woman o' thirty-seven, or p'r'aps a leetle more, not wuth countin' on a single woman's age, when there come upon me the biggest, awf'lest, scariest s'prise 't ever come upon any one afore, let 'lone a Knapp—our branch. A letter come to me one day from Cap'n Akus Chadwick, form'ly o' Stonin'ton, an' a friend o' pa's, but now an old man in New Lon'on, an' this 's what he says: Seems 't a ship 'd come into New Bedford, a whalin' ship, with a r'mark'ble story. They'd had rough weather an' big gales, an' got outer their course, an' they'd sighted land, an' when they come to't—I don' know how or why they did come to't, whether they meant ter or had ter—they see on the shore a woman, an' when they landed there wa'n't ary other folks on the hull island; nothin' but four-footed critters—wild ones—an' birds an' mon-keys, an' all kinder outlandish bein's; not a blessed man or woman, not even a heath'n or a idle, 's fur 's they could tell, in the hull deestrick, but on'y jest this one poor woman. An' she couldn't talk no more'n Juley Brace to the 'sylum; an' she was queer-lookin', an' her clo'es was all outer fash'n, kinder furry an' skinny garm'nts, an' she had a lonesome, scaret kinder look, 's if she hadn't ben much in cump'ny. An' yit with 't all there was

a sorter r'spectable 'pearance, an'— Oh, ladies, I'm all stuffed up, an' can't swaller good. I'm livin' over 'n my mind the fust time I read them words, an' was struck all 'n a heap by 'em. Jest hand me them posies a minnit, an' I'll be all right in a jiffy. There, now I can go on. With it all, he says, there was a strong Knapp look about this unfort'nate isl'nder; in fac', she favored 'em so strong 't the fust mate, a Mystic man, who'd offen heerd the story o' pa's shipwreck an' Coretty's drownin', thought he'd orter 'nquire inter the matter. The cap'n o' the ship was a Scotchman, an' the sailors was mostly Portergeese, an' Sandwidgers, an' Kannakers, an' she wouldn't take no notice o' ary on 'em, an' tried to run away. But when 'Lias Mall'ry, the mate, went up to her she stopped an' looked 't him, an' kinder gabbled a leetle bit, in a jibbery sorter way, an' when he ast her to come aboard, she follered like a lamb. An' they fetched her along, an' the more they see on her—I mean 'Lias, who was the only one 't knowed the Knappses, our branch—the more 't seemed sure an' sartin 't this was reely an' truly, strange as 't might be, Coretty Knapp, who'd ben lost more'n thirty year afore. There's no use my tryin' to tell you how I felt, or what I done jest at fust; when I read that letter I couldn't seem to sense it one mite, an' yit in half an hour 't seemt 's if I'd a-knowed it a year, an' I never misdoubted that 'twas true 's gospil, an' that my poor dear little twin sister Coretty 'd ben found an' was comin' home to me.

"I gin up pa t'wunst; he'd 'a ben too old now, even for a Knapp, an' I see plain enough 't he must be deader'n dead; but oh, what 'twas to realize 't I had a reel flesh an' blood sister, queer an' onciv'lized 's she must be a'ter livin' in the backwoods so long! The letter went on to say that 'Lias Mall'ry was on his way to Har'ford this very minnit, 'bringin' Miss Knapp to her only livin' r'lation'—that was me. An' 't said they was goin' to bring her jest 's she was when they ketched her, so's I could see her in her nat'ral state: an' who had a better right? 'But land's sake!' I says to myself 's I lay that letter down, 'how she'll look a-comin' through Har'ford streets all skinny an' furry, an' jabbery 's they d'scribe her! I do hope she'll take a carr'ge.' Well, I couldn't stand all this alone, an' I put on my bunnit an' shawl an' went up to Dr. Hawes's, an' to Deac'n Colt'ns's, an' over to Sister Pitkins's, an' I told 'em all this amazin' hist'ry, wonderf'ler than Rob'nson Crusoe or Riley's Narr'tive. An' sech a stir 's it made in quiet old Har'ford you'd never b'leeve. Afore I'd fairly got hum an' took off my things, folks begun to call. Ev'ry one wanted to know 'f 'twas reely an' truly so, an' 'f I had a reel live heath'n sister comin' home from them far-away countries where ev'ry prospeck pleases an' only man is vile. But this part on't I wouldn't hear to for a minnit. 'Whatever she is,' I says, 'she ain't a heath'n. She's a Knapp, born 'f not bred, an' there never was a heath'n 'mong the Knappses sence Knappses was fust made. Mebbe she ain't a perfesser,' I says, 'prob'ly ain't, for she 'ain't had no settled min'ster or sech priv'leges, but she don't have nothin' to do with idles an' sech fool'shness,' I says. But I could see 't they was countin' on suthin' outer this for monthly concert, an' that stirred me up a leetle; but I jest waited. An' bimeby—what do you think o' this?—there was a *c'mitty* waited on me. An' sech a time!

"There was P'fessor Phelps o' the Congr'ational Sem'nary, an' P'fessor Spencer o' Wash'n't'n Collige, an' Elder Day, the Baptist min'ster; an' there was one o' the Dem'cratic ed'tors, an' some one from the Connet'cut *Cur'nt*, an' Dr. Barnes, o' Weth'sfield, a infiddle, who'd writ a sorter Tom Painey book that was put inter the stove by ev'ry Christian 't got hold on it. An' there was Mr. Gallagher from the deaf an' dumb 'sylum, an' Dr. Cook from the crazy 'sylum, an' Mr. Williams, the 'Piscople min'ster, an' Priest O'Conner, the Cath'lic, an' Pars'n Loomis, the Meth'dist. That's 'bout all, I b'leeve, but there may 'a ben some I disremember arter all these years. An' what do you think—what *do* you think they wanted? 'Twas some time afore I could see through their talk myself, for they was all big scholars, an' you know them's the hardest sort to compr'end. But bimeby I made out 't they was all dreffle 'xcited about this story o' my sister, for it gin 'em a chance they'd never 'xpected to git, of a bran'-new human bein' growed up without 'precept or 'xample,' 's they say, or ary idee o' religion or pol'tics or church gov'nment, or doctrines of any sort. An' they'd all got together an' 'greed, 'f I was willin', they'd jest 'xper'ment on Coretty Knapp. Well, 't fust I didn't take t' the idee one speck.



THE COMMITTEE AT WORK.

It seemed kinder onnat'ral an' onhuman to go to work pullin' to pieces an' patchin' up an' fittin' in scraps to this poor, onfort'nate, empty sorter soul 't had strayed 'way off from its hum in a Christian land o' deestrick schools an' meetin's, an' all sech priv'leges, instead o' takin' her right inter our hearts an' 'fections, an' larnin' her all 't she orter know. 'T seemed 's if we orter let 'xper'ments alone, an' go to coddlin' an' coss'tin' up this poor lost sheep, which was wuth far more'n ninety an' nine which goes not astray.

"But howsomepro—as Elder Cheeseman used to say—they was all, 's I said afore, larned men, an' most on 'em good men too, an' 's they was all 'greed, an' I was only one, an' a woman too, I gin up. An' afore they left 'twas all settled 't they should all have a try at poor sister Coretty, an' all persent their own views on religion, pol'tics, an' so forth. An' me nor nobody was to make nor meddle aforehand, or try to prej'dice her one way or t'other; an' so they 'xpected to find out what the nat'ral mind would take ter, or whether there was anything 't all in heredit'ry ways. I could 'a telled 'em that last afore they b'gun, but I thought I'd let 'em find 't out their own way.

"You might think, mebbe, I'd ben scared 'bout the r'sult. For what a dreffle thing 'f poor Coretty 'd ben talked over by Elder Day—a dreffle glib talker, 's all Baptists be, an' a reel good man, 's most on 'em is, though I say 't 's shouldn't, bein' a Knapp myself, with all the Knappses' d'slike to their doctrines—what 'f she'd ben talked over to 'mersion an' close c'mmunion views, an' ben dipped 'stead o' sprinkled? Or agin, 'f she'd b'lieved all the Cath'lic priest let on, an' swallered his can'les an' beads an' fish an' sech popish things. Or wuss still, s'pose she'd backslid hully, an' put her trust in Dr. Barnes's talk, b'comin' an infiddle, like unter the fool that said in his heart. But some way or t'other I wa'n't a mite 'fraid. I fell right back on my faith in a overrulin' Prov'dence, an' p'r'aps more on Knapp ways, an' felt all the time Coretty 'd come out right at the eend.

"But you see she hadn't come yit, an' the thing waster know whether you could make her un'erstan' anything till she'd larnt to talk. 'F she could only gabble, how was any on us to know whether she gabbled Baptistry or 'Piscopality or whatall, an' we'd got to wait an' see. An' Mr. Gallagher, o' the 'sylum, he wanted to try her on signs fust, an' see 'f he couldn't c'mmunicate with her right off by snappin' his fingers an' screwin' up his featur's an' p'intin' at her in that dumb way they do up t' the 'sylum. He said 'twas more nat'ral to do that way than to talk; but then he didn't know much about the Knappses an' their powers o' speech. An' Dr. Cook, the crazy doctor, he said he was int'rested in the brains part o' the subjick, an' he'd jest liketer get at 'em; he wanted to see what 'fect on her head an' 'djacent parts this queer sorter retired life 'd had. An' so they went on till they went off.

"Well, might 's well come to the p'int o' my story, an' the blessed minnit I fust see my twin sister, my t'other half, you might say, for 'twas reely her, a-comin' in at the gate. 'Twa'n't so bad 's I 'xpected. I'd kinder got my head sot on picters o' the Eskimoses in my jography, with buff'lo-robes tied round 'em, an' I was r'lieved when I see her get outer the car'ge with 'Lias Mall'ry lookin' quite respect'ble an' Knappy. To be sure she had skins on, but she'd gone an' made 'em inter a reel fair likeness o' my plainest ev'ry-day dresses, cut gorin' an' sorter fittin' in at the waist, an' with the skirt pretty long, 'bout to the tops o' her gaiters. An' she had quite a nice-lookin' bunnit on, braided o' some kinder furrin grass or straw, hum-made o' course, an' not jest in the latest fash'n, but that wa'n't to be 'xpected, when she'd made it 'fore ever seein' one. An' she was dreffle tanned an' freckled an' weather-beat like, but, oh, my! my! wa'n't she a Knapp all over, from head to foot! Ev'ry featur' favored some o' the fam'ly. There was Uncle Zadock's long nose, an' gran'mer's square chin, an' Aunt Hopey's thick eyebrows, an' dear pa's pacin' walk, an' over an' above all there was *me* all over her, 's if I was a-lookin' 't myself in a lookin'-glass. I dun know what I done for a minnit. I cried an' I choked an' I blowed my nose, an' I couldn't say one blessed word till I swallered hard an' set my teeth, an' then I bust out, 'Oh, Coretty Knapp, I'm glad to see ye! how's your health?' I'd forgot for a minnit 'bout her not talkin', but I own I was beat when she jest says, 's good 's I could say it myself, says she, 'Thank ye, sister Loretty; how's yourn?' An' we shook hands an' kissed each other. I'd been so 'fraid she'd rub noses or hit her forrid on the ground—s'lammin', 's

the books o' travels says—an' then she took some shower I took anodine, an' we both took a good look 't each other, for you know we hadn't met anywheres for the longest spell. An' I forgot all about 'Lias Mall'ry till he says, 'You see, Miss Knapp, she speaks pretty good, don't she? Them Scotch an' Portergeese an' so on couldn't get a word out on her, but 's soon 's she heerd good Connect'cut spoke, she picked 't right up 's slick 's anything.' 'O' course I did, Mr. Mall'ry,' says Coretty. 'I never could abide them furriners. United States talk 's good enough for me,' says she. 'Knapp all over,' says I; 'an' now do take off your things an' jest make yourself to hum, an' le's have a good old-fashioned talk, for I 'ain't seen none o' my folks for so long.'

"But when she took off her bunnit an' I see how the poor thing 'd ben an' gone an' twisted up her hair behind in the same tight, knobby, Knappy way all the Knapps-es—the female part o' our branch, I mean—had fixed theirn for gen'rations farzino, I 'most cried ag'in. 'Course she hadn't no hair-pins nor shoestring to fas'n 't with, but she'd tied it tight 's tight with some kind o' barky stuff, an' stuck a big thorn in to keep it there.

"Well, you won't care 'bout our talk; it was all folksy an' Knappy an' 'bout fam'ly matters, for we had lots to talk about. She'd lost all run o' the fam'ly an' neighbors, never hearin' a word for more'n thirty year. In fac', she'd forgot all about pa an' ma an' me, 's was nat'ral, with not a livin' soul to talk to, for she owned right up she'd never seed a human bein', or heerd a word o' speech, or seen a paper, sence I see her last in that dreffle spell o' weather out to sea. So I'll jest jump over to where the 'xperiment was tried an' how it come out. I'd kep' my prommus an' never said one word about religion, or pol'tics, or church gover'ment, or anything o' that kind, though I did ache to know her views.

"An' they all come in, the ev'nin' arter she arriv, the c'mitty, I mean, to have it out with her. Coretty didn't s'rmise 'twas an 'xperiment—she thought 'twas a sorter visitin' time, an' she was dreffle fond o' comp'ny, an' never 'd had much chance for 't. So there she set, a-knittin' (she took to [illegible] done castin' on for her she ketched it outer my hands an' says, "'Twill be stronger with double thread, Loretty,' an' she ravelled it out an' done it over double). She set there knittin', 's I said afore, an' I set close by her, an' the c'mitty they set round, an' they'd 'greed 'mong theirselves how they'd do it, an' who'd have the fust chance, an' arter a few p'lite remarks about the weather an' her health, an' sech, Mr. Williams, the 'Piscople min'ster, begun. An' he says: 'Miss Knapp, I s'pose there wa'n't no Church in your place o' res'-dence, seein' 't there was so few 'nhabitants. But even 'f there'd a-ben more 'f a parish,' says he, 'there couldn't 'a ben no reel Church' (he spoke it with a cap'tle C, 's all 'Piscoples does), 's there wa'n't no prop'ly fixed-up priest, nor no bishop to put his hands on one,' he says. (Mebbe I don't give jest the very words, but I git the meanin' straight.) 'No, sir,' says sister, 'there wa'n't a meetin'-house on the hull island, nor any means o' grace o' that kind; for there wa'n't no folks but me, an' you can't have a prosp'rous religious s'ciety without folks. 'But 'f there had ben,' she says, ribbin' away at her stockin' top, two an' one, two an' one, says she, 'we'd 'a lis'ned to a few can'-dates, an' s'lected a suit'ble party, had a s'ciety meetin', an' called him. For my-self,' says she, 'I don't set much by this applestollic success'n.'

"Well, I was beat agin, spite o' knowin' the strong feelin' o' the fam'ly on that very p'int; for how on airth 'd she picked up sech sound an' good idees 'way off in that rurul deestrick? I tell ye, ye can't 'xplain it on ary other ground than *ways;* 'twas Knapp ways. Mr. Williams he looked a mite riled, but he was a dreffle pleasant man, an' he kep' on, though the others they sorter smiled. I can't rec'lect all he said, but 'twas 'bout the orders in the Church, the deac'ns an' presbyter'ans an' bishops, an' he talked 'bout the creed an' other art'cles, an' collicks an' lit'nies, an' all them litigical things. He did talk beautiful, I own it myself, an' my mouth was all in my heart for a spell, for Coretty kep' so still, an' seemed 's if she was a-listenin' an' med'tatin'. But in a minnit I see she was jest countin' her stitches to set her seam, an' I was r'lieved. An' when he got through talkin' he handed her a prayer-book, jest a com-mon one, he called it, an' a little cat'-chism. Coretty took 'em, perlite 's ye please, an' she looked 't the covers, an' she says, very p'lite, 'Much obleeged to ye, sir, but they don't seemter int'rest me

someway. I can make up prayers for myself, 'f it's all the same to you,' she says, still dreffle p'lite; 'an' this cat'chism don't seem to go t' the right spot, 's fur as I'm consarned,' says she, not op'nin' it 't all, 'but I'm jest 's much obleeged to ye,' an' she went on knittin'.

"Then Elder Day he op'ned the subjeck o' Baptistry. Fust sister Coretty lis'ned p'litely 's she had afore, but he hadn't hardly got to his sec'ndly afore she pricked up her ears an' jumped 's if suthin' 'd hit her, an' she lay down her stockin' an' stiffened up, an' she looked him right in the eye; an' 'fore he was half-way to the thirdly she broke out, an' she says: 'Elder Day, I don't want to be imp'lite to comp'ny in my sister's house, an' me jest arriv, but there's suthin' in me that reely can't stand them doctrines o' yourn another minnit, they rile me so. No, I *won't* stand it!' she says, with her face all red, an' her eyes snappin', an' she b'gun to gether up her things, an' git up outer her cheer for a run. But I went up ter her an' whispered to her, an' sorter smoothed her down, for I see what 'twas, an' 't old Knapp feelin' 'gainst Baptists that 'd ben growin' up an' 'ncreasin' for cent'ries was all comin' inside on her t' wunst an' tearin' her up; but Elder Day he jest said, 's pleasant 's pie-crust, he says, 'Let her 'lone, Miss Knapp, an' I'll read her a soothin' varse or two,' and he up with a little leather-covered book, an' he read out:

'A few drops of water dropped from a man's hand,
They call it baptissum an' think it will stan'
On the head of a child that is under the cuss,
But that has no warrant in Scripter for us.'

"He was goin' on, but Coretty she jest jumped up, makin' her cheer fall over with a bang, an' she slat her work down an' run outer the room, her knittin' bobbin' a'ter her, for the ball o' yarn was in her pocket. I went a'ter her to coax her back, but she kep' a-sayin', 'Oh, Loretty, what's the matter o' me! I'm jest bilin' an' bubblin' an' swellin' up inside, an' I feel 's if nothin' could help me but burnin' up a few Baptists,' she says. An' I says, 'Keep 's quiet 's you can, sister; it's dreffle tryin', I know, an' it's all come on you t' wunst—the strong Knapp feelin' agin 'em—but come back to the keepin'-room an' we'll change the subjeck.' An' she come. An' then Priest O'Conner, the Cath'lic, he begun at her, an' he was jest 's smooth 's silk, an' he talked reel fluent 'bout the saints, an' purg't'ry, an' Fridays, an' the bach'lor state for min'sters, an' penances, an' I d' know whatall. An' Coretty she was hard at work at her knittin', an' when he stopped to take breath, an' pull out some beads an' medals an' jingly trink'ts o' that sort, she kinder started 's if she'd jest waked up, an' she says, ''Xcuse me, Mr. O'Conner, I lost the thread o' what you was sayin' for a minnit, but I won't trubble ye to go over 't agin; I don't seemter take to Cath'lics, an' I never wear beads.' An' she went on knittin'.

"An' so 'twas with 'em all—'Piscople, Baptist, Meth'dist—ev'ry livin' soul on 'em, they done their best, an' never p'duced any impression 't all. But bimeby P'fessor Phelps, o' the Congr'ation'l Sem'nary, he got his turn, an' b'gun. Oh, how she did jest drink it in! She dropped her knittin' an' set up and leaned forrud, an' she smiled, an' nodded her head, an' beat her hands up an' down, an' tapped her foot 's if she was hearin' the takin'est music; she 'most purred, she seemed so comfort'ble an' sat'sfied. Oncet in a while she'd up an' say suthin' herself 'fore he could say it. Frinstance, when he come to foreord'nation an' says, 'My good woman, I hope soon ter 'xplain to you 'bout the won'ful decrees o' God, an' how they are His etarnel purpose, an' ''— 'Don't put yerself out to do that, p'fessor,' she says. 'O' course I know 't accordin' to the couns'l of His own will He 'th foreordained whats'ever cometh to pass; but I'd jest like to hear you preach on that subjeck.' An' when he alluded to some havin' ben 'lected to everlastin' life, she says, kinder low, to herself like, 'Out of His mere good pleasure from all etarnity, I s'pose.' The very words o' the cat'chism, ye see, an' she never goin' to weekly cat'chism or monthly r'view! An' when he stopped a minnit she says, all 'xcited like, 'Now I call *that* talk, an' it's the very fust I've heerd tonight.' Then he took a book out of his pocket. 'Twas a copy of the old New England primer, with whity-blue covers outside an' the cat'chism inside, an' he says, 'Miss Knapp, p'raps you ain't f'miliar with this little book, but—' She ketched it right outer his hand, an' the tears they come right up inter her eyes, an' she says, in a shaky voice, 'I don't think I ever see 't afore, p'fessor, but it 'pears to be the Westminster Shorter.' Then she jest give way an' cried all over it till 'twas soppin'. An' she did jest hang

on ter his words when he come to the prob'ble futur' o' most folks, an' how the [illegible] says they're 'numer His wrath an' cuss, an' so made li'ble to all the mis'ries o' this life, to death itself, an' the pains o' hell f'rever.' She jest kep' time to them words with her head an' her hands an' her feet 's if 'twas an old toon she'd knowed all her born days.

[illegible] straight through; they tried her on ev'rything, an' 'twas [illegible] picked an' kep' all the Knappses had allus stood to, an' throwed away what the Knappses 'd d'sliked. She 'most pitched her knittin', ball an' all, at the Dem'cratic newspaper man; an' when the Connet'cut *Cur'nt* ed'tor laid down the Whig platform, she called out loud: 'I'm on that; that's my pol'cy. Who's our cand'date?' Poor Mr. Gallagher, he didn't make out to c'mmunicate with her 's he 'xpected. He tried her on a Bible story in signs, but a'ter lookin' at him a minnit she turned 'way an' says: 'Poor creeter, can't he talk any? He must 'a ben cast away some time, I guess, an' 'tis sorter dum'ing to the speech, as I orter know. But he'll pick 't up agin.' An' the doctor from the crazies, an' the p'fessor from Wash'n't'n Collige, they tried all kinds o' brainy tricks on her, but her head was 's sound as their own, an' made on the good old Knapp patt'n. An'—oh, I wish you could 'a seen how foolish Dr. Barnes looked when she says to him, a'ter he'd op'ned out his infiddle b'liefs—or unb'liefs. Says she: 'Now, you jest hush up. I sh'd think you'd be ashamed, a'ter livin' here in a Christian land 'mong Congr'ation'lists all your days, an' not know who made you, an' what your chief eend is, an' what the Scripters prine'p'ly teach. Even I knowed that,' she says, 'an' me in a heath'n land [illegible]

"I'm spinnin' out my story in reel Knapp way—they're a long-winded lot—but I'll try to bind off now. But fust I must tell ye 'bout the time I showed Co[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on flowers, an' had dreffle pretty ones on th' island, kinder tropicky an' queer, but she wanted ter see some hum ones. So I took her out an' showed her my beds. 'Twas July, an' my gard'n was like a rainbow, or a patch-work coun'ter all colors. She walked round an' looked at the roses an' pinks [illegible] [illegible] pleased. 'But somehow I'm kinder dis'p'inted too,' she says; 'I d' know why, but there's suthin' lackin'.' I jest kep' still, an' kinder led her 'long down the walk to the corner 'hind the row o' box, an' fust she knowed she was standin' by the bed o' butterneggs. She stood stock-still a minnit, then she held up both hands an' cried out, 'Oh, C'rinthians!'

"'Twas the fust time she'd ever used the 'xpression; there never 'd ben any 'casion for 't, for she'd had sech a quiet sorter life. A'ter that she was allus hangin' round that bed, like a cat round a valerium patch, 'tendin' them posies, weedin' 'em, wat'rin', tyin' 'em up, pickin' 'em, wearin' 'em, an' keepin' 'em in her room. 'Twas a dreffle comfort to have her with me; but 'twa'n't to last; I see that 'most 's soon 's she got settled down with me. She b'gun to droop an' wilt down, an' to look pindlin' an' lean like, an' bleached out. I tried not to see it, an' talked 's if 'twas change o' air, an' givin' up her r'tired life, an 's if she'd soon pick up, an' grow to a good old Knapp age. But when she b'gun to c'mplain o' feelin' creepy an' goose-fleshy an' shiv'ry, to say her head was het up' an' her feet 'most froze, I couldn't shet my eyes to 't no longer; I knowed the sympt'ms too well; it was the old Knapp enemy, dum'-aigger. She was awful young for that, not forty yit, an' the Knappses mostly lived to eighty or ninety. But I'll tell you how I reas'ned 't out to myself. The fam'ly—the rest on 'em—was all their lives takin' in gradjal like, stronger an' stronger, 's they could bear 'em, the Knapp b'liefs. One a'ter t'other they got 'em, like teeth, an' so they could stand it. But jest think on 't a minnit, that poor dear gal took in all them b'liefs—an' strong ones they was, too, the strongest goin'—in jest a few days' time. Foreord'nation, 'lection, etarn'l pun'shment, the Whig platform, Congr'ation'l s'ciety gov'nment, United States langwidge, white-oak cheese, butterneggs—in short, the hull set o' Knapp ways, she took 'em all, 's you might say, 't one big swaller. No wonder they disagreed with her, an' left her nothin' for 't but to take the only one left 't she hadn't took a'ready—the Knapp shakes!

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout it to her; I never spoke o' the fam'ly trubble 't all, an' I knowed she'd never heard on 't in her life. She kep' up an' 'bout for a spell, but one day she come to see me, an' she

says, very quiet an' carm, 'Loretty, 'f ye'll give me the sarcepan I'll jest set some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' put a strip o' red flann'l round my neck an' go to bed.' My heart sunk 'way down 's I heerd her; but I see 't she'd left out some o' the receipt, so I hoped 'twan't so bad's I feared. But jest 's she was goin' inter her bedroom she turned round an' says, 'An' mebbe a peppergrass poult'ce on the bottoms o' my feet would be a good an' drawin' thing,' she says. There was a lump in my throat, but I thinks to myself, 'Never mind, 'f she don't 'lude to the piller.' An' I was pickin' the peppergrass an' wond'rin' if 'twas the smell o' that 't made my eyes so wet an' smarty, when she calls me softly, an' she says, 'Sister, I'm dreffle sorry to trubble ye, but 'f you could give me another piller, a hard, thin one, I'd be 'bleeged.' Then I knowed 'twas all over, an' I never had a grain o' hope agin.

"You'll 'xcuse me, ladies, from talkin' much more 'bout that time. I think on't 'nough, dear knows: I dream on't, an' wake with my piller all wet, but 'tain't good for me to say too much 'bout it. She wa'n't sick long; her dum'-aigger wa'n't very chronic, 's the doctors says, but sharp an' quick. An' jest three weeks from the day she come home to me she'd added one more to the long list o' things she'd had to larn in sech a lim'ted per'od, poor gal, an' took in the Knapp way o' dyin'.

"An' 'twas a quiet way, peace'ble, still like, not makin' no great fuss 'bout it, but ready an' willin'. She didn't want much waitin' on, only fresh posies—butterneggs o' course—in the wineglass on the stand by her bed; an' ye may be sure she allus had 'em there. An' I picked all I had, an' stuck 'em in pitchers an' mugs an' bowls, an' stood 'em on the mantel-shelf, an' on the chest o' drawers, an' any place 't would hold 'em, an' the room was all lit up with 'em—an' with her hope an' faith an' patient ways too—an' so she seemed to pass right through a shinin' yeller path till we lost sight on her, where it ended, I 'ain't the leastest doubt, in the gold'n streets o' heav'n.

"But I 'xpect to see her agin 'fore very long. There's more o' the fam'ly t'other side than there is here now, an' when I think o' all the tribe o' Knappses in that land 'cross the river, why, I think I'd be kinder glad to go there myself; 'twould be most like goin' to Thanksgivin' 't the old homestid. An' I was sayin' to Marthy H—— yest'day—or 'twas a'ter me now, ye know—'t I had a kinder creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' sometimes, 't my head was all het up, an' my feet 'most froze, an' I guessed she better be lookin' at the yarb bags up garr't, an' layin' in a little red flann'l, in case o' any sickness in the fam'ly. An', 'Marthy,' I says, 'I s'pose there's a harder piller in the house 'n the one I'm usin'—a thin one, you know.' An' I *am* glad the butterneggs is comin' in seas'n."

As we came away from the little brown house and drove along toward Greenwich we were silent for a little. Then I exclaimed: "Jane Benedict, how much truth is there in that wild tale? Was her sister shipwrecked, and did she appear after many days? For pity's sake enlighten me, for my head is 'all het up,' as Aunt Loretty would say!"

"She was an only child," answered Jane, calmly, as she touched Billy lightly with the whip. "I believe her father was a sailor, and was lost at sea. She herself lived as house-keeper for many years with Dr. Lounsbury, of Stamford, who wrote that queer book on heredity—*Heirship*, I think he called it. Perhaps she imbibed some of his ideas."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SURGERY.

BY [illegible], M.D.

IN no department of medicine has there been more rapid and in many respects more astonishing progress in recent years than in surgery. This progress is due chiefly to two things—the introduction of antiseptic methods, and to what we have learned from laboratory work and experiments upon animals.

It has long been known that a simple fracture, in which the skin is unbroken, and a "compound" fracture, in which the skin is broken and the air has easy access to the fractured bone, were vastly different in their dangers; but *why* the communication with the air was so dangerous was a mystery. Of late years, however, the

germs existing in the atmosphere and on every material coming into contact with the wound, such as dirty clothing, ordinarily clean instruments, the skin of the patient, the hands of the surgeon, and the dressings, have been investigated by a large number of observers, and it has been abundantly proved that infection comes not from the wound *per se*, but from the exterior, and that this infection from without is the cause of inflammation and of its speedy sequel, the formation of "pus" (that is, "matter"). Once that pus begins to form, fever, abscesses, blood-poisoning, gangrene, erysipelas, one or all, may start up into ominous and fatal activity. Inflammation and suppuration (that is, the formation of pus), then, are the causes of all these evil processes. They are all called briefly "septic" (that is, "poisonous") processes. Hence "antiseptic" methods are those that prevent inflammation and suppuration.

Now we see why a compound fracture, or any other "open" wound (that is, one in which the protective defence of the skin is destroyed), is so much more dangerous than a simple fracture, or a subcutaneous wound. It arises from the fact that these septic germs, or "microbes," have easy access to the tissues, and once there, multiply with almost incredible rapidity,* and quickly set up inflammation and suppuration and their consequences. At first it was thought that the chief danger lay in atmospheric germs, but later investigations have proved that the skin of the patient, and especially the hands of the surgeon, and his instruments and sponges, and even his dressings, are far more frequent sources of infection.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate the difference between the old, or "septic," and the new, or "antiseptic," surgery than by describing two amputations, one such as was commonly done, for instance, during the late war, and the other such as is done now by every good surgeon. In fact, it is only within the last ten or fifteen years that antiseptic surgery has become generalized in the profession.

Let us suppose an amputation above the [illegible] the best surgeon

* [illegible] than a grain, if it have ample room and abundant food, will increase so rapidly that in twenty-four [illegible] in three days they would form a mass weighing 800 [illegible]

of the late war. The arm was not specially prepared, except that it would be cleaned of its coarse dirt arising from the accident, but that would be all. The instruments were taken out of an ordinary case and placed on a table, and during the operation were frequently placed upon the patient's clothing, soiled often by the accident necessitating the operation, as well as by more or less wearing. If the instruments or sponges fell upon the floor, they would be picked up, dipped into water, and then used with innocent equanimity. The sponges, washed and dried from the last operation, were simply thrown into a basin of ordinary water. The hands of the surgeon were as clean as a gentleman would always keep his hands. The amputation having been done, the arteries were tied with silk threads (called "ligatures"), one end of each being left long. These ends were left hanging out of the wound at any convenient place, and in an amputation of a muscular thigh might number a score or more. Hemorrhage having been checked, the two flaps were sewed together with wire or silk threads, called "sutures." In threading the needle, the thread would often be shaped into a point by the lips, or, after being wetted with septic saliva, would be rolled between septic fingers. A piece of lint, or often a piece of soft old linen "rag," spread with some grease, was placed upon the stump, and a suitable bandage applied. The next day the dressings were removed, and the wound was redressed in a similar manner. At the end of twenty-four or forty-eight hours a fever would set in, called in our textbooks "surgical fever," thus assuming that a surgical operation always resulted in such a fever; nor was the assumption erroneous. This would continue for several days, the temperature ranging from 102° to 104° or 105° F. In a few days, when suppuration became established (and this was almost always expected by the surgeon), the fever would gradually subside, and later the suppuration also would diminish. At the end of a week or ten days the surgeon would pull gently on each silk ligature, to see if it had rotted loose from the blood-vessel and could be removed. If the wound became unduly inflamed, poultices would be applied; and finally, after three or four weeks, the ligatures would all have been removed, and the wound would soon be healed. Very

rarely, indeed, would a wound heal without suppuration. If it did, it always excited remark, and would be recounted as a surgical triumph. Often, on the other hand, grave complications arose by the formation of abscesses; erysipelas and gangrene were fertile sources of danger, and very often of death; while secondary hemorrhage—that is, hemorrhage following premature rotting of the ligatures on the blood vessels—was always a possible and frequently an actual and formidable danger to life. A serious operation from which the patient recovered in less than a month was a "remarkable case."

Contrast this with a similar operation performed to-day by any ordinarily well-instructed surgeon. The day beforehand, the skin in a wide area around the site of the proposed operation will first be scrubbed by a nail-brush with soap and water, then with ether, then with some antiseptic solution, most frequently at the present day a solution of corrosive sublimate, one part to one thousand of water, and then covered with an antiseptic dressing until the operation is begun. The object of this is to free the skin from dirt and fatty matter, making it *surgically* clean and free from germs. Even the immaculate hands of a bride, surgically speaking, are dirty! The instruments will have been boiled in a covered vessel for fifteen minutes, or disinfected by carbolic acid or some equivalent germicide, and are then placed in a tray filled with an antiseptic solution. In the cleaning of them after the last operation all rough and more or less inaccessible places where germs may accumulate (especially, for instance, the joints) will have been scrupulously disinfected. If during the operation an instrument is laid down, it is never placed on the clothing of the patient, but either is replaced in the tray, or laid upon towels which have been dipped in a solution of corrosive sublimate and spread all over the patient's person and clothing all around the field of operation.

After an operation the sponges are thrown away if they have become infected from pus; but if not, they are very carefully disinfected, and then kept permanently in a carbolic solution. At the next operation they are placed in a tray containing some antiseptic, or at least water which has been boiled, for heat has been found to be one of the best antiseptics. If a sponge or an instrument fall on the floor, it is laid aside, or before being used again is thoroughly disinfected. The hands of the surgeon will next receive especial care. First they are scrubbed with soap and water and a nail-brush. Then the nails are cleaned anew, for the dirt which accumulates under them is found to be one of the most fruitful sources of infection. Then the hands are washed in pure alcohol, and lastly, while wet, are again scrubbed with the antiseptic solution, the nails again receiving great care. If during the operation the hands touch anything not itself already disinfected, they must again be disinfected.

These precautions being complete, the operation is begun. The blood-vessels are tied with catgut or silk which has been disinfected, and *both* ends are cut *short*. These ligatures are not irritating, like the non-disinfected silk formerly used. As no end hangs out, they are never pulled upon, but are slowly absorbed, and nothing is ever heard of them again. In consequence of this the blood-vessels are never afterward disturbed, and secondary hemorrhage is now one of the rarest complications following an operation. A disinfected rubber tube, with holes in it for draining away the wound fluids, which ooze from the raw surfaces for some time, is then inserted between the flaps, with a bundle of horse-hairs alongside of it. The flaps are now united by sutures of catgut, disinfected as before, or sutures of wire or of silk similarly prepared. A large soft dressing of many layers of dry cheese-cloth is next applied by a bandage. This dressing has been thoroughly impregnated with corrosive sublimate or other antiseptic solution. The finest linen or lint, clean as the driven snow to the ordinary eye, is dirty to the eye of an antiseptic surgeon, since it is not cleansed from the microscopic germs that will surely cause infection. At the end of twenty-four hours the drainage tube is removed, the horse-hairs being sufficient for the slight later drainage, and another similar dressing of dry antiseptic cheese-cloth is applied. The horse-hairs are entirely removed after four or five days.

The temperature of the patient scarcely rises above the normal. Apart from the discomfort of the ether-vomiting, from shock, and from loss of blood (from all of which the patient generally recovers in twenty-four hours or less), he will suffer

but little pain. It is not an infrequent thing to see a patient recover, even from a severe operation, without having suffered any pain, or having lost a single meal, excepting, of course, those of the day of the operation. By the fifth or the tenth day, when the second dressing will be applied, the wound is well. No complications ought to occur, saving in exceptional cases. Secondary hemorrhage is unknown. Primary union of the flaps is now always expected. The formation of pus is a rare accident; if it does occur, the surgeon asks himself, "What mistake did I make?"

Let us see now what the results have been in amputations. In Professor Billroth's clinic in Vienna, in the seventeen years from 1860 to 1877, there were 315 major amputations done (*i. e.*, excluding fingers and toes) in the most approved methods of the days before antiseptics were introduced. Of these, 173, or 54 per cent., died. From 1877 to 1880, 91 such amputations were done by the same surgeon with antiseptic precautions, and the mortality fell to 18, that is, 19.7 per cent. Of the 91 cases, 56 were uncomplicated cases, of whom not one died. The general rates of mortality in amputations in different hospitals in the days before antiseptics were employed have ranged from 23 to over 53 per cent. Since the introduction of antiseptics some idea of the saving of life, to say nothing of the immense decrease of pain and suffering, may be gathered from the following additional figures: In Von Brun's clinic, 47 major amputations were done antiseptically, and not one died. Busch reports 57 similar amputations, with a mortality of 3.5 per cent., Schede, 31 amputations, with a mortality of 4.37 per cent., Socin, 48 amputations, and a mortality of zero, and Volkmann, 220 amputations, with a mortality of but 3.5 per cent.! I have purposely quoted the statistics of six operators so as to show that it is not the man, but the method, which has yielded such splendid results.

This perfection has been reached by an immense deal of labor on the part of many observers, first and foremost, *primus inter pares*, Sir Joseph Lister, now of London. The experiments have been made chiefly in two directions. First, on animals, to discover what was the best method of treating wounds, and especially to select the best material for ligatures and sutures by which to tie the bleeding vessels and unite the flaps, the object being to obtain that material which would not carry infection, and which, at an early date, would be entirely absorbed. These experiments upon animals have been attended with but little pain, and in many cases practically none, for they, too, have been done antiseptically. The results shown above attest the immense value of the investigations. Yet the anti-vivisection laws in England are so hostile to all humane progress in surgery that when, a few years since, Sir Joseph Lister desired to carry on some experiments with a view to still greater perfection, he was obliged to leave London and go to France in order to perform them. After experimenting in animals with ligatures, with sutures, and with disinfectants in the various modes of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, then followed the crucial test in man—a test only justified by the good results first obtained in animals. These trials have from time to time been followed by modifications in detail, but practically none in principle.

Secondly, this result has been attained by a painstaking study of the entire life history of the many varieties of microbes or bacteria now known to exist; what distinguishes one from another, and what favors and what hinders the development of each. Next the effects of their intentional inoculation in animals were observed; and then the results of their occurrence in man in various diseases and accidents. In fact, this study of bacteria is now a distinct science, known as bacteriology, and has among its students some of the most noted names in medicine. One of the practical results of such scientific study of bacteriology is seen in the recent immense improvement of our treatment of that dangerous accident already alluded to—compound fractures. The statistics of compound fractures from a half-dozen of the best hospitals of America and Europe for varying periods from twelve to twenty years before the introduction of antiseptic methods gave a mortality varying from 26 to 68 per cent., the majority of deaths being from serious complications due to blood-poisoning. The introduction of antiseptics caused a falling off of the death rate of Billroth's cases in Vienna to *one-tenth* of what it formerly was, and in the other hospitals in similar though varying pro-

pneumonia. Still more remarkable are the results recently reported by Dennis of New York. Of 446 compound fractures of all grades, from the most severe down, of which 385 belonged to the class of severe fractures, only two died, the mortality being less than *one-half of one per cent.* Less than two in 400 in contrast to the rate previous to the introduction of modern surgical methods of from 104 up to 272 in 400! At present his list of cases extends to about 900 without a single death from blood-poisoning. Nothing can add force to such a statement.

Besides these very remarkable results in the almost certain and painless healing of severe accidents and of operation wounds within the last few years, as a result of the scientific studies just noted, many other achievements have been made possible by them in modern surgery, to which I must now allude.

The two regions of the body in which the most marvellous advance has been made are the abdomen and the head. Twenty-five years ago, to open the cavity of the abdomen and explore the peritoneum (a thin membrane which lines the entire cavity and covers all its contents) was a step from which every prudent surgeon shrunk. If it were opened by accident, there was nothing left for us but to do the best we could, and usually the best meant, in the absence of antiseptic methods, to look on until the patient died, helpless to do aught except administer a few anodynes until death came to his relief.

During the war of the rebellion there were sixty-four cases of wounds of the stomach, and only one recovered. Otis estimated the mortality at 99 per cent. In over 650 cases of wounds of the intestines there are recorded in the literature of the war only five cases of recovery from wounds of the small intestine, and fifty-nine from wounds of the large intestine. A gunshot wound in the abdomen was looked upon as almost necessarily fatal. Surgeons did not dare to open the abdomen, either to search for the ball, to close a fatal perforation of the bowels, or to check hemorrhage.

America can rightly boast of playing the chief rôle in effecting the change that has taken place. The elder Gross long since led the way by his experiments on dogs, but we owe our present boldness and success chiefly to the experiments of Parkes, Bull, and Senn—all Americans—who have first shown in animals that it was safe and right, with antiseptic methods, to interfere actively for the health and healing of our patients. While it is true that a small rear-guard in the surgical army would fold their hands and give opium until the patient died, there is scarcely a man abreast with modern ideas who in such a case would not open the abdomen, tie bleeding vessels, sew up a rupture or wound of the stomach or bowels, remove a lacerated kidney, and in general repair any damage done. Of course large numbers of such patients, either from immediate hemorrhage, or from the severity of the wound inflicted, must always die. But, to say nothing of the numerous other cases in which recovery has followed operative interference in such wounds, even though multiple, the possibilities of modern surgery are well shown in a case reported by Senn, in which eleven perforations of the bowel were sewed up, and another case of Hamilton's, in which there was so extraordinary a number as thirteen wounds of the intestines, besides wounds of the omentum and the mesentery, and yet both of these patients made uninterrupted recoveries! In a recent table by Morton of nineteen cases of stab wounds (all, of course, by dirty knives, and one even by a ragged splinter of dirty wood) with hemorrhage and protrusion of the bowels, twelve recovered and but seven died, and even of 110 gunshot wounds of the intestines in which the abdomen was opened, 36 lives were saved.

If this be the admirable showing in wounds attended by infection from dirty knives, from the dirt on the clothing, and from the ground on which wounded persons would fall, it is no wonder that, with [illegible] surgeons have dared not only to open the abdominal cavity to verify a probable diagnosis, or to perform an operation, but to go still further and to open the abdomen to *make* a diagnosis. It is often impossible to make an absolute diagnosis from external examination alone, not only on account of the inherent difficulty from the close grouping of so many organs within the abdominal cavity, but even in cases apparently not obscure we may be in error. At the present day it is not only considered justifiable and not unreasonably dangerous to open the abdomen for the removal of tumors that are clearly fit for operation, but in a very large number of

doubtful cases it is the *duty* of the surgeon to make a small opening directly [illegible] what the nature of the tumor or other disorder is, and, having determined its nature, to proceed to its removal, if the facts warrant it: if not, the abdominal wound is closed, and the patient almost always recovers from the incision. So slight is the danger from such "exploratory operations," as they are rightly called, that it is not to be weighed for a moment against the advantages derived from positive knowledge.

The most remarkable statistics recently published are those of Mr. Tait, and a mere statement of his percentages will go far to convince the non-medical public of the correctness of the above statements, startling as they appear to one unfamiliar with modern surgical progress. Mr. Tait has completed a second series of 1000 cases in which he opened the abdomen for the removal of tumors, for abscesses, for exploration, etc. In his first 1000 cases only 92 patients died (9.2 per cent.), and in the second 1000 only 53 died (5.3 per cent.). In ovariotomy alone the percentage fell from 8.1 in the first 1000 to 3.3 in the second. Only a quarter of a century ago the mortality of ovariotomy was but little if at all under 50 per cent. I have heard the first obstetrician of his day, when I was a student, say that any man who dared to open the abdomen to remove an ovarian tumor should be indicted for murder! Sir Spencer Wells, even with the far larger mortality of his earlier days, added 20,000 years to human life as the net result of [illegible] to see even his great success far surpassed by the best surgeons; and all over the civilized world, even the average surgeon is followed by benedictions for recovery in ninety out of every hundred of such operations.

Surgeons have even successfully removed tumors that after removal weighed more than all the rest of the patient's [illegible] removal of abdominal tumors. In a considerable number of cases of cancer of the stomach the diseased part of the stomach itself has been removed, the edges sewed [illegible] a good recovery. Of course, however, the disease often returns, and is eventually fatal. In cases of cancer and obstruction of the bowels, or of extensive wounds, even three or four feet of the bowel have been completely removed, the ends sewed together, and the patients have recovered. In other cases, instead of removing the diseased part, openings have been made in the bowel, one above and one below the disease, the two openings being then placed opposite each other and united by their margins, and the continuity of the bowel has been thus successfully re-established, the intestinal contents following the "short-cut" thus provided. This very new operation has only been done in man in a very small number of cases, but the mortality in dogs is only 7.69 per cent., and as our procedure will improve by experience, it will probably be even less in the human subject.

When the spleen is enlarged, it also has been successfully removed in ninety cases, followed by fifty-one recoveries. Occasionally the spleen, instead of being fixed in its place, is loose or "floating" in the abdominal cavity. In ten cases these have been removed, with eight recoveries.

Another remarkable achievement of abdominal surgery is in operations on the gall-bladder. Occasionally a number of gall-stones* are formed in the gall-bladder or its duct and produce dangerous and often fatal disease. In seventy-eight cases now recorded the gall-bladder has been opened, the gall-stones removed, and sixty-four of the patients have recovered. Not satisfied even with this, in twenty-two cases the entire gall-bladder itself has been removed to prevent any recurrence of the disease, and nineteen of the patients have demonstrated the fact that they could get along quite as well without such an apparently useless appendage as with it; in fact, in their cases at least, a good deal better. In 100 operations, therefore, on the gall-bladder the mortality has only been 17 per cent. Mr. Tait himself has performed 54 such operations, and has lost but 2 patients, a mortality of less than 4 per cent. Considerable portions of the liver have also been removed with success, one of the operations being necessitated as a direct result of the use of corsets, in the opinion of the operator.

Operations on the kidney are among the most remarkable triumphs of abdominal surgery. In 1869 Simon of Heidel-

* These stones arise from the bile, and are often as large as marbles. Sometimes only one exists, but sometimes there are even hundreds of them.

berg had a patient suffering from various troubles [illegible] the kidney. After many experiments on dogs to determine whether it was possible for them to live with one kidney, after the sudden removal of its fellow, he ventured to remove this otherwise healthy organ, and the patient lived for eight years in perfect health. Since then very many such operations have been done, and the latest results are as follows: In 375 cases of entire removal of one kidney in consequence of its being hopelessly diseased, 197 lives were saved. In 95 cases of abscesses and other diseases, in which the kidney was cut down upon in the loin or abdomen, and the kidney opened and drained, 76 lives were saved. In 102 cases in which stones were removed from the kidney, 76 lives were saved, and in 25 cases in which the kidney (as in the case of the spleen above referred to) was "floating" around loose in the abdomen, and a source of discomfort and pain, it had been cut down upon, sewed fast in its proper place, and all but one got well, and even this one death was from injudicious surgery. A total of 597 operations on the kidney shows, therefore, recovery and in general complete restoration to health in 373. Had the patients been let alone (as they would have been prior to Simon's experiments in 1869), *almost every one would have died*, and that too after weeks, or years it might be, of horrible pain and loathsome disease.

But the most extraordinary achievement of modern surgery remains to be told. In the *Lancet* for December 20, 1884, Dr. Bennett and Mr. Godlee* published an article which startled the surgical world. Dr. Bennett had diagnosticated not only the existence, but the exact locality of a tumor in the brain, of which not the least visible evidence existed on the exterior of the skull, and asked Mr. Godlee to attempt its removal. The head was opened and the brain exposed. No tumor was seen, but so certain were they of the diagnosis that Mr. Godlee boldly cut open the healthy brain and discovered a tumor the size of a walnut and removed it. After doing well for three weeks, inflammation set in, and the patient died on the twenty-sixth day. But, like the failure of the first Atlantic cable, it pointed the way to success, and now there have been 20 tumors removed from the brain, of which 17 have been removed from the cerebrum with 13 recoveries, and three from the more dangerous region of the cerebellum, all of which proved fatal. Until this recent innovation *every* case of tumor of the brain was absolutely hopeless. The size of the tumors successfully removed has added to the astonishment with which surgeons view the fact of their ability to remove them at all. Tumors measuring as much as three and four inches in diameter and weighing from a quarter to over a third of a pound have been removed and the patients have recovered.

Another disease formerly almost invariably fatal is abscess of the brain. In the majority of cases this comes as a result of long-standing disease of the ear, which, after a while, involves the bone and finally the brain. So long ago as 1879 Mr. Macewen, of Glasgow, diagnosticated an abscess in the brain, and wished to operate upon it. The parents declined the operation, and the patient died. After death Macewen operated precisely as he would have done during life, found the abscess and evacuated the pus, thus showing how he could probably have saved the child's life. Since then the cases treated in such a manner amount to scores, and more than half of them have recovered without a bad symptom.

In injuries of the skull involving the brain, the larger arteries are sometimes wounded, and the blood that is poured out between the skull and the brain produces such pressure as to be speedily fatal. In some cases, even without any wound, the larger arteries are ruptured by a blow or fall, and a similar result follows the hemorrhage. Nowadays, in both of these injuries, any well-instructed surgeon will open the head, secure the bleeding vessel, and turn out the clot, with a good chance of recovery in a large number of cases. Even gunshot wounds of the brain are no longer necessarily fatal. Among a number of other successful cases one has been recently reported in which the ball went all the way from the forehead to the back of the head, and after striking the bone, rebounded into the brain. The back of the skull was opened, the ball removed, and a rubber drainage tube of the calibre of a lead-pencil passed in the track of the ball completely through the head, and the patient recovered. So little danger now attaches to opening the skull, with antiseptic precautions similar to those already de-

* Surgeons in England, it should be stated, are never called "Dr.," but "Mr."

ing (Seydel) estimates that trephining *per se* is fatal only in 1.6 per cent. of the

operations on the brain, in which, without anything on the exterior to indicate its situation, the site of the disease was correctly located in all, and nine of them re-

Almost equally astonishing are the results of brain surgery in certain cases of epilepsy: for the surgical treatment of

been attended with the most brilliant results. In these cases the spasm begins in a particular part of the body, for example, the hand or the thumb, or it is limited to one arm, or to one side of the body. Some of them have been operated upon without

and either benefited, or, in not a few cases, have been completely restored to health. That the words "brilliant results" are not inappropriate will certainly be granted when we look at Mr. Horsley's table of cases. One patient had 2870 epileptic convulsions in thirteen days, and completely recovered, not only from the operation but also from his terrible malady, after the removal of a diseased portion of the brain, the result of an old depressed fracture of the skull. Besides this, a few cases of headache so inveterate as to make ordinary occupations impossible and life itself a burden have been cured by trephining the skull.

such an operation in cases in which it has followed injuries to the head. What the ultimate result of these recently inaugurated operations will be it is impossible to tell as yet, but thus far they have been so beneficent and so wonderful as to arouse not only our greatest astonishment, but also our most sanguine hopes.

The question will naturally arise how it is that the neurologists can determine so exactly the location of such tumors,

alterations of tissue giving rise to epilepsy and other disorders mentioned, without the slightest indication on the exterior of the skull to point to the diseased spot. That this is of supreme importance in the brain will be evident upon a moment's reflection. In other parts of the body,

two, it is of comparatively little importance, as the incision can be easily prolonged, and heals readily. But in the skull, from the very nature of the bony envelope, an error of an inch or two means almost certain failure to find the disease, and means, therefore, possibly the death of the patient.

It is impossible within the limit of this paper to state in detail the method, but the following brief sketch may give some idea of it. Whatever can be advanced against vivisection, there is this to be said in its favor, that without it the exact localization of cerebral tumors and other such lesions, which is one of the chief glories of the present day, would be impossible. We owe our knowledge of the location of cerebral functions to many observers, chief of whom are Ferrier and Horsley, of England; Fritsch, Hitzig, and Goltz, of Germany. Horsley's method will suffice as a type.

The brain of a monkey having been exposed at the part to be investigated, the poles of a battery are applied over squares one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, and all the various movements which occur (if any) are minutely studied. One square having been studied, the next is stimulated, and the results are again noted, and so on from square to square. These movements are then tabulated. For example, all those adjacent squares which, when stimulated, produce movements of the thumb are called the region for representation of the thumb, or, shortly, "the thumb centre"; and to all those squares which produce movements of the hand, the elbow, the shoulder, or the face, etc., are given corresponding names. In this way the brain has been mapped out, region by region, and the same minute, patient study given to each.

These animals, I should add, are etherized so that they do not suffer the least pain. I may also say in passing that such operations, with few exceptions, even without ether, are not painful. The brain itself can be handled, compressed, cut, or torn without the least pain. A number of cases have already been reported in which a considerable portion of the human brain has been removed by operation and the patients have been out on the street within a week, without pain, fever, or a single dose of medicine.

Studying in this way the brain of the lower animals, we now have a very fair knowledge of the localization of many of

its functions. With the functions of the front part we are as yet not familiar. The part which lies, roughly speaking, behind and in front of one of the chief fissures of the brain (the fissure of Rolando, which runs downward and forward above the ear, is known as the "motor region." In this region the different centres have been mapped out in the monkey's brain, and have been verified in the brain of man many times. Most of that part of the brain above and behind the ear has no special functions that we know of at present, except one region, which is the centre for sight. Injury to this produces blindness of the half of each retina on the same side as the injury to the brain. But it is extremely difficult to obtain in the lower animals any evidence of the special senses other than that of touch, the abolition of which produces loss of feeling, of which we can get exact evidence. Motion and sensation, therefore, are the two things that can be most readily determined.

Having now ascertained in animals the location of the particular centres, the next step is to apply this knowledge to the human brain in judging of the processes of disease. But it will be easily seen that the experiments that disease performs in a human brain are clumsy, spread over a wide area, and therefore often difficult of interpretation. Instances affecting a single little area of brain surface one-twelfth of an inch in diameter are almost unknown, and a tumor has been removed of such size that it produced direct pressure upon more than *twelve hundred* such squares, and indirectly produced pressure upon many distant parts of the brain. This is, of course, very clumsy experimentation. The familiar game of "shouting proverbs" will well illustrate the difficulty of interpreting the answers of disease to our question, "Where is it located?" Imagine 1200 persons, each assigned a single word of a proverb of 1200 words. At a given signal each shouts his own word. What a babel of sound! How utterly impossible of disentanglement and proper arrangement! This is the answer of disease as represented by such a tumor. Take each of the 1200 persons in the proper order and question him separately and repeatedly, write down the answers accurately and in their proper sequence, and behold the proverb! This is the answer of scientific investigation as seen in vivisection.

Instead of there being a tumor, a blood-vessel will sometimes break in the brain, and produce a clot, affecting similarly a large area; or softening of the brain will in the same way invade an equal or a greater number of centres. It is therefore extremely rare that we can find a small area, such as that for speech, or for the hand, or for the arm, or for the face, or for the leg, or for sight, that is involved entirely by itself. But such cases do occasionally occur, and they are extremely valuable in fortifying the conclusions derived from the exact experiments of the laboratory. While some of the cases have introduced confusion and uncertainty from the character of nature's experiments, it can be broadly asserted that generally they have absolutely confirmed them. The results obtained by the surgery of the brain have more than confirmed them; for, as indicated already, the brain has been opened, and that portion which, according to experiment, is believed to be the centre for the wrist, or for the shoulder, etc., has been cut out, and paralysis of the corresponding part (a paralysis which, however, is only temporary) has proved positively the exactness of the inference from animals.

We are still a little uncertain as to the exact functions of large portions of the brain, but we have made a reasonable beginning; we have found firm ground to stand upon, and the results already obtained in the relief of human suffering and the cure of disease are such as readily encourage the hope that in the near future we shall be able to do vastly more. The opponents of vivisection have stoutly contended that it has shown no useful results. Let us wholly ignore the researches of Sir Charles Bell, of Harvey or Hunter, or other experimenters of the past. Here is a field in which the last ten years have opened wholly new ground for modern surgery, in which already the operations of the last four years have been marvellously successful, and have startled even surgeons themselves. Had vivisection done nothing else than this, it would be amply justified, and to obstruct researches so rich in beneficent results would be a disaster to humanity.*

* The facts stated in this paper, it seems to me, are a striking vindication of the value and necessity of vivisection. Personally I have never done any such experiments, save a few some twenty years ago. Indiscriminate experimentation by untrained students I would heartily discourage, as they would lead to no good results. But as a matter of fact such in-

But not only has the brain been opened and compelled to give up its secrets, and to yield itself to the successful assaults of the surgeon, but the spine has also of late been the field of some remarkable work. About a year ago Mr. Horsley reported a remarkable case, in which a tumor by pressure on the spinal cord had been the source of most frightful pain for a long time, and of paralysis of all the lower half of the body. Once that an accurate diagnosis, not only of its existence but of its actual locality, was made, he made an incision in the back, exposing the backbone, cut away the bone down to the membrane, and even to the spinal marrow itself, and removed the tumor. When last reported the patient was able to walk three miles, and even to dance. Since then there have been numerous successful operations upon the spine in this country, in England, and in France, and the near future will doubtless show even better results. Already severe fractures of the spine have been operated upon by removal of the fragments sticking into the spinal marrow, and recovery has followed instead of a lingering and certain death.

We are only just beginning to interfere surgically with the lungs; to open abscesses in them, and to remove portions successfully; and several ribs have been removed in cases of chronic pleurisy and deformed chests.

Formerly one of the most dangerous operations known was the removal of goitres. Hemorrhage, inflammation, and blood-poisoning destroyed a very large number of such cases, and when Kocher of Berne, in 1882, reported 58 operations, with a mortality of only 14.3 per cent., it was deemed a triumph. But improved methods of operation reduced the mortality until, in 1884, he reported 43 more operations, with only a mortality of 6.9 per cent., and in 1889 he has just reported 250 additional operations, and all but six patients recovered—a mortality of but 2.4 per cent., or, if we exclude the 25 cases of cancer, which gave four of the deaths, we have 225 cases and only two deaths, a mortality of but 0.8 per cent.

We see few cases of severe knock-knee and bow-legs in this country, but among the ill-fed lower classes of Europe they are common. Formerly almost nothing could be done; but a few years ago surgeons began to operate upon them in this way: a small cut is made through the skin and muscles down to the bone, and by a saw or a chisel the bone is divided. The limb is then straightened, and the case treated precisely as if it were an ordinary fracture. It heals without fever or serious pain, and the patient is well. With modern methods this is not a dangerous operation, as will be seen by the remarkable paper read by Macewen of Glasgow at the International Medical Congress of 1884 in Copenhagen, when he reported 1800 operations on 1267 limbs in 704 patients, and only 5 died, in spite of the fact, too, that most of them, from deformity in several limbs, had to have multiple operations. Even these deaths were not due to the operation, but followed from pneumonia, typhoid fever, consumption, and diphtheria.

We have learned, too, that portions of the body can be entirely severed, and, if suitably preserved, can be replaced, and they will adhere and grow as if nothing had happened. When a wound is slow in healing, we now take bits of skin, either from the patient's own body or provided by generous friends, or even from frogs, and "graft" them on the surface of the wound. They usually adhere, and as they enlarge at their margins, they abridge by one-half the time required for healing. Even a large disk of bone, one or two inches in diameter, when removed from the skull, can be so treated. It is placed in a cup filled with a warm antiseptic solution. This cup is placed in a basin of warm water, and it is the duty of one assistant to see that the thermometer in this basin shall always mark 100° to 105° Fahr. The bone may be separated from the skull so long as one or two hours, but if properly cared for, can be replaced, and will grow fast and fulfil its accustomed but interrupted duty of protecting the brain.

The remarkable progress of surgery which I have so imperfectly sketched above has been, as I have shown, the result chiefly of experimental laboratory work. To Mr. Carnegie of New York is

discriminate experiments by students do not exist. They have neither the time, the money, nor the fa-

will make a serious and systematic investigation of

which our scientific horizon and enlarge our resources in the healing art, should engage in it, and as a fact I believe only such do engage in it. Moreover, they ought to, and, so far as my knowledge extends, they do inflict no needless pain.

due the credit of establishing the first bacteriological laboratory in this country, and from studies in this laboratory arose the brilliant and beneficent results in the treatment of compound fractures which I have quoted. If one laboratory can give such beneficent results in one single surgical accident, what will not many do, each vying with all the rest in investigating different important surgical and medical questions as yet unsolved? Could wealthy private citizens erect more useful monuments of enduring fame? In Europe the government establishes and supports such laboratories. In America we must look to private munificence, and never yet has humanity made such an appeal to my countrymen in vain.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

XIV.

OUR lives are largely made up of the things we do not have. In May, the time of the apple blossoms—just a year from the swift wooing of Margaret—Miss Forsythe received a letter from John Lyon. It was in a mourning envelope. The Earl of Chisholm was dead, and John Lyon was Earl of Chisholm. The information was briefly conveyed, but with an air of profound sorrow. The letter spoke of the change that this loss brought to his own life, and the new duties laid upon him, which would confine him more closely to England. It also contained congratulations—which circumstances had delayed—upon Mrs. Henderson's marriage, and a simple wish for her happiness. The letter was longer than it need have been for these purposes; it seemed to love to dwell upon the little visit to Brandon and the circle of friends there, and it was pervaded by a tone, almost affectionate, toward Miss Forsythe, which touched her very deeply. She said it was such a manly letter.

America, the earl said, interested him more and more. In all history, he wrote, there never had been such an opportunity for studying the formation of society, for watching the working out of political problems; the elements meeting were so new, and the conditions so original, that historical precedents were of little service as guides. He acknowledged an almost irresistible impulse to come back, and he announced his intention of another visit as soon as circumstances permitted.

I had noticed this in English travellers of intelligence before. Crude as the country is, and uninteresting according to certain established standards, it seems to have a "drawing" quality, a certain unexplained fascination. Morgan says that it is the social unconventionality that attracts, and that the American women are the loadstone. He declares that when an Englishman secures and carries home with him an American wife, his curiosity about the country is sated. But this is generalizing on narrow premises.

There was certainly in Lyon's letter a longing to see the country again, but the impression it made upon me when I read it—due partly to its tone toward Miss Forsythe, almost a family tone—was that the earldom was an empty thing without the love of Margaret Debree. Life is so brief at the best, and has so little in it when the one thing that the heart desires is denied. That the earl should wish to come to America again without hope or expectation was, however, quite human nature. If a man has found a diamond and lost it, he is likely to go again and again and wander about the field where he found it, not perhaps in any defined hope of finding another, but because there is a melancholy satisfaction in seeing the spot again. It was some such feeling that impelled the earl to wish to see again Miss Forsythe, and perhaps to talk of Margaret, but he certainly had no thought that there were two Margaret Debrees in America.

To her aunt's letter conveying the intelligence of Mr. Lyon's loss, Margaret replied with a civil message of condolence. The news had already reached the Eschelles, and Carmen, Margaret said, had written to the new earl a most pious note, which contained no allusion to his change of fortune, except an expression of sympathy with his now enlarged opportunity for carrying on his philanthropic plans—a most unworldly

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note. "I used to think," she had said, when confiding what she had done to Margaret, "that you would make a perfect missionary countess, but you have done better, my dear, and taken up a much more difficult work among us fashionable sinners. Do you know," she went on, "that I feel a great deal less worldly than I used to?"

Margaret wrote a most amusing account of this interview, and added that Carmen was really very good-hearted, and not half as worldly-minded as she pretended to be; an opinion with which Miss Forsythe did not at all agree. She had spent a fortnight with Margaret after Easter, and she came back in a dubious frame of mind. Margaret's growing intimacy with Carmen was one of the sources of her uneasiness. They appeared to be more and more companionable, although Margaret's clear perception of character made her estimate of Carmen very nearly correct. But the fact remained that she found her company interesting. Whether the girl tried to astonish the country aunt, or whether she was so thoroughly a child of her day as to lack certain moral perceptions, I do not know, but her candid conversation greatly shocked Miss Forsythe.

"Margaret," she said one day, in one of her apparent bursts of confidence, "seems to have had such a different start in life from mine. Sometimes, Miss Forsythe, she puzzles me. I never saw anybody so much in love as she is with Mr. Henderson; she doesn't simply love him, she is *in* love with him. I don't wonder she is fond of him—any woman might be that—but, do you know, she actually believes in him."

"Why shouldn't she believe in him?" exclaimed Miss Forsythe, in astonishment.

"Oh, of course, in a way," the girl went on. "I like Mr. Henderson—I like him very much—but I don't believe in him. It isn't the way now to believe in anybody very much. We don't do it, and I think we get along just as well—and better. Don't you think it's nicer not [illegible] illusions?"

Miss Forsythe was too much stunned to make any reply. It seemed to her that the bottom had fallen out of society.

"Do you think Mr. Henderson believes in people?" the girl persisted.

"If he does not he isn't much of a man. If people don't believe in each other, society is going to pieces. I am astonished at such a tone from a woman."

"Oh, it isn't any tone in me, my dear Miss Forsythe," Carmen continued, sweetly. "Society is a great deal pleasanter when you are not anxious and don't expect too much."

Miss Forsythe told Margaret that she thought Miss Eschelle was a dangerous woman. Margaret did not defend her, but she did not join either in condemning her; she appeared to have accepted her as a part of her world. And there were other things that Margaret seemed to have accepted without that vigorous protest which she used to raise at whatever crossed her conscience. To her aunt she was never more affectionate, never more solicitous about her comfort and her pleasure, and it was almost enough to see Margaret happy, radiant, expanding day by day in the prosperity that was illimitable, only there was to her a note of unreality in all the whirl and hurry of the busy life. She liked to escape to her room with a book, and be out of it all, and the two weeks away from her country life seemed long to her. She couldn't reconcile Margaret's love of the world, her tolerance of Carmen and other men and women whose lives seemed to be based on Carmen's philosophy, with her devotion to the church services, to the city missions, and the dozens of charities that absorb so much of the time of the leaders of society.

"You are too young, dear, to be so good and devout," was Carmen's comment on the situation.

To Miss Forsythe's wonder, Margaret did not resent this impertinence, but only said that no accumulation of years was likely to bring Carmen into either of these dangers. And the reply was no more satisfactory to Miss Forsythe than the remark that provoked it.

That she had had a delightful visit, that Margaret was more lovely than ever, that Henderson was a delightful host, was the report of Miss Forsythe, when she returned to us. In a confidential talk with my wife, she confessed, however, that she couldn't tell whither Margaret was going.

One of the worries of modern life is the perplexity where to spend the summer. The restless spirit of change affects those who dwell in the country as well as those who live in the city. No matter how charming the residence is, one can stay

in it only a part of the year. He actually needs a house in town, a villa by the sea, and a cottage in the hills. When these are secured—each one an establishment more luxurious year by year—then the family is ready to travel about, and is in a greater perplexity than before whether to spend the summer in Europe or in America, the novelties of which are beginning to excite the imagination. This nomadism, which is nothing less than society on wheels, cannot be satirized as a whim of fashion; it has a serious cause in the discovery of the disease called nervous prostration, which demands for its cure constant change of scene, without any occupation. Henderson recognized it, but he said that personally he had no time to indulge in it. His summer was to be a very busy one. It was impossible to take Margaret with him on his sudden and tedious journeys from one end of the country to the other, but she needed a change. It was therefore arranged that after a visit to Brandon, she should pass the warm months with the Arbusers in their summer home at Lenox, with a month—the right month—in the Eschelle villa at Newport; and he hoped never to be long absent from one place or the other.

Margaret came to Brandon at the beginning of June, just at the season when the region was at its loveliest, and just when its society was making preparations to get away from it to the sea, or the mountains, or to any place that was not home. I could never understand why a people who have been grumbling about snow and frost for six months, and longing for genial weather, should flee from it as soon as it comes. I had made the discovery, quite by chance—and it was so novel that I might have taken out a patent on it—that if one has a comfortable home in our Northern latitude, he cannot do better than to stay in it when the hum of the mosquito is heard in the land, and the mercury is racing up and down the scale between fifty and ninety. This opinion, however, did not extend beyond our little neighborhood, and we may be said to have had the summer to ourselves.

I fancied that the neighborhood had not changed, but the coming of Margaret showed me that this was a delusion. No one can keep in the same place in life simply by standing still, and the events of the past two years had wrought a subtle change in our quiet. Nothing had been changed to the eye, yet something had been taken away, or something had been added, a door had been opened into the world. Margaret had come home, yet I fancied it was not the home to her that she had been thinking about. Had she changed?

She was more beautiful. She had the air—I should hesitate to call it that of the fine lady—of assured position, something the manner of that greater world in which the possession of wealth has supreme importance, but it was scarcely a change of manner so much as of ideas about life and of the things valuable in it gradually showing itself. Her delight at being again with her old friends was perfectly genuine, and she had never appeared more unselfish or more affectionate. If there was a subtle difference, it might very well be in us, though I found it impossible to conceive of her in her former rôle of teacher and simple maiden, with her heart in the little concerns of our daily life. And why should she be expected to go back to that stage? Must we not all live our lives?

Miss Forsythe's solicitude about Margaret was mingled with a curious deference, as to one who had a larger experience of life than her own. The girl of a year ago was now the married woman, and was invested with something of the dignity that Miss Forsythe in her pure imagination attached to that position. Without yielding any of her opinions, this idea somehow changed her relations to Margaret; a little, I thought, to the amusement of Mrs. Fletcher and the other ladies, to whom marriage took on a less mysterious aspect. It arose doubtless from a renewed sense of the incompleteness of her single life, long as it had been, and enriched as it was by observation.

In that June there were vexatious strikes in various parts of the country, formidable combinations of laboring-men, demonstrations of trades-unions, and the exhibition of a spirit that sharply called attention to the unequal distribution of wealth. The discontent was attributed in some quarters to the exhibition of extreme luxury and reckless living by those who had been fortunate. It was even said that the strikes, unreasonable and futile as they were, and most in-

jurious to those who indulged in them, were indirectly caused by the railway manipulation, in the attempt not only to crush out competition, but to exact excessive revenues on fictitious values. Resistance to this could be shown to be blind, and the strikers technically in the wrong, yet the impression gained ground that there was something monstrously wrong in the way great fortunes were accumulated, in total disregard of individual rights, and in a materialistic spirit that did not take into account ordinary humanity. For it was not alone the laboring class that was discontented, but all over the country those who lived upon small invested savings, widows and minors, found their income imperilled by the trickery of rival operators and speculators in railways and securities, who treated the little private accumulations as mere counters in the games they were playing. The loss of dividends to them was poorly compensated by reflections upon the development of the country, and the advantage to trade of great consolidations, which inured to the benefit of half a dozen insolent men.

In discussing these things in our little parliament we were not altogether unprejudiced, it must be confessed. For, to say nothing of interests of Mr. Morgan and my own, which seemed in some danger of disappearing for the "public good," Mrs. Fletcher's little fortune was nearly all invested in that sound "rock-bed" railway in the Southwest that Mr. Jerry Hollowell had recently taken under his paternal care. She was assured, indeed, that dividends were only reserved pending some sort of reorganization, which would ultimately be of great benefit to all the parties concerned, but this was much like telling a hungry man that if he would possess his appetite in patience he would very likely have a splendid dinner next year. Women are not constituted to understand this sort of reasoning. It is needless to say that in our general talks on the situation these personalities were not referred to, for, although Margaret was silent, it was plain to see that she was un-

Morgan liked to raise questions of casuistry, such as that whether money dishonestly come by could be accepted for

"I had this question referred to me the other day," he said. "A gambler, not a petty cheater in cards, but a man who has a splendid establishment, in which he has amassed a fortune, a man known for his liberality and good-fellowship and his interest in politics, offered the president of a leading college a hundred thousand dollars to endow a professorship. Ought the president to take the money, knowing how it was made?"

"Wouldn't the money do good—as much good as any other hundred thousand dollars?" asked Margaret.

"Perhaps. But the professorship was to bear his name, and what would be the moral effect of that?"

"Did you recommend the president to take the money if he could get it without using the gambler's name?"

"I am not saying yet what I advised. I am trying to get your views on a general principle."

"But wouldn't it be a sneaking thing to take a man's money and refuse him the credit of his generosity?"

"But was it generosity? Was not his object, probably, to get a reputation which his whole life belied, and to get it by obliterating the distinction between right and wrong?"

"But isn't it a compromising distinction," my wife asked, "to take his money without his name? The president knows that it is money fraudulently got, that really belongs to somebody else. And the gambler would feel that if the president takes it, he cannot think very disapprovingly of the manner in which it was acquired. I think it would be more honest and straightforward to take his name with the money."

"The public effect of connecting the gambler's name with the college would be debasing," said Morgan; "but, on the contrary, is every charity or educational institution bound to scrutinize the source of every benefaction? Isn't it better that money, however acquired, should be used for a good purpose than a bad one?"

"That is a question," I said, "that is a vital one in our present situation, and the sophistry of it puzzles the public. What would you say to this case? A man notoriously dishonest, but within the law, and very rich, offered a princely endowment to a college very much in need of it. The sum would have enabled it to do a great work in education. But it was intimated that the man would expect after a while to be made one of the trustees.

His object, of course, was social position."

"I suppose, of course," Margaret replied, "that the college couldn't afford that. It would look like bribery."

"Wouldn't he be satisfied with an LL.D.?" Morgan asked.

"I don't see," my wife said, "any difference between the two cases stated and that of the stock gambler, whose unscrupulous operations have ruined thousands of people, who founds a theological seminary with the gains of his slippery transactions. By accepting his seminary, the public condones his conduct. Another man, with the same shaky reputation, endows a college. Do you think that religion and education are benefited in the long-run by this? It seems to me that the public is gradually losing its power of discrimination between the value of honesty and dishonesty. Real respect is gone when the public sees that a man is able to buy it."

This was a hot speech for my wife to make. For a moment Margaret flamed up under it with her old-time indignation. I could see it in her eyes, and then she turned red and confused, and at length said, "But wouldn't you have rich men do good with their money?"

"Yes, dear; but I would not have them think they can blot out by their liberality the condemnation of the means by which many of them make money. That is what they are doing; and the public is getting used to it."

"Well," said Margaret, with some warmth, "I don't know that they are any worse than the stingy saints who have made their money by saving, and act as if they expected to carry it with them."

"Saints or sinners, it does not make much difference to me," now put in Mrs. Fletcher, who was evidently considering the question from a practical point of view, "what a man professes if he founds a hospital for indigent women out of the dividends that I never received."

Morgan laughed. "Don't you think, Mrs. Fletcher, that it is a good sign of the times that so many people who make money rapidly are disposed to use it philanthropically?"

"It may be for them, but it does not console me much just now."

"But you don't make allowance enough for the rich. Perhaps they are under a necessity of doing something. I was reading this morning in the diary of old John Ward, of Stratford on Avon, this sentence, 'It was a saying of Navisson, a lawyer, that no man could be valiant unless he hazarded his body, nor rich unless he hazarded his soul.'"

"Was Navisson a modern lawyer?" I asked.

"No. The diary is dated 1648–1679."

"I thought so."

There was a little laugh at this, and the talk drifted off into a consideration of the kind of conscience that enables a professional man to espouse a cause he knows to be wrong as zealously as one he knows to be right, a talk that I should not have remembered at all except for Margaret's earnestness in insisting that she did not see how a lawyer could take up the dishonest side.

Before Margaret went to Lenox, Henderson spent a few days with us. He brought with him the abounding cheerfulness and the air of a prosperous smiling world that attended him in all circumstances. And how happy Margaret was! They went over every foot of the ground on which their brief courtship had taken place, and heaven knows what joy there was to her in reviving all the tenderness and all the fear of it! Busy as Henderson was, pursued by hourly telegrams and letters, we could not but be gratified that his attention to her was that of a lover. How could it be otherwise, when all the promise of the girl was realized in the bloom and the exquisite susceptibility of the woman? Among other things, she dragged him down to her mission in the city, to which he went in a laughing and bantering mood. When he had gone away, Margaret ran over to my wife, bringing in her hand a slip of paper.

"See that!" she cried, her eyes dancing with pleasure. It was a check for a thousand dollars. "That will refurnish the mission from top to bottom," she said, "and run it for a year."

"How generous he is!" cried my wife. Margaret did not reply, but she looked at the check, and there were tears in her eyes.

XV.

The Arbuser cottage at Lenox was really a magnificent villa. Richardson had built it. At a distance it had the appearance of a mediæval structure, with its low doorways, picturesque gables, and steep

swell of green turf backed by native forest [illegible] ancestral tone which is much valued in these days. But near to, it was seen to be mediævalism adapted to the sunny hospitality of our summer climate, with [illegible] nies shaded by gay awnings, and within [illegible] its broad windows offering views of lawns and flower beds and ornamental trees, of a great sweep of pastures and forests and miniature lakes, with graceful and reposeful hills on the horizon.

It was, in short, the modern idea of country simplicity. The passion for country life, which has been in decadence for nearly half a century, has again become the fashion. Nature, which, left to itself, is a little ragged, not to say monotonous and tiresome, is discovered to be a valuable ally for aid in passing the time when art is able to make portions of it exclusive. What the Arbusers wanted was a simple home in the country, and in obtaining it they were indulging a sentiment of returning to the primitive life of their father, who had come to the city from a hill farm, and had been too busy all his life to recur to the tastes of his boyhood. At least that was the theory of his daughters; but the old gentleman had a horror of his early life, and could scarcely be dragged away from the city even in the summer. He would no doubt have been astonished at the lofty and substantial stone stables, the long range of greenhouses, and at a farm which produced nothing except lawns and flower beds, ornamental fields of clover, avenues of trees, lawn tennis grounds, and a few Alderneys tethered to feed among the trees, where their beauty would heighten the rural and domestic aspect of the scene. The Arbusers liked to come to this place as early as possible to escape the society exactions of the city. That was another theory of theirs. All their set in the city met there for the same pur-

Margaret was welcomed with open arms.

[illegible] gage has come, your rooms are all ready, and your coachman, who has been here some days, says that the horses need exercise. Everybody is here, and we need you for a hundred things."

"You are very kind. It is so charming here. I knew it would be, but I couldn't bear to shorten my visit in Brandon."

"Your aunt must miss you very much. Is she well?"

"Perfectly."

"Wouldn't she have come with you? I've a mind to telegraph."

"I think not. She is wedded to quiet, and goes away from her little neighborhood with reluctance."

"So Brandon was a little dull?" said Miss Arbuser, with a shrewd guess at the truth.

"Oh no," quickly replied Margaret, shrinking a little from what was in her own mind; "it was restful and delightful; but you know that we New England people take life rather seriously, and inquire into the reason of things, and want an object in life."

"A very good thing to have," answered this sweet woman of the world, whose object was to go along pleasantly and enjoy it.

"But to have it all the time!" Margaret suggested, lightly, as she ran upstairs. But even in this suggestion she was conscious of a twinge of disloyalty to her former self. Deep down in her heart, coming to the atmosphere of Lenox was a relief from questionings that a little disturbed her at her old home, and she was indignant at herself that it should be so, and then indignant at the suggestions that put her out of humor with herself. Was it a sin, she said, to be happy and prosperous?

On her dressing-table was a letter from her husband. He was detained in the city by a matter of importance. He scratched only a line, to catch the mail, during a business interview. It was really only a business interview, and had no sort of relation to Lenox or the summer gaiety there.

Henderson was in his private office. The clerks in the outer offices, in the négligé of summer costumes, winked to each other as they saw old Jerry Hollowell enter and make his way to the inner room unannounced. Something was in the wind.

"Well, old man," said Uncle Jerry, in the cheeriest manner, coming in, depositing his hat on the table and taking a seat opposite Henderson, "we seem to have stirred up the animals."

"Only a little flurry," replied Henderson, laying down his pen and folding a

note he had just finished; "they'll come to reason."

"They've got to." Mr. Hollowell drew out a big bandanna and mopped his heated face. "I've just got a letter from Jorkins. There's the certificates that make up the two-thirds—more than we need, anyway. No flaw about that, is there?"

"No. I'll put these with the balance in the safe. It's all right, if Jorkins has been discreet. It may make a newspaper scandal if they get hold of his operations."

"Oh, Jorkins is close. But he is a little overworked. I don't know but it would do him good to have a little nervous prostration, and go abroad for a while."

"I guess it would do Jorkins good to take a turn in Europe for a year or so."

"Well, you write to him. Give him a sort of commission to see the English bondholders and explain the situation. They will appreciate that half a loaf is better than no bread. What bothers me is the way the American bondholders take it. They kick."

"Let 'em kick. The public don't care for a few soreheads and impracticables in an operation that is going to open up the whole Southwest. I've an appointment with one of them this morning. He ought to be here now."

At the moment Henderson's private secretary entered and laid on the table the card of Mr. John Hopper, who was invited to come in at once. Mr. Hopper was a man of fifty, with iron-gray hair, a heavy mustache, and a smooth-shaven chin that showed resolution. In dress and manner his appearance was that of the shrewd city capitalist, quiet and determined, who is neither to be deceived nor bullied. With a courteous greeting to both the men, whom he knew well, he took a seat and stated his business.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Henderson, about the bonds of the A. and B., and I am glad to find Mr. Hollowell here also."

"What amount do you represent, Mr. Hopper?" asked Henderson.

"With my own and my friends, altogether, rising a million. What do you propose?"

"You got our circular?"

"Yes, and we don't accept the terms."

"I'm sorry. It is the best that we could do."

"That is, the best you would do!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hopper, the best we could do under the circumstances. We gave you your option, to scale down on a fair estimate of the earnings of the short line (the A. and B.), or to surrender your local bonds and take new ones covering the whole consolidation, or, as is of course in your discretion, to hold on and take the chances."

"Which your operations have practically destroyed."

"Not at all, Mr. Hopper. We offer you a much better security on the whole system instead of a local road."

"And you mean to tell me, Mr. Henderson, that it is for our advantage to exchange a seven per cent. bond on a road that has always paid its dividends promptly for a four and a half on a system that is manipulated nobody knows how? I tell you, gentlemen, that it looks to outsiders as if there was crookedness somewhere."

"That is a rather rough charge, Mr. Hopper," said Henderson, with a smile.

"But we are to understand that if we do not accept your terms, it's a freeze out?"

"You are to understand that we want to make the best arrangement possible for all parties in interest."

"How some of those interests were acquired may be a question for the courts," replied Mr. Hopper, resolutely. "When we put our money in good seven per cent. bonds, we propose to inquire into the right of anybody to demand that we shall exchange them for four and a half per cents., on other security."

"Perfectly right, Mr. Hopper," said Henderson, with imperturbable good-humor; "the transfer books are open to your inspection."

"Well, we prefer to hold on to our bonds."

"And wait for dividends," interposed Hollowell.

Mr. Hopper turned to the speaker. "And while we are waiting we propose to inquire what has become of the surplus of the A. and B. The bondholders had the first claim on that surplus."

"And we propose to protect it. See here, Mr. Hopper," continued Uncle Jerry, with a most benevolent expression, "I needn't tell you that investments fluctuate—the Lord knows mine do! The A. and B. was a good road. I know that. But it was going to be paralleled. We'd

got to parallel it to make our Southwest connections. If we had, you'd have waited till the Gulf of Mexico freezes over before you got any dividends. Instead of that, we took it into our system, and it's being put on a permanent basis. It's a little inconvenient for holders, and they have got to stand a little shrinkage, but in the long-run it will be better for everybody. The little road couldn't stand alone, and the day of big dividends is about over."

"That explanation may satisfy you, Mr. Hollowell, but it don't give us our money, and I notify you that we shall carry the matter into the courts. Good-morning."

When Mr. Hopper had gone, the two developers looked at each other a moment seriously.

"Hopper 'll fight," Hollowell said at last.

"And we have got the surplus to fight him with," replied Henderson.

"That's so," and Uncle Jerry chuckled to himself. "The rats that are on the inside of the crib are a good deal better off than the rats on the outside."

"The reporter of *The Planet* wants five minutes," announced the secretary, opening the door. Henderson told him to let him in.

The reporter was a spruce young gentleman, in a loud summer suit, with a rose in his button-hole, and the air of assurance which befits the commissioner of the public curiosity.

"I am sent by *The Planet*," said the young man, "to show you this and ask you if you have anything to say to it."

"What is it?" asked Henderson.

"It's about the A. and B."

"Very well. There is the President, Mr. Hollowell. Show it to him."

The reporter produced a long printed slip and handed it to Uncle Jerry, who took it and began to read. As his eye ran down the column he was apparently more and more interested, and he let it be shown on his face that he was surprised, and even a little astonished. When he had finished, he said:

"Well, my young friend, how did you get hold of this?"

"Oh, we have a way," said the reporter, twirling his straw hat by the elastic, and looking more knowing than old Jerry himself.

"So I see," replied Jerry, with an admiring smile. "There is nothing that you newspaper folks don't find out. It beats the devil."

"Is it true, sir?" said the young gentleman, elated with this recognition of his own shrewdness.

"It is so true that there is no fun in it. I don't see how the devil you got hold of it."

"Have you any explanations?"

"No, I guess not," said Uncle Jerry, musingly. "If it is to come out, I'd rather *The Planet* would have it than any other paper. It's got some sense. No; print it. It 'll be a big beat for your paper. While you are about it—I s'pose you'll print it anyway?" (the reporter nodded)—"you might as well have the whole story."

"Certainly. We'd like to have it right. What is wrong about it?"

"Oh, nothing but some details. You have got it substantially. There's a word or two and a date you are out on, naturally enough, and there are two or three little things that would be exactly true if they were differently stated."

"Would you mind telling me what they are?"

"No," said Jerry, with a little reluctance; "might as well have it all out—eh, Henderson?"

And the old man took his pencil and changed some dates and a name or two, and gave to some of the sentences a turn that seemed to the reporter only another way of saying the same thing.

"There, that is all I know. Give my respects to Mr. Goss."

When the commissioner had withdrawn, Uncle Jerry gave vent to a long whistle. Then he rose suddenly and called to the secretary, "Tell that reporter to come back." The reporter reappeared.

"I was just thinking, and you can tell Mr. Goss, that now you have got on to this thing, you might as well keep the lead on it. The public is interested in what we are doing in the Southwest, and if you, or some other bright fellow who has got eyes in his head, will go down there, he will see something that will astonish him. I'm going to-morrow in my private car, and if you could go along, I assure you a good time. I want you to see for yourself, and I guess you would. Don't take my word. I can't give you any passes, and I know you don't want any, but you can just get into my private car and no

expense to anybody, and see all there is to be seen. Ask Goss, and let me know to-night."

The young fellow went off feeling several inches higher than when he came in. Such is the power of a good address, and such is the omnipotence of the great organ. Mr. Jerry Hollowell sat down and began to fan himself. It was very hot in the office.

"Seems to me it's lunch-time. Great Scott! what a lot of time I used to waste fighting the newspapers! That thing would have played the devil, as it stood. It will be comparatively harmless now. It will make a little talk, but there is nothing to get hold of. Queer, about the difference of a word or two. Come, old man, I'm thirsty."

"Uncle Jerry," said Henderson, taking his arm as they went out, "you ought to be President of the United States."

"The salary is too small," said Uncle Jerry.

Of all this there was nothing to write to Margaret, who was passing her time agreeably in the Berkshire hills, a little impatient for her husband's arrival, postponed from day to day, and full of sympathy for him, condemned to the hot city and the harassment of a business the magnitude of which gave him the obligations and the character of a public man. Henderson sent her instead a column from *The Planet* devoted to a description of his private library. Mr. Goss, the editor, who was college bred, had been round to talk with Henderson about the Southwest trip, and the conversation drifting into other matters, Henderson had taken from his desk and shown him a rare old book which he had picked up the day before in a second-hand shop. This led to further talk about Henderson's hobby, and the editor had asked permission to send a reporter down to make a note of Henderson's collection. It would make a good midsummer item, "The Stock-Broker in Literature," "The Private Tastes of a Millionaire," etc. The column got condensed into a portable paragraph, and went the rounds of the press, and changed the opinions of a good many people about the great operator—he wasn't altogether devoted to vulgar money-making. Uncle Jerry himself read the column with appreciation of its value. "It diverts the public mind," he said. He himself had recently diverted the public mind by the gift of a bell to the Norembega Theological (colored) Institute, and the paragraph announcing the fact conveyed the impression that while Uncle Jerry was a canny old customer, his heart was on the right side. "There are worse men than Uncle Jerry who are not worth a cent," was one of the humorous paragraphs tacked on to the item.

Margaret was not alone in finding the social atmosphere of Lenox as congenial as its natural beauties. Mrs. Laflamme declared that it was the perfection of existence for a couple of months, one in early summer and another in the golden autumn with its pathetic note of the falling curtain dropping upon the dream of youth. Mrs. Laflamme was not a sentimental person, but she was capable of drifting for a moment into a poetic mood —a great charm in a woman of her vivacity and air of the world. Margaret remembered her very distinctly, although she had only exchanged a word with her at the memorable dinner in New York when Henderson had revealed her feelings to herself. Mrs. Laflamme had the immense advantage—it seemed so to her after five years of widowhood—of being a widow on the sunny side of thirty-five. If she had lost some illusions, she had gained a great deal of knowledge, and she had no feverish anxiety about what life would bring her. Although she would not put it in this way to herself, she could look about her deliberately, enjoying the prospect, and please herself. Her position had two advantages—experience and opportunity. A young woman unmarried, she said, always has the uneasy sense of the possibility—well, it is impossible to escape slang, and she said it with the merriest laugh—the possibility of being left. A day or two after Margaret's arrival she had driven around to call in her dog-cart, looking as fresh as a daisy in her sun-hat. Her seat was shared, but she held the reins, by Mr. Fox McNaughton, the most useful man in the village, indispensable indeed, a bachelor, with no intentions, no occupation, no ambition (except to lead the german), who could mix a salad, brew a punch, organize a picnic, and chaperon anything in petticoats with entire propriety, without regard to age. And he had a position of social authority. This eminence Mr. Fox McNaughton had attained by always doing the correct thing. The obligation of society to such

men is never enough acknowledged. While they are trusted and used and worked to death, one is apt to hear them spoken of in a deprecatory tone.

"You hold the reins a moment, please. No, I don't want any help," she said, as she jumped down with an elastic spring, and introduced him to Margaret. "I've got Mr. McNaughton in training, and am thinking of bringing him out."

She walked in with Margaret, who had been sitting on the veranda, chatting all the while about the view and the house and the divine weather.

"And your husband has not come yet?"

"He may come any day. I think business might suspend in the summer."

"So do I. But then, what would become of Lenox? It is rather hard on the men, only I dare say they like it. Don't you think Mr. Henderson would like a place here?"

"He cannot help being pleased with the place."

"I'm sure he would if you are. I have hardly seen him since that evening at the Stotts. Can I tell you? I almost had five minutes of envy that evening. You won't mind it in such an old woman?"

"I should rather trust your heart than your age, Mrs. Laflamme," said Margaret, with a laugh.

"Yes, my heart is as old as my face. But I had a feeling, seeing you walk away that evening into the conservatory. I knew what was coming. I think I have discovered a great secret, Mrs. Henderson—to be able to live over again in other people. By-the-way, what has become of that quiet Englishman, Mr. Lyon?"

"He has come into his title. He is the Earl of Chisholm."

"Dear me, how stupid in us not to have taken a sense of that! And the Eschelles, do you know anything of the Eschelles?"

"Yes; they are at their house in Newport."

"Do you think there was anything between Miss Eschelle and Mr. Lyon? I saw her afterward several times."

"Not that I ever heard. Miss Eschelle says that she is thoroughly American in her tastes."

"Then her tastes are not quite conformed to her style. That girl might be anything—Queen of Spain, or coryphée in the opera ballet. She is clever as clever. One always expects to hear of her as the heroine of an adventure."

"Didn't you say you knew her in Europe?"

"No. We heard of her and her mother everywhere. She was very independent. She had the sort of reputation to excite curiosity. But I noticed that the men in New York were a little afraid of her. She is a woman who likes to drive very near the edge."

Mrs. Laflamme rose. "I must not keep Mr. McNaughton waiting for any more of my gossip. We expect you and the Misses Arbuser this afternoon. I warn you it will be dull. I should like to hear of some summer resort where the men are over sixteen and under sixty."

Mrs. Laflamme liked to drive near the edge as much as Carmen did, and this piquancy was undeniably an attraction in her case. But there was this difference between the two: there was a confidence that Mrs. Laflamme would never drive over the edge, whereas no one could tell what sheer Carmen might not suddenly take. A woman's reputation is almost as much affected by the expectation of what she may do as by anything she has done. It was Fox McNaughton who set up the dictum that a woman may do almost anything if it is known that she draws a line somewhere.

The lawn party was not at all dull to Margaret. In the first place, she received a great deal of attention. Henderson's name was becoming very well known, and it was natural that the splendor of his advancing fortune should be reflected in the person of his young wife, whose loveliness was enhanced by her simple enjoyment of the passing hour. Then the toilets of the women were so fresh and charming, the colors grouped so prettily on the greensward, the figures of the slender girls playing at tennis or lounging on the benches under the trees recalled scenes from the classic poets. It was all so rich and refined. Nor did she miss the men of military age, whose absence Mrs. Laflamme had deplored, for she thought of her husband. And, besides, she found even the college boys (who were always spoken of as men) amusing, and the elderly gentlemen—upon whom watering-place society throws much responsibility—gallant, facetious, complimentary, and active in whatever was afoot. Their boyishness, indeed, contrasted with the gravity of the undergraduates, who took themselves very seriously, were civil to the

young ladies, confidential with the married women, and had generally a certain reserve and dignity which belong to persons upon whom such heavy responsibility rests. There were, to be sure, men who looked bored and women who were listless, missing the stimulus of any personal interest, but the scene was so animated, the weather so propitious, that, on the whole, a person must be very cynical not to find the occasion delightful.

There was a young novelist present whose first story, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, had made a hit the last season. It was thought to take a profound hold upon life, because it was a book that could not be read aloud in a mixed company. Margaret was very much interested in him, although Mr. Summers Bass was not her idea of an imaginative writer. He was a stout young gentleman, with very black hair and small black eyes, to which it was difficult to give a melancholy cast even by a habitual frown. Mr. Bass dressed himself scrupulously in the fashion, was very exact in his pronunciation, careful about his manner, and had the air of a little weariness, of the responsibility of one looking at life. It was only at rare moments that his face expressed intensity of feeling.

"It is a very pretty scene. I suppose, Mr. Bass, that you are making studies," said Margaret, by way of opening a conversation.

"No; hardly that. One must always observe. It gets to be a habit. The thing is to see reality under appearances."

"Then you would call yourself a realist."

Mr. Bass smiled. "That is a slang term, Mrs. Henderson. What you want is nature, color, passion—to pierce the artificialities."

"But you must describe appearance."

"Certainly, to an extent, form, action, talk as it is, even trivialities—especially the trivialities, for life is made up of the trivial."

"But suppose that does not interest me?"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Henderson, that is because you are used to the conventional, the selected. Nature is always interesting."

"I do not find it so."

"No? Nature has been covered up. It has been idealized. Look yonder," and Mr. Bass pointed across the lawn. "See that young woman upon whom the sunlight falls standing waiting her turn. See the quivering of the eyelids, the heaving of the chest, the opening lips; note the curve of her waist from the shoulder, and the line rounding into the fall of the folds of the Austrian cashmere. I try to saturate myself with that form, to impress myself with her every attitude and gesture, her color, her movement, and then I shall imagine the form under the influence of passion. Every detail will tell. I do not find unimportant the tie of her shoe. The picture will be life."

"But suppose, Mr. Bass, when you come to speak with her, you find that she has no ideas, and talks slang."

"All the better. It shows what we are, what our society is. And besides, Mrs. Henderson, nearly everybody has the capacity of being wicked; that is to say, of expressing emotion."

"You take a gloomy view, Mr. Bass."

"I take no view, Mrs. Henderson. My ambition is to record. It will not help matters by pretending that people are better than they are."

"Well, Mr. Bass, you may be quite right, but I am not going to let you spoil my enjoyment of this lovely scene," said Margaret, moving away.

Mr. Bass watched her until she disappeared, and then entered in his note-book a phrase for future use—"The prosperous propriety of a pretty plutocrat." He was gathering materials for his forth-coming book, *The Last Sigh of the Prude*.

The whole world knows how delightful Lenox is. It even has a club where the men can take refuge from the exactions of society, as in the city. The town is old enough to have "histories"; there is a romance attached to nearly every estate, a tragedy of beauty, and money, and disappointment; great writers have lived here, families whose names were connected with our early politics and diplomacy; there is a tradition of a society of wit and letters, of women whose charms were enhanced by a spice of adventure, of men whose social brilliancy ended in misanthropy. All this gave a background of distinction to the present gaiety, luxury, and adaptation of the unsurpassed loveliness of nature to the refined fashion of the age.

Here, if anywhere, one could be above worry, above the passion of envy. For

did not every new "improvement" and every new refinement in living add to the importance of every member of this favored community? For Margaret it was all a pageant of beauty. The Misses Arbuser talked about the quality of the air, the variety of the scenery, the exhilaration of the drives, the freedom from noise and dust, the country quiet. There were the morning calls, the intellectual life of the reading clubs, the tennis parties, the afternoon teas, combined with charming drives from one elegant place to another, the siestas, the idle swinging in ham-

which to get a topic for dinner, the mild excitement of a tête-à-tête which might discover congenial tastes or run on into an interesting attachment. Half the charm of life, says a philosopher, is in

When Henderson came, as he did several times for a few days, Margaret's happiness was complete. She basked in the sun of his easy enjoyment of life. She liked to take him about with her, and see the welcome in all companies of a man so handsome, so natural and cordial, as her husband. Especially did she like the consideration in which he was evidently held at the club, where the members gathered about him to listen to his racy talk and catch points about the market. She liked to think that he was not a women's man. He gave her his version of some recent transactions that had been commented on in the newspapers, and she was indignant over the insinuations about him. It was the price, he said, that everybody had to pay for success. Why shouldn't he, she reflected, make money? Everybody would if he could: and no one knew how generous he was. If she had been told that the family of Jerry Hollowell thought of him in the same way, she would have said that there was a world-wide difference in the two men. Insensibly she was losing the old standards she used to apply to success. Here

world, there was nothing to remind her

In her enjoyment of this existence without care, I do not suppose it occurred to her to examine if her ideals had been lowered. Sometimes Henderson had a cynical, mocking tone about the world, which she reproved with a caress, but he was always tolerant and good-natured. If he had told her that he acted upon the maxim that every man and woman has his and her price, she would have been shocked, but she was getting to make allowances that she would not have made before she learned to look at the world through his eyes. She could see that the Brandon circle was over-scrupulous. Her feeling of this would have been confirmed if she had known that when her aunt read the letter announcing a month's visit to the Eschelles in Newport, she laid it down with a sigh.

XVI.

Uncle Jerry was sitting on the piazza of the Ocean House absorbed in the stock reports of a New York journal, answering at random the occasional observations of his wife, who filled up one of the spacious chairs near him, a florid woman, with diamonds in her ears, who had the resolute air of enjoying herself. It was an August Newport morning, when there is a salty freshness in the air, but a temperature that discourages exertion.

A pony phaeton dashed by containing two ladies. The ponies were cream-colored, with flowing manes and tails, and harness of black and gold; the phaeton had yellow wheels, with a black body; the diminutive page, with folded arms on the seat behind, wore a black jacket and yellow breeches. The lady who held the yellow silk reins was a blonde with dark eyes. As they flashed by, the lady on the seat with her bowed, and Mr. Hollowell returned the salute.

"Who's that?" asked Mrs. Hollowell.

"That's Mrs. Henderson."

"And the other one?"

"I don't know her. She knows how to handle the ribbons, though."

"I seen her at the Casino the other night before you come, with that tandem-driving count. I don't believe he's any more count than you are."

"Oh, he's all right. He's one of the Spanish legation. This is just the place for counts. I shouldn't wonder, Maria, if you'd like to be a countess. We can afford it. The Countess Jeremiah, eh?" And Uncle Jerry's eyes twinkled.

"Don't be a goose, Mr. Hollowell," bringing her fat hands round in front of her so that she could see the sparkle of the diamond rings on them. "She's as pretty as a picture, that girl, but I should think a good wind would blow her away.

I shouldn't want to have her drive me round."

"Jorkins has sailed," said Mr. Hollowell, looking up from his paper. "*The Planet* reporter tried to interview him, but he played sick, said he was just going over and right back for a change. I guess it will be long enough before they get a chance at him again."

"I'm glad he's gone. I hope the papers will mind their own business for a spell."

The house of the Eschelles was on the sea, looking over a vast sweep of lawn to the cliff and the dimpling blue water of the first beach. It was known as the Yellow Villa. Coming from the elegance of Lenox, Margaret was surprised at the magnificence and luxury of this establishment, the great drawing-rooms, the spacious chambers, the wide verandas, the pictures, the flowers, the charming nooks and recessed windows, with handy bookstands, and tables littered with the freshest and most talked-of issues from the press of Paris, Madrid, and London. Carmen had taken a hint from Henderson's bachelor apartment, which she had visited once with her mother, and though she had no literary taste, further than to dip in here and there to what she found toothsome and exciting in various languages, yet she knew the effect of the atmosphere of books, and she had a standing order at a book-shop for whatever was fresh and likely to come into notice.

And Carmen was a delightful hostess, both because her laziness gave an air of repose to the place and she had the tact never to appear to make any demands upon her guests, and because she knew when to be piquant and exhibit personal interest, and when to show even a little abandon of vivacity. Society flowed through her house without any obstructions. It was scarcely ever too early and never too late for visitors. Those who were intimate used to lounge in and take up a book, or pass an hour on the veranda, even when none of the family were at home. Men had a habit of dropping in for a five o'clock cup of tea, and where the men went the women needed little urging to follow. At first there had been some reluctance about recognizing the Eschelles fully, and there were still houses that exhibited a certain reserve toward them, but the example of going to this house set by the legations, the members of which enjoyed a chat with Miss Eschelle in the freedom of their own tongues and the freedom of her tongue, went far to break down this barrier. They were spoken of occasionally as "those Echelles," but almost everybody went there, and perhaps enjoyed it all the more because there had been a shade of doubt about it.

Margaret's coming was a good card for Carmen. The little legend about her French ancestry in Newport, and the romantic marriage in Rochambeau's time, had been elaborated in the local newspaper, and when she appeared, the ancestral flavor, coupled with the knowledge of Henderson's accumulating millions, lent an interest and a certain charm to whatever she said and did. The Eschelle house became more attractive than ever before, so much so that Mrs. Eschelle declared that she longed for the quiet of Paris. To her motherly apprehension there was no result in this whirl of gayety, no serious intention discoverable in any of the train that followed Carmen. "You act, child," she said, "as if youth would last forever."

Margaret entered into this life as if she had been born to it. Perhaps she was. Perhaps most people never find the career for which they are fitted, and struggle along at cross-purposes with themselves. We all thought that Margaret's natural bent was for some useful and self-sacrificing work in the world, and never could have imagined that under any circumstances she would develop into a woman of fashion.

"I intend to read a great deal this month," she said to Carmen on her arrival, as she glanced at the litter of books.

"That was my intention," replied Carmen; "now we can read together. I'm taking Spanish lessons of Count Crispo. I've learned two Spanish poems and a Castilian dance."

"Is he married?"

"Not now. He told me, when he was teaching me the steps, that his heart was buried in Seville."

"He seems to be full of sentiment."

"Perhaps that is because his salary is so small. Mamma says, of all things an impecunious count! But he is amusing."

"But what do you care for money?" asked Margaret, by way of testing Carmen's motives.

"Nothing, my dear. But deliver me

from a husband who is poor, he would certainly be a tyrant. Besides, if I ever marry, it will be with an American."

"But suppose you fall in love with a [illegible]."

"Love would be against my principles. Never fall below your ideals—that is what I heard a speaker say at the Town and Country Club, and that is my notion. There is no safety for you if you lose your principles."

"That depends upon what they are," said Margaret, in the same bantering tone.

"That sounds like good Mr. Lyon. I suspect he thought I hadn't any. Mamma said I tried to shock him. But he shocked me. Do you think you could live with such a man twenty-four hours, even if he had his crown on?"

"I can imagine a great deal worse husbands than the Earl of Chisholm."

"Well, I haven't any imagination."

There was no reading that day, nor the next. In the morning there was a drive with the ponies through town, in the afternoon in the carriage by the sea, with a couple of receptions, the five o'clock tea, with its chatter, and in the evening a dinner party for Margaret. One day sufficed to launch her, and thereafter Carmen had only admiration for the unflagging spirit which Margaret displayed.

"If you were only unmarried," she said, "what havoc we could have." Margaret looked grave at this, but only for a moment, for she well knew that she could not please her husband better than by enjoying the season to the full. He never criticised her for taking the world as it is; and she confessed to herself that life [illegible] in a house where there were never any questions raised about duties. The really serious thought in Carmen's mind was that perhaps after all a woman had no real freedom until she was married. And she began to be interested in Margaret's enjoyment of the [illegible].

It was not, after all, a new world, only newly arranged, like another scene in the same play. The actors, who came and went, were for the most part the acquaintances of the Washington winter, and the callers and diners and opera-goers and charity managers of the city. In these days Margaret was quite at home in a familiar set: the British minister, the Belgian, the French, the Spanish, the Mexican, the [illegible], and the Italian, with their families and attachés—nothing was wanting, not even the Chinese mandarin, who had rooms at the hotel, going about everywhere in the conscientious discharge of his duties as ambassador to American society, a great favorite on account of his silk apparel, which gave him the appearance of a clumsy woman, and the everlasting three-thousand-year-old smile on his broad face, punctiliously leaving in every house a big flaring red piece of paper which the ladies pinned up for a decoration; a picture of helpless, childlike enjoyment, and almost independent of the interpreter who followed him about, when he had learned, upon being introduced to a lady, or taking a cup of tea, to say "good-bye" as distinctly as an articulating machine; a truly learned man, setting an example of civility and perfect self-possession, but keenly observant of the oddities of the social life to which his missionary government had accredited him. One would like to have heard the comments of the minister and his suite upon our manners; but perhaps they were too polite to make any even in their seclusion. Certain it is that no one ever heard any of the legation express any opinion but the most suave and flattering.

And yet they must have been amazed at the activity of this season of repose, the endurance of American women who rode to the fox meets, were excited spectators of the polo, played lawn-tennis, were incessantly dining and calling, and sat through long dinners served with the formality and dulness and the swarms of liveried attendants of a royal feast. And they could not but admire the young men, who did not care for politics or any business beyond the chances of the stock exchange, but who expended an immense amount of energy in the dangerous polo contests, in riding at fences after the scent bag, in driving tandems and four-in-hands, and yet had time to dress in the cut and shade demanded by every changing hour.

Formerly the annual chronicle of this summer pageant, in which the same women appeared day after day, and the same things were done over and over again, Margaret used to read with a contempt for the life; but that she enjoyed it, now she was a part of it, shows that the chroniclers for the press were unable to catch the spirit of it, the excitement of the per-

sonal encounters that made it new every day. Looking at a ball is quite another thing from dancing.

"Yes, it is lively enough," said Mr. Ponsonby, one afternoon when they had returned from the polo grounds and were seated on the veranda. Mr. Ponsonby was a middle-aged Englishman, whose diplomatic labors at various courts had worn a bald spot on his crown. Carmen had not yet come, and they were waiting for a cup of tea. "And they ride well. But I think I rather prefer the Wild West Show."

"You Englishmen," Margaret retorted, "seem to like the uncivilized. Are you all tired of civilization?"

"Of some kinds. When we get through with the London season, you know, Mrs. Henderson, we like to rough it, as you call it, for some months. But, 'pon my word, I can't see much difference between Washington and Newport."

"We might get up a Wild West Show here, or a prize-fight, for you. Do you know, Mr. Ponsonby, I think it will take full another century for women to really civilize men."

"How so?"

"Get the cruelty and love of brutal sports out of them."

"Then you'd cease to like us. Nothing is so insipid, I fancy, to a woman as a man made in her own image."

"Well, what have you against Newport?"

"Against it? I'm sure nothing could be better than this." And Mr. Ponsonby allowed his adventurous eyes to rest for a moment upon Margaret's trim figure, until he saw a flush in her face. "This prospect," he added, turning to the sea, where a few sails took the slant rays of the sun.

"Where every prospect pleases," quoted Margaret, "and only man—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Henderson; men are not to be considered. The women in Newport would make the place a paradise even if it were a desert."

"That is another thing I object to in men."

"What's that?"

"Flattery. You don't say such things to each other at the club. What *is* your objection to Newport?"

"I didn't say I had any. But if you compel me—well, the whole thing seems to be a kind of imitation."

"How?"

"Oh, the way things go on—the steeple chasing and fox-hunting, and the carts, and the style of the swell entertainments. Is that ill natured?"

"Not at all. I like candor, especially English candor. But there is Miss Eschelle."

Carmen drove up with Count Crispo, threw the reins to the groom, and reached the ground with a touch on the shoulder of the count, who had alighted to help her down.

"Carmen," said Margaret, "Mr. Ponsonby says that all Newport is just an imitation."

"Of course it is. We are all imitations, except Count Crispo. I'll bet a cup of tea against a pair of gloves," said Carmen, who had a facility of picking up information, "that Mr. Ponsonby wasn't born in England."

Mr. Ponsonby looked redder than usual, and then laughed, and said, "Well, I was only three years old when I left Halifax."

"I knew it," cried Carmen, clapping her hands. "Now come in and have a cup of English breakfast tea. That's imitation too."

"The mistake you made," said Margaret, "was not being born in Spain."

"Perhaps it's not irreparable," the count interposed, with an air of gallantry.

"No, no," said Carmen, audaciously; "by this time I should be buried in Seville. No, I should prefer Halifax, for it would have been a pleasure to emigrate from Halifax. Was it not, Mr. Ponsonby?"

"I can't remember. But it is a pleasure to sojourn in any land with Miss Eschelle."

"Thank you. Now you shall have two cups. Come."

The next morning, Mr. Jerry Hollowell, having inquired where Margaret was staying, called to pay his respects, as he phrased it. Carmen, who was with Margaret in the morning-room, received him with her most distinguished manner.

"We all know Mr. Hollowell," she said.

"That's not always an advantage," retorted Uncle Jerry, seating himself, and depositing his hat beside his chair. "When do you expect your husband, Mrs. Henderson?"

"To-morrow. But I don't mean to tell him that you are here—not at first."

"No," said Carmen; "we women want Mr. Henderson a little while to ourselves."

"Why, I'm the idlest man in America. I tell Henderson that he ought to take more time for rest. It's no good to drive things. I like quiet."

"And you get it in Newport?" Margaret suggested.

"Well, my wife and children get what they call quiet. I guess a month of it would use me up. She says if I had a place here I'd like it. Perhaps so. You are very comfortably fixed, Miss Eschelle."

"It does very well for us, but something more would be expected of Mr. Hollowell. We are just camping out here. What Newport needs is a real palace, just to show those foreigners who come here and patronize us. Why is it, Mr. Hollowell, that all you millionaires can't think of anything better to do with your money than to put up a big hotel or a great elevator of a business block?"

"I suppose," said Uncle Jerry, blandly, "that is because they are interested in the prosperity of the country, and have simple democratic tastes for themselves. I'm afraid you are not democratic, Miss Eschelle."

"Oh, I'm anxious about the public also. I'm on your side, Mr. Hollowell; but you don't go far enough. You just throw in a college now and then to keep us quiet, but you owe it to the country to show the English that a democrat can have as fine a house as anybody."

"I call that real patriotism. When I get rich, Miss Eschelle, I'll bear it in mind."

"Oh, you never will be rich," said Carmen, sweetly, bound to pursue her whim. "You might come to me for a start to begin the house. I was very lucky last spring in A. and B. bonds."

"How was that? Are you interested in A. and B.?" asked Uncle Jerry, turning around with a lively interest in this gentle little woman.

"Oh no; we sold out. We sold when we heard what an interest there was in the road. Mamma said it would never do for two capitalists to have their eggs in the same basket."

"What do you mean, Carmen?" asked Margaret, startled. "Why, that is the road Mr. Henderson is in."

"Yes, I know, dear. There were too many in it."

"Isn't it safe?" said Margaret, turning to Hollowell.

"A great deal more solid than it was," he replied. "It is part of a through line. I suppose Miss Eschelle found a better investment."

"One nearer home," she admitted, in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Henderson must have given the girl points," thought Hollowell. He began to feel at home with her. If he had said the truth, it would have been that she was more his kind than Mrs. Henderson, but that he respected the latter more. "I think we might go in partnership, Miss Eschelle, to mutual advantage—but not in building. Your ideas are too large for me there."

"I should be a very unreliable partner, Mr. Hollowell; but I could enlarge your ideas, if I had time."

Hollowell laughed, and said he hadn't a doubt of that. Margaret inquired for Mrs. Hollowell and the children, and she and Carmen appointed an hour for calling at the Ocean House. The talk went to other topics, and after a half-hour ended in mutual good feeling.

"What a delightful old party!" said Carmen, after he had gone. "I've a mind to adopt him."

In a week Hollowell and Carmen were the best of friends. She called him "Uncle Jerry," and buzzed about him, to his great delight. "The beauty of it is," he said, "you never can tell where she will light."

Everybody knows what Newport is in August, and we need not dwell on it. To Margaret, with its languidly moving pleasures, its well-bred scenery, the luxury that lulled the senses into oblivion of the vulgar struggle and anxiety which ordinarily attend life, it was little less than paradise. To float along with Carmen, going deeper and deeper into the shifting gayety which made the days fly without thought and with no care for to-morrow, began to seem an admirable way of passing life. What could one do fitter, after all, for a world hopelessly full of suffering and poverty and discontent, than to set an example of cheerfulness and enjoyment, and to contribute, as occasion offered, to the less fortunate? Would it help matters to be personally anxious and miserable? To put a large bill in the plate on Sunday, to open her purse wide for the objects of charity and relief daily presented, was indeed a privilege and a pleasure, and a satisfaction to the conscience

which occasionally tripped her in her rapid pace.

"I don't believe you have a bit of conscience," said Margaret to Carmen one Sunday, as they walked home from morning service, when Margaret had responded "extravagantly," as Carmen said, to an appeal for the mission among the city paupers.

"I never said I had, dear. It must be the most troublesome thing you can carry around with you. Of course I am interested in the heathen, but charity—that is where I agree with Uncle Jerry—begins at home, and I don't happen to know a greater heathen than I am."

"If you were as bad as you make yourself out, I wouldn't walk with you another step."

"Well, you ask mother. She was in such a rage one day when I told Mr. Lyon that he'd better look after Ireland than go pottering round among the neglected children. Not that I care anything about the Irish," added this candid person.

"I suppose you wanted to make it pleasant for Mr. Lyon?"

"No; for mother. She can't get over the idea that she is still bringing me up. And Mr. Lyon! Goodness, there was no living with him after his visit to Brandon. Do you know, Margaret, that I think you are just a little bit sly?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Margaret, looking offended.

"Dear, I don't blame you," said the impulsive creature, wheeling short round and coming close to Margaret. "I'd kiss you this minute if we were not in the public road."

When Henderson came, Margaret's world was full; no desire was ungratified. He experienced a little relief when she did not bother him about his business nor inquire into his operations with Hollowell, and he fancied that she was getting to accept the world as Carmen accepted it. There had been moments since his marriage when he feared that Margaret's scruples would interfere with his career, but never a moment when he had doubted that her love for him would be superior to any solicitations from others. Carmen, who knew him like a book, would have said that the model wife for Henderson would be a woman devoted to him and to his interests, and not too scrupulous. A wife is a torment if you can't feel at ease with her.

"If there were only a French fleet in the harbor, dear," said Margaret one day, "I should feel that I had quite taken up the life of my great-great-grandmother."

They were sailing in Hollowell's yacht, in which Uncle Jerry had brought his family round from New York. He hated the water, but Mrs. Hollowell and the children doted on the sea, he said.

"Wouldn't the torpedo station make up for it?" Henderson asked.

"Hardly. But it shows the change of a hundred years. Only, isn't it odd, this personal dropping back into an old situation? I wonder what she was like?"

"The accounts say she was the belle of Newport. I suppose Newport has a belle once in a hundred years. The time has come round. But I confess I don't miss the French fleet," replied Henderson, with a look of love that thrilled Margaret through and through.

"But you would have been an officer on the fleet, and I should have fallen in love with you. Ah, well, it is better as it is."

And it was better. The days went by without a cloud. Even after Henderson had gone, the prosperity of life filled her heart more and more.

"She might have been like me," Carmen said to herself, "if she had only started right, but it is so hard to get rid of a New England conscience."

When Margaret staid in her room one morning to write a long-postponed letter to her aunt, she discovered that she had very little to write, at least that she wanted to write, to her aunt. She began, however, resolutely, with a little account of her life. But it seemed another thing on paper, addressed to the loving eyes at Brandon. There were too much luxury and idleness and triviality in it, too much Carmen and Count Crispo and flirtation and dissipation in it.

She tore it up, and went to the window and looked out upon the sea. She was indignant at the Brandon people that they should care so little about this charming life. She was indignant at herself that she had torn up the letter. What had she done that anybody should criticise her? Why shouldn't she live her life, and not be hampered everlastingly by comparisons?

She sat down again and took up her pen. Was she changing — was she changed? Why was it that she had felt

a little relief when her last Brandon visit was at an end, a certain freedom in Lenox, and a greater freedom in Newport? The old associations became strong again in her mind, the life in the little neighborhood, the simplicity of it, the high ideals of it, the daily love and tenderness. Her aunt was no doubt wondering now that she did not write, and perhaps grieving that Margaret no more felt at home in Brandon. It was too much. She loved them, she loved them all dearly. She would write that, and speak only generally of her frivolous, happy summer. And she began, but somehow the letter seemed stiff, and to lack the old confiding tone.

But why should they disapprove of her? She thought of her husband. If circumstances had altered, was she to blame? Could she always be thinking of what they would think at Brandon? It was an intolerable bondage. They had no right to set themselves up over her. Suppose her aunt didn't like Carmen. She was not responsible for Carmen. What would they have her do? Be unhappy because Henderson was prosperous, and she could indulge her tastes and not have to drudge in school? Suppose she did look at some things differently from what she used to. She knew more of the world. Must you shut yourself up because you found you couldn't trust everybody? What was Mr. Morgan always hitting at? Had he any better opinion of men and women than her husband had? Was he any more charitable than Uncle Jerry? She smiled as she thought of Uncle Jerry and his remark—"It's a very decent world if you don't huff it." No; she did like this life, and she was not going to pretend that she didn't. It would be dreadful to lose the love and esteem of her dear old friends, and she cried a little as this possibility came over her. And then she hardened her heart a little at the thought that she could not help it if they chose to misunderstand her and change.

Carmen was calling from the stairs that it was time to dress for the drive. She dashed off a note. It contained messages of love for everybody, but it was the first one in her life written to her aunt not from her heart.

XVII.

Shall we never have done with this carping at people who succeed? Are those who start and don't arrive any better than those who do arrive? Did not men always make all the money they had an opportunity to make? Must we always have the old slow-coach merchants and planters thrown up to us? Talk of George Washington and the men of his day! Were things any better because they were on a small scale? Wasn't the thrifty George Washington always adding to his plantations, and squeezing all he could out of his land and his slaves? What are the negro traditions about it? Were they all patriots in the Revolutionary war? Were there no contractors who amassed fortunes then? And how was it in the late war? The public has a great spasm of virtue all of a sudden. But we have got past the day of stage-coaches.

Something like this Henderson was flinging out to Carmen as he paced back and forth in her parlor. It was very unlike him, this outburst, and Carmen knew that he would indulge in it to no one else, not even to Uncle Jerry. She was coiled up in a corner of the sofa, her eyes sparkling with admiration of his indignation and force. I confess that he had been irritated by the comments of the newspapers, and by the prodding of the lawyers in the suit then on trial over the Southwestern consolidation.

"Why, there was old Mansfield saying in his argument that he had had some little experience in life, but he never had known a man to get rich rapidly, barring some piece of luck, except by means that it would make him writhe to have made public. I don't know but Uncle Jerry was right, that we made a mistake in not retaining him for the corporation."

"Not if you win," said Carmen, softly. "The public won't care for the remark unless you fail."

"And he tried to prejudice the court by quoting the remark attributed to Uncle Jerry, 'The public be d——d!' as if, said Mansfield, the public has no rights as against the railroad wreckers. Uncle Jerry laughed, and interrupted: 'That's nonsense, reporters' nonsense. What I said was that if the public thought I was fool enough to make it our enemy, the public might be d——d (begging your honor's pardon).' Then everybody laughed. 'It's the bondholders, who want big dividends, that stand in the way of the development of the country; that's what it is,' said he, as he sat down, to those around him, but

loud enough to be heard all over the room. Mansfield asked the protection of the court against these clap trap interruptions. The judge said it was altogether irregular, and Uncle Jerry begged pardon. The reporters made this incident the one prominent thing in the case that day."

"What a delightful Uncle Jerry it is!" said Carmen. "You'd better keep an eye on him, Rodney; he'll be giving your money to that theological seminary in Alabama."

"That reminds me," Henderson said, cooling down, "of a paragraph in *The Planet* the other day about the amount of my gifts unknown to the public. I showed it to Uncle Jerry, and he said, 'Yes, I mentioned it to the editor; such things don't do any harm.'"

"I saw it, and wondered who started it," Carmen replied, wrinkling her brows as if she had been a good deal perplexed about it.

"I thought," said Henderson, with a smile, "that it ought to be explained to you."

"No," she said, reflectively; "you are liberal enough, goodness knows—too liberal—but you are not a flat."

Henderson was in the habit of dropping in at the Eschelles' occasionally when he wanted to talk freely. He had no need to wear a mask with Carmen. Her moral sense was tolerant and elastic, and feminine sympathy of this sort is a grateful cushion. She admired Henderson without thinking any too well of the world in general, and she admired him for the qualities that were most congenial to his inclination. It was no case of hero-worship, to be sure, nor for tragedy; but then what a satisfaction it must be to sweet Lady Macbeth, coiled up on her sofa, to feel that the thane of Cawdor has some nerve!

The Hendersons had come back to Washington Square late in the autumn. It is a merciful provision that one has an orderly and well-appointed home to return to from the fatigues of the country. Margaret at any rate was a little tired with the multiform excitements of her summer, and experienced a feeling of relief when she crossed her own threshold and entered into the freedom and quiet of her home. She was able to shut the door there even against the solicitations of nature and against the weariness of it also. How quiet it was in the square in those late autumn days, and yet not lifeless by any means! Indeed, it seemed all the more a haven because the roar of the great city environed it, and one could feel, without being disturbed by, the active pulsation of human life. And then, if one has entertainment, is there anywhere that it is more ministered to than in the city at the close of the year? The trees in the little park grow red and yellow and brown, the leaves fall and swirl and drift in winrows by the paths, the flower beds flame forth in the last dying splendor of their color; the children chasing each other with hoop and ball about the walks are more subdued than in the spring-time; the old men, seeking now the benches where the sunshine falls, sit in dreamy reminiscence of the days that are gone; the wandering minstrel of Italy turns the crank of his wailing machine, *Oh! bella, bella*, as in the spring, but the notes seem to come from far off and to be full of memory rather than of promise; and at early morning, or when the shadows lengthen at evening, the south wind that stirs the trees has a salt smell, and sends a premonitory shiver of change to the fading foliage. But how bright are the squares and the streets for all this note of melancholy! Life is to begin again.

But the social season opened languidly: it takes some time to recover from the invigoration of the summer gaiety, to pick up again the threads and weave them into that brilliant pattern, which scarcely shows all its loveliness of combination and color before the weavers begin to work in the subdued tints of Lent. How delightful it is to see this knitting and unravelling of the social fabric year after year, and how untiring are the senders of the shuttles, the dyers, the hatchellers, the spinners, the ever-busy makers and destroyers of the intricate web we call society! After one campaign, must there not be time given to organize for another? Who has fallen out, who are the new recruits, who are engaged, who will marry, who have separated, who has lost his money? Before we can safely reorganize we must not only examine the hearts, but the stock list. No matter how many brilliant alliances have been arranged, no matter how many husbands and wives have drifted apart in the local whirlpools of the summer's current, the season will be dull if Wall Street is torpid and discouraged. We cannot any of us,

you see, live to ourselves alone. Does not all look about us in the pews, when he thus moralizes, to see who has prospered? The B's have taken a back seat, the C's have moved up nearer the pulpit. There is a reason for these things, my friends.

I am sorry to say that Margaret was usually obliged to go alone to the little church where she said her prayers; for however restful her life might have been while that season was getting under way, Henderson was involved in the most se- of conspiracy, Margaret told Carmen, against him. I have hinted at his annoyance in the courts. Ever since September he had been pestered with injunctions, threatened with attachments. And now December had come and Congress was in session; in the very first days an investigation had been ordered into the land grants involved in the Southwestern operations. Uncle Jerry was in Washington to explain matters there, and Henderson, with the ablest counsel in the city, was fighting in the courts. The affair made a tremendous stir. Some of the bondholders of the A. and B. happened to be men of prominence, and able to make a noise about their injury. As several millions were involved in this one branch of the case—the suit of the bondholders—the newspapers treated it with the consideration and dignity it deserved. It was a vast financial operation, some said, scathingly, a "deal," but the magnitude of it prevented it from falling into the reports of petty swindling that ap- a public affair, and not to be judged by one's private standard. I know that there were remarks made about Henderson that would have pained Margaret if she had heard them, but I never heard that he lost standing in the street. Still, in justice to the street it must be said that it charitably waits for things to be proved, and that if Henderson had failed he might have had

In fact, those were very trying days for him, days when he needed all the private sympathy he could get, and to be shielded, in his great fight with the conspiracy, from petty private annoyances. It needed all his courage and good temper and *bonhomie* to carry him through. That he went through was evidence not only of his adroitness and ability, but it was proof also that he was a good fellow. If there were people who thought otherwise, I never heard that they turned their backs on him, or failed in that civility which he never laid aside in his intercourse with others.

If a man presents a smiling front to the world under extreme trial, is not that all that can be expected of him? Shall he not be excused for showing a little irritation at home when things go badly? Henderson was as good-humored a man as I ever knew, and he loved Margaret, he was proud of her, he trusted her. Since when did the truest love prevent a man from being petulant, even to the extent of wounding those he best loves, especially if the loved one shows scruples when one needs sympathy? The reader knows that the present writer has no great confidence in the principle of Carmen, but if she had been married, and her husband had wrecked an insurance company and appropriated all the surplus belonging to the policy-holders, I don't believe she would have nagged him about it.

And yet Margaret loved Henderson with her whole soul. And in this stage of her progress in the world she showed that she did, though not in the way Carmen would have showed her love, if she had loved, and if she had a soul capable of love.

It may have been inferred from Henderson's exhibition of temper that his case had gone against him. It is true: an injunction had been granted in the lower court, and public opinion went with the decree, and was in a great measure satisfied by it. But this fight had really only just begun; it would go on in the higher courts, with new resources and infinite devices, which the public would be unable to fathom or follow, until by-and-by it would come out that a compromise had been made, and the easy public would not understand that this compromise gave the looters of the railway substantially all they ever expected to get.

The morning after the granting of the injunction Henderson had been silent and very much absorbed at breakfast, hardly polite, Margaret thought, and so inattentive to her remarks that she asked him twice whether they should accept the Brandon invitation to Christmas.

"Christmas! I don't know. I've got

other things to think of than Christmas," he said, scarcely looking at her and rising abruptly and going away to his library.

When the postman brought Margaret's mail there was a letter in it from her aunt, which she opened [illegible] after the other notes had been glanced through, on the principle that a family letter can wait, or from the fancy that some have of keeping the letter likely to be most interesting till the last. But almost the first line enchained her attention, and as she read, her heart beat faster, and her face became scarlet. It was very short, and I am able to print it, because all Margaret's correspondence ultimately came into possession of her aunt:

"Brighton, December [illegible]

"DEAREST MARGARET,—You do not say whether you will come for Christmas, but we infer from your silence that you will. You know how pained we shall all be if you do not. Yet I fear the day will not be as pleasant as we could wish. In fact we are in a good deal of trouble. You know, dear, that poor Mrs. Fletcher had nearly every dollar of her little fortune invested in the A. and B. bonds, and for ten months she has not had a cent of dividend, and no prospect of any. Indeed, Morgan says that she will be lucky if she ultimately saves half her principal. We try to cheer her up, but she is so cast down and mortified to have to live, as she says, on charity. And it does make rather close house-keeping, though I'm sure I couldn't live alone without her. It does not make so much difference with Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Morgan, for they have plenty of other resources. Mr. Fairchild tells her that she is in very good company, for lots of the bonds are held in Brandon, and she is not the only widow who suffers. But this is poor consolation. We had great hopes the other day of the trial, but Morgan says it may be years before any final settlement. I don't believe Mr. Henderson knows. But there, dearest, I won't find fault. We are all well, and eager to see you. Do come.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"GEORGIANA."

Margaret's hand that held the letter trembled, and the eyes that read these words were hot with indignation, but she controlled herself into an appearance of calmness as she marched away with it straight to the library.

As she entered, Henderson was seated at his desk, with bowed head and perplexed brows, sorting a pile of papers before him, and making notes. He did not look up until she came close to him and stood at the end of his desk. Then, turning his eyes for a moment, and putting out his left hand to her, he said, "Well, what is it, dear?"

"Will you read that?" said Margaret, in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears.

"What?"

"A letter from Aunt Forsythe."

"Family matter. Can't it wait?" said Henderson, going on with his figuring.

"If it can, I cannot," Margaret answered, in a tone that caused him to turn abruptly and look at her. He was so impatient and occupied that even yet he did not comprehend the new expression in her face

"Don't you see I am busy, child! I have an engagement in twenty minutes in my office."

"You can read it in a moment," said Margaret, still calm.

Henderson took the letter with a gesture of extreme annoyance, ran his eye through it, flung it from him on the table, and turned squarely round in his chair.

"Well, what of it?"

"To ruin poor Mrs. Fletcher and a hundred like her!" cried Margaret, with rising indignation.

"What have I to do with it? Did I make their investments? Do you think I have time to attend to every poor duck? Why don't people look where they put their money?"

"It's a shame, a burning shame!" she cried, regarding him steadily.

"Oh yes; no doubt. I lost a hundred thousand yesterday; did I whine about it? If I want to buy anything in the market, have I got to look into every tuppenny interest concerned in it? If Mrs. Fletcher or anybody else has any complaint against me, the courts are open. I defy the whole pack," Henderson thundered out, rising and buttoning his coat —"the whole pack."

"And you have nothing else to say, Rodney?" Margaret persisted, not quailing in the least before his indignation. He had never seen her so before, and he was now too much in a passion to fully heed her.

"Oh, women, women!" he said, taking up his hat, "you have sympathy enough for anybody but your husband." He paused [illegible], and was gone without another word or look.

Margaret turned to follow. She would have cried "Stop!" but the word stuck in her throat. She was half beside herself with rage for a moment. But he had gone. She heard the outer door close. Shame and grief overcame her. She sat down in the chair he had just occupied. It was infamous the way Mrs. Fletcher [illegible]. And her husband—her husband was so regardless of it. If he was not to blame for it, why didn't he tell her [illegible]? And he had gone away without looking at her. He had left her for the first time since they were married without kissing her! She put her head down on the desk and sobbed; it seemed as if her heart would break. Perhaps he was angry, and wouldn't come back, not for ever so long.

How cruel to say that she did not sympathize with her husband! How could he be angry with her for her natural anxiety about her old friend? He was unjust. There must be something wrong in these schemes, these great operations that made so many confiding people suffer. Was everybody grasping and selfish? She got up and walked about the dear room, which recalled to her only the sweetest memories; she wandered aimlessly about the lower part of the house. She was wretchedly unhappy. Was her husband capable of such conduct? Would he cease to love her for what she had done—for what she must do? How lovely this home was! Everything spoke of his care, his tenderness, his quickness to anticipate her slightest wish or whim. It had been all created for her. She looked listlessly at the pictures, the painted ceiling, where the loves garlanded with flowers chased each other; she lifted and let drop wearily the rich hangings. He had said that it was all hers. How pretty was this vista through the luxurious rooms down to the green and sunny conservatory! And she shrank instinctively from it all. Was it hers? No; it was his. And was she only a part of it? Was she his? How cold his look as he [illegible]

What is this love, this divine passion, of which we hear so much? Is it, then, such a discerner of right and wrong? Is it better than anything else? Does it take the place of duty, of conscience? And yet what an unbearable desert, what a den of wild beasts, it would be, this world, without love, the passionate, all-surrendering love of the man and the woman!

In the chambers, in her own apartments, into which she dragged her steps, it was worse than below. Everything here was personal. Mrs. Fairchild had said that it was too rich, too luxurious, but her husband would have it so. Nothing was too costly, too good, for the woman he loved. How happy she had been in this boudoir, this room, her very own, with her books, the souvenirs of all her happy life! It seemed alien now, external, unsympathetic. Here, least of all places, could she escape from herself, from her hateful thoughts. It was a chilly day, and a bright fire crackled on the hearth. The square was almost deserted, though the sun illuminated it, and showed all the delicate tracery of the branches and twigs. It was a December sun. Her easy-chair was drawn to the fire and her book-stand by it, with the novel turned down that she had been reading the night before. She sat down and took up the book. She had lost her interest in the characters. Fiction! What stuff it was compared to the reality of her own life! No; it was impossible. She must do something. She went to her dressing-room and selected a street dress. She took pleasure in putting on the plainest costume she could find, rejecting every ornament, everything but the necessary and the simple. She wanted to get back to herself. Her maid appeared in response to the bell.

"I am going out, Marie."

"Will madame have the carriage?"

"No; I shall walk; I need exercise. Tell Jackson not to put on the lunch." Yes, she would walk—for it was his carriage, after all.

It was after mid-day. In the keen air and the bright sunshine the streets were brilliant. Margaret walked on up the Avenue. How gay was the city, what a zest of life in the animated scene! The throng increased as she approached Twenty-third Street. In the place where three or four currents meet there was the usual jam of carriages, furniture wagons, carts, cars, and hurried, timid, half-bewildered passengers trying to make their way

through it. It was all such a whirl and confusion. A policeman aided Margaret to gain the side of the square. Children were playing there; white-capped maids were pushing about baby carriages; the sparrows chattered and fought with as much vivacity as if they were natives of the city instead of foreigners in possession. It seemed all so empty and unreal. What was she, one woman, with an achi[illegible] in the midst of it all! What had she done? How could she have acted otherwise? Was he still angry with her? The city was so vast and cruel. On the Avenue again there was the same unceasing roar of carts and carriages; business, pleasure, fashion, idleness, the stream always went by. From one and another carriage Margaret received a bow, a cool nod, or a smile of greeting. Perhaps the occupants wondered to see her on foot and alone. What did it matter? How heartless it all was! what an empty pageant! If he was alienated, there was nothing. And yet she was right. For a moment she thought of the Arbusers. She thought of Carmen. She must see somebody. No; she couldn't talk. She couldn't trust herself. She must bear it alone.

And how weary it was, walking, walking, with such a burden! House after house, street after street, closed doors, repellent fronts, staring at her. Suppose she were poor and hungry, a woman wandering forlorn, how stony and pitiless these insolent mansions! And was she not burdened and friendless and forlorn? Tired, she reached at last, and with no purpose, the great white cathedral. The door was open. In all this street of churches and palaces there was no other door open. Perhaps here for a moment she could find shelter from the world, a quiet corner where she could rest and think and pray.

She entered. It was almost empty, but down the vista of the great columns hospitable lights gleamed, and here and there a man or a woman—more women than men—was kneeling in the great aisle, before a picture, at the side of a confessional, at the steps of the altar. How hushed and calm and sweet it was! She crept into a pew in a side aisle in the shelter of a pillar, and sat down. Presently, in the far apse, an organ began to play, its notes stealing softly out through the great spaces like a benediction. She fancied that the saints, the glorified martyrs in the painted windows illumined by the sunlight, could feel, could hear, were touched by human sympathy in their beatitude. There was peace here at any rate, and maybe strength. What a dizzy whirl it all was in which she had been borne along! The tones of the organ rose fuller and fuller, and now at the side entrances came pouring in children, the boys on one side, the girls on another—school children with their books and satchels, the poor children of the parish, long lines of girls and of boys, marshalled by priests and nuns, streaming in—in frolicsome mood, and filling all the pews of the nave at the front. They had their books out, their singing books; at a signal they all stood up; a young priest with his baton stepped into the centre aisle; he waved his stick, Margaret heard his sweet tenor voice, and then the whole chorus of children's voices rising and filling all the house with the innocent concord, but always above all the penetrating, soaring notes of the priest, strong, clear, persuading. Was it not almost angelic there at the moment? And how inspired the beautiful face of the singer leading the children!

Ah me! it is not all of the world worldly, then. I don't know that the singing was very good; it was not classical, I fear; not a voice, maybe, that priest's, not a chorus, probably, that, for the Metropolitan. I hear the organ is played better elsewhere. Song after song, chorus after chorus, repeated, stopped, begun again: it was only drilling the little urchins of the parochial schools, little ragamuffins, I dare say, many of them. What was there in this to touch a woman of fashion, sitting there crying in her corner? Was it because they were children's voices, and innocent? Margaret did not care to check her tears. She was thinking of her old home, of her own childhood, nay, of her girlhood—it was not so long ago—of her ideals then, of her notion of the world and what it would bring her, of the dear, affectionate life, the simple life, the school, the little church, her room in the cottage—the chamber where first the realization of love came to her with the odors of May. Was it gone, that life?—gone or going out of her heart? And — great heavens! — if her husband should be cold to her! Was she very worldly? Would he love her if she were

as unworldly as she once was? Why should this childish singing raise these contrasts, and put her at odds so with her own life? For a moment I doubt not this dear girl saw herself as we were beginning to see her. Who says that the rich and the prosperous and the successful do not need pity?

Was this a comforting hour, do you think, for Margaret in the cathedral? Did she get any strength, I wonder? When the singing was over and the organ ceased, and the children had filed out, she stole away also, wearily and humbly enough, and took the stage down the Avenue. It was near the dinner hour, and Henderson, if he came, would be at home any moment. It seemed as if she could not wait—only to see him!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH THE EYES SHUT.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

RAILROAD rides are naturally tiresome to persons who cannot read on the cars, and being one of those unfortunates, I resigned myself, on taking my seat in the train, to several hours of tedium, alleviated only by such cat-naps as I might achieve. Partly on account of my infirmity, though more on account of a taste for rural quiet and retirement, my railroad journeys are few and far between. Strange as the statement may seem in days like these, it had actually been five years since I had been on an express train of a trunk line. Now, as every one knows, the improvements in the conveniences of the best equipped trains have in that period been very great, and for a considerable time I found myself amply entertained in taking note first of one ingenious device and then of another, and wondering what would come next. At the end of the first hour, however, I was pleased to find that I was growing comfortably drowsy, and proceeded to compose myself for a nap, which I hoped might last to my destination.

Presently I was touched on the shoulder, and a train boy asked me if I would not like something to read. I replied, rather petulantly, that I could not read on the cars, and only wanted to be let alone.

"Beg pardon, sir," the train boy replied, "but I'll give you a book you can read with your eyes shut. Guess you haven't taken this line lately," he added, as I looked up offended at what seemed impertinence. "We've been furnishing the new-fashioned phonographed books and magazines on this train for six months now, and passengers have got so they won't have anything else."

Probably this piece of information ought to have astonished me more than it did, but I had read enough about the wonders of the phonograph to be prepared in a vague sort of way for almost anything which might be related of it, and for the rest, after the air-brakes, the steam heat, the electric lights and annunciators, the vestibuled cars, and other delightful novelties I had just been admiring, almost anything seemed likely in the way of railway conveniences. Accordingly, when the boy proceeded to rattle off a list of the latest novels, I stopped him with the name of one which I had heard favorable mention of, and told him I would try that.

He was good enough to commend my choice. "That's a good one," he said. "It's all the rage. Half the train's on it this trip. Where'll you begin?"

"Where? Why, at the beginning. Where else?" I replied.

"All right. Didn't know but you might have partly read it. Put you on at any chapter or page, you know. Put you on at first chapter with next batch in five minutes, soon as the batch that's on now gets through."

He unlocked a little box at the side of my seat, collected the price of three hours' reading at five cents an hour, and went on down the aisle. Presently I heard the tinkle of a bell from the box which he had unlocked. Following the example of others around me, I took from it a sort of two-pronged fork with the tines spread in the similitude of a chicken's wish-bone. This contrivance, which was attached to the side of the car by a cord, I proceeded to apply to my ears, as I saw the others doing.

For the next three hours I scarcely altered my position, so completely was I enthralled by my novel experience. Few

persons can fail to have made the observation that if the tones of the human voice did not have a charm for us in themselves apart from the ideas they convey, conversation to a great extent would soon be given up, so little is the real intellectual interest of the topics with which it is chiefly concerned. When, then, the sympathetic influence of the voice is lent to the enhancement of matter of high intrinsic interest, it is not strange that the attention should be enchained. A good story is highly entertaining even when we have to get at it by the roundabout means of spelling out the signs that stand for the words, and imagining them uttered, and then imagining what they would mean if uttered. What then shall be said of the delight of sitting at one's ease, with closed eyes, listening to the same story poured into one's ears in the strong, sweet, musical tones of a perfect mistress of the art of story-telling, and of the expression and excitation by means of the voice of every emotion?

When, at the conclusion of the story, the train boy came to lock up the box, I could not refrain from expressing my satisfaction in strong terms. In reply he volunteered the information that next month the cars for day trips on that line would be further fitted up with phonographic guide-books of the country the train passed through, so connected by clock-work with the running gear of the cars that the guide-book would call attention to every object in the landscape, and furnish the pertinent information — statistical, topographical, biographical, historical, romantic, or legendary, as it might be—just at the time the train had reached the most favorable point of view. It was believed that this arrangement (for which, as it would work automatically, and require little attendance, being used or not, according to pleasure, by the passenger, there would be no charge) would do much to attract travel to the road. His explanation was interrupted by the announcement in loud, clear, and deliberate tones, which no one could have had any excuse for misunderstanding, that the train was now approaching the city of my destination. As I looked around in amazement to discover what manner of brakeman this might be whom I had understood, the train boy said, with a grin, "That's our new phonographic annunciator."

Hamage had written me that he would be at the station, but something had evidently prevented him from keeping the appointment, and as it was late I went at once to a hotel and to bed. I was tired, and slept heavily; once or twice I woke up, after dreaming there were people in my room talking to me, but quickly dropped off to sleep again. Finally I awoke, and did not so soon fall asleep. Presently I found myself sitting up in bed with half a dozen extraordinary sensations contending for right of way along my backbone. What had startled me was the voice of a young woman, who could not have been standing more than ten feet from my bed. If the tones of her voice were any guide, she was not only a young woman, but a very charming one.

"My dear sir," she had said, "you may possibly be interested in knowing that it now wants just a quarter of three."

For a few moments I thought—well, I will not undertake the impossible task of telling what extraordinary conjectures occurred to me by way of accounting for the presence of this young woman in my room before the true explanation of the matter occurred to me. For, of course, when my experience that afternoon on the train flashed through my mind, I guessed at once that the solution of the mystery was in all probability merely a phonographic device for announcing the hour. Nevertheless, so thrilling and lifelike in effect were the tones of the voice I had heard, that I confess I had not the nerve to light the gas to investigate till I had indued my more essential garments. Of course I found no lady in the room, but only a clock. I had not particularly noticed it on going to bed, because it looked like any other clock, and so now it continued to behave until the hands pointed to three. Then, instead of leaving me to infer the time from the arbitrary symbolism of three strokes on a bell, the same voice which had before electrified me informed me, in tones which would have lent a charm to the driest of statistical details, what the hour was. I had never before been impressed with any particular interest attaching to the hour of three in the morning, but as I heard it announced in those low, rich, thrilling contralto tones, it appeared fairly to coruscate with previously latent sug-

gestions of romance and poetry, which, if somewhat vague, were very pleasing. Turning out the gas that I might the more easily imagine the bewitching presence which the voice suggested, I went back to bed, and lay awake there until morning, enjoying the society of my bodiless companion and the delicious shock of her quarter-hourly remarks. To make the illusion more complete and the more unsuggestive of the mechanical explanation which I knew of course was the real one, the phrase in which the announcement of the hour was made was never twice the same.

Right was Solomon when he said that there was nothing new under the sun. Sardanapalus or Semiramis herself would not have been at all startled to hear a human voice proclaim the hour. The phonographic clock had but replaced the slave whose business, standing by the noiseless water-clock, it was to keep tale of the moments as they dropped, ages before they had been taught to tick.

In the morning, on descending, I went first to the clerk's office to inquire for letters, thinking Hamage, who knew I would go to that hotel if any, might have addressed me there. The clerk handed me a small oblong box. I suppose I stared at it in a rather helpless way, for presently he said: "I beg your pardon, but I see you are a stranger. If you will permit me, I will show you how to read your letter."

I gave him the box, from which he took a device of spindles and cylinders, and [illegible] within another small box which stood on the desk. Attached to this was one of the two-pronged ear-trumpets I already knew the use of. As I placed it in position, the clerk touched a spring in the box, which set some sort of motor going, and at once the familiar tones of Dick Hamage's voice expressed his regret that an accident had prevented his meeting me the night before, and informed me that he would be at the hotel by the time I had breakfasted.

The letter ended, the obliging clerk removed the cylinders from the box on the desk, replaced them in that they had come in, and returned it to me.

"Isn't it rather tantalizing," said I, "to receive one of these letters when there is no little machine like this at hand to make it speak?"

"It doesn't often happen," replied the clerk, "that anybody is caught without his indispensable, or at least where he cannot borrow one."

"His indispensable!" I exclaimed. "What may that be?"

In reply the clerk directed my attention to a little box, not wholly unlike a case for a binocular glass, which, now that he spoke of it, I saw was carried, slung at the side, by every person in sight.

"We call it the indispensable because it is indispensable, as, no doubt, you will soon find for yourself."

In the breakfast room a number of ladies and gentlemen were engaged as they sat at table in reading, or rather in listening to, their morning's correspondence. A greater or smaller pile of little boxes lay beside their plates, and one after another they took from each its cylinders, placed them in their indispensables, and held the latter to their ears. The expression of the face in reading is so largely affected by the necessary fixity of the eyes that intelligence is absorbed from the printed or written page with scarcely a change of countenance, which when communicated by the voice evokes a responsive play of features. I had never been struck so forcibly by this obvious reflection as I was in observing the expression of the faces of these people as they listened to their correspondents. Disappointment, pleased surprise, chagrin, disgust, indignation, and amusement were alternately so legible on their faces that it was perfectly easy for one to be sure in most cases what the tenor at least of the letter was. It occurred to me that while in the old time the pleasure of receiving letters had been so far balanced by this drudgery of writing them as to keep correspondence within some bounds, nothing less than freight trains could suffice for the mail service in these days, when to write was but to speak, and to listen was to read.

After I had given my order, the waiter brought a curious-looking oblong case, with an ear-trumpet attached, and placing it before me, went away. I foresaw that I should have to ask a good many questions before I got through, and if I did not mean to be a bore, I had best ask as few as necessary. I determined to find out what this trap was without assistance. The words "*Daily Morning Herald*" sufficiently indicated that it was a newspaper. I suspected that a certain big knob, if pushed, would set it going. But

for all I knew, it might start in the middle of the advertisements. I looked closer. There were a number of printed slips upon the face of the machine, arranged about a circle like the numbers on a dial. They were evidently the headings of news articles. In the middle of the circle was a little pointer, like the hand of a clock, moving on a pivot. I pushed this pointer around to a certain caption, and then, with the air of being perfectly familiar with the machine, I put the pronged trumpet to my ears and pressed the big knob. Precisely! It worked like a charm; so much like a charm, indeed, that I should certainly have allowed my breakfast to cool had I been obliged to choose between that and my newspaper. The inventor of the apparatus had, however, provided against so painful a dilemma by a simple attachment to the trumpet, which held it securely in position upon the shoulders behind the head, while the hands were left free for knife and fork. Having slyly noted the manner in which my neighbors had effected the adjustments, I imitated their example with a careless air, and presently, like them, was absorbing physical and mental aliment simultaneously.

While I was thus delightfully engaged, I was not less delightfully interrupted by Hamage, who, having arrived at the hotel, and learned that I was in the breakfast room, came in and sat down beside me. After telling him how much I admired the new sort of newspapers, I offered one criticism, which was that there seemed to be no way by which one could skip dull paragraphs or uninteresting details.

"The invention would, indeed, be very far from a success," he said, "if there were no such provision; but there is."

He made me put on the trumpet again, and having set the machine going, told me to press on a certain knob, at first gently, afterward as hard as I pleased. I did so, and found that the effect of the "skipper," as he called the knob, was to quicken the utterance of the phonograph in proportion to the pressure to at least tenfold the usual rate of speed, while at any moment, if a word of interest caught the ear, the ordinary rate of delivery was resumed, and by another adjustment the machine could be made to go back and repeat as much as desired.

When I told Hamage of my experience of the night before with the talking clock in my room, he laughed uproariously.

"I am very glad you mentioned this just now," he said, when he had quieted himself. "We have a couple of hours before the train goes out to my place, and I'll take you through Orton's establishment, where they make a specialty of these talking clocks. I have a number of them in my house, and as I don't want to have you scared to death in the night watches, you had better get some notion of what clocks nowadays are expected to do."

Orton's, where we found ourselves half an hour later, proved to be a very extensive establishment, the firm making a specialty of horological novelties, and particularly of the new phonographic timepieces. The manager, who was a personal friend of Hamage's, and proved very obliging, said that the latter were fast driving the old-fashioned striking clocks out of use.

"And no wonder," he exclaimed; "the old-fashioned striker was an unmitigated nuisance. Let alone the brutality of announcing the hour to a refined household by four, eight, or ten rude bangs, without introduction or apology, this method of announcement was not even tolerably intelligible. Unless you happened to be attentive at the moment the din began you could never be sure of your count of strokes so as to be positive whether it was eight, nine, ten, or eleven. As to the half and quarter strokes, they were wholly useless unless you chanced to know what was the last hour struck. And then, too, I should like to ask you why, in the name of common-sense, it should take twelve times as long to tell you it is twelve o'clock as it does to tell you it is one."

The manager laughed as heartily as Hamage had done on learning of my scare of the night before.

"It was lucky for you," he said, "that the clock in your room happened to be a simple time announcer, otherwise you might easily have been startled half out of your wits." I became myself quite of the same opinion by the time he had shown us something of his assortment of clocks. The mere announcing of the hours and quarters of hours was the simplest of the functions of these wonderful and yet simple instruments. There were few of them which were not arranged to "improve the time," as the old-fashioned prayer-meeting phrase was. People's ideas differing widely as to what consti-

tutes improvement of time, the clocks varied accordingly in the nature of the edification they provided. There were religious and sectarian clocks, moral clocks, philosophical clocks, freethinking and infidel clocks, literary and poetical clocks, educational clocks, frivolous and bacchanalian clocks. In the religious clock department were to be found Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist time-pieces, which, in connection with the announcement of the hour and quarter, repeated some tenet of the sect with a proof text. There were also Talmage clocks and Spurgeon clocks and Storrs clocks and Brooks clocks, which respectively marked the flight of time by phrases taken from the sermons of these eminent divines, and repeated in precisely the voice and accents of the original delivery. In startling proximity to the religious department I was shown the sceptical clocks. So near were they indeed that when, as I stood there, the various time-pieces announced the hour of ten, the war of opinions that followed was calculated to unsettle the firmest convictions. The observations of an Ingersoll which stood near me were particularly startling. The effect of an actual wrangle was the greater from the fact that all these individual clocks were surmounted by effigies of the authors of the sentiments they repeated.

I was glad to escape from this turmoil to the calmer atmosphere of the philosophical and literary clock department. For persons with a taste for antique moralizing, the sayings of Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius had here, so to speak, been set to time. Modern wisdom was represented by a row of clocks surmounted by the heads of famous maxim-makers, from Rochefoucauld to Josh Billings. As for the literary clocks, their number and variety were endless. All the great authors were represented. Of the Dickens clocks alone there were half a dozen, with selections from his greatest stories. When I suggested that captivating as such clocks must be, one might in time grow weary of hearing the same sentiments reiterated, the manager pointed out that the phonographic cylinders were removable, and could be replaced by other sayings by the same author or on the same theme at any time. If one tired of an author altogether, he could have the head unscrewed from the top of the clock and that of some other celebrity substituted, with a brand-new repertory.

"I can imagine," I said, "that these talking clocks must be a great resource for invalids especially, and for those who cannot sleep at night. But, on the other hand, how is it when people want or need to sleep? Is not one of them quite too interesting a companion at such a time?"

"Those who are used to it," replied the manager, "are no more disturbed by the talking clock than we used to be by the striking clock. However, to avoid all possible inconvenience to invalids, this little lever is provided, which at a touch will throw the phonograph out of gear or back again. It is customary when we put a talking or singing clock into a bedroom to put in an electric connection, so that by pressing a button at the head of the bed a person, without raising the head from the pillow, can start or stop the phonographic gear, as well as ascertain the time, on the repeater principle as applied to watches."

Hamage now said that we had only time to catch the train, but our conductor insisted that we should stop to see a novelty of phonographic invention, which, although not exactly in their line, had been sent them for exhibition by the inventor. It was a device for meeting the criticism frequently made upon the churches of a lack of attention and cordiality in welcoming strangers. It was to be placed in the lobby of the church, and had an arm extending like a pump-handle. Any stranger on taking this and moving it up and down would be welcomed in the pastor's own voice, and continue to be welcomed as long as he kept up the motion. While this welcome would be limited to general remarks of regard and esteem, ample provision was made for strangers who desired to be more particularly inquired into. A number of small buttons on the front of the contrivance bore respectively the words, "Male," "Female," "Married," "Unmarried," "Widow," "Children," "No Children," etc., etc. By pressing the one of these buttons corresponding to his or her condition, the stranger would be addressed in terms probably quite as accurately adapted to his or her condition and needs as would be any inquiries a preoccupied clergyman would be likely to make under similar circumstances. I could readily see the necessity of some

such substitute for the pastor when I was informed that every prominent clergyman was now in the habit of supplying at least a dozen or two pulpits simultaneously, appearing by turns in one of them personally, and by phonograph in the others.

The inventor of the contrivance for welcoming strangers was, it appeared, applying the same idea to machines for discharging many other of the more perfunctory obligations of social intercourse. One being made for the convenience of the President of the United States at public receptions was provided with forty-two buttons for the different States, and others for the principal cities of the Union, so that a caller, by proper manipulation, might, while shaking a handle, be addressed in regard to his home interests with an exactness of information as remarkable as that of the travelling statesmen who rise from the gazetteer to astonish the inhabitants of Wayback Crossing with the precise figures of their town valuation and birth rate, while the engine is taking in water.

We had by this time spent so much time that on finally starting for the railroad station we had to walk quite briskly. As we were hurrying along the street my attention was arrested by a musical sound, distinct though not loud, proceeding apparently from the indispensable which Hamage, like everybody else I had seen, wore at his side. Stopping abruptly, he stepped aside from the throng, and lifting the indispensable quickly to his ear, touched something, and exclaiming, "Oh yes, to be sure!" dropped the instrument to his side.

Then he said to me: "I am reminded that I promised my wife to bring home some story-books for the children when I was in town to-day. The store is only a few steps down the street." As we went along he explained to me that nobody any longer pretended to charge his mind with the recollection of duties or engagements of any sort. Everybody depended upon his indispensable to remind him in time of all undertakings and responsibilities. This service it was able to render by virtue of a simple enough adjustment of a phonographic cylinder charged with the necessary word or phrase to the clockwork in the indispensable, so that at any time fixed upon in setting the arrangement an alarm would sound, and the indispensable being raised to the ear, the phonograph would deliver its message, which at any subsequent time might be called up and repeated. To all persons charged with weighty responsibilities depending upon accuracy of memory for their correct discharge, this feature of the indispensable rendered it, according to Hamage, and indeed quite obviously, an indispensable truly. To the railroad engineer it served the purpose not only of a time-piece, for the works of the indispensable include a watch, but to its ever vigilant alarm he could intrust his running orders, and while his mind was wholly concentrated upon present duties, rest secure that he would be reminded at just the proper time of trains which he must avoid and switches he must make. To the indispensable of the business man the reminder attachment was not less necessary. Provided with that, his notes need never go to protest through carelessness, nor, however absorbed, was he in danger of forgetting an appointment.

Thanks to these portable memories it was, moreover, now possible for a wife to intrust to her husband the most complex messages to the dress-maker. All she had to do was to whisper the communication into her husband's indispensable while he was at breakfast, and set the alarm at an hour when he would be in the city.

"And in like manner, I suppose," suggested I, "if she wishes him to return at a certain hour from the club or the lodge, she can depend on his indispensable to remind him of his domestic duties at the proper moment, and in terms and tones which will make the total repudiation of connubial allegiance the only alternative of obedience. It is a very clever invention, and I don't wonder that it is popular with the ladies; but does it not occur to you that the inventor, if a man, was slightly inconsiderate? The rule of the American wife has hitherto been a despotism which could be tempered by a bad memory. Apparently it is to be no longer tempered at all."

Hamage laughed, but his mirth was evidently a little forced, and I inferred that the reflection I had suggested had called up certain reminiscences not wholly exhilarating. Being fortunate, however, in the possession of a mercurial temperament, he presently rallied, and continued his praises of the artificial memory provided by the indispensable. In spite of

the criticism which I had made upon it. I confess I was not a little moved by his description of its advantages to absent-[illegible] Think of the gain alike in serenity and force of [illegible] down to work absolutely free from that accursed cloud on the mind of things he has got to remember to do, and can only avoid totally forgetting by wasting tenfold the time required finally to do them in making sure by frequent rehearsals that he has not forgotten them! The only way that one of these trivialities ever sticks to the mind is by wearing a sore spot in it which heals slowly. If a man does not forget it, it is for the same reason that he remembers a grain of sand in his eye. I am conscious that my own mind is full of cicatrices of remembered things, and long ere this it would have been peppered with them like a colander had I not a good while ago in self-defence absolutely refused to be held accountable for remembering anything not connected with my regular business.

While firmly believing my course in this matter to have been justifiable and necessary, I have not been insensible to the domestic odium which it has brought upon me, and could but welcome a device which promised to enable me to regain the esteem of my family while retaining the use of my mind for professional purposes.

As the most convenient conceivable receptacle of hasty memoranda of ideas and suggestions, the indispensable also most strongly commended itself to me as a man who lives by writing. How convenient when a flash of inspiration comes to one in the night-time, instead of taking cold and waking the family in order to save it for posterity, just to whisper it into the ear of an indispensable at one's bedside, and be able to know it in the morning for the rubbish such untimely conceptions usually are! How often, likewise, would such a machine save in all their first vividness suggestive fancies, anticipated details, and other notions worth preserving, which occur to one in the full flow of composition, but are irrelevant to what is at the moment in hand! I determined that I must have an indispensable.

The book-store, when we arrived there, proved to be the most extraordinary sort of book-store I had ever entered, there not being a book in it. Instead of books the shelves and counters were occupied with rows of small boxes.

"Almost all books now, you see, are phonographed," said Hamage.

"The change seems to be a popular one," I said, "to judge by the crowd of book-buyers." For the counters were, indeed, thronged with customers as I had never seen those of a book-store before.

"The people at those counters are not purchasers, but borrowers," Hamage replied; and then he explained that whereas the old-fashioned printed book, being handled by the reader, was damaged by use, and therefore had either to be purchased outright or borrowed at high rates of hire, the phonograph of a book being not handled, but merely revolved in a machine, was but little injured by use, and therefore phonographed books could be lent out for an infinitesimal price. Everybody had at home a phonograph box of standard size and adjustments, to which all phonographic cylinders were gauged. I suggested that the phonograph, at any rate, could scarcely have replaced picture-books. But here, it seemed, I was mistaken, for it appeared that illustrations were adapted to phonographed books by the simple plan of arranging them in a continuous panorama, which by a connecting gear was made to unroll behind the glass front of the phonograph case as the course of the narrative demanded.

"But, bless my soul!" I exclaimed, "everybody surely is not content to borrow their books? They must want to have books of their own, to keep in their libraries."

"Of course," said Hamage. "What I said about borrowing books applies only to current literature of the ephemeral sort. Everybody wants books of permanent value in his library. Over yonder is the department of the establishment set apart for book-buyers."

The counter which he indicated being less crowded than those of the borrowing department, I expressed a desire to examine some of the phonographed books. As we were waiting for attendance, I observed that some of the customers seemed very particular about their purchases, and insisted upon testing several phonographs bearing the same title before making a selection. As the phonographs seemed exact counterparts in appearance, I did not understand this till Hamage explain-

ed that differences as to style and quality of elocution left quite as great a range of choice in phonographed books as varieties in type, paper, and binding did in printed ones. This I presently found to be the case when the clerk, under Hamage's direction, began [illegible] on me. In succession I tried half a dozen editions of Tennyson by as many different elocutionists, and by the time I had heard

"Where Claribel low lies"

rendered by a soprano, a contralto, a bass, and a barytone, each with the full effect of its quality and the personal equation besides, I was quite ready to admit that selecting phonographed books for one's library was as much more difficult as it was incomparably more fascinating than suiting one's self with printed editions. Indeed, Hamage admitted that nowadays nobody with any taste for literature—if the word may for convenience be retained—thought of contenting himself with less than half a dozen renderings of the great poets and dramatists.

"By-the-way," he said to the clerk, "won't you just let my friend try the Booth-Barrett Company's *Othello!* It is, you understand," he added to me, "the exact phonographic reproduction of the play as actually rendered by the company."

Upon his suggestion the attendant had taken down a phonograph case and placed it on the counter. The front was an imitation of a theatre with the curtain down. As I placed the transmitter to my ears the clerk touched a spring and the curtain rolled up, displaying a perfect picture of the stage in the opening scene. Simultaneously the action of the play began, as if the pictured men upon the stage were talking. Here was no question of losing half that was said and guessing the rest. Not a word, not a syllable, not a whispered aside of the actors was lost; and as the play proceeded the pictures changed, showing every important change of attitude on the part of the actors. Of course the figures, being pictures, did not move, but their presentation in so many successive attitudes presented the effect of movement, and made it quite possible to imagine that the voices in my ears were really theirs. I am exceedingly fond of the drama, but the amount of effort and physical inconvenience necessary to witness a play has rendered my indulgence in this pleasure infrequent. Others might not have agreed with me, but I confess that none of the ingenious applications of the phonograph which I had seen seemed to be so well worth while as this.

Hamage had left me to make his purchases, and found me on his return still sitting spellbound.

"Come, come," he said, laughing, "I have Shakespeare complete at home, and you shall sit up all night, if you choose, hearing plays. But come along now, I want to take you upstairs before we go."

He had several bundles. One, he told me, was a new novel for his wife, with some fairy stories for the children—all, of course, phonographs. Besides, he had bought an indispensable for his little boy.

"There is no class," he said, "whose burdens the phonograph has done so much to lighten as parents'. Mothers no longer have to make themselves hoarse telling the children stories on rainy days to keep them out of mischief. It is only necessary to plant the most roguish lad before a phonograph of some nursery classic, to be sure of his whereabouts and his behavior till the machine runs down, when another set of cylinders can be introduced, and the entertainment carried on. As for the babies, Patti sings mine to sleep at bedtime, and if they wake up in the night, she is never too drowsy to do it over again. When the children grow too big to be longer tied to their mother's apron strings, they still remain, thanks to the children's indispensable, though out of her sight, within sound of her voice. Whatever charges or instructions she desires them not to forget, whatever hours or duties she would have them be sure to remember, she depends on the indispensable to remind them of."

At this I cried out: "It is all very well for the mothers," I said, "but the lot of the orphan must seem enviable to a boy compelled to wear about such an instrument of his own subjugation. If boys were what they were in my day, the rate at which their indispensables would get unaccountably lost or broken would be alarming."

Hamage laughed, and admitted that the one he was carrying home was the fourth he had bought for his boy within a month. He agreed with me that it was hard to see how a boy was to get his growth under quite so much government; but his wife,

and indeed the ladies generally, insisted that the application of the phonograph to family government was the greatest invention of the age.

Then I asked a question which had repeatedly occurred to me that day. What had become of the printers?

"Naturally," replied Hamage, "they have had a rather hard time of it. Some classes of books, however, are still printed, and probably will continue to be for some time, although reading, as well as writing, is getting to be an increasingly rare accomplishment."

"Do you mean that your schools do not teach reading and writing?" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes, they are still taught: but as the pupils need them little after leaving school—or even in school, for that matter, all their text-books being phonographic—they usually keep the acquirements about as long as a college graduate does his Greek. There is a strong movement already on foot to drop reading and writing entirely from the school course, but probably a compromise will be made for the present by substituting a short-hand or phonetic system, based upon the direct interpretation of the sound waves themselves. This is, of course, the only logical method for the visual interpretation of sound. Students and men of research, however, will always need to understand how to read print, as much of the old literature will probably never repay phonographing."

"But," I said, "I notice that you still use printed phrases as superscriptions.

So we do," replied Hamage, "but phonographic substitutes could be easily devised in these cases, and no doubt will soon have to be supplied in deference to the growing number of those who cannot read."

Did I understand you," I asked, "that the text-books in your schools even are

"Certainly," replied Hamage: "our children are taught by phonographs, recite to phonographs, and are examined by

By all means," replied Hamage: "but there is really nothing to be astonished at. People learn and remember by impressions of sound instead of sight, that is all. The printer is, by-the way, not the only artisan whose occupation phonography has destroyed. Since the disuse of print opticians have mostly gone to the poor-house. The sense of sight was indeed terribly overburdened previous to the introduction of the phonograph, and now that the sense of hearing is beginning to assume its proper share of work, it would be strange if an improvement in the condition of the people's eyes were not noticeable. Physiologists, moreover, promise us not only an improved vision, but a generally improved physique, especially in respect to bodily carriage, now that reading, writing, and study no longer involves, as formerly, the sedentary attitude with twisted spine and stooping shoulders. The phonograph has at last made it possible to expand the mind without cramping the body."

"It is a striking comment on the revolution wrought by the general introduction of the phonograph," I observed, "that whereas the misfortune of blindness used formerly to be the infirmity which most completely cut a man off from the world of books, which remained open to the deaf, the case is now precisely reversed."

"Yes," said Hamage, "it is certainly a curious reversal, but not so complete as you fancy. By the new improvements in the intensifier, it is expected to enable all except the stone-deaf to enjoy the phonograph, even when connected, as on railroad trains, with a common telephonic wire. The stone-deaf will of course be dependent upon printed books prepared for their benefit, as raised-letter books used to be for the blind."

As we entered the elevator to ascend to the upper floors of the establishment, Hamage explained that he wanted me to see before I left the process of phonographing books, which was the modern substitute for printing them. Of course, he said, the phonographs of dramatic works were taken at the theatres during the representations of plays, and those of public orations and sermons are either similarly obtained, or, if a revised version is desired, the orator redelivers his address in the improved form to a phonograph; but the great mass of publications were phonographed by professional elocutionists employed by the large publishing houses, of which this was one. He was acquainted with one of these elocutionists, and was taking me to his room.

We were so fortunate as to find him disengaged. Something, he said, had bro-

ken about the machinery, and he was idle while it was being repaired. His workroom was an odd kind of place. It was shaped something like the interior of a rather short egg. His place was on a sort of pulpit in the middle of the small end, while at the opposite end, directly before him, and for some distance along the sides toward the middle, were arranged tiers of phonographs. These were his audience, but by no means all of it. By telephonic communication he was able to address simultaneously other congregations of phonographs in other chambers at any distance. He said that in one instance, where the demand for a popular book was very great, he had charged 5000 phonographs at once with it.

I suggested that the saving of printers, pressmen, bookbinders, and costly machinery, together with the comparative indestructibility of phonographed as compared with printed books, must make them very cheap.

"They would be," said Hamage, "if popular elocutionists, such as Playwell here, did not charge so like fun for their services. The public has taken it into its head that he is the only first-class elocutionist, and won't buy anybody else's work. Consequently the authors stipulate that he shall interpret their productions, and the publishers, between the public and the authors, are at his mercy."

Playwell laughed. "I must make my hay while the sun shines," he said. "Some other elocutionist will be the fashion next year, and then I shall only get hack-work to do. Besides, there is really a great deal more work in my business than people will believe. For example, after I get an author's copy—"

"Written?" I interjected.

"Sometimes it is written phonetically, but most authors dictate to a phonograph. Well, when I get it, I take it home and study it, perhaps a couple of days, perhaps a couple of weeks, sometimes, if it is really an important work, a month or two, in order to get into sympathy with the ideas, and decide on the proper style of rendering. All this is hard work, and has to be paid for."

At this point our conversation was broken off by Hamage, who declared that if we were to catch the last train out of town before noon we had no time to lose.

Of the trip out to Hamage's place I recall nothing. I was, in fact, aroused from a sound nap by the stopping of the train and the bustle of the departing passengers. Hamage had disappeared. As I groped about, gathering up my belongings, and vaguely wondering what had become of my companion, he rushed into the car, and grasping my hand, gave me an enthusiastic welcome. I opened my mouth to demand what sort of a joke this belated greeting might be intended for, but, on second thought, I concluded not to raise the point. The fact is, when I came to observe that the time was not noon, but late in the evening, and that the train was the one I had left home on, and that I had not even changed my seat in the car since then, it occurred to me that Hamage might not understand allusions to the forenoon we had spent together. Later that same evening, however, the consternation of my host and hostess at my frequent and violent explosions of apparently causeless hilarity left me no choice but to make a clean breast of my preposterous experience. The moral they drew from it was the charming one that if I would but oftener come to see them, a railroad trip would not so upset my wits.

AUNT DOROTHY'S FUNERAL.

(Scene: *An old Virginia plantation*, 1852.)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

"WOT yo' 'pinion now, Marse Doctah? Ar' ole mis' gwine die?"

"She's mighty ill, Uncle Reuben, and I advise all you good people on the plantation to get together and pray for her tonight."

"Dat we will, sah, foh she's ben a mon'sus good mistis ter all we. I dunno wot 'll come ob de ole plantashun ef mistis be took 'way. Yo' knows she's ben managin' heah ebber sence ole marse' deff, an' dat leas' dozen yeah back; foh I mines dat Chinquapin Joe warn't bo'n tell some time 'fore de nex' chinquapin seas'n, an' Chinquapin Joe, he be mos' 'lebben. Hit

lef' dis gre't big plantashun 'dout a head. But um! Marse Doctah, we knowed ole mis' 'ud manage mighty well: foh we allers 'lowed 'mine backs, yo' knows: dat ef she didn't pint'ly manage de plantashun, she manage ole marse, an' dat 'bout de same ting. But hit 'll clean upset we-alls, ef she go: foh young Marse Lucien he ben 'way so much, an' jes lub books onnyhow, an' no 'count foh managin' de people: leas'wise, his ma, she nebber let him try."

"Well, Uncle Reuben," said Dr. Brune, gathering up his horse's rein, "you must all get together to-night, and see what prayer can effect: for I've done all I can, and it will just be as God wills. You believe in prayer, Uncle Reuben?"

"B'lieve in pra'r, sah? I doos—in peace. Yo' mines dat time Shad dun got drown? Ef we ain' pray dat night, 'Postle Poll hisse'f nebber dun hit. An' yo' knows yo' dun brung him ter life jes de minute pra'r-meetin' war ober!"

"Maybe Aunt Zinkie's rubbing and hot blankets had something to do with that: but anyhow, it won't hurt you folks to try what prayer can do."

The doctor cantered down the broad avenue, and Uncle Reuben walked off sadly in the direction of the quarters.

The showery April evening was closing in, and through the rifts of broken cloud long rays of light were slanting over the lawn at Hazlecroft. The tender green of early spring was on the grass; and the old broad-girthed oaks—relics of the primeval forest—were soft with freshening foliage. The hazel hedges that bordered the wide grounds were gay with catkins and shining leaves that twinkled in the watery light, and the dogwood and Judas-tree mingled their white and purple blooms together in a great clump near the carriage gate.

But Uncle Reuben saw none of the beauty of the evening, and concerned himself little about the rich opening of the season. His mind was filled with the dignity and solemnity of his position at

bility of the obligation which Dr. Brune had just suggested as resting upon him.

Mistress Dorothy Clayborne, the owner of the broad plantation of Hazlecroft, the energetic, high-spirited, and strong-tempered manager of the hundred black people whose destinies Providence had put into her guiding hand—the Lady Bountiful of the whole region, and the liberal-minded supporter of the church and all good charities in her neighborhood—lay apparently on her death-bed. Dr. Brune had said that his skill could avail nothing more, and Uncle Reuben felt the grave importance of the duty which the doctor seemed to have imposed upon him, namely, that of getting the people together and offering up special petitions for her life.

"Mammy," he said, as he joined his wife, who had been watching his colloquy with the doctor from her cabin door, "cl'ar up, an' hab suppah ober in no time. Dr. Brune, he say, ole mis' mighty low. He 'low physic jes dun all hit ken: an' he say de bestes' ting we-uns ken do now ar' ter pray: so yo' heah; gib de chillen dey suppah stre't off. Meck Shad an' Mess an' Chinquapin Joe brung cheers from Aunt Viney's an' de folks 'roun', while I's gwine gib notice dat dar 'll be 'spress pra'r heah at sebben 'clock, ter 'treat de Lord foh ole mis' life: foh I tells yo', accordin', ole 'ooman, times gwine pinted hard wid we ef ole mis' be took."

Aunt Zinkie lifted her hands in deprecation at the idea: for although Mrs. Clayborne was a somewhat rigid mistress, and held her servants well up to their duty, she was such a kind one that they well knew she had their interests as much at heart as her own. Aunt Zinkie was often heard to say, "When we bodders ole mis' tur'bly, ole mis', she say she hate we-uns, an' wish we-uns 'ud run off. Ole mis' ain' hate we-uns 'tall. Ain' she set up harf de night wid some leetle pickaninny wot got de croup, 'kase she feared he mammy 'glect ter gib him de physic right? Nun-no! ole mis', she ain' hate we-uns 'tall."

With all her gift for management and discipline, Mrs. Clayborne's nature had its comical side. She had a genius for laughter, and that of the most contagious kind. Often when administering a reproof she would turn aside to some bystander with her face all crumpled up, and her short, stout little figure shaking all over, from her easily aroused risibility, so that the silent shaking of the suppressed laughter generally proved a salve to the sharp word or the tickle of the little ivory whip.

"De lamps all lit up at de big house," cried Chinquapin Joe; "time foh de prayin' ter begin. Mammy, all de folks be comin'." And the boy hopped briskly over the rows of split-bottom chairs arranged for them in Aunt Zinkie's cabin.

"Yo' teck dat," said Aunt Zinkie, giving Chinquapin Joe the weight of her heavy hand on the side of his head, and jerking him off the chair—"yo' teck dat, an' creep in de corner yander, an' kep yo'se'f quiet, or I'll hab de wool off yo' head."

Chinquapin Joe beckoned to his brothers: "Shad, Mess, an' Bedego, we's gwine pray; come in an' git yo'se'ves fix, 'fo' mammy skin ebbery niggah ob yo' cl'ar ter de bone!"

The three shiny-faced young imps forthwith sprang in, jumping over the chairs, and each getting a clip from Aunt Zinkie as he passed on to the corner, where they ensconced themselves.

The dark faces of the "field hands" looked long and solemn as they gathered round Uncle Reuben and listened to his accounts of the old mistress, who lay dying, as he proceeded to inform them, up at the big house.

"She dun ben a good mistis ter all we," he said, with a tremor in his voice, as he opened a large old Testament and fumbled the leaves to hunt something suitable for the occasion—"she dun ben a good mistis—"

"'Cept wen she tickle we wid de tail ob her white cat," muttered Chinquapin Joe, loud enough to be heard by all present. Aunt Zinkie gave him a gouge with the toe of her big corn-field shoe, and Uncle Reuben went on:

"I's gwine read foh yo' ben'fit, breaden an' sisten, suffin' 'fittin' dis 'casion"; and he turned about his well-worn Testament for a considerable time before he hit upon St. John's account of the marriage feast at Cana. His young master Lucien had taught him to read; but he had been no apt scholar, and his mistakes would have set any other audience to tittering. It did bring out an exclamation from Chinquapin Joe, the most irrepressible of all the young negroes: "Hi, Mess! she wa'n't no temp'ance lady, war she?" A thump on the head from Aunt Zinkie's rough hand made Joe collapse for a time. When the reading was over, "Bruddah Dan'el" was asked "ter lead in pra'r," but the latter excused himself:

"Bruddah Reuben, I dun ben holler in' at de oxes all day; dey's so contrary dat I's hoa'se as one ob de ma'sh frogs. Yo' jes hitch up yo'se'f."

This was the invitation Uncle Reuben wanted; for, being a conceited soul, he was entirely of the opinion that he was the only "culled pusson on de plantashun wot possessed de gif' ob pra'r." His petitions at least had the quality of sincerity and earnestness, for he was devotedly attached to his mistress, and looked upon her as his best earthly friend.

"O good Lord," he pleaded, "we po' sinnahs comes ter put up pra'r foh ole mistis' life. Hit ar' jes de reason we meets at dis onusual hour, 'kase de doctah, he say she mighty low. We needs ole mistis heah, good Lord, more'n dey needs her up in hebben. Dar's plenty ob angels up dar, an' dey wouldn' miss her gre'tly from de quire, 'kase she ain' no v'ice ter sing, nohow. She offen 'low she nebber could tu'n a chune, eben wen she hab pra'rs wid we up at de big house. ["Dat's so, dat's so, good Lord!"] We knows de Lord allers wants ter meck His chillens happy, an' ole mistis, she nebber could be happy 'less she be managin'; an' dar'd be no managin' foh her in hebben, 'kase so many dar hab 'sperience—I means de ole angels, Lord, who ben roun' de t'rone so long, an' hab larnt all de hebbenly ways. But ole mistis, she be like a young han', an' not much 'count dar. De Lord, He know dat our young marstah he ain' ussen ter manage de people; he dunno 'bout de rations an' all de 'fairs ob sech big plantashun as dis; and t'ings 'ud git mighty onruly. ["Dat's de truf, good Lord!"] An' Miss Sibylla, whar be de house-keepah, she jes drive all de folks mad, 'kase she on'y po' white trash, an' ain' on'erstan' de ways ob 'spectable people like we is. ["No mo' she ain', O Lord!"] An' de oberseer, Marse Rumple, it teck all mistis strong han' ter kep him stre't; an' ef she be took, de plantashun 'ud soon be gwine ter de dogs. So spar' ole mistis, good Lord!" ["Spar' her, spar' her, good Lord!"]

The prayer went on for a considerably longer time, in much the same fashion, Uncle Reuben waxing more earnest with each petition; and the perspiration rolled from his black forehead, as he caught his breath in negro fashion, till he was well-nigh choked. Chinquapin Joe began to

think there had been enough of it, and "dat de Lord war mighty hard ter move ef He ain' pay 'tention ter all dat groanin' " so he persuaded Mess and Dedero to follow him with an "Amen," which was instantly taken up by the whole audience, who held on to it so tenaciously that Uncle Reuben accepted it as a signal for the close of the service.

As soon as the people had dispersed, Zinkie set upon her husband rather sharply.

"Lor' a massy! daddy, wot yo' be so onconsidern as ter read 'bout a weddin' wen we's got a fun'ral on han'?"

"Now, ole 'ooman, yo's got no sense 'bout things 'tall. C'yarn't yo' see wich way de rabbit jump? Now, 'cordin' ter me mine, dat lady, eben ef she war de mudder ob de Lord Jesus, war mighty like ole mis'. She war a managin' sort o' pusson; foh ain' you see she war gwine 'bout, lookin' inter ebberyting? an' wen she fine dey hab no wine, she meek a fuss 'bout hit, jes like ole mis'. Yo's punkin-headed, Zinkie, ef yo' ain' see de p'int ob dissemblance!"

But Zinkie stuck to it that she didn't think it was the proper thing to read, and Uncle Reuben, repeating his charge of "punkin-headedness," took his way up to the big house, to make a last inquiry about the sick mistress before he should go to bed.

II

"Cousin Lucien," said Annis Fontaine, as she entered the library, after having answered the inquiries of Uncle Ruben—"cousin Lucien" (and her voice grew almost too tremulous for audible speech), "Aunt Dorothy bids me tell you that she wants to speak with you."

"How does she seem now, Annis?" asked the young man, anxiously, as he laid down the book he had been reading.

"Very faint and low," and Annis's words ended in a sob; but quickly controlling herself, she went on to say, "She thinks she has not more than sufficient strength for some parting directions which she wishes to leave with you."

Lucien Clayborne started up with a most distressed look upon his face, and took his way instantly to his mother's sick-chamber. A bright fire burned upon the broad old-fashioned hearth, though it was mid-April, and crouching around it were two or three of the oldest house servants, with that look of ashy despair upon their faces which the negro countenance is apt to assume when grief or apprehension overshadows it. Lucien found the old maid-servant, who had attended his mother ever since her childhood, vigorously fanning her, and coming quietly behind her, withdrew the turkey-tail fan from her hand.

"You will chill your mistress, Aunt Anneky," he whispered.

"But she c'yarn't git her bref, Marse Lucien; her new mony's very bad."

"Did the doctor say that fanning was good for pneumonia?"

The whispered conversation roused the sick woman, and stretching out her hand faintly to her son, she asked, "You there, Lucien? Bid Anneky leave us alone for a little; I want to speak with you while I have strength to do so."

The servants withdrew, and with no small difficulty Mrs. Clayborne began to speak, at first in scarcely an audible whisper.

"My dear boy, you see how ill I am. Dr. Brune has not concealed the truth from me; he says pneumonia is apt to go very hard with a person of my years. It was a great mistake to remain in the dairy so long that damp day. But if it is God's will to call me away, I trust I am content to go."

"Oh, mother," broke in Lucien, kissing the crimson spot on her wasted cheek, and pressing her thin hand between both his own, "don't talk about going away; I cannot bear it! You have so much vitality about you—so much will, and God is so good, I cannot think you are going to be taken from us."

"I have no desire to go, my son; but I can submit if it is the Master's bidding. You all need me so much here that I feel it hard to drop the reins from my hands."

"But, my darling mother," said Lucien, his self-restrained and reticent nature stirred to unwonted emotion by his mother's words, "we cannot give you up."

"Yes you can, my dear. It is not in the nature of a Clayborne to make any resistance to the inevitable. And now," she continued, after a pause for breath, "while I have strength to speak, let me give you my commands about the plantation and the various things which I wish to speak of before I go. It will be hard for you, who have been at school and college

all your life, to take up the burden of management; but I know you will do your best." And she tenderly laid her hand on the head that was bowed beside her on the pillow.

"Assuredly I will; but do not trouble yourself, mother dear, about things like these. You will exhaust the little strength which might otherwise avail for your recovery."

"But I could not rest quietly in my grave, Lucien, if I did not do something toward helping you to manage after I am gone. I grieve to think how it will worry you to take up all the details of the plantation, for which you have so little natural taste. Therefore it is that I give you my counsel. I think it would be better for you to dismiss Rumple. He has been overseer here so long that he has become rather masterful; and knowing him as I do, I feel that he might take advantage of your youth and inexperience. A kinder-natured man, too, will deal better with the servants. And Miss Sibylla, my dear, is not quite the housekeeper that can get along here without my hand to direct her. She is not popular with the house servants, and that don't do. Keep Uncle Sharon in the dining-room, and don't let him give up trying to make a good under-waiter of Chinquapin Joe. There is a great deal of outcome in that boy if he is only rightly managed." But so much effort at speech had exhausted Mrs. Clayborne, and the laboring breath came painfully; this alarmed her son, and he summoned Aunt Anneky.

"Jes like ole mistis! She gwine manage on till she die," exclaimed the old servant, in an undertone, as she bathed her mistress's forehead, and held some eau-de-Cologne to her nostrils. "Marse Lucien," she whispered, turning her head to speak to her young master, "foh de Lord o' goodness, kep yo' ma from bodderin' her life out, 'rangin' foh her own fun'ral; dar'll be people 'nuff ter do de managin' wen she be took."

It was not long, however, before Mrs. Clayborne revived, and signified her ability to continue the conversation. So, dismissing the maid with a wave of her hand, she began to speak again:

"I think, dear, you'd better have the branch bottoms well cleared up as soon as the corn crop is off the ground. The branch was so swollen by the spring freshet that a great deal of trash was left on them. Your blessed father was so fond of those branch bottoms, and for his sake I have always tried to keep them in very perfect order. I am sure, too, that it will be better for you to lessen your number of horses. They are so much more expensive than mules, and my experience is that I have been keeping too many."

"Mother! mother!" broke in Lucien, "I beseech you not to worry yourself with these details about the plantation. I can never manage as you have done, but I promise you that I will do my best, whenever the direction of affairs does fall into my hands."

"I know it, my son, I know it; but your mother wants to help you, even after she is gone. Hazlecroft has been a fine, well-regulated plantation from the time Lord Culpepper passed it over into the hands of the first American Clayborne, and it must not lose its high character under your management."

"It shall not, if life and health are spared me."

For a little while Mrs. Clayborne lay silent and passive, then opening her eyes, she fixed them with great earnestness upon the face stooping over her.

"There is another matter, my son, of still graver moment, about which I wish to say a few words. I waited patiently during the past year, hoping to see that my desires might be realized. But you do not readily commit yourself; it is not your way; so that I am altogether in doubt. For the year and a half during which my cousin's orphan child has been a member of our household, I have learned to love her sweet ways and bright presence—tender, loving young thing that she is—so that now she has come almost to take the place of your dear sister Dora, lost so many years ago."

The weary eyes closed for a few moments, and a tear trickled down the pale cheek. "Yes," she whispered, musingly, as if to herself, "Dora would have been almost her age had she lived." Then rousing herself somewhat, and turning to Lucien, she said: "She has been a daughter to me in her tender ministrations. My wish has long been that she should be a daughter indeed."

Lucien gave a sudden start, as if a painful idea had been suggested to him. "Dear mother," he pleaded, "pray do not seek to arrange Cousin Annis's future. She has no special care for me, I am

sure. I am only as a cousin or brother to her."

"That is just your unobservant way of looking at things, my son. I've watched Annis many a time when you have been poring abstractedly over those Greek books of yours, and you may depend a woman's wisdom outstrips a man's, when she undertakes to investigate such things."

"But, mother—"

"Ah, don't oppose my wishes in this matter. You have always reverenced your mother's opinion, and it would be a bitter thing if this desire of my heart should fail me."

"Command anything, my precious mother, but don't ask me to force myself upon one who has no heart to give."

"No heart to give, Lucien? Why, she is all heart."

"I don't mean that, mother."

"You don't mean that she has given herself to some one else? You are thinking, perhaps, of that college friend of yours. Believe me, she cares nothing for him. But promise me—"

Here a severe fit of coughing interrupted Mrs. Clayborne, and she fell back among her pillows in a state of exhaustion. Nurses and servants gathered around her, and Lucien was about to send off for Dr. Brune, when gradually the paroxysm passed, and she fell at length into a long, quiet slumber.

It was deep in the night before she wakened. When she did, she turned her eyes about, as if in search of something.

"Does yo' want Marse Lucien?" asked Aunt Anneky, tenderly. "He's heah, mistis; he dun ben settin' at de h'a'th all de night."

"There is one thing I have not mentioned," Mrs. Clayborne made an effort to say, as Lucien instantly came forward, "and I lay much stress upon it. When I am gone, my son, I want everything to be done to make my death a benefit to all my poor people, to the neighbors, and to our many kindred. Our house is a large one, and you must have them all here. My dear Mr. Holmes must come and read the service and preach my funeral sermon. I wish him to make it as profitable as he can to all the hearers. I've had so much management and so much care during my long widowhood, that I wish him to take as his text: '*Martha, Martha thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful.*' Let him impress that upon all my friends —'*one thing is needful.*' You must be sure and have your uncle Fontaine's family, and your aunt Marshall and her girls, and old Uncle Charles, and my brother John and his boys, and the Graveses, and the rest. There 'll be room for all. The time of year is favorable too. The mutton and beef are in fine order, and Gregory has taken good care of the garden—"

Lucien interrupted his mother, tenderly patting her cheek, and saying, "Everything shall be as you wish; only rest, and trouble yourself about it no more."

"Marse Lucien," whispered Aunt Anneky, as the young man stood mournfully looking into the glowing coals—"Marse Lucien, I ain' b'lieve mistis gwine gib up yit; 'pears ter me as ef she cyarn't let deff hab de whip-han' ob her, arter all."

III.

At an early hour the next day after our story opens, Dr. Brune rode briskly down the avenue from the big house. Aunt Zinkie spied him, and ran from the quarters to intercept him.

"Marse Doctah, wot 'bout mistis dis mornin'?"

"She had a surprising turn in the night for the better, and from all appearance I am disposed to think the crisis is past."

"Ef by de crishes yo' means ole Deff, den tank de Lord dat he hab pass by!" And she sped back as eagerly as she had come, to spread the news along the quarters. It was received with genuine joy; for these children of nature always passed from one extreme to another, and they now fixed it in their minds that the recovery of their mistress was an established fact.

"I nebber b'lieve nuffin' else," said old Uncle Dan'el, scratching his gray wool; "I nebber knowed de mistis gib up anyting; she warn't hank'rin' arter de gold'n street, nohow. Aunt Anneky, she tell me she dun heah her talk ter Marse Lucien 'bout de branch bottom, an' de hosses an' mules, an' udder yearthly t'ings. Yo' see she gwine kep de team in han' yit."

Lucien Clayborne, who had been walking up and down the long piazza in earnest talk with Dr. Brune, continued his musing pace after the doctor had left him, and only paused as he saw Annis ascend the steps, with a cluster of fresh white lilacs in her hand. She sprang eagerly

forward, dropping her lilacs into her apron, and advancing with a rush of uncontrollable emotion, seized the hand that was extended to her.

"Oh, Cousin Lucien, God be thanked! I've just been talking with Dr. Brune, and he tells me that there is every chance that Aunt Dorothy may recover."

"Yes, God be thanked, Annis," reverently replied the young man, stooping at the same time and touching the fair girl's forehead with his lips.

As she had approached him, the slight girlish figure and buoyant air, wide-open blue eyes and flossy hair, blown back by her rush through the dewy April morning, made him for a moment think of Guido's "Aurora"; for he had been abroad with his uncle, the professor, the year before, and had been fascinated by the picture in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome; and when she came close enough for him to see the moisture that overbrimmed her clear eyes, he thought the likeness perfect. The sudden touch of his lips was something so strange, so unusual, that the girl's face was instantly flooded with a bright flush; but before he had time to linger over the thought that flashed through his consciousness, between himself and Annis seemed to pass the vision of his friend Overton; and Annis broke away to her aunt's chamber, that she might gladden her returning life with the first lilacs of the season.

IV.

Lucien Clayborne was handsome enough for any girl to fall in love with, with his tall, dignified figure, and his air of very formal yet high-bred courtesy. His reticence and undemonstrativeness were extreme, and it generally set a young and bashful girl — for thirty-five years ago young girls were more shy and bashful than now — into a flutter to have anybody quite so stately address her, even with the chit-chat of ordinary conversation, of which small change, however, Lucien did not carry much about with him, choosing rather (as Addison says) to "give his check for twenty pounds." As his mother had said, he had been poring over books all his life, and they had, perhaps, too much absorbed him; at all events, he had found his pleasure too exclusively in them.

It was not surprising, therefore, that there never had seemed to grow up any very easy intimacy between him and Annis. The intercourse of young men and young women in these old days was of a much more formal character than now, and the rigid rules of etiquette were held in great respect by Lucien's fair young cousin. She evidently stood a little in awe of him, and of the scholarship she had often heard attributed to him, and was overmuch impressed with a sense of how easy it would be for him to pose her on any theme — unless, indeed, he should dare to intrude upon the domain of feminine accomplishments, where she felt her superiority. Whose touch was so delicate upon the piano as hers? Whose warbling outvoiced the mocking-bird's? Whose fingers could sketch so gracefully the pretty bits of woodland scenery about Hazlecroft, the clump of willows overhanging the meadow spring, the chinquapin bower down at the Wood Pond, the long drive through the over-arching pines that looked like a cathedral aisle? Who had such a deft hand for imparting touches of ornamentation to the somewhat grand old rooms, whose dim furniture needed just such lighting up as she had given it? For Annis never could be for an hour in any apartment without leaving the evidence of her presence behind her in some little arrangement or touch, that gave an unwonted effect and a different aspect to the whole atmosphere of the place. "But," she sometimes mused to herself, "he sees none of this. What are women to him as compared with his books? *They* can't enjoy Theocritus or Æschylus! I doubt if he would have patience even with my beloved Elizabeth Barrett Browning, unless it were with her 'Prometheus Unbound' — though I must not forget that he *did* bring me a copy of her poems from London last year: yet how wide apart are our tastes!

"'I know but matters of the house,
And he — he knows a thousand things.'"

It was a soft evening in May, and Annis was feeling very happy from the more rapid recovery of her aunt Dorothy. She had had her easy-chair wheeled up to the open window, which was trellised over by a wealth of old-fashioned damask-roses, whose odor filled the chamber. She threw a cushion down at her aunt's feet (for, according to the Virginia habit, she had always called her relative "Aunt Dorothy," though in reality she was only the daughter of her cousin), and taking

her seat there, looked up with her great blue eyes full of gladness.

"Dear Aunt Dorothy, it is such a joy to think that you are getting well, and that you will soon be back in your old place again! The house has been so quiet and dull without you! Miss Sibylla has done the best she could during your long illness, and you know I am too young to assume any responsibility as mistress."

"You are not such a child, my darling. I was twenty-three when my blessed husband married me, and I believe you are not much under that; and he was just Lucien's age, twenty-seven—a good difference, I think."

Words like these, that conveyed a hint of some deeper meaning, Annis had often heard drop from her aunt's lips during the year she had been living at Hazlecroft, and as she caught them now a deepened color sprang to her cheeks.

"I am glad, my dear," said Aunt Dorothy, tenderly, as she stooped and kissed her forehead, from which she smoothed back the long loose curls—"I am glad that you have some understanding of what I have in my mind. I think your heart is telling tales to your cheek. Do you know, there is nothing in this world that would give me such content as to see you installed mistress of Hazlecroft before I go."

"Oh, Aunt Dorothy, don't talk so; you are good for twenty years yet!"

"I am not really old, Annis, as years go, but I grow tired, sometimes, of all the responsibility that comes upon me. Think of the care of a hundred souls resting on my conscience—not to speak of the care of as many bodies filling my hands! You all fancy I love management for its own sake; but it is not so, Annis—it is not so. It is the sense of duty that goads me to such restlessness. If you were mistress you could share all this with me. You have learned what a devoted son Lucien is; he would make just as devoted—"

"Aunt Dorothy," interrupted Annis, confusedly, smothering her words in her aunt's lap, "please don't say anything more about this; such a notion never entered [illegible]—"

"Or yours—?"

"Lor' a massy!" broke in Aunt Anneky, entering the chamber at that moment. "Mistis, yo' settin' at de open windah dis time o' night? Why, see, de moon dun riz ober de branch bottom; yo' cotch yo' deff o' cold! Miss Annis, I's s'prised at yo'—" But Miss Annis was not there to hear the rest of Aunt Anneky's objurgation. With a quick step she bounded through the long piazza, and made her way to her favorite garden nook, under a great clump of clematis and May roses, and sat down to cool her flushed cheeks, and to recover from the flutter which her aunt's words had given her.

The moon was well up above the branch bottom, as Aunt Anneky had said, and it bathed the whole old-fashioned garden in a tide of loveliness that made it seem like the Vale of Cashmere, and this the "Feast of Roses"—not the Jacqueminot and Maréchal Niel and La France of a later day, but the deliciously perfumed damasks and May roses and eglantines and sweet-briers and pure-breathed Ayrshires—all the out-of-fashion tribe that used to make the formal gardens of old Virginia so fragrant in the rose season.

Annis laid her arms across the little garden table, and rested her head upon them. The full moon flooded her with its radiance, and a mocking-bird near began to trill, with a low, delicious warble, his good-night song. The beauty and the quiet, the fragrance and the music, soothed the young girl strangely, and she sat there long, feeling all the perturbation which the expression of her aunt's wish had aroused drifting away.

"Dear Aunt Dorothy!" she whispered to herself, as she began to think it was time to return to the house. "She thinks she doesn't love to manage, and yet she wants to control her son in the one matter which, of all others in the world, should be left to his absolute freedom. What if she should tell him of her plan! How it would embarrass my life here! Perhaps she *has* told him, and that is the reason he is so curiously reticent toward me. Really Aunt Dorothy's gift for management is not always wisely exercised."

Just then there was a swaying of a rose branch near her, and in a pause of the mocking-bird's twitterings she heard a foot-fall on the gravel. The next moment a hand was lightly laid on her bowed head.

"What's wanting?" asked Annis, quickly looking up. "Is tea ready, or are you

afraid I'll take cold out in the dew, and you have come to bring me a shawl?"

"Neither—neither," said Lucien, a little impatiently. "I saw you fly off to the garden some half-hour ago, and I have made a tour through the three old summer-houses in search of you."

"Ah! Aunt Dorothy wants me. I will go at once."

"No, no; my mother is not needing you, especially as you have been spending all the evening with her. Indeed, I begin to be a little jealous of her entire absorption of you."

Annis opened her great blue eyes wide at the admission; it was so odd for her cousin Lucien to say anything of the kind; for he was a man of few words, as has been said, and in no wise given to compliments.

"Ah!" she began, with a shy archness, "don't try to make me believe that any woman of our modern day could ever win you away from Andromache, Iphigenia, Medea, and the rest of your Greek dames."

"They are charming enough, to be sure, to read of. As to having such heroines, with their grand tragic air, sitting opposite to one at the tea table, or being one's companion over the evening lamp, that's quite another matter. But since you are talking of Greek women, let me ask you if you recall the line I made you listen to the other night from Euripides, where Admetus pours out his love to Alcestis?"

"I remember that you asked me to observe the music of the words as you read them in the original."

"*I* remember the translation, if you do not:

'If thou art lost to me, life's joy is gone.'

Annis"—and Lucien paused before the girl as if suddenly overcome by some emotion which for the moment mastered him—"Annis, pardon my abrupt speech; I know you will think it is but a bookworm's way of putting it; yet let me say it: Annis, *be my Alcestis!*"

Annis had risen while Lucien was speaking, and for a moment stood irresolute before him. Then, lifting her hands with a gesture of deprecation, she said, in a firm yet hurried voice, "*No, no, no!*" and brushing past the roses, fled fast along the garden path, leaving Lucien alone in the moonlight.

He sat down with somewhat of a stunned and vacant air upon the seat from which she had but just risen. Such a rebuff was not quite what he had looked for, and it took him some little time to recover his equanimity. "I was right," he said, half bitterly to himself—"I was right in my conjecture. I had no business to bring that handsome young fellow here, with all his magnetic ways and beguiling courtesies and graces, such as women love. I was a fool to think I could hold my own against him, hedged round as I am by my stiff formalities. Yes, I believe I am a fool. I have loved that sweet girlish thing almost ever since she has been under our roof. Her shy, dove-like ways have laid a sort of spell upon me; and yet I've contrived to conceal any special interest in her, and have disguised it all under a cousinly coolness, as if I thought it weakness to be entrapped by anything like passionate ardor. How often I have sat alone in the dark, out on the piazza, listening to her music, till it has melted all my reticent moods, and seduced me into a womanish tenderness! but I never let her know it—not I. I've doted over her sweet tones and words and her pretty helpfulness, for she has so much of that quality which the Italians call *simpatia*. And yet I have seemed as externally unconscious as if I saw none of it. Even when I have read some of her favorite poets to her, I have allowed the critic to quash the lover. That 'No, no, no!' of hers has an echo of one of her songs in it—the one she used to sing to that soft Spanish air. Let me see; I think I can bring up the very words of the song:

"'Hark! I hear a mocking-bird
Underneath the moonlight glow,
In the thicket, trilling low—
Strains that hold a taunting word
As my fancy ever heard,
For they seemed to come and go—
"Love hath never brought me woe;
No, no, no!
I am only mocking so!"

"'Hush! I hear a crooning dove
Pouring out an overflow
Of delicious throes and throes,
Such as thrills the soul of Love
When it soars all doubt above;
But it seems to warble low—
"Not for thee, this heart-burst, no!
Ah, no, no!
I would mock to tell thee so!"'

There is no doubt of it, I have been a fool! And Overton—yes, into Overton's warm-lined heart will flutter my escaped dove!"

V.

"I have heard of your mother's very serious illness, my dear fellow, but in almost the same breath I have been told of her marvellous return to life, so my sympathy must give way to congratulation. Am I selfish in asking if she is sufficiently recovered for me to venture on a week's visit to Hazlecroft? You know I am going, with a couple of the sub-professors of our university here, on a geological exploration of our own to the Lake Superior region, and I have not the heart to leave home till I've followed up another research that you wot of. I think, Lucien, that you are about my best friend. Can't you make it easy for me to come down to Hazlecroft, that I may bring the matter I have in hand to a decisive point? I must settle this question before I go, for the oscillation of mind which it engenders unfits me for the work that I have set myself this summer."

So wrote Lucien's college chum, Richard Overton, a fortnight later, and this quick response was returned:

"By all means come to Hazlecroft, just when it suits you. My mother is entirely convalescent, and will give you cordial welcome. So, I doubt not, will my cousin Annis. If you succeed in winning an entrance into her unexplored heart, I guarantee, my good friend, you will find there a mine of richer promise than awaits you in the region of Lake Superior."

Within a few days Mr. Overton arrived at Hazlecroft—a bright-tempered, gay-hearted young sub-professor of the University—the reverse, in all respects, in appearance, manner, and mental characteristics, of his friend Clayborne. He was a fine talker, and full of animation, and his contagious high spirits at once imparted an unusual gayety to the old mansion.

Some three or four days after his arrival, a group of young negroes were lazily lying under a clump of trees that overhung the well.

"Wot's de mattah wid yo'?" called out one of them—Abednego, as he saw Chinquapin Joe running along the path that led from the carriage-house to the quarters—"yo' looks skeert, as ef yo'd dun seed ole Sattin; an' hi! how yo' briches be tor'd!"

"Yo'-alls be skeert too," retorted Joe, "ef yo' ben whar I ben."

"Tell we-alls 'bout hit!" shouted a chorus of voices. "We dun pickin' chips now, an' gwine rest a while onnyhow, un'er de ole sycamore heah, tell de sprinkle be ober."

Picking chips was an important business for the young fry. A Northern visitor, who had seen a row of barrels filled with them in the wood-house, had suggested to Mrs. Clayborne that it would be a great saving of trouble if she would have her wood sawed, and that it would be more convenient to split.

"Sawed!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly, "that would never do! Where in the world would I find work for the little negroes."

Chinquapin Joe liked to hear himself talk, and he was soon the centre of a gaping, sable audience.

"Yo' knows dat gent'man wot comed tudder day; Aunt Beck, she say he come co'tin'. I ax her wot co'tin' ar'; she gim me cluff 'side me head, an' tell me none o' me b'isness; so I boun' I fine out. Dis ev'nin', jes arter dinnah be ober, Miss Sibbie, she sen' me wid two cup o' coffee on de leetle silvah waitah, out ter de po'ch, fer Miss Annis an' Marse Overton; dey settin' 'way at de eend ob de po'ch, jes whar de honeysuckles be thick. Wen I brung de cups 'way, I heerd him say, 'Miss Annis, I wants ter see dat seat o' yourn down by de Wood Pon'.' She say hit gwine ter rain; but he say, no, he ain' t'ink so; den dey start down de parf. I watch 'em, an' bime-by some big draps come, an' de kerridge-house do' open, an' dey runs in; den I takes me foot in me han', an' slies in at tudder side, an' creeps inter one ob de kerridge-house stalls. Yo' knows de hosses an' kerridge dun gone wid ole mis' ober ter de doctah's dis mornin'; so I climbs up inter de stall; yo' knows 't ain' planked up mor'n a foot 'bove de stall troffs, an' dat all de pa'tishun dar be 'tween de stall an' de kerridge-house flo' on dat side. I 'lows ter mese'f—now I's gwine see wot co'tin' mean.

"Den I squat down in de troff, an' peep trew de knot-hole; but I cyarn't see dem; den I lif' me head ober de edge ob de plank, an', sho' 'nuff, I seed 'em den settin' right b'low me on de ole cuttin'-block, an' he hab Miss Annis' han' in he own. Sho' I listen peart. An' he say, 'Miss Annis, dis sech a leetle han'! but hit big 'nuff ter

lead me!' Den Miss Annis, she juk her han' 'way, an' I heerd him say sutlin' 'bout '*lub, lub, lub*,' an' she say '*cyarn't*,' eber so many time. But de hens meck sech a cacklin' I cyarn't heah good. Den he say de lub come arter 'while, an' she sheck her head, an' she say, 'No, foh she dun try.' Den I leans ober furder ter see whe'er she larf or cry, an' I be so busy 'bout hit I nebber heah de ole mar' Bounce, who's allers squanderin' herse'f in de pashtah lot. I neiber heah her come inter de stall 'tall; an' she puts her nose right inter de troff, an' dar she fine me 'stid ob de fodder. De fust t'ing I knows, she jes grab me 'hine by de briches seat, an' drap me ober de pa'tishun, right at Miss Annis' foot!"

"Sarved yo' right," roared out his auditory; "dat wot yo' gits foh peepin'."

"But Miss Annis, wot she say?" asked Bedego.

"I tell yo', ef she didn't screech! An' de gent'man, he sprung up like a pa'tridge wen Marse Lucien gun miss him in de bresh; an' I picks mese'f up an' gits off fas' as a squer'l wen we shies rocks at him, an' rocks him out ob de chinquapin bush."

"An' ain' yo' fine out wot co'tin' ar' now?" questioned Mesh, sarcastically.

"I ain' want ter know no mo' 'bout hit. Ef dat ar' co'tin', I's dun got 'nuff."

"'Tain' wurff de lashin' mammy gwine gib yo' foh gittin' de seat tor'd out o' yo' briches, nohow," shouted Shad. "'tain' wurf dat."

"No, I ain' t'ink hit ar'," was Josie's meditative reply, as he looked ruefully round at his torn tow trousers.

There was great surprise expressed at the breakfast table next morning when young Overton announced his intention of leaving Hazlecroft, where he had only been three or four days.

"Why, you promised us at least a week, Richard," said Mrs. Clayborne, with an air of disappointment. "That is not the way to treat your friends. To let you go will make Hazlecroft lose its reputation for hospitality."

"I had expected to remain longer," was the somewhat embarrassed rejoinder, "but circumstances have caused a change of plan, which Lucien can explain to you, if he sees fit, after I am gone. And as Shad has had my horse at the door for the last half-hour, I may as well make my adieux at once. Lucien, pray say good-by to Miss Annis for me; and I beg that you will all think of me sometimes when I am away in the copper regions of the Northwest."

About a week after Richard Overton's departure, Chinquapin Joe bounced out upon the piazza, and interrupted Lucien Clayborne as he sat there with his books around him.

"Book, book," he muttered to himself under his breath, as he approached his young master. "What a curius man he be! Allers arter book, wen he got sech a fine blood ridin'-hoss in de stable as Culpeppah." Then, pulling down his jacket and smoothing his white apron, he delivered his message: "Marse Lucien, ole mis', she say she waitin' foh yo' in de chahmbah on some particklar bisness whar she want ter speak 'bout."

The young man closed his books at once, and proceeded to his mother's chamber. She had almost entirely recovered from the effects of her illness, had gathered up the reins of management once more, and was beginning to go her daily rounds of active supervision. Her face was growing fresh again, and the little rotund figure was filling out to its usual proportions.

"My son," she began, as Lucien, with his deferential way, took a seat beside her, "I have reason to be profoundly thankful for the unexpected recovery which Providence has so graciously granted to me. I have been turning the matter over in my mind, and feel that a suitable acknowledgment is due for this special mercy. I had expected, in case of my death, to have my dear Mr. Holmes preach my funeral sermon, that thus the occasion might be improved for the spiritual good of our kinsfolk and our neighbors, but especially for all the servants of the plantation. I wish still to carry out my plan—"

"Dear mother," interrupted Lucien, startled out of his usual reticence by the odd idea, and smiling as he spoke, "not a funeral sermon to celebrate your restoration to health?"

"Certainly not a *funeral* sermon, inasmuch as I shall be there to hear it, but a sort of thanksgiving service. I shall request my dear Mr. Holmes to use the very text I had chosen for him to preach from, in case—"

"But, mother—"

"Make no objection, my dear boy; I

have set my mind upon it, and I don't see any reason why the service should not be held much in the same way as it would have been had all gone otherwise. You know Annis wrote brief notes of invitation, at my request, that night when you expected to close my eyes, to the various families whom I wished to be here. I want them all to reap the benefit of the lesson to be learned from the dealings of Providence with me; and so these same invitations shall stand good for next week. Let me see; there's your uncle Fontaine's family; they can be put into the two northwest chambers. Your aunt Marshall and her girls can take the rooms opposite; my brother John and his two boys can occupy the bedroom over the big parlor, and old Uncle Charles—the little hall room can be given to him. Sister Clayborne and Nannie can go into the blue room, and your aunt Graves and her husband will fit nicely into the little down-stairs chamber next my dressing-room. I have been talking with Daddy Jerry about the poultry-yard. He says the spring chickens are in fine force, and that the two calves in the cuppen are just in right condition to be killed. The sucking pigs, too, are in prime roasting order, and there are plenty of them. Gregory has been in to bring his reports about the garden; he tells me that all the early vegetables are in eating order, and that the berry crops will be on in a week or so. So all things seem to suit, and I wish you and Annis to reiterate my invitations to our kindred at once."

"But mother dear, the entertainment of so many people will be a tax upon your strength, which is hardly up to its old point yet."

"Not a bit of it! Miss Sibylla is energetic in her line, and is first-rate at cakes and pastry; I can trust all that to her hands. No, no; it will put life into me again, to feel myself at the head of affairs, and to have everything moving on in the old brisk way. I've had another plan in my head, which I wish you would have [illegible] to." But at that moment Annis entered her aunt's chamber, and what the further plans were did not then appear.

As Dame Ambler said, the mistress rarely abandoned any design after it had once taken shape in her mind. Consequently arrangements began to be set on foot at once for carrying out her scheme of turning the anticipated funeral service into a thanksgiving one. For the next week the whole plantation was stirred with busy preparations for the entertainment of the many visitors who were expected to share its hospitality. Friends from the surrounding neighborhood were invited to be present for the special day, and Parson Holmes was requested to prepare a sermon suitable to the occasion. All the culinary skill for which old Virginia house-keepers were celebrated thirty-five years ago was brought into requisition, and pantry and larder were full to overflowing of every sort of cate and delicacy. An ancient silver service, which had once been used at Thorsway by Lord Culpepper's family (from whom Mrs. Clayborne prided herself on being descended), was brought out from the old oaken chest, where it had lain ever since the death of the master of Hazlecroft, and was made to shine with a brilliancy to which for many a year it had been a stranger. Old china was produced from buffets where it had been long locked up. Old furniture was waxed till it shone like a mirror, and the oaken floors of parlors, chambers, halls, and stairways were polished till it became a perilous feat to walk over them.

"I 'clar'," cried Aunt Becky, one of the older house-maids, lifting her hands at the sight of so much preparation—"I 'clar' folks mought 'low dar's gwine be a weddin', 'stid ob a fun'ral sarvice, in dis house!"

Matters were all in a state of readiness, and the day came for the guests to arrive. Annis had been exceedingly busy through all its hours in the great old parlor, imparting to it that air of brightness of which she held the secret. Fresh lace curtains had been hung at the windows; the covers were taken from the old portraits. No one at Hazlecroft could remember ever having seen the yellow muslin removed from the frame above the mantel-piece that held the picture of the Baron of Thorsway, Lord Thomas Culpepper, but Annis had leave to strip it off. The furniture was pulled about, rubbed, and arranged in more modern fashion. Every table was loaded with vases of flowers, till the great room was redolent of June. The old-time sconces were brightened up, and filled with real wax candles. The "Culpepper chair," Aunt Dorothy's peculiar treasure, because

it had been brought over from Thorsway by Lord Culpepper himself, had a fresh covering of rose bud dotted chintz draped over the ancient yellow damask, and was drawn up to one of the windows, with a stool placed before it, ready for the occupation of the mistress. The four windows of this great parlor opened to the floor upon the wide piazza which ran the whole length of the mansion.

Annis had taken her last look at the various rooms to see that all was in readiness before she went to dress for the evening. This duty was quickly done; for in half an hour she came down, attired in a simple white muslin gown, with not an ornament about her save a cluster of fresh roses on her bosom. Lucien was sitting in the library as she passed him on her way to the old drawing-room. He looked up with a bright smile, slapped the volume he had been reading together, and said to himself, "Aurora!—if she would but bring the dawn into the border of the dusk!" But Annis did not hear him as she tripped lightly on into the apartment beyond. It looked dim and empty as the twilight began to fill its corners; but she sought out a sofa in a remote recess, where there was a window looking toward the west, and threw herself down, to rest for a few moments after the fatigues of the day. She had not lain there very long before she heard a step near her, and found Lucien was drawing a chair quietly to the side of her sofa. She sprang up to take her seat primly, as all maidens were expected to do in those old-fashioned times; but a detaining hand was laid on her bare arm.

"Rest yourself, Annis," he said, "for you will be tired enough before the late dinner is over. I have just seen my mother go off into a comfortable nap; and now I have come to quiet you. Do you know, Annis, there seems to me something a little amusing in this 'funeral service,' as the servants will persist in calling it. I hear them bandying words constantly about it; always calling it 'Ole Mis' Fun'ral.' Even the neighbors have been making a joke of it; and it has annoyed me somewhat."

"Don't let it do that, Cousin Lucien," rejoined Annis, in her bright way; for she had a knack of always smoothing down difficulties; "everybody understands Aunt Dorothy, and it will all pass off beautifully, I'm sure."

"We might make it pass off much more beautifully—you could help me do it, Annis."

"How, pray? I am ready to do anything reasonable."

Lucien looked down for a moment at the hand that he had taken within his own, and drew his finger in a sort of meditative way along the tracery of its blue veins.

"Suppose, then," he said, looking up at her inquiringly—"suppose we adopt a German fashion for the nonce. It seems very reasonable—to me at least. Suppose we make it the occasion of—of our betrothal, Annis?"

Annis started up, with a quiver from head to foot, then sank back again upon the sofa, and hid her face in her hands. As Lucien quietly watched her he saw a tear trickle from between the white fingers and fall upon the cluster of roses upon her bosom. Touching his lips to the roses, he began, in a soft, low tone:

"You said no to me once, Annis, and under the impression that you did so because your heart was going out toward another, I accepted your decision as best I might, and crushed back into my own heart all its love and its longings. Overton let me know that I was mistaken: and now—now have you not discovered that under the seeming snow of my too cold exterior there are volcanic fires of which you never heretofore have dreamed? Have you not come to know that I love you? May I not tell you now that the heart never before willing to own itself touched by a woman was conquered by my little cousin before she had been two months in our midst?"

Annis neither spoke nor moved.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said, passionately, drawing her hands from her face, and clasping them closely between his own. "If I am not, let me hold this hand now and—ever."

Annis's hand was not withdrawn.

A half-hour later carriage wheels were heard coming up the avenue.

"One word more," said Lucien, "before you go to meet our guests. Why did you say no to me so vehemently that evening six weeks ago under the clematis?"

There was a little embarrassed pause before Annis spoke. "Because"—and the scarlet flashed along her cheek again—"because I believed you were merely

obeying Aunt Dorothy's wish, which you thought to be a dying one."

"And what did *you* know of Aunt Dorothy's wish?"

"Was Aunt Dorothy ever able to keep anything to herself? Besides, Aunt Anneky caught up part of the conversation between her and yourself, and you may be sure that, [illegible] did not fail to repeat some of it to me the very next day. Do you wonder that under your mother's exaction of obedience on your part, I said no? But here comes Uncle Sharon to light the candles, and I do believe I hear Uncle Fontaine's voice: his travelling carriage is stopping at the steps." And she broke away to receive the coming guests.

VI.

The invited guests were all in their places in the great parlor, through whose open windows the afternoon sun came gayly streaming. The company from the neighboring plantations, together with the guests in the house, so filled the room that there was only space for the house servants to be admitted: but the plantation hands were gathered on seats close around the windows, it being a strenuous point with their mistress that they should all be near enough to hear. Aunt Dorothy was established in the ancient "Culpepper chair," dressed in her black satin gown, with a lace shawl thrown over her shoulders. Her quick black eyes sparkled with an unusual gladness, and her jolly little figure shook every now and then with suppressed laughter as some one of the little pickaninnies arranged near her nodded and tumbled off his stool. The "cat tail," to which Chinquapin Joe was so fond of alluding, lay at her side, ready to tickle any mischievous imp who might be found running straws into the ear of his next neighbor, or pulling from under him the stool of some little chip-picker who was sure to go to sleep during the constrained quiet.

Annis flew in and out in her bird-like way, and finally settled herself behind a curtain, where she was well hidden from view. Somehow she felt as if the service would be rather an upsetting thing. Lucien hovered about in his silent, stately way, distributing his high-bred courtesies among the many guests. A claw-footed table, as black as ebony with age, was placed for Parson Holmes, before which, in his surplice, he took his place, and began to read the evening service with becoming solemnity.

As Aunt Dorothy had made it a point that her old head cook, Mammy Rachel, should get a little of the spiritual benefit of the occasion, she had insisted that for half an hour she should intrust the soups, roasts, and stews to "Brudder Joe," her culinary assistant. Consequently, as one of the collects was being read, Mammy Rachel, who was, as cooks are apt to be, of elephantine proportions, came puffing up the piazza steps as the crowd outside made way for her to a seat near her mistress. By the time Mammy Rachel was well settled, and had smoothed down her fresh white apron, and all the youngsters were reduced to order and quietness again, Parson Holmes was ready to begin his discourse.

"My friends," he said, gravely looking round on his audience before him, "the occasion on which we have met together has, through God's mercy, turned out to be a thankful instead of a mournful one, as a few weeks ago was so sorrowfully anticipated. But wishing to draw instruction and warning from the memory of the solemn time, upon which she still looks back, she who has been the subject of this gracious interposition desires that the same text which she had selected for her obsequies should be used in this service of thanksgiving, '*Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful.*'" He then went on to expatiate on the responsibility which necessarily devolved upon the mistress of a great household, skilfully defending the character of Martha, and showing that she was in the line of her duty, even though she was "cumbered" by it, and that perhaps she was serving the Master just as really as the introspective and meditative Mary. No doubt she too would like to have sat at her Lord's feet, but then who would have looked after the temporal wants of the Master and His disciples? She, perhaps, loved her Lord no less than her unpractical and quieter sister. It was not for what she was doing that the Master reproved her in this gentle way, but for the spirit of fretfulness she manifested in the doing of it. Hers was the less pleasant duty, and it was to her credit that she was performing it so efficiently.

No doubt it would have been accepted as fully as Mary's service, if it had been done with as serene and heavenly a temper.

It was plain to be seen the preacher meant that Martha should stand as an impersonation of the mistress of Hazlecroft; for even Chinquapin Joe understood the allusions, and nudged Shad two or three times, with his stage-whisper—"Dat's jes like ole mis'."

It is not necessary to dwell upon the suitable application given to the second portion of the text. When the closing sentence was reached—"And now I call upon all kindred and neighbors present to unite, at her desire, with our dear friend, who sits at my right hand, in thanksgiving to Almighty Power for the happy transition from sickness to health, from anxiety to gratitude, from the borders of the grave to the light and joy of a new lease of life"—the minister turned and stretched his arm toward the old "Culpepper chair," but the chair was empty! The thanksgiving had to go on amid the half-smiling faces of the whole audience, without the one to join in it who was the occasion of it all.

Aunt Dorothy had always done the thinking for the whole establishment; and now that there were to be thirty guests to dine, and more than twice that number of her people to be feasted in the big laundry, was it any wonder this Martha was "cumbered about so much serving"? Was it surprising that the beckoning finger of Miss Sibylla, the house-keeper, should have conveyed a summons that drew her to the edge of the piazza for a brief colloquy during the pause that ensued before Parson Holmes uttered his final sentence? As the silent prayer was being said at the close of the service, Aunt Dorothy was back again and on her knees; and when the final "Amen" was uttered, she was ready to join heartily in it, under the full persuasion that nobody had noticed her absence.

All the guests and kinsfolk came forward with kisses and congratulations; and the mistress's bright eyes brimmed over with happy tears, while her face beamed with smiles as she received them. "It was worth while to be ill," she exclaimed, with a voice broken through emotion—"it was more than worth while to step almost upon my grave, to have my friends made so glad by my recovery!"

Not to be outdone by kinsfolk and neighbors, Uncle Sharon, the head waiter of the dining-room, felt it incumbent upon him to set the example to the house servants by some suitable congratulation. In his pompous way he advanced to the front of his mistress's chair, after the company were through with their salutations, and bowing his grizzly head low, with a dramatic wave of the hand, he said, "De Lord be praise, whar made de mistis fun'ral tu'n out so beautiful; de Lord be praise foh sech a libely co'pse on dis 'casion!"

Uncle Reuben, as plantation preacher, felt called upon to offer a greeting on behalf of the out-door servants. Accordingly he pushed his way through the crowd, and taking the hand of his mistress between his own hard black ones, he said, in a voice tremulous with feeling, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "T'ank God, mistis! We 'ceives yo' back in answer ter pra'r. We 'lowed we hab mo' need foh yo' heah, ter manage dis big plantashun, dan de angels hab foh yo' up in hebben, whar dar be no managin' ter do. De good Lord, He knows dat, an' He dun t'ink so too; an' we praise Him—dat we do!" From the crowd on the piazza, pressing about the windows, came back the echo, "Dat we do! Dat we do! Amen! Amen!" while hands clapped, and tears glistened on many a sable face.

Chinquapin Joe was the very last to come forward; but he meant to express his thanks, for he was in a very grateful frame of mind. His mouth had been watering all through the service in anticipation of the grand feast that was to be spread for all the plantation hands in the big laundry. He knew of the roast pigs, for he had helped to catch them; he knew of the ducks and chickens, for he had helped to run them down; he knew of the gooseberry pies, for he had pricked his fingers in helping to gather the berries; and with a swelling of heart that was bound to force itself into utterance, he cried out, as he grasped the hand of his mistress, "Yes, de good Lord be t'anked ober an' ober agin! an' *please gib ole mis' jes sech a gran' fun'ral ebbery yeah!*"

The wax lights in the sconces were well burned down before the long dinner was over and the guests had returned to the great parlor. As those from the neighboring plantations had to go six, eight, and even ten miles to their homes (for ten

miles is neighborhood in old Virginia), that portion of the company had necessarily to break up early. But before any had taken their leave, Aunt Dorothy arose from her chair, and with a little rap upon the table before her, intimated that she had a few words to say before they should go.

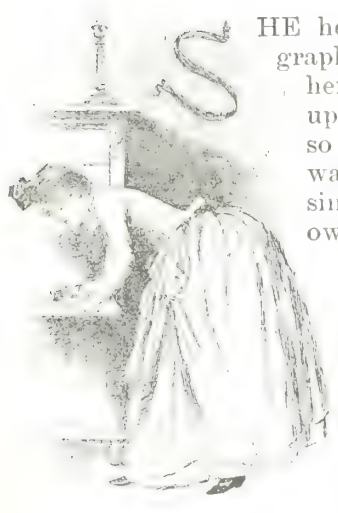
"I heartily thank you, my dear friends," she began, winking back the moisture that was always so ready to film her eyes—"I heartily thank you for your presence with me on this occasion of thanksgiving, and for all your kind congratulations and good wishes. But to do away from your minds any lingering associations that may still link the solemn season in which the occasion originated and the present fulfilment of it, I have arranged my plans to bind it more closely with another memory, which shall hold in it nothing but joy. The friends who are guests in my house know to what I allude. Mr. Holmes, our good rector here, will convey to my neighbors who have been with me to-day my further wishes."

Parson Holmes arose as Mrs. Clayborne took her seat, and in his formal way, and with an emphatic clearing of his throat, as if he were giving out a church notice, said:

"I am requested by Mistress Dorothy Clayborne to extend to the kind friends and neighbors who have assisted at the thanksgiving service of to-day an invitation to be present at Hazlecroft a fortnight hence, Wednesday, 28th of June, at four o'clock P.M., on the occasion of the marriage of her ward, Annis Fontaine, to her son, Lucien Thorsway Clayborne."

CAPTAIN BROOKE'S PREJUDICE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.



HE held the photograph irresolutely, her eyes fixed upon it, vacantly so far as the face was concerned, since it was her own, but she was debating as to what *he* would find pleasing in it, and what *he* would think of such a madcap notion; for, you see, accident having brought her to his lodging, it had flashed into her head to leave this souvenir behind her. Well, let him think what he would! Might not the game prove worthy of the candle? At all events, the idea amused the girl immensely, and taking up his pen, she wrote hurriedly, but in her very characteristic hand, "I have been here, and I leave this for you, hoping you will recognize me the next time we meet." And then her name, "Kitty Verrier," and the date, "June 8, 1881."

Unusual animation now marked Miss Verrier's expression and manner. She placed the photograph directly on his desk, where even a more careless eye than his could not fail to see it, and then she lingered a moment for a glance about the little parlor—*his* sitting-room—and as the sun was shining now, took her departure.

The approach to Madame Benticarlio's villa, near Bologna, is so blooming that one forgets the ruggedness of the lower hill-side, and on turning in the final gateway near the monastic-looking dwelling, a scene of the softest enchantment meets the eye; for there stretches here a garden worthy of the name, skirted by woodland, with vagrant alleyways, and a western wall hung richly with the roses of this blossom-perfect region, while below, a pathway shaded by slim young trees forms a walk in which Petrarch might have composed verses, or Dante have lingered for a glimpse of his Beatrice gazing forth from the house windows, which gleam and sparkle in the setting sun, and whence one can review the country from the Benticarlio villa across the plain of Lombardy to the Adriatic.

When Madame Benticarlio, who was Paula Kane, of New York, invites her friends to visit her, she is fond of saying, "Come and see my garden," "or the view from my upper windows"; but all of the

little lady's circle know that, compensatory as both may be, there is much more to be enjoyed than these externals, for the countess has a faculty of drawing about her the best of everything, and the count, whom she adores, is a delightful host, and being not only well off in this world's goods, but a man of science and letters, one is sure to find it worth while to accept any invitation the Benticarlios choose to give. They linger at the villa on the hill-side until it is too cold to use the garden as a sort of rendezvous for their friends; but when the last days come before their departure to Florence, the countess gives a succession of garden fêtes, and on one such occasion not long ago she was standing near the side entrance of the villa, conversing in an animated manner with a tall young Englishman, who had arrived, so she was telling him, just too late to meet some "delightful Americans."

"But all Americans are delightful," the young man answered, smiling back of his blond beard, and regarding the exquisitely dressed figure and *mignonne* face of the countess with an indulgent sort of admiration. "By-the-way, I am afraid, Paula, that I have staid in your neighborhood just a little too long."

They were the oldest and best of friends, and the countess liked to receive Captain Brooke's confidences. She looked at him now with an anxious smile.

"If you have had your wings scorched," she said, cautiously, "then why did you object so strenuously to meeting her at first?"

Captain Brooke's face colored quickly, although he tried to laugh.

"I always feel sure," he answered, "that in the course of time you will make me explain myself, you understand so much from the beginning. Well, then, to tell you the truth, I was, for a good reason, thoroughly prejudiced against Miss Verrier."

"Prejudiced!" The countess spoke with an accent almost of dismay. She glanced involuntarily across the garden beds at their feet to the opening of a cypress alley where a tall young lady in a white gown, and wearing a broad-leafed hat, was standing, evidently much interested by a conversation with a well-known Italian statesman. "My dear Dick," she continued, bringing her eyes back to her companion's serious face, "I know you always were the most fastidious man on earth, but what or who could have prejudiced you against Kitty Verrier baffles me. Why, the girl was simply the rage in Algiers last winter, and at Nice I began to believe we would have to take refuge somewhere miles distant, people ran after her to such an extent, and— Wait a minute," she continued, as the young man's face began to assume a contemptuous expression. "I know what you would like to say—every rich and pretty American girl is run after; but then Kitty is not like any one but just herself. Of all superb, queenly young creatures she is the most captivating. Such self-possession, and such tact, and gentleness of heart! I declare she ought to be at the head of a nation!"

But for a moment Brooke was moodily silent, although his eyes, again following the direction of Paula's glance, rested with a queer half-savage admiration, tinged with the annoyance he felt in this affair, on the same graceful girlish figure. What had possessed her, he was asking himself, while the sunset color flung about her showed him the fair womanly curves of Kitty's young face, the golden tones of her hair, and the slight pretty gestures of her hands—what had possessed her to take such a wild, Daisy-Miller sort of means of making his acquaintance? Fancy a girl invading one's apartment and leaving behind her a photograph with a saucy message and her own name upon it! And during the fortnight of their chance meeting here she had told him more than once, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that she had "made her mind up" to know him ever since she was in Surrey, two years before; and while he had not referred openly to the freak she had indulged in, enough had been said to convince him that she felt herself quite well acquainted with him through Paula and other friends before she had invaded his lodgings in this unladylike and uncalled-for fashion. He had allowed himself to be presented to her sorely against his will, recognizing her quickly enough, although in the very first moments of their meeting he had been compelled to admit that, archly pretty as the picture was, there lurked in the depths of the girl's eyes and in the sweet composure or the smile of her young lips something far more fascinating and deeper in its charm. And day after day he had drifted on, nourishing every vestige

of his prejudice as long as he could, calling himself a fool every hour, and reminding himself of the one painful episode in his life when he had fancied that he would never trust woman's eyes or lips again, strengthening his resolution by letters to his agent in Essex bidding him prepare Brooke Court to be let during the next year while he was absent in the East. And yet, for all this, what was the humiliating confession the young man was compelled to make at this moment to himself? He, the man who had fought in hand to hand combat with fifty Zulus, who had passed unscathed through six London seasons, and knew that it was deservedly said of him that the Melton-Mowbray pack never went where he could not follow, felt himself as irresolute as a school-boy in this girl's presence. No, he reflected, grimly, not irresolute, for he would have, when with her, gone anywhere or sacrificed anything at her bidding. He tried to show himself the future in which a girl with such capricious tendencies would reign at Brooke Court, which had for so many generations been the centre of all that was well-bred and graciously hospitable in the county; but to sweep these would-be contemptuous fancies to the winds a vision always rose of this girl, beautiful and womanly, her vivacity all charming and underlaid with tenderness, as his wife, the mistress of the sombre, grand old house, which would be the most perfect setting for her glowing golden sort of beauty. Well, so far as he was concerned, his fate was decided. Brooke drew himself together, meeting the still curious and anxious gaze of the little countess. The hussar laughed, and put out his hand.

"If I am coming back for the evening," he said, in a strained sort of voice, and wringing Paula's little fingers with unconscious severity, "I must be off now, for I am expecting a visit from George Fenwick, a friend whom I haven't seen for a long time, and who, indeed, may at this very moment be waiting for me below."

"Well, if you find him," said the countess, promptly, "bring him back with you. He and Miss Verrier, if I am not mistaken, are old friends."

Captain Brooke answered hurriedly, and with a nod and a smile strode away through the gardens, in twilight now, but beginning to show signs of more decided animation, for the crowning glory of Paula's garden parties was the evening. A collation was served at sundown; delicacies and dainty substantials were set forth, while the trees were hung with lanterns, which when the night fell seemed to sparkle like jewels, lighting up the dusky alleys and the glowing garden beds as though their lustre was borrowed from the stars themselves. Brooke, on the last occasion of the kind, had told Kitty Verrier the scene made him think of one of the Fortinari feasts in the Florence of Dante's day. "I should not like to be a Beatrice," the girl had answered, with one of her swift changes of expression. "Fancy any woman misunderstanding such a man!"

But as Brooke drew near to the animated though stately group of which Kitty Verrier was the centre, it occurred to him that she might well have posed for that "perfect lady of her day," and it pleased him to find that the girl's soft eyes sought his quickly, even while she made a reply to something M. Minghetti was saying.

The young man explained, with rather a downcast manner, that he was going off to find a friend, to bring him up to the villa, if possible, for the last of the entertainment; if not, he would certainly return alone.

Minghetti sauntered away, and Brooke, finding himself alone with Kitty, said, as impressively as possible: "I want to have an hour of you all to myself. You challenged me the other day to explain my moodiness. Now I am going to do it."

"Very well." She hesitated, looked at him somewhat furtively, and added: "Stay a moment longer now, won't you? Do you remember telling me the other day that in the evening this garden looked just fit for something out of Fortinari's time, or else a scene in Shakespeare? Now come here for a moment, won't you? I have been wanting to have the delight of enjoying this with you."

It was with a consciousness of their strange bond of companionship and sympathy that Brooke suffered himself to be led by the girl around the pathway of one of the terraces, where, seating herself on a low stone balcony which divided it from a space of dark green sward, she bade him look up and say whether Italy could not at any moment furnish a setting for every-day life as picturesque as



"SEATING HERSELF ON A LOW STONE BALCONY . . . SHE BADE HIM LOOK UP"

though the mediæval times had come back with all their glamour.

The solemn-looking servants of the countess were already spreading forth the tables deftly and noiselessly, while here and there among the trees and star-lit blossoms groups of people gathered with fine effect. The musicians, whom Paula considered as essential to the success of her fêtes as ever Bolognese lady of olden time had done, were slowly arranging themselves and their instruments in a balcony of the villa overlooking the garden, while here and there footmen moved in deft silence, touching the lanterns into light, which brought out certain objects in striking prominence; for instance, the tall impressive figure of Minghetti talking to the last daughter of the Alighieris, a dazzlingly beautiful girl in blue velvet, with Parisian touches about her and the manner of a dozen courts in her complete *savoir-faire*. Italian life as she had seen it lately, with these spectacular accessories, conventional though they were to the people, had captivated Kitty Verrier in a queer fashion during her stay with the Benticarlios, but Captain Brooke's alert, wholesome good-humor had been quite as pleasing to her, and she had fallen into a habit of studying everything with a view to comparing notes with him. She felt a little happy thrill of response when the tall young man at her side remarked:

"It's like the banqueting scene in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Isn't it?" He looked down at her simply attired figure, the fair girlish face uplifted in the half-lights with something so appreciative and yet so strongly individual about it that for the hundredth time he found it hard

to realize that she was the girl who had once behaved like a veritable Daisy Miller. "One might easily enough fancy Petruchio and Katharina making their final courtesy here after their reconciliation. The queer part of it is that the natives lose so much of the enjoyment they might have in the fact of the effects ready at their hand."

Kitty would like to have prolonged the conversation half an hour, but Brooke was compelled to leave a few moments later. He hastened away, leaving the brilliancy of the garden, and proceeding by a zigzag path, where fragrances of the rose and jasmine reached him through the dusk, the strains of music at the villa mingling so agreeably with them that the young man felt, remembering what had seemed to be in Kitty's eyes as he left her, a sort of intoxication with all that life might have in store for him. Away off beyond this highly colored Italian country he seemed to behold the old manor-house, with its simple methods, and the regular observances into which it would be his delight to introduce her, and a consciousness that the fine poetic side of the girl's nature would waken all things there into life was thoroughly fascinating to him; and if he had at any moment thought her unfitted for the position in his world, he despised himself now for so doing. He recalled, smiling to himself in the darkness, what Paula had long ago said to him: "There is a spell about my old garden. It makes everybody a poet or a painter or a lover." He had laughed at the little countess's words at the time, but was not the spell of those fragrant pathways and richly hung alleys upon him now?

Captain Brooke was lodging in an old farm-house not far from the lower gateway of the villa. An artist friend had found the place, and Brooke had been glad to slip into his quarters when, reaching Bologna two weeks previous, he had found the Benticarlios and Miss Verrier at the villa on the hill. The people of the farm-house had charge of some of the count's domain, and were well pleased to entertain so highly considered a guest of the great house. Brooke was accustomed to being received with very florid demonstrations of delight, but on this occasion, as he passed out of the lower gateway and was about crossing the road, it appeared to him as though his landlady's exuberance was rather more pronounced than usual. She was standing in the doorway of the quaint stone building, surrounded by a group of excited people, and on beholding her lodger, rushed forward, talking and gesticulating with so much excitement that it was some time before the young man made out that Mr. Fenwick, the American gentleman he was expecting, had arrived, but on coming up the hill in the carriage not ten minutes ago the horses had taken fright, and he had been thrown out. A messenger had been sent for Mr. Brooke, another for a doctor. The injured man was already in the signore's room.

All of this Brooke listened to almost like one in a dream as he rushed past the group of people and into the house. His visitor had been placed upon a wide lounge in the inner apartment. Brooke bent over him, while his landlady and her companions gathered around, and to his intense relief Fenwick opened his eyes, recognizing Brooke on the instant.

"Helloa, Dick!" he said, in a weak voice, and trying to smile. "I hope I haven't laid myself up for any length of time."

The doctor had arrived, and drew near. He shook his head with an air of mystery, and Brooke said quickly, "Keep still, old boy, and you'll be all right in a little while."

Fenwick, who was a slightly built although wiry young fellow, closed his eyes for an instant, but only to open them again as he heard the doctor murmuring details of his case. He looked at his friend shrewdly, and aware that the physician understood no English, said, with a sort of boyish insistence: "I want you to send for Kitty Verrier. I must find out whether she received my letter."

During the next hour Brooke scarcely knew how it was that he contrived to keep his own head, make Fenwick comfortable as he could be, considering a thoroughly jarred condition, to say nothing of a broken leg, and finally to realize that the often-repeated query for "Kitty Verrier" must be attended to. It was with a certain feeling of despair that he at last despatched his landlady to the villa, having scribbled the following lines to Madame Benticarlio:

"My friend George Fenwick has been badly hurt by a fall from the carriage coming up the hill, and I cannot leave him. He is weak and feverish, but insists upon seeing Miss Verrier. Will you

l her this, and come with her yourself, possible, at once?"

The last carriage load had driven away om Paula's farewell garden party, and, Brooke thought, the ladies would be e to come; but what he had not fore- n was that Paula's youngest child was sorbing her attention, having caught a dden cold from being allowed to view garden party too late from one of the per windows, and when the farmer's fe summoned him to the wide bare artment which served him as sitting d dining room, he was startled to find ss Verrier standing alone beside the ndow, her maid hovering in the door- y. The girl was very pale, and, as he w at once, intensely agitated.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, hastening for- rd; "what in the world does this an."

"How is he," demanded Kitty, in a y, firm voice. "Do you know if he is ing to die?"

He saw that she was crying silently.

"Why no! Of course not." The ung man drew nearer to her, speaking a very gentle tone. "What is it?" he ntinued. "There must be something I not understand."

She composed herself with a great ef- t.

"If he were to die," she said, "I never ould forgive myself. I *must* tell you out it, for I am so miserably unhappy." e girl laid her hands upon his arm and oked up beseechingly into his anxious e. "It was so wicked of me not to d his letter until late this afternoon, t"—the color flamed into her cheeks— felt half afraid to do it. I had done h a silly thing. Once—long ago, en papa and I were in Germany, I ated George so badly, as I thought; d then the summer we were in Surrey eard, just as we were leaving, that he s lodging in the village near by. We re staying with the Westervelts. I d nothing about it, but I walked over ere one day." The girl lifted the sweet- ss of her face to Brooke's close scrutiny, d looked down again. "I wanted just see if I might not meet him by acci- nt and make up our little misunder- nding. You cannot think how good had been when my father was so ill. ell, it came on to rain, and I went into nice-looking old-fashioned house for elter until the shower passed by. The landlady said her lodger was out, and she would let me wait in his sitting-room. She left me alone, and I discovered that it was George's room. I recognized his things, some of them, the books—one I had given him myself, and suddenly it occurred to me, just for fun, to leave my picture there. I had one in my pocket which I was taking up to London for some one else, and this gave me the idea. I thought it would amuse him to think I had paid a mysterious visit of the sort, and then he would write, and I should see him again. What is the matter?"

For Brooke, with a sort of suppressed groan, had turned away. He walked over to the window before he spoke; then it was after a moment's silence, and in a queer, strained voice.

"Did you not know," he said, looking at her, "Fenwick was visiting me at that time? They were my rooms—a lodging I had in Surrey." She made no answer, but listened intently while he continued: "He was only there for a few days. He had left that very morning. I came in after your visit, and found the picture. I have it now. I have always had it about me until I found you."

There was a moment of absolute silence; then Kitty, who was trembling nervously, said:

"No; Paula talked of you often that summer in Surrey; she made me want to meet you; but I did not know you and he were together. Did he know you found the picture? It seems so strange."

"He never heard of it," said Brooke, with a great effort at composure. "As it happens, I have never seen him from that time until to-day. However, I can easily explain it to him."

"What!" cried the girl, suddenly, in a low but excited tone. "What do you *mean*? Explain it! Why, you surely won't *tell* him!"

Kitty had risen in her excitement from the seat into which she had fallen a moment since, and was standing by him now, pale and trembling, but with the most exquisite expression upon her face.

"*Why* need you tell him?" she pleaded, laying one hand gently upon his. "It was such a *silly* thing to do! I am so ashamed! I wanted to tell you—to find out if he had thought it very dreadful; but since you have the picture, why need you tell him at all?"

"My child," Brooke said, closing both

his hands about hers gently, "you can tell him for yourself, if you like; when you are married to him it will be easy enough to explain it all."

"*Married!*" echoed Kitty. "Why, I shall never be *married* to him. Why, to begin with," she smiled, looking up eagerly into Brooke's face, while he impulsively took her hands closer in his own, "he is engaged to Dolly Mason—the American girl Paula wanted you to meet this afternoon. They had some trouble, however, as I find by his letter, and he came down here, poor boy, to get me to help them to set it right. *That* was the thing weighing on my mind! To tell you the truth, I was silly enough to feel afraid that the letter might have been something about myself."

Few circumstances in her successful life have pleased Madame Benticarlio so much as Kitty Verrier's marriage to Captain Brooke, for which she declares her old garden is to have the credit, but even to so sympathetic a friend Kitty and her husband have never mentioned the starting-point of their acquaintance, although on the occasion of a recent dinner which the Brookes gave in London for Fenwick and his wife, Kitty was tormented all the evening by a threat on her husband's part to restore what he calls his stolen property, but I am inclined to believe that the little picture will be kept by the captain until all that constitutes his earthly treasure must be given up. Madame Benticarlio certainly needs no more enthusiastic description of her garden than that which Kitty delights to give.

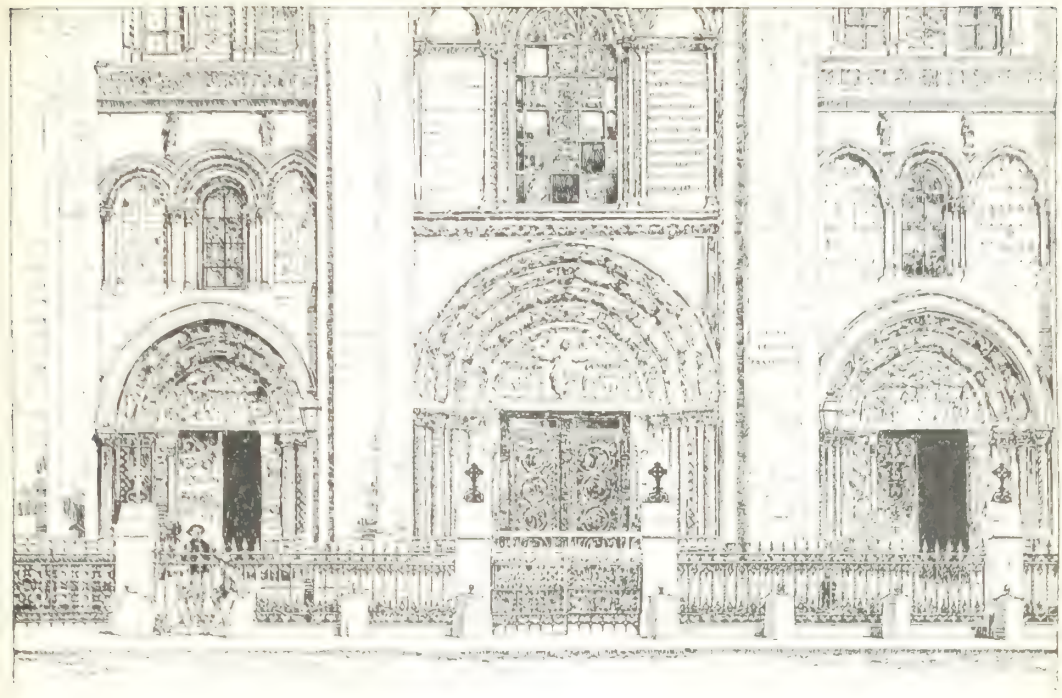


THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH OF ST.-DENIS.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

THERE are few periods in history during which the spirit of men has been roused to fuller activity, and none in which it has displayed a more varied and splendid creative energy, than that which, beginning in western Europe in the eleventh century, comes to a close in the first half of the thirteenth. Its boundaries in time and space may be marked by superb monuments, by the Duomo of Pisa on the east, by Westminster Abbey and the choir of Beauvais on the west—Pisa begun in 1063, Beauvais and Westminster completed two centuries later.

The improvement in the material conditions of society—in its external order, in the increase of the wealth and security of communities, in the extension of commerce and other intercourse between remote places—and also the growth of a sense of national life and unity as national boundaries became more defined and as the new languages of Europe shaped themselves, were among the indispensable conditions of that general quickening of the currents of the spiritual and intellectual life of Europe which distinguishes this period from all others. Long-disused powers of thought gradually aroused themselves, and gathered strength with exercise. Curiosity revived; reason began anew to question, and to assert its rights against arbitrary authority; intelligence sought for a basis of knowledge on the firm ground of experience and comparison; sentiment became alike more ardent and more steady. The powers of expression kept pace with the progress of



THE THREE DOORS OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

thought, gaining in clearness of form and in variety of mode, so that language and the arts responded to the multiplied eager conceptions and emotions of men inspired with a passionate impulse of utterance. After the long silence of the Dark Ages, men had much to say.

The imagination was not less active than the intelligence. The love poetry of the troubadours of Provence, and of their followers in Sicily, Italy, and Germany, the tales of the *trouvères* of northern France, the legends of Arthur and the Round Table, the romances of Charlemagne and his paladins, the Chanson de Roland, the Nibelungen Lied, the Parzival and the Titurel, all belong, either originally or in their developed form, to this splendid mediæval revival. And the spirit of the imagination could not be confined to poetry and romance, but broke into the domain of abstract thought. From Abélard to Roger Bacon the list is long of the schoolmen who were speculating with fervent zeal concerning the unknowable, or with not less ardor were investigating nature and extending the limits of positive knowledge. While poetry and romance were giving definiteness to the vague ideals of the new social order, lifting knighthood to the heights of chivalry, purifying and refining the relations of men and women, strengthening natural feeling, and disclosing the beauty of the world, philosophy was shaping the doctrines of the Church and the theories of the state, sharpening the understanding, and training its students for the highest functions of administration alike in ecclesiastical and civil affairs.

But the fervid spirit of the time sought still other modes of utterance. The forms of written language could not suffice for it; poem, romance, and treatise afforded it but partial and incomplete expression. It required all the arts for its full and free manifestation, and it found in architecture, with sculpture and painting for handmaids, the means by which the most universal and deepest emotions and sentiments of the age could be appropriately embodied in permanent and monumental form. Building, especially the building of the church, became a common work—the work not of one man, but of the whole community. The plan, indeed, was that of the artist, but its execution required the contributions and the labors of all the people. The edifice was erected by their hands, and was the visible evidence of their piety, their aspirations, their hopes, and their pride. It is not surprising that

under such conditions the art displayed a vigor of inventive resource and a wealth of design such as at no other time it has exhibited.

It was in France, and especially in Paris and the region around Paris within a hundred miles, that this new architecture was earliest developed, and in which it achieved its noblest works. Here it attained the highest reach of creative imagination, and showed the most thoroughly trained intelligence in the solution of those intricate technical problems which were involved in the realization of the new conceptions of the art.

The origin and progress of the new architecture in France very nearly corresponded with the development of independent national existence in the kingdom, and of the institution of a national royalty. The reign of Louis le Gros, which covers the first third of the twelfth century, marks the beginning of royalty as distinguished from feudal sovereignty; of a supreme public power responsible for the maintenance of order and justice; of a central and regular government asserting its authority over all within its jurisdiction, against the conflicting claims of independent or semi-independent local lords. This conception of royalty was not yet clearly defined, and every attempt to realize it in action was stoutly resisted. The France over which Louis reigned was but a little district, and the reach of his power was restricted within narrow limits; but he set himself vigorously to establish order within his kingdom, to repress the arbitrary exactions of tyrannous castellans, to make roads safe, to encourage trade, to protect the poor and weak.

At the same time with this assertion of royalty as a supreme public power, cities and communes were acquiring strength that encouraged the spirit of popular independence, which, stimulating the energies of the inhabitants of the larger towns, found expression in efforts to secure their liberties, and in monumental works of local patriotism and pride.

Paris naturally experienced in fuller measure than her less famous and less populous neighbors the advantage of the new order. Happily situated, she was a centre of life to which the currents of culture, not less than of commerce, converged. Nowhere was curiosity more active, or zeal for knowledge more ardent. She was becoming a chief seat of learning. The disputes of realist and nominalist, bitter as those of Guelf and Ghibelline, inflamed the coldest abstractions of the understanding. On the benches of the school in the cloister of Notre Dame, Abélard drew around him, by the spell of his unmatched rhetoric and his audacious logic, bands of devoted pupils, to catch the fervor of his independent spirit in its frank assertion of the supreme rights of the reason. To St. Anselm's dogma, Believe in order to understand, he answered, in words that were seeds of scepticism and free inquiry, Understand in order to believe. His words fell on soil that was ready for them. The whole story of Abélard shows how electric the air was, how charged with thought that partook of passion, with passion that hardly distinguished itself from thought. Abélard the schoolman is but Abélard the lover, in another guise. St. Bernard is not less impassioned than he, and in the dispute between them, in respect to authority and reason in matters of religion, the temper of the saint was more heated and violent than that of the sinner. Driven from Paris, Abélard found shelter for a time in the neighboring Abbey of St.-Denis.

It was during his forced stay within the walls of the abbey, in 1123, that Suger, one of the ablest churchmen of his time, was chosen abbot. Born of humble parents, who offered him, in his early youth, as an oblate at the altar of St.-Denis, he had been bred in the schools of the abbey, where the young prince, later known as King Louis le Gros, was his companion. They became friends, and throughout the life of the king the influence of Suger was powerful in inspiring and determining his policy.* In balance of mind, in political insight, in administrative capacity, in the qualities of the man of the world—qualities rare in those days—none of his contemporaries seems equal to Suger. He felt the breath of the new spirit in the world, but was not inflamed by it, like many of the strongest men of his time, into a temper of reckless enthusiasm.

* The life of Louis, written after his death, by Suger, exhibits in a picturesque narrative the incidents in the first determined hand-to-hand conflict between monarchy and feudalism. Suger did not, indeed, foresee the immense, far-reaching consequences of the struggle; but he was one of the chief counsellors and supporters of the policy of Louis the *Wide-Awake* and Louis the *Fighter*, as the king was called before he got the nickname of the *Fat*.

He was mild with Abelard, he held on his own course against the arrogance of Bernard; he resisted the undertaking of a crusade by Louis le Jeune, the son of his friend Louis VI.; but when the king set forth upon it he was made regent, and for more than two years administered the affairs of the kingdom with ability such as he had shown in the conduct of those of his abbey.

An abbey like that of St. Denis was, indeed, a great civil as well as a great ecclesiastical institution. Its administration was no affair for a mere recluse. Its abbot was not only one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, but a powerful temporal lord as well, who, strong in his double character, exercised exclusive jurisdiction over a wide territory, and disposed of a vast revenue, derived in part from the offerings of the faithful, but in greater measure from the levy of taxes and tolls, and from the labor of the serfs and tenants upon the abbey estates. He discharged the functions of a ruler of a state with a regularly organized civil government, supported by such a force of officers and men-at-arms as was requisite for security and for the enforcement of justice. In time of need the serfs and dependents of the abbey were armed for the defence of its rights, and were led by the abbot himself to battle or to siege. Within the precincts of his domain the abbot possessed the rights, prerogatives, and authority of royal jurisdiction.



THE NAVE AND CHOIR.

The steadiness and mildness of the administration of one of these great abbeys made its rule beneficent, and the people upon its lands enjoyed a comparative immunity from the aggression of lawless neighbors. The inhabitants of the towns which grew up around its walls, and of the villages and hamlets scattered over its territory, were more secure under its efficient protection than those that occupied the lands of lay proprietors. The abbey was the home of charity and hospitality. It provided carefully for the needs of the poor and sick upon its estates, as well as of the multitudes who thronged as pilgrims and strangers to its gates. It was the constant care of the brethren to foster industry, to encourage trade, to improve the culture of field, garden, and vineyard, to promote all sorts of handicraft. They planted desert places, cleared forests, drained swamps, improved watercourses, made good roads, established ferries, built bridges, erected barns and mills, and, in short, strove in every way to confirm the well-being of their dependents, to secure tranquillity of possession to the inhabitants of their lands, and to relieve them from oppressive exactions and dread of violence. Such an abbey as Cluny or St.-Denis was for centuries one of the chief centres of civilization.

Suger left an account of his own administration, written, as he says, after he had held his office for twenty-three years, at the request of the brethren of the abbey, that a record might be left to posterity of his labors, and of the bounty of God in the enlargement and improve-

ment of the possessions of the house, in the construction of new buildings, and in the increase of its treasure. His animated narrative gives evidence of the importance and variety of his duties, and of the interests in his charge, while it affords a lively picture of his dealings with vassals, friends, and enemies. Under his rule the abbey had greatly flourished, its revenues had vastly increased, and its domain been enlarged, so that, as he drew near the end of life, he was able to set about the accomplishment of a desire that had long possessed him—the rebuilding, with due magnificence, of the church, as a memorial of his piety, as well as of his gratitude to the abbey, which, as he says, *nos quam dulcissime a mamilla usque in senectam fovit.* Of this work he wrote a special account in a little treatise, which is one of the most interesting and instructive records of mediæval church building.

The original church of the abbey, founded by Dagobert, and rebuilt by Charlemagne, was no longer appropriate to the size and wealth of the monastery. Consecrated as it was by ancient sacred associations, by the bodies of saints, by most precious relics, by repeated miracles, and eminent as the burial place of the kings of France, it yet had neither the dignity nor the spaciousness that befitted such distinctions. It did not suffice for the crowds of worshippers that thronged it on holy-days. Often, when a boy at the abbey school, Suger had been shocked at the unseemly scenes and the irrepressible tumult within its walls, when the multitude pressed in to venerate and to kiss its most sacred relics—one of the nails of the Cross, and the Crown of Thorns. On these occasions the people became packed so closely that those within could neither advance nor withdraw; women fainted from the pressure and from fright; many, falling, were trampled upon; others, lifted by the men, escaped over the heads and shoulders of the crowd. The friars who exposed the relics, unable to withstand the push of the struggling worshippers, were forced to seek safety by getting out through the windows. These, and other like evils, which had troubled him from his youth, he now in ripe age determined to correct, by rebuilding the church on a scale and with a splendor proportioned to the greatness of the abbey, and with all the resources which the art of architecture had at its command; and he set about the work, as he reports, "with his whole soul, and the whole affection of his heart."

Under his watchful and intelligent oversight the church became the most splendid and the most interesting building of the century; but of the features that gave it special interest, that make it one of the most important monuments of mediæval architecture, neither Suger in his account of it, nor his biographer, nor any contemporary writer, says a single word. These are features of construction and design that exhibit the deliberate adoption of forms and methods of building the development of which was to create a new style of architecture, immeasurably superior to the earlier style from which it was evolved, in power of expression of imaginative conceptions and of deep and general sentiment. Among the displays of the creative energy of the twelfth century there is no other so magnificent as that of the progressive invention of Gothic architecture.

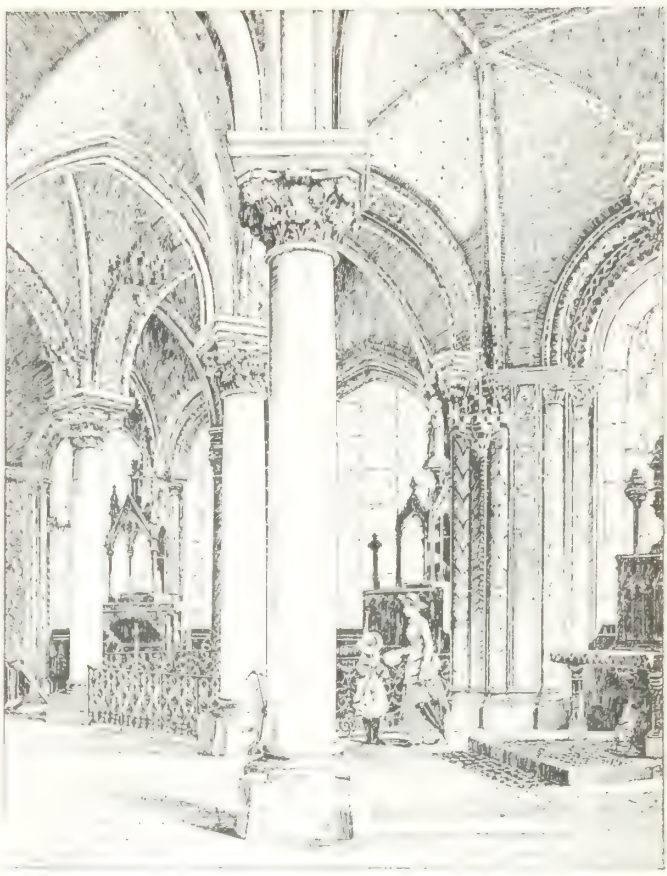
The radical nature of the change involved in the new methods employed in the construction of St.-Denis was, indeed, not recognized by those who were taking the first steps to bring it about. It proceeded from no sudden revolution of taste, nor was it the happy invention of a masterly genius; it was a process of orderly development, in which each step was the natural sequence of preceding advance, and in which the practical understanding supplied the material for the imagination to vivify and embody in the noblest forms of art.

The motive of Gothic architecture lay in the vault, and the rise of this new and glorious style might be briefly described as the gradual superseding of the round by the pointed arch in vaulting; for it was by the pointed arch in the vault that all the rest of the construction was determined.

The difficulty of covering wide spaces or spaces of irregular dimensions by vaults constructed with the round arch had been felt even by the great Roman builders. The masters of the twelfth century were engaged in a series of experiments in search of a better method of vaulting than that which they had inherited. Even before the beginning of the century a pointed arch had been occasionally introduced in the construction

f buildings in which the ound arch predominated. p to the time of the build ng of St.-Denis, however, he use of the pointed arch ad been rare and restrict d; it had not led to a con istent change in the meth d of vaulting; it had not haped any other features f the work. But the ar hitect of St.-Denis frankly dopted the pointed arch, vith a true understanding f its function, using it in egitimate combination with he round arch in the con truction of his vaults. The ault was now conceived of s formed of a frame or skel ton of transverse, longitu inal, and diagonal arches, f which the shape was to be etermined by their respec ive spans, and while these rches were used as ribs of permanent centring, the paces between them were lled with light masonry of rregular curve, determined y the irregular shape of the ompartments, and the whole ressure and weight of the ault was brought to rest pon the arches by which it was framed. n this mode of structure the arches of a ault might be of different span, might tart from different levels, and might be arried to different heights. Entire free om was thus obtained, and new paths pened for the inventive faculty.

The new method was not accepted with ut opposition. The change in construc ion involved changes of form to which he public taste could but slowly adapt tself. The old style was strong in ts long tradition. The round arch was he arch of imperial and of Christian Rome. It was invested with immemori l associations of sentiment. The point d arch did not please all eyes; it was an nnovation that lacked the sanctity of age nd use. The advantages which it afford d in construction did not warrant its use n those portions of the edifice, as in the pening of doors and windows, where the round arch was equally good for construc ive ends. In St.-Denis, for example, the round arch did not give way wholly in these positions to its usurping rival. It was preserved over the recessed and sculptured central portal, which formed the most impressive and characteristic feature of the facade, while the arch over each of the side doors is so slightly pointed as hardly to attract attention to the difference. The windows above these doors show a similar, but irregular, use of the two forms. But the windows of the choir mark progress, for they exhibit uniformly the pointed arch, and afford the earliest decisive instance in which the form used for constructive ends is adopted, by preference, where no motive of construction determines its employment.



CHAPELS OF THE APSE.

During the half-century that followed the building of St.-Denis the development of the architecture of the pointed arch advanced with constantly accelerating rate of progress. It is impossible to trace the precise order of its steps, but its general course is easily followed. As the advantages of the new system of vaulting led to its more and more general adop-

tion, and as skill in its application increased with practice, it became evident that it involved essential and most extensive changes in every portion of the structure. The use of the pointed arch for the ribs on which the weight and thrust of the vault were concentrated, not only made it easy to cover spaces however irregular in plan, but also to increase the loftiness and span of the vaults without corresponding increase in the mass of support. The pressure, both vertical and lateral, of the vaulting being collected



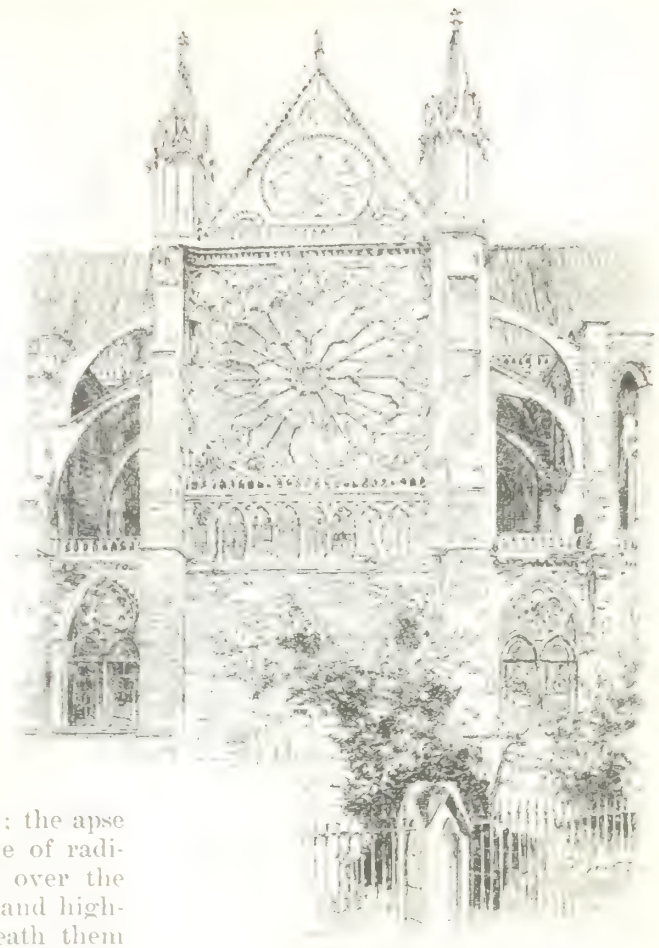
FROM THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

into the ribs, bore wholly upon the pillars or piers that supported them, and the wall, thus relieved of its load, was needed only as an enclosure. The pillars were modified to meet and correspond with the various arched ribs that sprung from them. Their forms were shaped to their new functions, and their parts were individualized and brought into closer relations with the divisions of the burden they had to support. The relations between the supported and the supporting elements of the structure were thus rendered far more intimate, and the whole edifice became at once far more highly organized. But the pillars could not be made sufficient in themselves to support, in addition to the outward lateral pressure of the vault, that also of the sloping roof above it, and in order to meet this combined thrust, which in Romanesque building had been supported by the continuous wall, a new system of buttressing was invented, that gradually became one of the most striking and effective elements of the new style. At first the strip of outer wall corresponding to each pillar of the nave was strengthened according to need and after the traditional fashion by a solid prop, or other re-enforcement, but it was not long before the builders recognized that this was a clumsy and ineffectual mode of meeting a pressure the thrust of which often had a point of discharge far outside of the line of wall. There was a better way. The thrust requiring to be conveyed to this point of discharge could be carried by a prop of comparatively small dimensions, if properly constructed, to a pier independent of the wall, and at a distance from it. This was the flying-buttress. Its invention was an induction of the imagination from the simple laws of mechanics. It was of no less concern to the art of architecture than to the science of building. In the flying-buttress the principle of the equilibrium of active forces, by the proportioned resistance of a solid mass to the energy of an exerted thrust, was applied in building as it had never been applied before. It gave a new, characteristic, and picturesque outline to the edifice, broke up its plain extent into strongly marked divisions, shaped the elements of pure construction into forms of varied beauty, and secured a nobler unity to the building through the more completely organic structure of its multiplied parts. But the conjoint work of the builder and the artist—of the understanding and the imagination—in the invention of the flying-buttress was not all at once complete. The mechanical principle involved in it was soon still further developed, with increase of beauty in the form, by crowning the pier with a pinnacle, which, adding to its weight and power of resistance, permitted a diminution of its bulk, gave lightness and lift to its mass, and shaping it into symmetry with the towers and spires that rose above the roof of the edifice, carried the eye

upward to their aspiring heights.

The walls being now no longer needed for the support of the roof and vaults, lost their old solidity, and the spaces between the buttresses were filled by windows, which afforded a novel and broad field for the display of the imagination of the artist in the designs of their painted glass and the patterns of their elaborate tracery. The interior of the church was thus no less changed than its exterior. The whole building underwent a process of superb transformation. And this was as obvious in the ground-plan as in the superstructure. The portals were made more important, and so designed as to indicate more clearly their welcome to the multitudes of believers who thronged the doors; the aisles were doubled; the apse was terminated by a semicircle of radiating chapels. As the vaults over the nave lifted themselves higher and higher, so the space enclosed beneath them widened, and the scale of the whole building was increased. Every part was vivified by the breath of the new spirit, function was better expressed in form, the mutual relations of the parts were more perfectly established, and those of each part to the whole work became more definite and more organic. Shaft and capital, cornice and moulding, archivolt and rib, each was shaped more truly to its use, and with more appropriate and more intrinsic beauty of adornment. In every detail the imagination of the artist was active, and the intelligence of the workman found delight in the execution of the design.

From the beginning of Gothic architecture, with its comparatively small achievement but abundant promise in St.-Denis, to its complete fulfilment in the full glory of the cathedral of Amiens, was a period of but little more than two generations. The boy who witnessed the consecration of St.-Denis might as a middle-aged man have taken part in that of Notre Dame at Paris, and as an old man have seen the foundations of Amiens, of Chartres, and of Rheims.



THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

In these French cathedrals, the stateliest and most poetic structures ever erected, the splendor and power of the creative genius of the twelfth century find their fullest evidence and noblest expression.

In the building of St.-Denis, Suger's first step was to take down the ancient porch at the front of the church and the two towers by which it was flanked, in order to erect an ampler façade, with three wide doors.

The design of the new façade was simple and stately, and in both its general form and its details it shows that the architect—probably a brother of the abbey—was touched by the spirit that had begun to modify the old style, and was rapidly to work its entire transformation. The centre was occupied by the main portal, deeply sunk, and enriched with four concentric sculptured archivolts; above it

was a triple arcade, of which the central space was filled by a window, and still above this was a rose-window of admirable proportion. On each side of the main entrance was a smaller door, surmounted by groups of windows, over which rose two towers. The nave and the aisles were reconstructed to correspond with the enlarged front, and the work was so far advanced in 1140 that the formal consecration of the new entrance, and the chapels within, took place in June of that year. But a greater work remained in the reconstruction of the choir, and the crypt beneath it, on a far larger scale and with a far more noble design than the old.

On the 14th of July the ceremony of laying the first stones of the foundations of this new work was celebrated with great pomp. Bishops and abbots from all parts of France were present, and the young king, Louis le Jeune, with many of his nobles and the chief men of the kingdom, joined in the splendid procession which humbly and devoutly descended into the trenches prepared to receive the foundation. "Then the aid of the Holy Spirit being invoked that the good beginning of the house of God might have good ending, the bishops having mixed the mortar with their own hands with the holy water of the dedication of the month before, laid the first stones, reciting a hymn to God, and chanting solemnly *Fundamentum ejus*, even to the end of the psalm. The most serene king then going down laid a stone with his own hands, and we also and many other abbots and religious men laid each his stone. Some, indeed, laid also gems out of love and reverence for Jesus Christ, singing *Lapides pretiosi omnes muri tui*." The work thus begun was pushed on with all the vigor of the abbot's strong will and the ardor of his genuine zeal. Fearing lest it might be hindered by the vicissitudes of the times, the falling off of friends, or his own death, he secured the assent of his monks and of the king to the diversion of a portion of the offerings at the altar from the purposes of charity to those of building, and to the use for the same purpose of a part of the revenue derived from lands belonging to the abbey that he had brought into culture and rendered productive. Not only was the church to be rebuilt, but its portals were to be enriched with elaborate sculpture and supplied with stately doors of bronze, its windows to be filled with magnificent glass, its altars to be reconstructed and made resplendent with gold and jewels, and its treasury of sacred vessels and robes to be increased. To perform all this various work an army of the most skilled artificers was brought together from all parts of France — sculptors, bronze-founders, glass-makers, painters, goldsmiths—who plied their tasks busily in the workshops of the abbey under Suger's active and intelligent supervision.

The zeal of Suger had its reward. The means for carrying forward the edifice did not fail; a vast concourse of workmen labored incessantly winter and summer, and, aided by the divine grace, "in three years and three months," as he relates, "all that magnificent work, both in the crypt below and in the height of the vaults above, with the varied divisions of so many arches and columns, was completely roofed in."

On Sunday, the 11th of June, 1144, the new choir was dedicated with splendid ceremony. The king again was present, and, at Suger's request, Louis and his nobles played the part of constables in keeping back the crowd and preventing the interruption of the sacred rites.

Suger's next work was to remodel the transept of the church, in order to bring it into harmony with the new choir, and he then set about rebuilding of the nave in order to conform it to the new parts at each of its ends. He preserved, however, a portion of the ancient walls, because, according to an old tradition, and the testimony of many writers of credit, the Sovereign Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ himself, had consecrated them. The legend ran that when, in the year 636, the church built by King Dagobert was complete, on the night before it was to be consecrated, a poor leper had by accident been shut within it, and in the middle of the night, while he was praying, a great light suddenly streamed through one of the windows, filling the whole body of the church with splendor, and through this light he beheld the Saviour and Redeemer enter the building, accompanied by St. Peter and St. Paul, and by St. Denis, the apostle to the Gauls, with a troop of other saints and of angels. And then the Lord Jesus, at the head of a procession of this glorious company, went around the church, performing all the acts of consecration with His divine hand, and reciting all the

ervice with His divine oice. And having ompleted the office, le called the trem ling leper to Him nd made him whole, rawing from him his eprous skin, which He ung against the wall, where it remained mi aculously fixed in the mage of life as a tes imony of the mira le. Then He bade he poor man go and ell what he had wit nessed. When the ing heard it he hast ned to the church vith all his train, and aving beheld the igns of the consecra ion and the marks of he holy water and oly oil used by the Lord of lords, and see ng the leper's skin at ached to the wall, he orbade all other con ecration. For centu ies the skin of the eper was preserved,



IN THE CRYPT.

ncased in silver, as a most sacred relic. The retention of the old walls thus divine y consecrated may account for the fact hat hardly ninety years after the comple ion of Suger's work, during the reign of St. Louis, the nave required reconstruction. The aisles of the choir and the chapels of he apse remain to-day as they were con tructed in the twelfth century, while the vest front, and the door of the north ransept, though in part restored, retain nany of their original features, and ex ibit their original design.

Suger lived long enough to see his vork essentially complete. He describes vith genial satisfaction the glorious ainted windows, the costly altars, the ewelled vessels and crosses of gold with vhich he adorned the church. The vealth of the abbey and the offerings of he pious sufficed to heap together trea sures that could be compared with those of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Such reasures were safer within church walls hen elsewhere. In 1151 he died, and was laid in his tomb within the most splendid church in the realm of France, the church for which he had cared, as he himself says, as for nothing else under heaven.

The old church had been the burial-place of the kings of France, and in the new church king after king was laid to sleep with his fathers, under the protection of the patron saint of the realm, and with the sacred banner, the oriflamme of France, hanging above them. Here rested the ashes of St. Louis, his memory giving a new consecration to the holy place. St.-Denis was the scene from age to age of many a famous ceremony. It was associated with the proudest memories of France. But in the height of the French Revolution, not a hundred years ago, when France revolted against her own past, the good of it as well as the bad, when the town of St.-Denis was to be known no longer by its old name, but thenceforth was to be called Franciade, the church was sacked and desecrated by a drunken mob, the tombs were rummaged and emptied, the dust and the bones of kings and saints were heaped up pell-mell together; the statues were hack-

ed and broken, the windows—the work of the artists whom Suger had employed—were shivered to pieces, and everything of price and worth was ruined, or carried off as booty. The work of destruction went on for three days, till there was nothing left but bare walls and fragments of works that time never could replace; even the lead of the roof was stripped off to cast into bullets. For a time after this the church was used as an open market-place.

In later years what could be done in the way of restoration was effected. But the marks of such acts of brutal folly are never to be obliterated.



AN OLD LANCASTER HOUSE.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

THE city of Lancaster is bustling and progressive. But here and there, crowded in between structures of modern date, are remnants of old times, curious little houses one story high, with very steep roofs and one or two dormer-windows peeping over the edge. They are the houses of old German Lancaster. One visiting this old town is struck by the peculiarly foreign appearance of many of the folk he meets. He sees a smooth-shaven, long-haired people—the Mennonite Baptists—and here and there long-bearded members of the Dunker or German Baptist sect, both speaking Pennsylvania Dutch. It is of the latter people, and of a sect springing from them, that we have here chiefly to speak.

Some fifteen miles from Lancaster by turnpike and twenty by rail lies the little village of Ephrata. It is a very secluded, sleepy-looking little place, in spite of the railroad that runs through it, shut in by surrounding hills and by a low line of mountains dignified by the name of Ephrata Ridge. The houses of the town straggle along a broad road which crosses the railroad near the station, dips away until it sweeps around in a curve over a bridge, past an old mill in front of a broad-built red brick house, and so away into the country. The houses, generally brick-

built, in many cases old-fashioned, are very comfortable and home-like.

Here one meets the Dunker *per se* in every by-road and lane—men with long beards and flowing hair parted in the middle. At the farm-houses are pleasant, matronly faces, stamped with humility and gentleness, while an air of almost saintly simplicity is given by the clear-starched cap, the handkerchief crossed on the breast, the white apron, and the plain gray or drab stuff of the dresses.

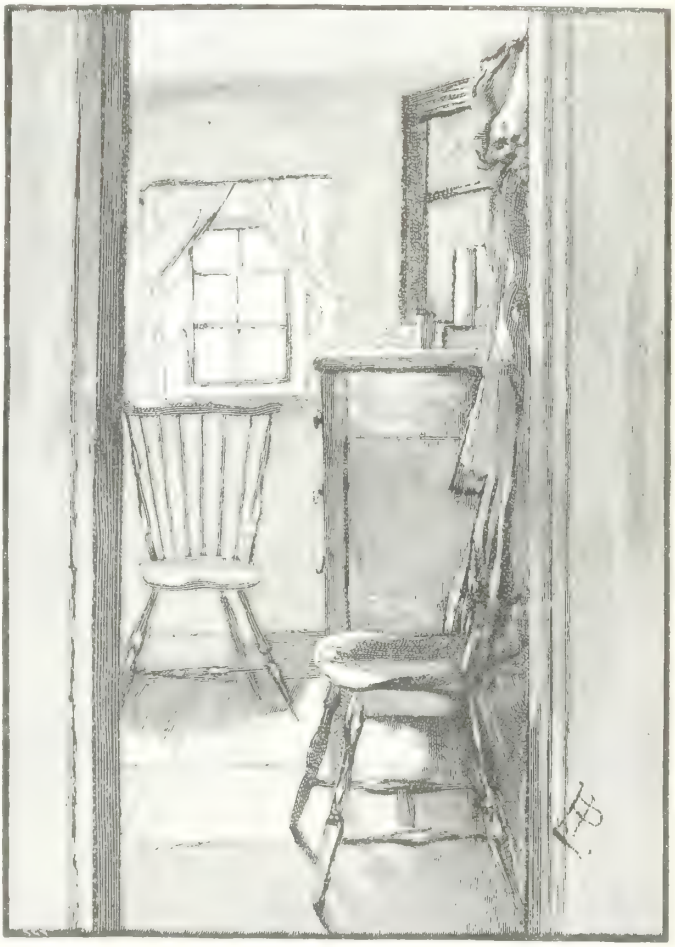
The style of living of these good people, their manners and customs, are of the most primitive type. Their aim is to imitate the early Christians in their habits of life as well as in their religious tenets. There is absolutely no distinction of caste among them.

They settled at first near Philadelphia, in a spot which has since been called Germantown, from the various German religious refugees who settled there in the early part of the last century. The sect is now chiefly confined to central and western Pennsylvania, but has spread to other States, principally those of the Northwest, though there are churches established in western Maryland, West Virginia, and North Carolina. Their dress is of the simplest description, quaint and old-fashioned in its cut; they offer no resistance to injuries; they observe no conformity with the world and its manners and customs; they refuse to take oaths in courts of law; in these and many other ways resembling the Society of Friends.

Some of their religious ceremonies are exceedingly curious. They celebrate the Lord's Supper after the manner of the primitive Christians.

The feast begins about the time of candle-lighting. The men are seated upon one side of the meeting-house, the women upon the other. The first ceremony is that of the washing of feet, each sex performing this duty for its own. Those who are to engage in the ordinance presently enter the meeting, carrying tubs of luke-warm water, and each member on the front benches removes his or her shoes and stockings. A man on the men's side and a woman on the women's then wash the feet one by one, taking the right hand of each individual, as they finish the washing, and giving the kiss of peace. After the one who performs the washing follows another with a long towel girded around the waist, who wipes the feet just washed, at the same time giving the right hand and the kiss of peace. As one benchful has the ceremony performed, it gives place to another. While this ceremony is being conducted, the minister or teachers make a brief speech or read appropriate portions of Scripture relating to the subject.

The next ceremony is the supper itself. Each third bench is so arranged that the



A DORMITORY IN THE SISTERS' HOUSE, EPHRATA.



THE KLOSTER.

back can be turned upon a pivot at each end, so as to form the top of a long table. This is covered with a white cloth, and presently brothers and sisters enter, bearing large plates or bowls of soup, which are placed upon the tables. Three or four people help themselves out of the same dish. After this the communion is administered, and the whole ceremony is concluded by the singing of hymns and preaching. This the brethren hold is the only true method of administering the ordinance of the Last Supper, and also hold that it is similar to that ceremony as celebrated in the earliest Christian Church.

Another peculiar ordinance among them is that of anointing the sick with oil, in accordance with the text in James, v. 14. The sick one calls upon the elders of the meeting, and at a settled time the ceremony is performed. It consists of pouring oil upon the head of the sick person, of laying hands upon them, and praying over them.

The ordinance of baptism is administered in running water and by threefold immersion, the officiating minister then laying his hands upon the recipient, who still kneels in the water, and praying over him or her.

The ministers or teachers, who receive no stipend whatever, are elected by the votes of the members of the church, he who receives the largest number of votes being pronounced elected. These elections are summoned by the elders of the church, who preside over them and receive the votes of the people, either *viva voce*, in whispers, or by closed ballots. If no candidate has a majority, or if there are a greater number of blank votes cast than for any one candidate, the election is pronounced void.

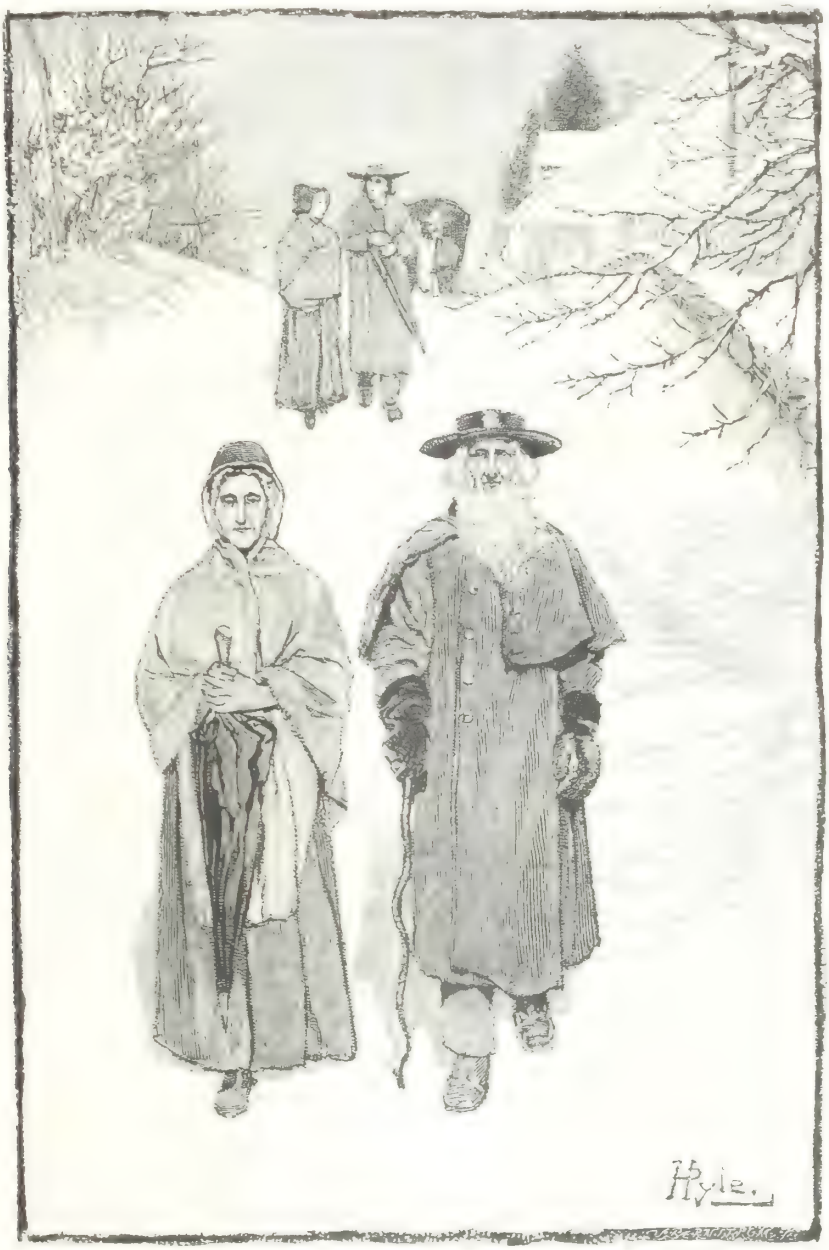
Such is a brief and condensed account of these people, and of their religious customs and ordinances. They are called Dunkers, or Tunkers, from the German *tunken*, which may be interpreted to dip, or probably "to sop" is a better equivalent word. They assume for themselves the name Brethren on account of the text Matthew, xxiii. 8, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." They also sometimes call themselves "God's Peculiar People."

The first visit we ever made to a Dunker meeting was on a cold day in the latter part of November. The wind piped across the snow-clad hills and over the level white valleys, nipping the nose and

aking the clocks for stuffed leather. s we neared the straggling, old fashion d-looking town we passed an old farmer f the neighborhood and his wife trudg- ng toward the meeting-house, the long ray beard of the former tangling in the ind or wrapping itself around neck and

ing-house were collected the farm wagons and dearborns of the folk who themselves crowded into the low brick building, the men by one door, the women by the other.

The ceiling was low; the room was sunny and bright; there were two stoves, one



GOING TO MEETING.

reast, and further on a young couple in he quaint costume of the people, pictu- esque figures against the white of the road-stretching road. Around the meet-

at either end of the building, at which warmed themselves the white-capped sisters at one end, the long-bearded brethren at the other, the latter standing with their



THE KISS OF PEACE.

backs to the stove, holding their horny palms to the warmth and rubbing them together. Presently a minister entered, and as he moved to the long table where his two confrères sat facing the congregation, he passed by the bench of the elder brethren. One after another of those nearest to him arose, the two right hands were clasped, and the two long gray beards met in the kiss of peace.

A hymn was sung in English, with a peculiar quavering of the voice and lingering upon each word. A hymn in German followed; then a sermon in German; then a second in the same language. The second preacher threw into his tones a peculiar intonation which we learned was characteristic of these people. It was a rather high-pitched monotone, carried throughout the sentence, and dropped only at the last word. The gestures were easy and natural, and every now and then the voice dropped suddenly into a colloquialism absolutely startling, as the preacher directed some broad truth based on human nature directly at the hearts of his hearers. A sermon in English followed, and the service was concluded by another German hymn and the reading of a portion of Scripture.

It was from this people that a sect, probably one of the most interesting in this country, took its rise; a sect once numerous, now nearly extinct; once wealthy in fat lands and busy manufactories, now poor, though still having many of the comforts of life—the German Seventh-day Baptists. They live as a semi-commune, having only a degree of community of interests in the estate of the society. They are an ideal republic, where every man is of perfectly equal standing in the society, and they are a monastic order without enforced celibacy or monastic vows.

Near the broad road along which Ephrata stretches its straggling row of houses stands a curious pile of buildings of quaint, old-fashioned architecture. The larger are weather-boarded with planks or shingle; the smaller, which have something of a foreign look—half Swiss, half German—are built of stone. The main buildings stand on a little rise of ground, the others, some larger, some smaller, of frame and stone, are scattered around in its neighborhood.

The buildings standing on the mound, which loom up before us the moment we enter the ground, are great steep-roofed houses, several stories in height, spotted by many very small windows twinkling in the sunlight. The flooring beams of good sound poplar pierce through the walls and are pinned upon the outside. The buildings are gray and haggard with age; here and there the clapboards are loose; and there is that peculiar blind,

sightless look that broken windows lend to an old house. These are the remains of the old enclosed village of Ephrata, once the centre of busy life and energy, now rapidly crumbling to decay. The buildings are those of the Kloster (cloisters) of the German Seventh-day Baptists.

In 1724 Conrad Beissel, a man who learned the trade of weaver under Peter Becker, the first Dunker preacher in this country, was baptized into the German Baptist Church. He was a man of considerable intelligence and erudition, and, accepting the idea of primitive Christianity inculcated by that society, he saw no reason why they stopped short of complete reformation and return to the primitive principles of the Christian Church in respect to observing the seventh instead of the first day of the week as the Sabbath. Upon this subject he wrote a tract, which he published in the year 1728. This created such a disturbance in the society of which he was a member, a society which has ever jealously guarded itself from innovations, that he was compelled to withdraw himself from membership with it. He retired to the then wilderness along the banks of the Cocalico, and there found a hut or cave that had once been inhabited by a hermit called Elimelech, and in it established himself as a recluse. In time, however, some of his old friends, together with others who had become convinced by his tract, gathered themselves together around his retreat, until quite a number had settled in the neighborhood of his once solitary habitation. About the year 1732 this recluse life was changed for a monastic one, and the earliest buildings of the Kloster were erected. The habit of the Capuchins, or White Friars, was adopted by the new monastic society. The brothers wore shirt, trousers, and vest, with a long white gown and cowl of woollen web in winter and linen in summer. The sisters' costume was the same, with the exception of a coarse flannel petticoat substituted for the trousers. There were no vows of celibacy exacted or taken, although the idea was considerably inculcated. Monastic names were given to all who entered the Kloster: the Prior, Israel Echerlin, took the name of Onesimus; Beissel, who steadily refused to accept any position of influence, took that of Friedsam, and was given the title of Spiritual Father of the community.

The society now gathered numbers, insomuch that in 1740 there were thirty-six single brothers and thirty-five single sisters in their respective Klosters, while the community numbered nearly three hundred persons. The property and real estate grew to be of great value as the farm became productive and mills arose on the banks of the Cocalico, built by the hands of the brethren and sisters; and this wealth was the common stock of the society, and the income was devoted to the common support. None, however, was obliged to contribute to this general stock. The mills were at that time the most extensive in that part of the country, embracing paper, woollen, saw, and grist mills; but of these little or no vestige now remains. It was here that one of if not the very first printing-press in Pennsylvania was erected, and the books and tracts of the society were printed within its own walls.



MY CICERONE.



IT WAS TO REPRESENT THE NARROW WAY

Not the least singular thing about this singular people was their music. So far as we are able to discover, it is now nearly if not quite extinct in the fast decaying branches of the society. This music was composed and written by Beissel himself. It was founded upon the melodious and plaintive chords of the Æolian harp, of which Beissel was very fond, and one of which he had in his cell. It is written in a peculiar melancholy minor key, and was sung with a singularly soft modulation.

Such was Ephrata in the old time, prosperous, busy, beautiful, with broad land, with smiling pastures, sunny hills, and dewy dales. But now all its glory has passed. All its prosperity has departed, and nothing remains but ruin, decay —and picturesqueness. The last celibate brother passed away years ago, and the celibate sisters (there are but four of them), without monastic name, without monastic dress, plain, matter-of-fact, elderly German women, subsist on a scanty allowance of fuel and flour from the estate, which has now nearly passed out of the hands of the society.

It was a queer old Dunker, gnarled and twisted, scarred and crooked as an aged fruit tree past fruit-bearing time, who acted as our cicerone in an exploring trip through the old building of the Sisters' Kloster. He had once been a man of more than ordinary intelligence among his people, but age and accident had snapped most of the bright strands of his intellect, though many still remained. He wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, showing the white here and there at the edges where the fur was worn away, beneath which hung his long silvery hair almost to his shoulders, meeting with the voluminous gray beard that lay upon his breast. He wore an ancient and much used coat of that distinctive cut so much affected by the Society of Friends. It, as well as his trousers, which were very short, made of homespun, and of a color brown as butternut, was patched in numerous places with some darker colored stuff.

He led us by a short-cut to the building, down the road and across a field, past a well-looking flour-mill of modern build, but having an old foundation. It was a part of the mills of the palmy days of the brotherhood. Beyond this we crossed a stile, cut across a sunny field, past a great rambling building that had once been the Brothers' House, from which faces peeped at us from the many

different little windows (it is now rented to several families), and so reached the Kloster proper.

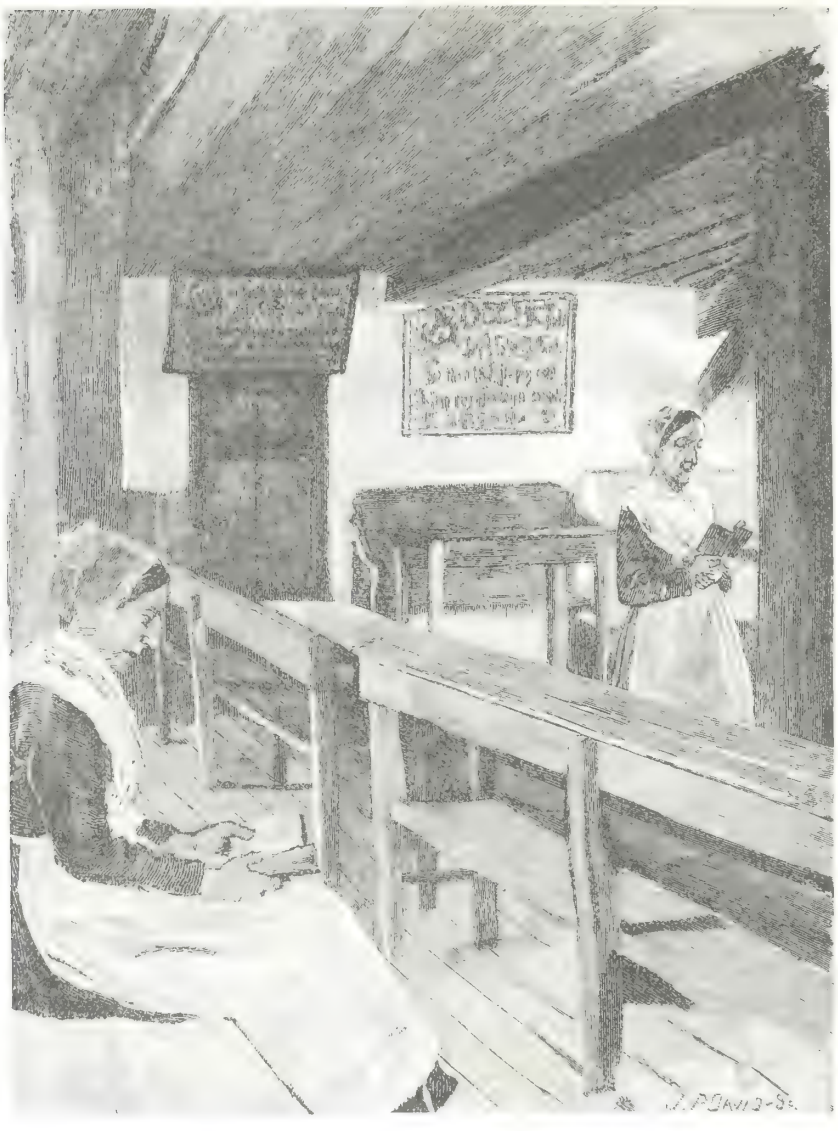
The great building fronts toward the northeast, is whitewashed, and forms an L with the chapel adjoining. This is the Sisters' House, and very comfortable it looked from this side, the queer little windows winking down at us in the sun. It was along this wall that the wounded soldiers sat, waited on by the white-cowled sisters, after the bloody fight at Brandywine. Nearly three hundred American soldiers were brought here to be nursed by the sisterhood.

The old Dunker did not knock at the door, but walked directly in, leading the way down a long passage to a low-ceiled, whitewashed room where a wood fire crackled in a large stove, making the kettle hum pleasantly to itself. An old-fashioned brass-handled bureau stood on one side, some quaint high-backed chairs stood around, a very thin and very tall old German clock stood against the wall, its top almost touching the ceiling, which, albeit, was only seven feet high; but what most struck us was the exceeding smallness of the doors. They were, we afterward found, but five feet high and twenty inches broad. Our old cicerone saw our curiosity at this and explained it to us. It was to represent the narrow way that leads to everlasting life, and always they must be of one size, five feet high and twenty inches broad.

We passed through a dormitory, through a dark passage into the chapel. It was a low room, constructed of heavy beams of poplar timber, hewn by hand, and built by the members of the society in the old days. The beams were dark with age, but the walls were whitewashed to a spotless purity, and the light that struggled in through the little windows showed that the floor was actually worn with scrubbing, so painfully clean that it seemed almost desecration to walk upon it; the nail heads fairly glistened here and there, so brightly were they polished with numberless applications of soap and sand. Around the walls were a number of curious antique-looking cards about three feet square, bearing mottoes and texts, all printed by hand, with a beauty of design and delicacy of execution that might rank them with the lost art of vellum manuscript printing. Some of the designs were



"IT WAS ALONG THIS WALL THAT THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS SAT."



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

very unique, and all of them were aged, even mediæval looking. One of them represented the narrow way leading to eternal life. In the distance were numerous faces and figures gathered around a lamb. The winding path that led to this group was marked with appropriate texts from Scripture in German, many relating to the blessedness of celibacy; for instance: "They that are of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh," etc.; "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord," etc.; and others as appropriate.

Nothing could be more interesting than our ramble through this great barn-like old building under the guidance of one of the good sisters. Now we mounted a steep flight of stairs, clinging to a rope by way of balustrade; now plunged down a long mysterious passageway leading into utter darkness and mystery, the very place for a good ripe ghost of some long-passed-away cowled and hooded sister; now through vacant hallways down which the wind sighed through cracks and crannies as it lifted the loose shingles and weather-boards outside, making them crack and flap as it shook them about. Here and there we came to queer little rooms piled high with furniture, rickety and antique; here we discovered some curious wooden household utensils, dishes, platters, spoons, and candlesticks, of turned poplar wood,

used in the earlier love feasts and household life of the community. In another room we found a great hour-glass standing in the window, a timepiece that had probably drained slowly with the waning life of some former head sister or Prioress; and here was a hewn bench and billet of poplar wood, for in the earlier days the brothers and sisters stretched their weary limbs at night upon such benches, and reposed their weary heads upon such billets; not from motives of piety, but of economy. All was vacant, barren of the life that had once stirred inside of it; but here and there, as a little oasis in this desert of mouldering loneliness, some old sister had gathered together a lot of the best preserved furniture, and had fitted up a room where the old dame herself was sleepily awaiting the coming of the great night that should give her rest forever.



PRESTONPANS

A CORNER OF SCOTLAND WORTH KNOWING.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.

MELROSE and Abbotsford have got such a monopoly of interest for strangers who have a day or two to spend in the neighborhood of Edinburgh that it is very difficult to induce them to think favorably of any other region. We have no wish to dispute the pre-eminent claims of the immortal abbey and the home of the poet; yet we venture to think that they are not the only places within an hour of the Scottish metropolis worthy of the stranger's notice. We are going to put in a claim for an interesting corner on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, renowned for its ruined castles and the island-rocks on which it looks out; associated with names and events in the past that men love to recall; and now, in these piping times of peace, enjoying a renown of a different kind, as having the most bracing climate to be found perhaps in all the British Isles, and forming a favorite resort of sea-side visitors and others in search of health and recreation.

Suppose we set out from the Waverley station, and take a return ticket to North Berwick. It is but an hour's ride, and if we start early a long day is before us.



HADDINGTON CHURCH, WHERE MRS. CARLYLE IS BURIED.

Passing Portobello, a sea-side suburb of Edinburgh, we take the seaboard line of rail. A few miles' ride brings us to Prestonpans, and we are soon on the field of Preston, where, in 1745, Prince Charlie and his Highlanders inflicted a crushing defeat on the royal troops. The Prince had already got possession of Edinburgh, and, under Sir John Cope, the King's troops were "hurrying up" from the south for the purpose of checking the victorious rebels. The Prince and his Highlanders came out from Edinburgh to meet them, and on a foggy September morning fell upon them before daylight, and in four minutes, it is said, routed and all but annihilated them. Colonel Gardiner had command of a squadron of cavalry whom he encouraged to the utmost, but, seized with panic, they fled. The gallant old man then placed himself at the head of a body of infantry, but he was cut down by numerous wounds. There are no traces now of the morass that separated the armies, by clearing which before daybreak unobserved, the Highlanders gained so great an advantage for their attack. Fertile fields, beautifully cultivated, now cover the whole space. Yet on a misty morning one may fancy the impetuous charge of the Highlanders, with their dirks and claymores, their scowling faces and shaggy locks, and the bewilderment of the English soldiers as some wild monster fell upon them, with his sword in one hand and his dirk in the other, killing two at a time, or wielding a scythe blade at the end of a pole with force enough to sever the uplifted arm and fracture the skull of his opponent by a single blow. It is difficult to keep one's sympathies from the side of the pretender even yet; though one can well see what a dismal thing it would have been for Scotland and for the cause of liberty had the success at Preston been followed by corresponding victories elsewhere.

A few miles further brings us to the station of Longniddry, from which a branch line goes off to Haddington, the capital of the county.

Haddington has come into public view

in our time in connection with the lives of two great Scotchmen—Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle. It was here that Irving taught the young idea how to shoot, and here too that Carlyle, Irving's friend, became acquainted with his incomparable wife, Jane Welsh. The old abbey church, which contains the dust of Mrs. Carlyle, used to be visited occasionally by her sorrowing husband, sometimes at dead of night, and there is an interesting story that on one occasion, when he had begged to be left alone in the building, he remained so long that the attendant, having looked in to see if he were well, found him on his knees.

But we have no time to visit Haddington at present. Our train moves on to Drem, where a branch to North Berwick leaves the main line. We ask our friends to look round on the fields and say if ever they saw such admirable farming. For nearly a century East Lothian, or Haddingtonshire, has been the head-quarters of Scottish agriculture, and we believe it in this respect to be unsurpassed in any part of the world.

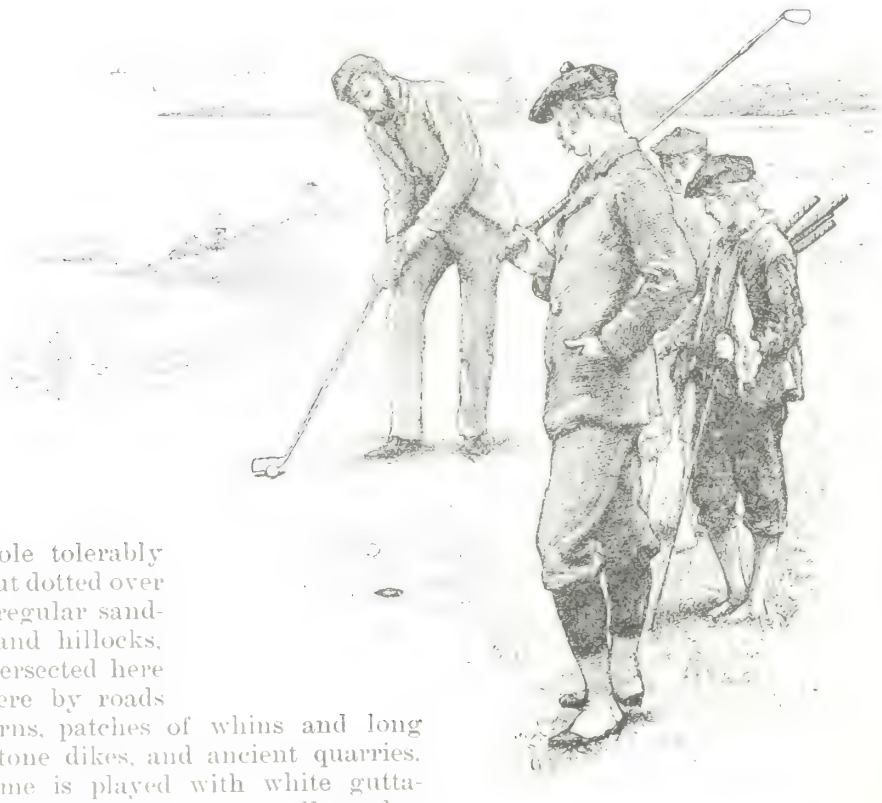
Observe, as we proceed, a ridge on the left, over which rise the ivy-clad towers and gables of a large, imposing ruin. It is Dirleton Castle. This castle goes back seven hundred years. The old Norman family of Vaux, that obtained a grant of Golan and Dirleton in the twelfth century, and built the castle, were not very far removed from the Norman conquest. The present proprietor (inheriting from the mother's side) is Lady Mary Nisbet-Hamilton, a half sister of the wife of the late Dean Stanley.

We now come to North Berwick. It is a curious little conglomerate of a place. Begin with a fishing hamlet, add a town house and two or three old streets to represent a quiet little royal burgh, holding a charter from Robert III., and attach to each end a number of modern villas and hotels for fashionable sea-side visitors, and you have the bones of North Berwick. But its charm lies not in stone and lime. The glory of North Berwick is its beach, and its links, and its islands, and its sea view, and its Law, and its incomparable fresh air. Situated on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, it looks out on a beautiful group of island-rocks, of which Fidra, the Lamb, Craigleith, the Bass, and the May are the most conspicuous. Bold headlands and reefs of basalt stand guardians to a succession of beautiful bays, where the smooth sand, with its treasures here and there of shell



GOLF—BEGINNING THE GAME.

and shingle, are the joy and delight of old and young. It cannot be pretended that the place is favorable to yachting, or boating, or canoeing, or fishing. The Firth is too near the North Sea for that: it receives too large a share of nor'easters, that pour in upon it ever and anon like uncircumcised Philistines of the sea. To make up for this, it has a fine stretch of links, where the favorite and healthful game of golf is played to great advantage. It is difficult to conceive the enthusiasm which exists for this simple game. The links form a grassy strip of selvage along the shore, on the whole tolerably level, but dotted over with irregular sand-banks and hillocks, and intersected here and there by roads and burns, patches of whins and long grass, stone dikes, and ancient quarries. The game is played with white gutta-percha balls the size of small apples, which are driven forward by means of clubs of various forms and sizes, the object being to send the ball with as few strokes as possible into the nearest of certain small holes, each about the size of a tumbler, cut out here and there on smooth parts of the green. Each player is usually accompanied by a "caddy," or club-carrier, for according to the position of the ball a particular kind of club is found to be most effective for driving it on, and the whole number carried may be seven or eight. At starting each player has the privilege of placing his ball on a little pyramid of sand, called a "tee," to give him the most advantageous stroke. Using one of the longest and most elastic of his clubs, he takes a careful aim, and swinging back his club almost to his left ear, brings it round with his whole force on the ball, which describes a beautiful curve in the air, and alights at a distance, if the player be of first-rate calibre, of perhaps two hundred yards. His opponent then does the same. It is a strict rule of the game that



GOLF PLAYERS.

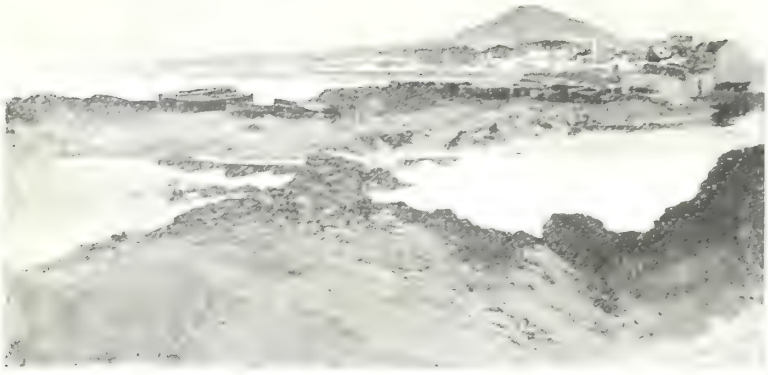
the ball is not to be moved from the place where it alights, except by a regular stroke of the club. It may be in sand, or among stones, or in the rut of a hard road, but the skill of the player has to be exerted in getting it out to a more favorable place. A skilful player always endeavors to avoid these dangerous places, but even he is sometimes entangled, while poor players are constantly falling into "the risks." But the interest of the game culminates on "the putting green," as it is called, surrounding each hole. Suppose that the two antagonists have succeeded in placing



THE BASS ROCK.

their balls, by an equal number of strokes, within ten or fifteen yards of the hole: then comes the tug of war. The player surveys the ground between his ball and the hole with the keenest interest, observes all the varieties of surface that may give the ball a little inclination to this side or that, measures the distance with his eye, settles the precise line along which the ball is to be projected, and after the most intense deliberation gives it the parting stroke. Perhaps he is content to lay it "dead," that is, so near the hole that his next stroke is almost certain to put it in. With an equal solemnity and profundity of deliberation his opponent follows suit. Perhaps the ball makes straight for the hole, but just on its very lip is turned aside by an all but imperceptible protuberance on the ground. Perhaps it comes with a slight momentum, and bounds right over the hole. Perhaps it settles near the hole in the very line which his opponent has to traverse, so that the opponent can hardly get in without sending in the other ball and perhaps giving the hole to the other player. Judging from the solemn and anxious expression of face on all concerned, one might suppose the fate of empires depended on the result of a stroke. Perhaps this has something to do with the popularity of the game with Scotchmen, for their grave and solemn nature seems to agree with the character of the game. After the ball has been "holed" it is taken out, and the players proceed as before, till they reach the next hole in the course.

The distance between the extreme holes as the game is here played is three miles; on other links it may be more or less, but in all the game involves a considerable amount of healthy exercise, not so violent or exhausting as cricket or foot-ball. There is a fair amount of wholesome excitement, too, in watching the course of your own ball and your opponent's, avoiding the risks or getting out of them, and doing your best to "hole" the ball. It is lamentable that some players cannot content themselves with the wholesome natural excitement the game supplies, but must add to it the artificial excitement of betting, the miserable device of the nineteenth century for spoiling the simple and natural pleasures of life. One of the amenities of the game is furnished by the blunders of unskilful players. Losing balls and breaking clubs are common incidents to such. Usually they have a wonderful knack of getting into the risks, and no knack whatever of getting out of them. An odd jargon of technical phrases gathers round the game, especially among what are called "professionals." Take a sample of this from the answer said to have been given by a "caddy" at St. Andrew's to his employer, who, having advanced his ball but a little way from the "teeing" ground, could not believe that he was about to play his ninth stroke. The caddy promptly furnished a history of the preceding eight. "Ye tappit it aff the tee in yun, missed the globe in twa, went into the Principal's Nose in three; ye didna get oot in four, but ye got oot in five; ye gaed into the whins in sax; ye didna get oot in seeven, but ye got oot in acht; an' noo ye're playin' your ninth." Which being translated means: you sim-



ly built, and covering an extensive area.

The geological structure of this district is very peculiar, and has had a very close connection with its history. The prevailing rock is sandstone, but in places without number the sandstone has been pierced by volcanic matter, which has usually shaped itself in bold, craggy masses, rising abruptly both from the land and the sea. This trap formation extends all the way from Dunbar on the east to Stirling on the west. Several of the most celebrated of the historical fastnesses of Scotland [illegible] on these volcanic rocks—Dunbar Castle, Edinburgh Castle, Stirling Castle, and on the west coast Dumbarton. One might almost suppose that Providence provided these pedestals for strongholds from regard to the necessities of a country whose people would often have to contend against great odds both in numbers and in wealth. Round North Berwick trap-rocks rise in all directions. Behind the town is the Law, a conical hill six hundred feet high, with the remains of a watch-house on the top, where in the beginning of the century watch was kept for Napoleon Bonaparte, who seriously contemplated a landing on the coast. There is also an upright stone, said to have been put two centuries ago

[illegible] club in the air so as not even to hit the globe: at the third you went into the [illegible] you failed to bring out the ball with the [illegible] the seventh and eighth you did the same in the whins; and your next stroke is the ninth. It may be added that many ladies, chiefly young, are fascinated with golf: and though they do not play with the same seriousness as the gentlemen, they have matches and tournaments of their own.

But we did not intend to begin our description of North Berwick with its great modern recreation. We meant to pay our respects in the first instance to its ruined abbey, the venerable pile before which, according to Sir Walter Scott, the cavalcade halted, and where they spent the night. North Berwick Abbey, which is close to the railway station, likewise goes back to the twelfth century, having been founded by Dun[illegible] in 1154. It was a convent of Cistercian nuns, presided over by a lady prioress, and richly if not royally endowed with lands in the neighborhood, and in Fife, and four or five other [illegible]. Although now its ruins small and insignificant, it was once a magnifi-





IN THE HARBOR.

to a horrible use, for North Berwick was a great centre of witchcraft, and witches are said to have been burnt at the stone. The whole coast is lined with hard, jagged basaltic rocks, shooting out here and there into capes and headlands; and terrible is the fate of the poor ship when caught at the mouth of the Firth by a fierce north-easter and dashed hopelessly against the iron barrier.

But let us mark the islands of the same material that shoot up from the underlying reef, and by their varied and striking forms give to this place its most characteristic feature. By far the most remarkable of them is the Bass. It is a bold, upright, unbroken mass of rock, three hundred feet high and about a mile in circuit, rising abruptly from the sea some two miles from the shore, a glorious symbol of strength and stability.

The Bass, however, has a history that goes back twelve hundred years. In the sixth or seventh century it formed the home of a celebrated Christian missionary, now known as St. Baldred. He seems to have had all the earnestness and fervor of the best of the Culdee missionaries, and to have had a retreat on the Bass, to which he would probably resort on certain occasions, while his time was chiefly occupied in ministering to the people ashore, "a Lambermore usque ad Escemuthe," says an old charter—from Lammermoor to Inveresk—but especially to the three contiguous parishes of Auldhame, Tyningham, and Whitekirk.

It is remarkable that two other of the islands around North Berwick were in very early times the homes of Christian institutions. One of these was the Isle of May, which lies near the mouth of the Firth of Forth, and is closer to the Fife than to the East Lothian shore, and is now marked by a light-house, much needed in those stormy waters. A very early tradition connects this island with a saint or missionary named Adrian, believed by some to have been a native of Hungary, by others of Ireland. The May was to him what the Bass was to Baldred, and, like his brother, he was accustomed to visit the main-land, teaching and preaching to the people of Fife. On the island of Fidra there was also at one time a chapel. Subsequently there was a handsome and well-endowed priory on the Isle of May, the ruins of which still remain.

There are occasional trips by steamer from North Berwick to the Bass and the May; the Bass, however, is usually visited in an open boat from Canty Bay,



AULDHAME CASTLE.

the passengers having permission to land. There is not much of interest on the rock, except the remains of the old fortification and prison. But it is a unique experience to be in the midst of the great flocks of gannets, and especially to watch them from above, poised on their beautiful wings, or plunging with extended wings into the water in search of their daily bread. The distance from the main-land is a couple of miles; in fair weather two or three hours is ample time for the excursion.

But now, as we turn our back on the Bass, another ruined castle, grander and far more massive and lofty than Dirleton, fills the eye. On a lofty jagged cliff that seems to run out into the sea, and is washed on three sides by its waters, stands the far-famed castle of Tantallon. Sir Walter's description of it in "Marmion," if not in the highest style of poetry, is a wonderfully correct word-picture.

The origin of Tantallon Castle, the renowned stronghold of the Douglases, is unknown. For centuries it was the great citadel of the family on the east of Scotland. Its situation was so remarkable, the structure so strong, and the means of defence so skilful, that it seemed to defy military attack. In 1479, the barony of North Berwick and the castle of Tantallon having been forfeited some time before by the Earl of Douglas, were given by James IV. to the Earl of Angus, the famous "Bell-the-Cat" of Scottish history, who figures in "Marmion" as the lord of the place. In the days of the next earl the castle stood a siege by King James V., but the king was unable to take it. In 1639, however, it was taken by the Covenanters; thereafter Cromwell's troops besieged it, and after a feeble defence it was taken again. About a hundred and fifty years ago the castle became the property of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, in whose family it still remains.

About a mile to the east of Tantallon stands another old ruin, that of Auldhame. It has not the massive grandeur nor the rugged wildness of Tantallon; in fact the proprietor, Mr. Laidlay, of Seacliffe, takes a pride in making everything trig and pleasant around. Extremes meet at Auldhame, pleasure and pain; it is a charming place for picnics, but a fearful place for shipwrecks. When ther is sorrow on the sea, this neighborhoo is pretty sure of its share. In stormy weather the excellent proprietor, with hi



TANTALLON CASTLE.

family and servants, is on the watch for such catastrophes; whatever can be done to prevent them, or, when they do occur, to care for their victims, is sure to be attended to here.

The climate of this region, as we have said, is about the most bracing in Scotland. But it needs a good chest to begin with. The sea-water is remarkably clear and pleasant, and the bathing beach admirable, especially for women and children. And though no part of Scotland is exempt from Scotch mists and even heavier forms of moisture, North Berwick is ascertained to be one of the driest parishes in the country. Many a one can bear witness to the health and exhilaration which it brings. Year by year it is growing larger, though not rapidly, and it is still a comparatively quiet, sequestered place. Big hotels are beginning to rise, and from all parts of the United Kingdom visitors are beginning to frequent them. But there is no lack of sequestered walks and interesting drives. The varied colors of the fields, the rocks, the sea, the beach, and the sky, with the charm of sunset and moonrise, are a perpetual festival to the sight, while wholesome recreation is always to be found on the links. We hope our readers will be of opinion that we have justified the title of our paper, and introduced them to "a corner of Scotland worth knowing."



VOCALIST *(to fair stranger)*:—"I—I'm going to sing '*Fain would I clasp thee closer, Love*' … may I look at *you* while I'm singing?"

Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER

Editor's Easy Chair.

MISS BURNEY [illegible]
[illegible] It is now nearly a century since Boswell's [illegible] 29, 1791, and its last words, which from [illegible] says that in recording so much of "the [illegible] ment of the eighteenth century," I have largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind."

We say such a writer, because when Miss Burney wrote of him in her diary he was not the Boswell of literature [illegible] thor whose private eccentricities and public performances made him more ridiculous than respectable. It is one of the marvels of literary history that this man [illegible] end of the first century of its publication has become so famous by its intrinsic [illegible] would see lost from literature. The works of Dr. Johnson fill a dozen volumes, but none of them is comparable as [illegible] record of the sayings of their author, and it is [illegible] ting that this renown is largely due.

Boswell's first work, an *Elegy on the Death of an Amiable Young Lady*, appeared in 1761, [illegible] *Life of Johnson*. His next essay, an *Ode to Tragedy*, was published anonymously, and [illegible] the dedication coming into the [illegible] "I have no intention of [illegible] phenomena." This [illegible] to show that the art of [illegible] tury. Boswell's *Corsica* and *Tour to the Hebrides* attracted attention. Gray, the most accomplished and critical of scholars, was greatly pleased with the *Corsica*. But not even the excellence of the book could [illegible] great and [illegible] ness" [illegible]

[illegible] about an "amiable and [illegible] Johnson and a [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

I might trace to its source a reference or an allusion."

The new edition, therefore, is Boswell richly illuminated and illustrated. It is a worthy centennial edition. The English critics not only acknowledge what one of them calls "the strenuous tenacity with which Dr. Hill has performed his labor of love," but "the wide information, the passion for research, and the thorough saturation with the spirit and literature of the time which his volumes everywhere exhibit. The pains he has taken to insure accuracy are unexampled, and if a fresh reader, authority in hand, should happen on a typographical slip or a false reference, he will do well to remember the extent of the fields and the multiplied sources of information. In these days, to be a Johnsonian specialist, even of inferior rank, requires unlimited leisure and a by no means limited library."

It is fortunate, since a biography was to be so universally read and become so permanent a possession of literature, that it should have been the life of so true and characteristic a specimen of British manhood as Dr. Johnson. Of the modern Englishman of the John Bull type as distinguished from the Puritan or Cavalier, the insular eighteenth century Englishman, there is no better illustration than Johnson. His virtues and his weaknesses all smack of his native land, and it is not surprising that this most popular and entertaining book describes a character so intensely English that it has never been translated, we believe, into another language.

Macaulay was so naturally sympathetic with Johnson that his admiration of him is not surprising. But Carlyle and Hawthorne are not less affected by the sturdy sincerity of his character, the suggestive play of his mind, and the moral fidelity of his whole nature. His works probably are now little read. His opinions are by no means accepted as final. His primacy in letters is no longer acknowledged. But the man whom we hear in Boswell talks so wisely and well that we say of our first acquaintance with Boswell's Johnson, as Carlyle said of Tennyson's first visit to him, "it was an unforgettable day."

The feeling of the reader of this latest and magnificent edition of Boswell will be an affectionate regret that so true a lover of books as Johnson could not have seen this noble form of the book of which he is himself the subject. It may not be the last edition of a work which is destined to so long a duration. But it must be many years before any lover of Johnson or student of his times and of general literature will be able to add materially to the value of this edition.

At the hour of writing there is an active, and even violent, certainly an amusing, controversy proceeding between the cities of New York and Chicago about the proper place for the proposed celebration in 1892 of the discovery of America by Columbus. New York is reminded that it is a city built upon an island adjacent to the coast of the continent, but not upon the main-land—a thrust to which it has not yet occurred to New York to reply that the position is all the more befitting, because Columbus discovered not the main-land of the continent, but an outlying island. It was on the night of the 11th of October, 1492, that, sitting upon the high poop of his vessel, he was sure that he saw lights moving on the shore, and at dawn on the morning of the 12th he saw land rising from

> "the dashing,
> Silver-flashing
> Surges of San Salvador"

To the other charge that New York is substantially a foreign city, the reply might be made that Chicago is not altogether a domestic city in the sense of freedom from the foreign element. Indeed, it might be whispered that the famous anarchic troubles in Chicago were due to that element, and also, greatly to its credit, were subdued by it in large part. New York, indeed, has a larger Irish population than any other city in the world. But there is also a fair share of native Americans, and upon the whole, and upon cooler reflection, it may be perhaps admitted even by Chicago to be an American city.

There is certainly no larger city upon the continent which virtually Columbus discovered, although John Cabot first saw it. It is one of the first four cities in population in the world. It is the great commercial and manufacturing city of the New World. Its convenience of access by land and sea is unsurpassed. Nor can any city entertain more comfortably a vast multitude of persons. It is not, indeed, the centre of population upon the

continent. But if a world's fair is to be held in commemoration of the discovery of America, and other nations are to be bidden to display their inventions and their products by the side of ours, such a fair must be held in some American city. And which city for that purpose is the fitter, one upon the prairies or one upon the sea? No American, indeed, forgets the wondrous story of the Northwest. Its rapid development, growth, and civilization are marvellous. Chicago is a miracle among cities, and could certainly accommodate and conduct a world's fair with the utmost liberality, skill, and success. But the world would certainly send its products more easily, and therefore more willingly and more abundantly, to a seaport, and that consideration should be conclusive.

This at least is the view of New York, which made the first active demonstration toward holding such a fair by the action of its Chamber of Commerce, and of the large and representative meeting summoned by the Mayor. This action, however, was promptly followed by Chicago, where the Mayor appointed a large committee to secure the fair for the great Western city. In this strife of cities it is suggested that Washington should be selected as the site. But except that it is the national capital, there can be no good reason for such a selection. This, however, is merely a historical record. Before this number of the Magazine appears the city of the fair will have been chosen, and the other cities will have acquiesced and organized their co-operation. At least this is to be hoped, although Chicago at this moment breathes only war, and Philadelphia remarks with dignity that New York stood aloof from the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 until its success was assured; and the city of brotherly love asks coldly what assurance there is, if the fair should be awarded to New York, that there would not be "another McAllister-Fish performance."

This contention, however, should be regarded as due to an exuberance of local feeling. If a world's fair is to be held in the United States in commemoration of an event so important, it is not to be doubted that the United States everywhere will cordially take care that it shall be worthy of the country and of the continent. The time for preparation is said to be short. But all the buildings for the "Centennial" of 1876 in Philadelphia were erected in less than two years. Ground was broken on the Fourth of July, 1874, and on the 10th of May, 1876, all the buildings under the Board of Finance were finished, and ready for the opening of the Exhibition. New York has three years, and for such a purpose three years should be enough for New York.

Every great nation, except perhaps Russia, has a peculiar interest in the historic anniversary which is to be celebrated, and even Russia may have a remote and chilly interest through her sometime possession of Alaska. Italy and Spain at first, then England and Holland and France by later colonies, and Germany by her vast and influential migration in more recent times, have all a kind of personal interest in the New World. Moreover, the American people is a people mixed of many European races, and in our composite civilization each may claim its influence and share. There is no room for rivalry or jealousy or indifference. It is the tradition of New York that in the earliest years of New Amsterdam a dozen different languages were heard in the little town. That is not necessarily an advantage to a young community, because hitherto great results for the race have been achieved by a practically homogeneous people. But the fact forecasts that mingling of races which alone explains the sudden and rapid civilization of the continent, and which will be fitly symbolized by a display of the triumphs of the inventive and industrial genius of all nations in the home of the youngest.

To the foreign visitor in that year the country will offer also a spectacle which will be even more interesting than that of the Exhibition. It will be the year of the Presidential election. The stranger from beyond the sea will see a nation of nearly seventy millions of people overspreading the continent electing the chief executive and legislative members of their government, with a good-nature and a quiet acquiescence in the result, by however small a majority, which will be a spectacle more significant and impressive than the most surprising inventions and miracles of industrial art.

THE marriage of the Queen's granddaughter with a subject, and the simultaneous debate upon royal grants, ending

in a vote of 398 to 116 in favor of the grant, and refusing to lay down a general principle of action in such cases, was very significant. It was also very English, for nothing is more uncongenial to the English mind than theoretical legislation. Every case must be decided upon its own merits, and no stream must be crossed until it is reached.

The debate revealed also the character of the general feeling upon the subject of royalty. Not only has the phantom of divine right disappeared, but the London *Times*, which represents British respectable opinion, shows the actual situation by saying before the debate: "We may all hope with Lord Hartington that the discussion may be carried on with due regard to the institution of the monarchy, and with due respect for the manner in which her Majesty has fulfilled her duties as sovereign." The article disclosed a consciousness of the strong and deep opposition to high claims of the kind proposed, remarking that the government would "doubtless appreciate the immense importance of settling a delicate question of this kind upon a basis approved by the largest possible number of representatives of different schools of political thought." Finally, recognizing radical differences, and closely limiting the range of such grants, the *Times* said: "The children of the reigning monarch and those of the heir-apparent have claims which can be effectively urged upon all men of sense who frankly accept the monarchical constitution of the empire."

This is soft but very plain speech. It intimates decisively that England will not tolerate a general pensioning of all collateral descendants of the crown, while it acknowledges that so long as the country prefers a permanent executive called a monarch, and holding by descent, it must be maintained, as Mr. Gladstone argued, with suitable splendor and dignity. This is not the Cavalier view of majesty, but it is a view which is now practically universal.

The question of monarchy in England is simply one of expediency and of circumstances. Mr. Smalley says that when Mr. Morley insisted that the Queen should formally renounce her claim to further allowances for other grandchildren than those of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone replied that the Queen's renunciation of such grants was as complete as if engrossed on parchment and sealed, and that her private fortune was no more than sufficient to provide respectably for the other grandchildren, who are now barred from coming to Parliament. This is very clear and very interesting. John Bull is content to pay for a monarch and his family, because he thinks that upon the whole it is for his advantage to do so; but he does not think it for his advantage to pay for the support of all the outlying relations of the monarch.

The debate and its conclusion do not reveal much strong republican feeling. But they prove that the glamour of royalty has disappeared, and that when its cost shall seem to John Bull to outweigh its value it will be laid aside. This is the explanation of the reported remark of the Prince of Wales, "I shall probably reign, but I doubt if my son will."

The value of royalty, however, cannot be measured as Mr. Bradlaugh seemed disposed to measure it, by comparing the grants to the Queen with the salary of the President of the United States. Royalty is a part of the whole political and social system of England. With the crown would fall the peerage, and with the peerage, Parliament as now constituted and society as now organized. With them would go also the traditions which are an essential part of the life of every nation, and whose hold upon a people is vital. The question would not be simply that of a larger or smaller salary for an executive, it would be that of the continuous life of the nation.

The actual control of the monarch by Parliament, and the consequent practical supremacy of Parliament as the representatives of the people, is such that "the-condition-of-England question" cannot be what that of France was a hundred years ago. It is this fact which explains the tone even of the radicals in the debate, and the sneer of Lord Randolph Churchill at the radical leader, Mr. Labouchere, as a cheap-Jack republican. The power of the sentiment of royalty, the authority of tradition, are so great in a country which knows that it has nothing to fear from the crown, and that the crown must execute the laws made by the people, that a violent change, whenever a change shall be desired, is improbable.

The dangers that threaten England, like those nearer home, are not strictly political. They do not lie in any possible

conflict of the crown with the people. The late debate was very interesting for its revelation of this truth. The reliance of the advocates of the grant, as its opponents showed that they knew, was not the power of the crown, but the feeling of the people, a word which means not the poorest and most ignorant, but the average sentiment and intelligence of the country. Evidently, while England will have a monarchy, it will not have too costly a monarchy. There is no divinity hedging a family set apart by the country for its own convenience, as a permanent executive strong in old historical associations and long tradition, and therefore a subject may marry the Queen's daughter or granddaughter. Therefore, also, while I will pay, says John Bull, for the maintenance of the heir-apparent and his children in a manner suitable to my importance and dignity, their cousins, and especially their cousins-German, must look out for themselves.

This is, perhaps, a prosaic view, at which Falkland might have shuddered. But it is a wise view, and truly conservative. It is not the desire of those whom the *Times* calls "the personages immediately interested" which is to be consulted, but the wishes of the English people. That is what the political genius of the English-speaking races always seeks to ascertain as the final rule of action. No sounder, safer, truer rule of public action has yet been discovered. Carlyle laughed at Sir Jabesh Windbag and parliamentary discussion "mostly chewed air." But Carlyle thought the father of Frederick the Great a great man. He is not good authority upon such a question. The United States are better governed for purposes of human welfare than the Prussia of Frederick the Great's father, and the Parliament which, preferring a monarchy, maintains it with suitable splendor and dignity, while allowing the Queen to provide for the greater part of her descendants, is quite as wise and useful as one that aims only to register the royal will.

If John Carver, William Bradford, William Brewster, and Edward Winslow had been told that two hundred and seventy years after their landing at Plymouth the event would be commemorated as of the highest historical significance, by the dedication of an imposing monument, amid the attention of a great nation, they would have thought they heard a whisper of the evil one tempting them to thoughts of worldly pride, and they would have said only, "Get thee behind me, Satan." But if they had heard further that at the dedication the orator who was to celebrate their fame would be in spirit and tradition a descendant of the Cavaliers, and the poet a son of the Church which Puritanism denounced and defied as the mother of abominations, those Pilgrim fathers, bewildered, would have murmured humbly, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Or if, nearly seventy years ago, when Daniel Webster delivered on Plymouth Rock the first of his great orations, and pointed out the peril to American union that lay hidden in slavery, he had been told that, before the century ended, his successor upon that spot would be an orator born and bred in the traditions of slavery, who on the rock of Plymouth would rejoice in the triumph of the principles of the pious and heroic ancestors of religious and civil liberty, Webster, beholding so great a salvation, might well and gladly have said, "Now let Thy servant depart in peace."

But the import of the Pilgrim landing upon the new continent is demonstrated by the fact that the orator came from that part of the country which New England is held to have influenced least, and the poet from an island to which New England ideas were repugnant. The nation which received its dominant impulse from Plymouth Rock is a new nation, blended of various blood and of different traditions. Thus far, happily, these diverse elements have been fused in the force which the Puritan represents, and so long as that force, however modified and adapted to other circumstances, the force of conscience, liberty, and law which the Plymouth monument commemorates, controls the civilization of the continent, a grandeur beyond Rome and a grace beyond Greece will be the glory of America.

This new nation, sprung of scions of many ancient stocks, and inspired thus far by the character and convictions which came in the *Mayflower*, was illustrated in the orator from Kentucky and the poet from Ireland, both standing as of right upon Plymouth Rock, and both celebrating the power and the supremacy of Puritan principles. "All will gratefully admit," said Mr. Breckenridge, "that,

humanly speaking, American liberty was impossible without New England, even if it were impossible for New England alone."

The day was rainy, in the midst of the rainy summer. But, like the event which it commemorated, it was a day of great significance in illustrating anew the vitality and scope of the principles of the Pilgrims.

HERE are three sonnets from West Virginia which depict delicately three familiar sights of September as they are seen by the eyes of the poet:

SUMAC.

In upland pastures broad and bright the burning,
Warm on the woodland edge the crimson glow,
Where sumac thrusts his banners high and low,
Vaunting possession of the land, at last spurning
Control by plough and harrow; aye returning
Prompt to the place preempted long ago,
Fought for by root and fibre, clutching slow
And sure each rood and acre of his earning.
How the September sun warms this bold vagrant!
Not kindlier does the ripening radiance stream
O'er maize and mellowing fruits; no ruddier beam
Meets on the rose's heart. On trespass flagrant
Of beauty's brood in fields devote to use
Great nature, mother of beauty, smiles excuse.

SMOKE.

Blue, billowy, buoyant, rising wave on wave,
Floating and flying, sport of every gust,
Faring on high dissevered from its dust,
This final bloom of bole and branch can brave
Consuming fire; escaping from its grave
To reprimand with grace our dull distrust,
To breathe of life outliving ashen crust,
Of inmost health and beauty, strong to save.
Gliding aloft from gray old homestead roof,
The soft cool color charms and holds the gaze,
Threading with blue the maple's crimson maze
Of bud and blossom; or in yellow woof
Of willow boughs still hastens, still delays,
And with the breeze and with the sunbeam plays.

SOLIDAGO GIGANTEA.

All summer long, with patient aspiration,
He builds his aromatic, tall green stair,
Mounting up step by step to clearer air,
Taking in thankfulness his daily ration
Of sun and shower and shadow, and his station
Keeping in quietude while forward fare
Hosts of his hasty kindred, prompt to dare
Midsummer suns in answering conflagration.
That broad-sown gold, flaming from many a height,
Crowned but a dwarfish stem's one-sided flower.
Now autumn comes to quench its fading light,
Now to the patient climber comes his hour.
His slow-saved sunshine gleams from crest gold-bright,
Waving in plumèd grace from finished tower.

Editor's Study.

MR. HENRY CABOT LODGE'S life of Washington is almost the most important in Mr. Morse's series of American Statesmen, whose lives have been written with so much ability under the eye of an editor who has chosen their biographers with so much tact. We say almost, because we like to inculcate temperance of expression rather than because we can think, off-hand at least, of any other that surpasses it in the series; and if we cannot say it is the last, we can say it is certainly the latest word concerning a man about whom the words are not likely ever to have an end. It is the novel treatment, and in a very good sense, the original treatment, of material often treated before, but never to an effect so fresh in the portrayal of Washington as an American.

This effect, which remains with the charm of surprise from the reading of the book, is the note struck at the beginning, and the note struck at the end. In the first place, Mr. Lodge had to reclaim Washington from Fable-land, and in the last place from England; and it was much easier to do the one than the other. In fact, although the Weems conception of Washington as saint and hero is still the popular conception, and perhaps must always be the elementary conception of his character—for in the patience and power of Washington there really was much that was saintly and much that was heroic—still, there is a large and growing minority who find comfort and profit in imagining him a man of like material if not like make with themselves. Such people, if they do not delight, do not grieve to know that he swore in moments of great exasperation; they are not sorry to realize that he was quite a man of his place and his period; that though he came to deplore slavery, he held slaves all his life; that though he was a thorough republican, he was not socially a democrat; that though he was temperate, he was not prohibitory; that he was a home-bred provincial of the eighteenth century, though when occasion came, he turned out to be the first of the continentals. Yet it is among this minority that

a superstition concerning Washington far more injurious than that of the majority has arisen. The people who could not accept the Washington of Weems seem to have been willing to believe that one of the most thorough Americans who ever lived was an English country gentleman born by some accident out of his native country; and as if we had been so rich in great Americans since his time, have consented to expropriate us of his matchless glory in behalf of a country and a system which he gave his conscience, his wisdom, and his power to overthrow on our continent: which his instincts and his principles alike taught him to condemn. If profane swearing in the Elysian Fields were imaginable, one might well fancy Washington's shade permitting itself a few dozen round oaths in reception of the first gentleman who ventured to confront him among the asphodel with such a notion of his nationality. But we do not think this misconception of the great Virginian can long survive the light which Mr. Lodge lets in upon it. The whole tenor of his book is against it; and in the last chapter, to which we particularly commend the reader, he studies it with a masterly analysis which leaves it no longer any claim even to be discussed.

The wonder that it should ever have been seriously regarded, however, remains; for if any Englishman of the eighteenth century or of any century were like Washington, it would not be so strange. But none with whom he has been compared is really the least comparable with him either in grandeur or in texture. American he was, by nature, by tradition, by education, with such traits, such difference of qualities as the New World could alone give a man of the Old World race; or, if we must liken him to some European, it cannot be to any Englishman, for England's occasions were never such as to produce such a man; but to the great Dutchman, William the Silent, who indeed strikingly resembled him in some points. Their civilizations were so distinct that in all transmitted traits, and probably in all civic ideals they were unlike, but in certain individual characteristics they were alike; both had so wide a hold upon the faith and the love of their countrymen that they embodied in themselves and prolonged in their wills the often-flagging revolutions that they led; both knew how to turn defeat to the account of victory, and to give retreat the value of pursuit; both had infinite patience, infinite tact; both were incorruptibly unselfish, and concentrated the ardor of all their passions in a love of the public good. In reading the story of our revolt against England as Mr. Lodge tells it, one is reminded again and again of the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain; it is a war of principles in both cases, and in no other case does the far-spread popular impulse seem to have been so steadily centred in one mind, and so wisely directed from it. His latest biographer, who is no hero-worshipper, does justice to those properties of leadership in Washington which more and more made the guidance of the Revolution his, almost as if he had been the first to imagine it, to invent it; the heat of his passionate nature was the force that fused all interests and welded all wills in the endeavor for independence. As one realizes this, one realizes in its full proportions the unselfishness of Washington in leaving to its own destiny the nationality that, far more willingly than we can otherwise understand, would have kept him its master. He had above all else the genius of republicanism, the faith proved by fire in the adequacy of a people to themselves, which after a hundred years was revived in Lincoln. Yet we must be careful, if we would be just, not to regard even Lincoln as the peer of Washington; for Washington was all that Lincoln was in this, with a vast breadth of military power and achievement beside and beyond. Both men centred in themselves the national love, but Washington was as the father where Lincoln was the brother of his country.

Something of this Mr. Lodge makes one feel more distinctly than one has felt it before, without removing Washington beyond the range of human experience. In fact, the great value of his study is that it presents us a purely human, as well as a thoroughly American Washington. He is both, even to the point of liking and sometimes making a joke, though we are hardly prepared to flaunt him as the first of American humorists in the face of the nation bereft of him as an eighteenth-century squire. We are afraid that the laughing mood was rare with him, though it was none the less genuine for that, as Mr. Lodge is able to show. He

is not able to conceal that he is sometimes an unconscious humorist, who makes us smile at the stately phrase, the lace and the ruffles, in which his generation loved to clothe its thoughts. He was a thoroughly eighteenth-century person in that and in his manners, not to mention some of his morals, but an eighteenth-century American, with a love of English rather than French models; we still have our little preferences, and Washington did not know French. If he had been in France, he might have given the revolution there a watch-word, as Franklin did, or learnt many from it, as Jefferson did; but no doubt it was well for us that he staid at home and read the *Spectator* rather than the Encyclopedists.

II.

He is not much more old-fashioned than Mr. John Fiske when the humor takes him to talk of "a" Cæsar, "a" Cicero, "a" Socrates, and other people who ordinarily get on in his pages quite well without their indefinite articles. The little rhetorical touch will not often qualify the pleasure of reading *The Beginnings of New England*. The book is written with all the charm of Mr. Fiske's clear style, vast knowledge, and right perspective: in his treatment it is a part of the history of the human race. It is not a contribution of fresh facts; it is an attractive arrangement, rather, of well-known compositions, and performs for the historians the office performed by Mr. Fiske's metaphysical essays for Darwin and Spencer. It sets in memorable light things otherwise easily forgotten, and assembles to an effect of excellent unity traits and phases of the past from widely scattered sources. The book may be fairly called a portrait of Puritan New England, less flattered than Palfrey's, and considerably more flattered than Mr. Brooks Adams's. Of that bold, powerful sketch, in which no rugosity of the original was spared, Mr. Fiske frankly takes cognizance, and his conception of the Puritan theocracy is more than once tacitly shaped by *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*, which must hereafter influence all students, or at least challenge them and give them pause. Yet Mr. Fiske writes with tolerance of a polity which Mr. Adams wrote of with abhorrence, and he willingly turns its good points to the light. He is perhaps moved to this by his admiration of the character of the Puritan people, who were so much wiser and better than the Puritan rulers. "It was the simple truth," he says, "that was spoken by William Stoughton when he said in his election sermon of 1688: 'God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness.'"

Whether this is indeed the simple truth might of course be questioned. Mr. Fiske gives it the weight of his authority, but we are struck rather with its modesty than its truth, and we would suggest that among the chaff left in England after God had sifted the nation there was the stuff of the great rebellion and the commonwealth, to say nothing of the seed which blossomed in the splendor of Virginian statesmanship on our own soil, and fruited in the lives of the great men from the Middle States who did at least as much as any New-Englanders to shape our polity. Mr. Fiske at other times recognizes the comparative worth of New England on a juster scale. At such times he has the right humorous sense of a people who, like so many others in history, thought themselves peculiarly pleasant and important to Providence, and especially admitted to the confidence of the Almighty. But he could not have given us this book about them, so full of sympathetic appreciation, if he had not sometimes taken them on their own terms. Their sense of their worth was well-founded, and their intensely individualizing faith gave them qualities of personal valor and endurance conspicuous in both our revolutions: the revolution against England when the generalship came from the South, and the revolution against Slavery when the generalship came from the West. As Mr. Lodge reminds us, Washington testified to the very qualities in the common New England soldiers which availed every Union leader in our last war; and we should be the last to depreciate a tendency which democratized intelligence, fidelity, and responsibility. The only mistake in regard to such a tendency which could be made would be the mistake of supposing it confined to any section of the American people, and this Mr. Fiske sufficiently guards us against. It is in fact quite as much the sense of his constant good faith, his sincerity, his honesty, as the grace of his literature which gives him his wide and ever-widening hold upon the public.

III

The opening essay of Mr. Fiske's volume on the Roman Idea and English Idea, which forms the philosophical basis of the others, might serve equally well as the introduction to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*. In a far wider field, and with circumstance more varied and picturesque, the English Idea of nation building, as opposed to the Roman Idea, realized itself in the occupation of the vast region between the Lakes and the Gulf, the Ohio and the Mississippi. As in New England, the English Idea had rather to pervade than to prevail; but at one point it came in contact, if not in conflict, with the Roman Idea, in the West, as it never did in the East: when the American backwoodsmen possessed themselves of the French towns in Illinois. These towns were British posts, and were taken for that reason, but, as throughout Canada, the military conquest had left the *habitans* to their Latin polity, and it was the Americans and not the English who endowed them with the rights of self-government. The gift was sufficiently alarming to these simple children of despotism, and when they perceived that they were really abandoned to all the embarrassments of freedom as embraced by the English Idea, they petitioned Congress for somebody to come and order them about in the good old way of the French king's and then the English king's officers.

Mr. Roosevelt tastes the humor of the situation with a sense whose lack would have fatally disabled him for studying the early history of the Great West; so often was the grotesque interwoven with the heroic in its annals. To those of like mind, as most Americans are, the qualification is natural and agreeable; and we think one distinct charm of a thoroughly charming book is the constant play of the small through the large, the personal through the general, the individual through the national, which he allows us to see at all times, not only in the aggregate, but often in the same man. His work is in very uncommon and very delightful degree anecdotical; it must be so in the narration of a story which is seldom occupied with massive events, but is always alive with the innumerable adventure of the pioneers and hunters who singly or in bodies heroically and pathetically small, carried the English Idea into the wilderness and dispossessed the English, who had lost it, and their savage allies. Yet the narration embodies these details in a whole of weighty effect, and at the end we have been beguiled and delighted to the sense of the making of a great state, with the differences from the East and the South which the West still shows. The Watauga commonwealth in Tennessee, the settlement of Kentucky, the conquest of Illinois, and the occupation of the intermediate territory, are the main features of a race movement romantic in high degree, and yet soberly matter-of-fact in tendency, and marked by characteristics peculiarly its own. The subjection of the Indians then really began, and then their power was broken forever. They were beaten by white men with their own arts, in their own way, on their own ground; but they did not yield without exerting to the utmost the warlike qualities which distinguished them above all other savages; which Mr. Parkman was first among our historians to appreciate, and which Mr. Lodge, Mr. Fiske, and Mr. Roosevelt in their kindred studies constantly recognize. It remained for Mr. Roosevelt, however, to make us feel this more than any other, and while doing full justice to the courage and sagacity of the Indians, to estimate in all its enormity the crime of the British ministers in turning the ferocity of such allies loose upon the American frontiers. He rightly says that this act, which involved unspeakable atrocities perpetrated against helpless women and children as well as armed men, must be forever a disgrace to the English name; and he follows its consequences in many a scene of misery and horror which now seems incredible of the English if not of the Indians.

He closes his narrative with the close of the Revolution, though it would seem that its proper climax was in St. Clair's defeat and the victory of Anthony Wayne, which involved the final great struggle with the Indians. The reader may in some sort supplement Mr. Roosevelt's work, so far as these episodes are concerned, by the vivid sketch of the effect of St. Clair's defeat on Washington, in Mr. Lodge's biography. Washington was himself one of the greatest Indian fighters, and in feeling and forecast was by no means the least of the Westerners. In fact, the early West was characterized by the South and the southernmost of the Northern colonies, in a measure to which

our casual thought hardly does justice. New England had little or nothing to do with it; and Mr. Roosevelt makes us understand how some traits which seem those of Puritanic civilization were really derived from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who were the earliest prophets and teachers in the West, as well as sturdy fighters and sober citizens. He has rather a peculiar liking for those bleak Calvinists, and rather a peculiar misliking for the Quakers. As for the Moravians, who were so successful in Christianizing the Indians, and who founded the little towns on the Muskingum, where their inoffensive converts were finally massacred by the Americans, he can only say of the peaceful doctrine they taught, that "No greater wrong can ever be done than to put a good man at the mercy of a bad man, while telling him not to defend himself or his fellows; in no way can the success of evil be made quicker or surer." Another moralist, however, in whom the Moravians seem to have trusted, said: "Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.... Love your enemies, bless them which curse you, do good to them which hate you." Between these authorities, in the abstract, we will not venture to decide; but in the particular case of the Moravian Indians, some past study of the facts emboldens us to say that at no moment of their most pathetic history, either when they were harried out of Connecticut, or forbidden to enter New York, or hardly suffered to linger on the Pennsylvanian border, would war have availed them. It was in virtue of literally doing the word of Christ that they existed at all; that they softened for a while the stony hearts of the pioneers, and for a while won from the savages themselves toleration beyond the white settlements; and their doom finally came at a time and in a form when if every man among them had been eager to fight, the bloodiest valor would not have averted it.

IV.

An interesting contrast to the spirit of many who deal speculatively with the question of labor is that of its latest historian, Mr. C. Osborne Ward, Librarian of the United States Department of Labor, whose very important *History of the Ancient Working-People* will hardly fail to impress the reader. It is by no means a faultless book; it is in some literary aspects a very faulty one; the author has occasionally a vehemence of diction that carries him beyond any lexicon known to us; one cannot always agree with his philosophy or accept his conclusions; but without doubt his work is one of vast and conscientious research, and opens a prospect of ancient society scarcely less than astonishing. It was already known how that society was universally founded upon slavery; from many sources it could be known how atrocious that slavery was, and how in Greece and in Rome its victims were maddened to desperate revolt, and maintained themselves in long, wide-spread, and heroic struggles, to fall again into subjection, and, if possible, into more hideous misery. But Mr. Ward makes us understand how largely these slaves were the countrymen and the kinsmen of their masters, he acquaints us with the details of their sufferings, and shows us how these were necessarily involved by the civilization and the religion of the Greeks and Romans. Both had to pass away before the slave could hope for freedom; it was from Jesus Christ that he first learned not only that he was a man, but that he was a human being, with a soul like the brother who owned and tortured and slew him, and that his naked and branded and dishonored body was the temple of the Almighty, the Ever-living; it was through the crucifixion of Christ that the ignoble punishment which the heathen state reserved for the servile outcast and the base mechanical became a sacrament.

Mr. Ward tells us that beginning his work with the obscure resentment of Christianity which too many friends of labor feel, he came to see at last that the founder of Christianity was the first wise friend that labor ever had, and that in his counsel of peaceful means is the only hope that labor yet has. He recounts, with sympathy that thrills and fidelity that agonizes, the story of the servile wars in the ancient republics, in which neither the fortitude of the slaves nor the splendid generalship of their leaders availed, and which all ended in disaster, celebrated by their triumphant masters with cruelty that brought the count of slaves crucified after the suppression of their several rebellions to a million in all. It is with poetic justice rather

than with scientific accuracy that Mr. Ward speaks of these revolts as strikes; but he is strictly right in warning the working-men of our own day against violent attempts at redressing their wrongs. "So long as labor still obstinately refuses to vote and insists upon rebellion, continues to choose the irascible rather than the diplomatic, how can it be otherwise hoped or expected than that history will repeat itself?"

We have no great objection to Mr. Ward's poetic justice in the use of terms, for the servile tradition continues, whether the workman is owned, or whether he is underpaid; the difference between the coal-miner in Pennsylvania and the silver-miner in Attica is probably not such as would fill the coal-miner with pride if he could realize it; and in Greece and Rome, the conditions of the slaves and the free laborers whom they supplanted, tended perilously nearer and nearer to each other: a trifling act, a trifling debt, made them quickly convertible, in spite of all the societies and guilds and unions which the freemen had formed for their protection. But the study of these organizations in Mr. Ward's book is none the less interesting because of the sense of their immediate futility which besets the reader. It is a branch of historical inquiry worth all the pains Mr. Ward has bestowed upon it, not only in the antipathetic and mutilated classic histories, but in the results of antiquarian research before his own, and those yet more recondite documents, the tablets and mural inscriptions in which "the short and simple annals of the poor" survive from those far-off days to ours. It is well for us to see how unbroken is the tradition of the working-man's efforts at self-help, and to learn that the organizations which most people vaguely suppose to have arisen in the Middle Ages had their origin in the dawn of time, before "dignified" history first deigned to ignore them. Their story under

"The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome,"

was pretty much what it is under the creature comfort that is America: they served a social rather than an economical purpose, and their grudgingly permitted existence was hedged about with conspiracy laws that reduced their action in any special exigency of the working-man to something almost burlesque. This, too, is an important fact, and it by no means invalidates Mr. Ward's work in developing their extent in the ancient civilizations. The idea of the brotherhood of men which they embodied was that which Christ erected into a religion, and which remains for the working-men to erect, when they will, into a polity.

It would be natural for a writer who had bestowed so much study upon them to exaggerate their proportions, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Ward were found to have done this. But we are not prepared to say that he has done it, while we are quite ready to commend his book, with all its errors of taste, to the gentle reader. The gentler the reader, the better for his book, we should fancy; for there are traits of it that will appeal most keenly to the greatest refinement, if the refinement be genuine. Such refinement will not object even to the typographical rudeness of the book, which in these days of dandified print and binding has the appearance of having been got up in some poor little country newspaper office.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of August.

President Harrison appointed John R. C. Pitkin to be Minister to the Argentine Republic, August 3d.

The British Royal Grants Bill, after much debate, was passed by the House of Commons August 5th.

General Boulanger was defeated in the general elections held July 29th for Councillor General. He was a candidate in ninety-three cantons, in seventy of which he lost.

The trial of General Boulanger before the High Court of the Senate was begun August 5th. The Court, August 13th, found General Boulanger, together with Count Dillon and Henri Rochefort, guilty of conspiracy and attempt at treason. They were condemned to transportation and imprisonment in a fortified place.

An unsuccessful attempt was made upon the life of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, July 16th, by a Portuguese claiming to be a member of a republican association.

The Egyptian troops, under General Grenfell, won a decisive battle, with slight loss,

from the dervishes near Toski, August 3d. The dervish leader Wad-el-N'Jumi was killed. The dervish loss was 1500 killed and wounded.

An insurrection in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, for the purpose of dethroning the King, was quelled by government troops, July 30th.

DISASTERS.

July 16th.—Advices received from Hong-Kong of a flood in the Chau Pinges and Ping Yuen districts, June 2d, whereby over 6000 lives were lost.

July 23d.—News from Hong-Kong of a fire at Lu Chow: 1600 persons killed.

July 28th.—Reports of a destructive flood in Southern Hungary, Transylvania, and Bukovina. Hundreds of lives estimated lost.

OBITUARY.

July 20th.—In Princeton, New Jersey, Alexander Johnston, LL.D., aged forty years.

July 31st.—In Isles of Shoals, Edward H. Rollins, ex-United States Senator, aged sixty-four years.—In Edinburgh, Horatius Bonar, D.D., aged eighty years.

August 4th.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Rev. George Zabriskie Gray, D.D., aged fifty-one years.—In Paris, Felix Pyat, author and dramatist, aged seventy-nine years.

August 8th.—In Wilmington, Delaware, General Henry Dupont, aged seventy-seven years.—Near Naples, Benedetto Cairoli, Italian statesman, aged sixty-nine years.

August 12th.—Near Yonkers, New York, Alexander B. Mott, M.D., aged sixty-three years.

Editor's Drawer.



THERE appears to be a great quantity of conceit around, especially concerning women. The statement was recently set afloat that a well known lady had admitted that George Meredith understands women better than any writer who has preceded him. This may be true, and it may be a wily statement to again throw men off the track; at any rate it contains the old assumption of a mystery, practically insoluble, about the gentler sex. Women generally encourage this notion, and men by their gingerly treatment of it seem to accept it. But is it well founded, is there any more mystery about women than about men? Is the feminine nature any more difficult to understand than the masculine nature? Have women, conscious of inferior strength, woven this notion of mystery about themselves as a defence, or have men simply idealized them for fictitious purposes? To recur to the case cited, is there any evidence that Mr. Meredith understands human nature as exhibited in women any better than human nature in men, or is more consistent in the production of one than of the other?

Historically it would be interesting to trace the rise of this notion of woman as an enigma. The savage races do not appear to have it. A woman to the North American Indian is a simple affair, dealt with without circumlocution. In the Bible records there is not much mystery about her; there are many tributes to her noble qualities, and some pretty severe and uncomplimentary things are said about her, but there is little affectation of not understanding her. She may be a prophetess, or a consoler, or a snare, but she is no more "deceitful and desperately wicked" than anybody else. There is nothing mysterious about her first recorded performance. Eve trusted the serpent, and Adam trusted Eve. The mystery was in the serpent. There is no evidence that the ancient Egyptian woman was more difficult to comprehend than the Egyptian man. They were both doubtless wily, as highly civilized people are apt to be; the "serpent of old Nile" was in them both. Is it in fact till we come to mediæval times, and the chivalric age, that women are set up as being more incomprehensible than men? That is, less logical, more whimsical, more uncertain in their mental processes? The playwriters and essayists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries "worked" this notion continually. They always took an investigating and speculating attitude toward women, that fostered the conceit of their separateness and veiled personality. Every woman was supposed to be playing a

part behind a mask. Montaigne is always investigating woman as a mystery. It is, for instance, a mystery he does not relish that, as he says, women commonly "make the publication of their vehement affections for their husbands till they have lost them; then the woful countenance "looks not so much back as forward, and is intended rather to get a new husband than to lament the old." And he tells this story: "When I was a boy, a very beautiful and virtuous lady who is yet living, and the widow of a prince, had, I know not what, more ornament in her dress than our laws of widowhood will well allow, which being reprehended with as a great immodesty, she made answer: 'that it was because she was not cultivating more friendships, and would never marry again.'" This cynical view of woman, as well as the extravagantly complimentary one sometimes taken by the poets, was based upon the notion that woman was an unexplainable being. When she herself adopted the idea is uncertain.

Of course all this has a very practical bearing upon modern life, the position of women in it, and the so-called reforms. If woman is so different from man, to the extent of being an unexplainable mystery, science ought to determine the exact state of the case, and ascertain if there is any remedy for it. If it is only a literary creation, we ought to know it. Science could tell, for instance, whether there is a peculiarity in the nervous system, any complications in the nervous centres, by which the telegraphic action of the will gets crossed, so that, for example, in reply to a proposal of marriage, the intended "Yes" gets delivered as "No." Is it true that the mental process in one sex is intuitive, and in the other logical, with every link necessary and visible? Is it true, as the romancers teach, that the mind in one sex acts indirectly and in the other directly, or is this indirect process only characteristic of exceptions in both sexes? Investigation ought to find this out, so that we can adjust the fit occupations for both sexes on a scientific basis. We are floundering about now in a sea of doubt. As society becomes more complicated, women will become a greater and greater mystery, or rather will be regarded so by themselves and be treated so by men.

Who can tell how much this notion of mystery in the sex stands in the way of its free advancement all along the line? Suppose the proposal were made to women to exchange being mysterious for the ballot: Would they do it? Or have they a sense of power in the possession of this concealed incomprehensibility that they would not lay down for any visible insignia of that power? And if the novelists and essayists have raised a mist about the sex, which it willingly masquerades in, is it not time that the scientists should determine whether the mystery exists in nature or only in the imagination?

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN

In Baldwin County, Georgia, there lives a venerable negro, William Scott. Scott is known among his colored friends as "Dr. Bill." William has an uncommonly bright mind for an uneducated negro, and, like many of his race, is given to a use of big words. Probably this is the natural imitation of "Dr. Bill" of the unintelligible bad Latin language of the sons of Æsculapius. Dr. Bill always accompanies his big words with much pompous manner, and a knowing self-gratulatory look of conscious wisdom and knowledge.

Recently a colored brother thought he had torn asunder some part of his inner gear. Dr. Bill was consulted, and prescribed a pill compounded of alum and resin.

"What am dat fur?" asked the sable sick, with an expression of vague alarm.

"De alum will draw de parts, and de rosin will make um stick," said Dr. Bill, his face indicative of satisfaction at his clever diagnosis.

When the patient demurred, Dr. Bill looked wise and knowing, and said, solemnly, "Well, you can take it or no; but I know my correspondence am correct in dat case."

That settled it, and the sable sick swallowed the rare compound, with what effect this deponent saith not.

WHAT RUSSIANS LAUGH AT.

THE comic journals of Russia are not usually remarkable for brilliancy, the hand of the censor being still almost as heavy upon them as in the days of the Czar Nicholas, of whom a Russian lady justly remarked to me, on seeing his statue unlighted upon an illumination night, "That is only fair, for he was no friend to enlightenment." But every now and then one finds in them a few tolerable jokes which the following are samples:

BOY (*struggling in the river*). "Help! I'm drowning!"

MAN (*lifting out a dog which has just been thrown in*). "Excuse me; I consider that, as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I have already done all that can be expected of me."

BEGGAR. "Pity a poor woman, madam. I have not eaten a morsel of food to-day."

LADY. "Ah, my poor creature, we all have to suffer in this world. *I* have just been obliged to give up my opera box."

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. "I can manage this matter for you, young man, but it will cost you a hundred rubles."

YOUNG OFFICER. "All right; here's the half of a hundred-ruble bill for you, and as soon as you get the thing done you shall have the other half."

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (*shocked*). "Good Heaven! so young, and yet so artful!"



DROWNING FISH.

HOUSE-MAID *(bringing in a string of wriggling fish)*. "Here's some fish, mum, that the bye has just brought. Fwhat shall I do wid 'em to kill 'em?"

MISTRESS *(utterly unpractical)*. "Oh, the poor things! Why, they must be alive! Tell Thomas to get a bucket of water and drown them. I've heard that drowning causes less suffering than any other way of killing."

A FLORENTINE GARDEN.

How many summer suns have shone
Upon this gem of garden closes,
With all its jars of céladon,
And all its wealth of Tuscan roses,
Or, turned to ever-page parchment,
With cunning letters has recorded:
Yet he who seeks this dreamy land
Will find its wanderings rewarded.

Here citrons lean above the wall,
And figs grow purple in September,
Here luscious-ripe the red plums fall—
Each bursting globe a ruddy ember;
And here, inscribed upon a seat,
With lichens gray, carved, stained, and stony,
Twined in a love-knot, will he meet
A "Paula" and a "Giorgione."

Who were they? That we may not know:
Enough, that 'neath the empyrean
They lived and loved, long, long ago,
In days of splendor Medicean.
No doubt they saw the hours creep round
The silver disc of yonder dial,
And 'neath the pleached laurels found
A shelter safe from all espial.

In still word-pauses, fondly sweet—
A silence known to fools and sages—
Perchance he graved upon the seat
Their names, that have defied the ages;
Traced with his dagger, jewel-bright,
The characters we yet discover;
Then pledged himself her valiant knight,
And swore himself her faithful lover.

Perchance upon his speech she hung
With rapt regard, the radiant creature,
And answered with impassioned tongue,
Love limned on every flawless feature!
Mayhap they planned the future out,
As young troth-plighted people will do;
Of course he satisfied each doubt,
As castle-building suitors still do.

And were they wed with smiles and tears,
Here where all mortals toil and grope so?
And did they have full meed of years,
And pass to peaceful graves? We hope so!
And if in some celestial sphere
Unto their angel eyes should this come,
May they on two *now* loving here
Breathe down a tender "*Pax vobiscum*"!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[illegible]

Every one knows the story of the Irishman [illegible] in his family to have no children," and the Irish duellist who offered to stand six paces nearer his adversary than the latter did to him. But it is a cruel injustice to poor Paddy to speak of the genuine "bull" as something distinctly Irish, when countless examples of the same kind of blunder, not a whit less [illegible] Milton himself erred as grievously as any one in this way when he wrote the famous passage,

"Adam, the goodliest man of men *since born*,
[illegible]"

A naval despatch of last century from the [illegible] which was "entirely manned by women." It was a Scotchman who described a very square and thickset man as being "just as broad as he was narrow." It was a Scotchman who, at a public meeting, gravely propounded a scheme for increasing the British revenue by "laying the dog tax on cats." It was an Englishman who said of Napoleon that he might have been a better man if he had not been quite so bad, and it was also an Englishman who declared that the best way to walk down the Thames to London was to go in a boat.

The French school-teacher who, in a fit of rage, threatened to send all his pupils to the foot of the class, was fully equalled by the English school-boy who, after correctly stating that the customary mode of saluting an ancient Persian king was to exclaim, "O king, live forever!" added, on his own authority, "And *immediately* the king *lived forever*." But even these "prize bulls" are completely eclipsed by others which have come within the range of my own personal experience. I have seen in an English provincial newspaper the announcement that "the cabman who was killed last Thursday is dead." I once heard a man speak of having watched a haunted house till midnight, "expecting every moment the *appearance* of an *invisible* spirit"; and not long after this another man remarked in my presence —alluding to his own sufferings while wedged in a crowd at the door of a concert hall—that he would much rather *walk fifty* miles than *stand five*.

David Ker.

A SUITABLE EPITAPH.

It has often been said that the chief characteristic of the epitaph is its lack of veracity, but it is perhaps better that it should err on the side of kindliness rather than wound the living by a brutal truthfulness, as in the case of an inscription written for the tombstone of a lazy man by one who knew him well: "*Asleep* [illegible]."

AN IMPROMPTU.

This rare bit of inspiration was written at Bellows Falls, Vermont, in the summer of 1852, by the then well-known poet John G. Saxe. A beautiful young lady asked him for a line in his autograph for remembrance' sake, when, tearing off the blank half of a note he had just [illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible]
With thoughts of [illegible]

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ELOQUENCE.

A good story told by one of the Dutch Reformed brethren at a recent convention is as follows: "I had been called to attend a funeral service in the country," he said. "It was a bitterly cold day, and I had a long ride of seven miles or more from the station. The drive was made in an open buggy, and though I tried to keep the conversation going at first, I soon stopped and shivered, and I was frozen nearly stiff when we reached the house. We entered the hall, and then something occurred to thaw me out. As I took off my wraps, one of the deacons, a little man with a solemn voice, came to me. I was tall, but he pulled me down to him, and in sepulchral tones whispered in my ear, 'I thought' (pause) 'you might like to know' (another solemn pause) 'that the *corpse*' (sigh) 'professed religion' (enthusiastic quickening) 'when *it* was twelve years old.' Like to know it? Why, it sent a genial thrill of warmth all through my icy bones! The *corpse* had professed religion when *it* was twelve years old! You may imagine that my funeral sermon was an eloquent one."

"As eloquent as one of mine once was, perhaps," said another clergyman. "I had been asked by one of our out-country brethren to take part in a service at his church. I was to preach the sermon, and came prepared with one of my most eloquent ones. Just as I was mounting the pulpit steps, however, the pastor whispered in my ear, 'I thought you ought to know that this is a funeral service.' You may imagine my feelings. They must have been something like Dr. Depew's when, at the Commencement exercises of a Western college, he found himself expected, on ten minutes' notice, to deliver the historical address. However, I had a little time to collect my thoughts. It was a memorial service, not a funeral, and I must do the deceased justice. I started, and talked my best for a quarter of an hour: then I stepped down. As I did so, the brother who had informed me of the nature of the service approached again. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, but he shook my hand warmly.

"'It was a good sermon, sir,' he said.

"'Yes,' I replied: for, to tell you the truth, I thought so myself, considering the circumstances.

"'It was a good sermon,' he repeated, 'but [illegible]

"'Well?' I asked.

"'But it wasn't a brother that died: it was a sister.'"

Charles Fiske.



Drawn by H. W. McVickar.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

ARTHUR SUMMERTON (*as the engagement is broken*). "And this, then, is the end of all?"
MISS WILLOUGHBY. "Oh no; only the end of summer."
ARTHUR SUMMERTON. "You are flippant; that is clear."
MISS WILLOUGHBY. "Ah! Then why did you take me seriously when I promised to marry you?"

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A REGIMENTAL SCOUT — Soldier of the Mexican Army

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE



fighting instinct was
war made against
Spain between the
years 1810 and 1821,
that resulted in Mex-
can independence; and it was further
manifested, together with something akin
o the ancient division of the people into
ival tribes, in the civil wars which went
n almost without cessation for more than
alf a century after independence was
chieved.

But while the tribe fighting of the six-
eenth century and the partisan fighting
f the nineteenth century gave the strong-
st proof of the personal bravery of the
lexican people, they gave proof also of
he lack of that national instinct of co-
esiveness without which a people can-
ot become great. Cortés effected his
xtraordinary conquest by turning to his
wn advantage the rivalry of the Mexican
ibes: the American army of invasion
as able to accomplish its series of vic-
an contemplate without pain and con-
usion, so greatly did they do violence to
l sense of political morality, because
partisan dissension prevented the Mexican
solid front; and partisan feeling went so
far in the case of the French intervention,
by which the Archduke Maximilian was
made Emperor, that a considerable con-
tingent of Mexican troops fought with the
French against their own countrymen.

This condition of internal dissension
now happily has passed away, but so
recently that many people still believe
Mexico to be the prey to factional wars.
It is unfair, however, to blame the Mex-
icans because they have worked out their
salvation slowly. For three centuries
they suffered the cruel oppression of
Spain, and for the last of these three cen-
turies they were most grievously priest-
ridden. Threescore years of political
fermentation was not an unduly long
dred years' accumulation of political im-
purities. Our own period of severe op-
pression under English rule lasted for less
than a century, but thirteen very turbu-
lent years elapsed between the Declara-
tion of Independence in 1776 and the
establishment of constitutional govern-
ment in 1789. What might have come
to the United States under a ruler less
unselfish than Washington is shown not
only in the histories of every one of the
Spanish-American republics, but also in
the history of France. The crime of long-
continued misgovernment is not easily
atoned for, and no matter how thorough-
ly it may be expiated, it leaves a long-
lasting stain.

The three men who have most decided-
ly and most beneficially moulded the af-
fairs of Mexico have been: Hidalgo, who
led the revolt against Spain; Juarez, who
led the movement that culminated in the
establishment of a liberal constitutional
republic; and Diaz, who has made this
constitutional republic a practical work-

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INDRESS ENGINEER.

ing success. Any student of history will understand that in this scheme of work Diaz has performed the most difficult part. Hidalgo and Juarez had to operate with, and at the same time were sustained by, an excited popular sentiment that needed only direction in order to accomplish the work in hand, for each was a leader in a profoundly popular cause. In the case of Diaz precisely the reverse of this encouraging condition of affairs has obtained. His work has been the more difficult one of soothing a people excited by more than half a century of civil warfare, of establishing wholesome but irksome restraints by enforcing obedience to laws which to a considerable portion of the younger men of Mexico practically were unknown, and at the same time he has been forced to solve a problem in political finance that a man bred a statesman and financier, still more a man bred simply a soldier, very well might have regarded as hopelessly insoluble. A great part of this most difficult task, with the assistance of the able men whom he has drawn around him as counsellors, he already has accomplished, and what remains to be done almost will come of itself from the sheer momentum of the reforms which he has set in motion, and from the long-continued period during which he has secured to the country the blessing of profound peace. For the first time since the revolt of 1810 the men of Mexico now between thirty and forty years of age—the class that, being fullest of mental and physical energy, is the actual motive power in all countries—have had no opportunity to vent their energies in other than peaceful ways, and so have acquired substantial interests, the desire to protect which is the best possible guarantee against further civil war. This wholesome diversion of the energies of the country into channels of productive industry—at once leading to and stimulated by the construction of an extended system of railway that has developed abundant resources of wealth heretofore latent, and that at the same time has consolidated many scattered communities—has resulted in giving to the republic a moral and financial stability and a national strength such as it never until now has enjoyed.

I have no desire to make of this paper a political essay, but so much of the political history of Mexico as is outlined above is necessary to a correct understanding of the conditions under which the Mexican army has been organized. It is obvious from the facts stated that at no point of time between the achievement of independence and a period not twenty years past could an article treating of *the* Mexican army have been written, for the reason that while each of the many governments always has had an army, there always has existed at the same time at least one other army in Mexico composed wholly or in part of Mexicans. That now, as for several years past, *the* Mexican army can

be spoken of confidently is perhaps the best evidence of the reality of the peace that President Diaz has secured to this long war-vexed land; and not the least creditable part of what he has accomplished for the good of the country at large is that out of very unpromising materials he has created an orderly, well-disciplined, trustworthy military force, that has been used solely to maintain the power of the constitutional government by enforcing obedience to constitutional laws.

The Mexican army consists of three grand divisions, known as the Permanent Army, the Reserve of the Permanent Army, and the General Reserve, together constituting nominally a force of about 30,000 infantry, 26,000 cavalry, and 4000 artillery—in all about 160,000 men. The Permanent Army, the effective force actually in service and ready for immediate use, is made up of about 40,000 men of all arms, and is distributed through the eleven departments into which, for military purposes, the republic is divided. Of these, 26,000 are infantry, 8000 are cavalry, and the remainder are attached to the engineers, artillery, general and medical staffs, the military schools, and the manufactories of material of war.

The armament of this force, excepting in the matter of field artillery, of which the supply is short, is excellent. The field batteries in service consist of about forty small cannon (7 mms. cal.) of the Bauye type, and in addition to these a number of old brass guns, also of small size, is available for the artillery reserve. The shortness of the supply in this arm of the service is being remedied as rapidly as possible by the manufacture of additional guns at the national foundry. For drawing the field batteries mules are used in preference to horses, because they are believed to be, under the climatic conditions of Mexico, better adapted to draught purposes; but it is probable that this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the known unmanageableness of mules under fire. The artillerymen are armed with Remington carbines (cal. 50), and the same arm, in addition to the sabre, is carried by the cavalrymen. The cavalry



FULL DRESS ENGINEER.



TYPE OF OFFICER—"AWFULLY FRENCH."

horses, excepting the handsome mounts of the officers, are small animals of native breed, as tough and as wiry as the men who ride them, and as capable of enduring enormous marches on a scant supply of water and food. The infantry is armed with Remington rifles (cal. 43). In all arms of the service the officers and non-commissioned officers carry Colt's seven-shot revolvers.

The disposition of the present administration in military matters is eminently progressive, and measures already have been taken to replace the Remington rifles and carbines with an automatic breech-loader invented by an officer of the engineers. The new arm will be manufactured by the government in its well-appointed national armory (Fábrica de Armas) in the City of Mexico. At the national foundry, near Chapultepec, the government manufactures, as stated above, the guns used by the artillery corps; and in the national powder-mill the ammunition for the use of the army is prepared. All of these establishments are organized upon a military basis, and the workmen employed in them are carried on the army rolls.

By the Constitution of 1857 the general-in-chief of the army is the President of the republic; but the actual service usually is carried on by a general of division holding the cabinet position of Minister of War, and to his person is attached the general staff. The sub-commands of departments and military posts are held by five generals of division and twenty-two generals of brigade, and five generals of division and sixteen generals of brigade are carried on the army lists of the reserves.

At present about thirty per cent. of the officers of the army are graduates of the national Military College at Chapultepec, where about three hundred cadets constantly are in training, and whence about sixty officers are graduated annually. The course pursued here is similar to that at West Point; and the gradual retirement of the older officers, combined with this constant addition of young officers who have been thoroughly trained in accordance with the best of modern military theories, is having a very marked effect in raising the moral tone of the army and in increasing its practical efficiency. The cadets, as a rule, are drawn from the upper classes of Mexican society, but among them—and this is a very promising element in the new army—are a number of young fellows whose brown or brownish skins show their native Indian blood. It is a notable and hopeful fact that the native Indians more and more are coming to the front in the government of their own country. Juarez, who, all things considered, was the greatest statesman that Mexico as yet has produced, was an Indian of the pure blood, and President Diaz owes in part to his dash of this fine strain his patient resolution and his steady courage in contending with great difficulties. The presence of these brown-faced lads among the cadets, and of brown-faced men in the national Congress and in the various departments of the government, is a sign of healthy national growth, of which the importance scarcely can be overestimated. As a whole, the cadet battalion presents a fine soldierly appearance; and the individual cadet, as seen on the streets of the City of Mexico on Sundays and feast-days, when off from Chapultepec on all-day leave, is as well set-up, soldierly a young fellow as is to be found anywhere. And even the "cockyness" of these spruce lads in their handsome uniforms, while likely to make an old soldier smile a little in a kindly way, is a sign of proper pride in an honorable profession that an old soldier best appreciates and is least disposed seri-



LOOKING FOR DESERTERS.

ously to condemn. Pride in the uniform means pride in the service, and is a sign that when the time comes for fighting, neither the uniform nor the service will be disgraced. The Chapultepec boys have gallant traditions to sustain them, for in the time of the American invasion they bore a brave part in defending the hill on which their college stands against the assault of Scott's army. At the base of the hill a monument fittingly commemorates the heroism of these young soldiers, and eloquently exhibits how well they fought by the long list of names graven upon it of those who that day died. Altogether, the Military College is an institution of which the Mexicans, in the army and out of it, are justly proud; for both in its processes and in its results it is highly creditable to the nation at large. An important adjunct to the college, recently established, is the artillery school, in which officers of that arm take a post-graduate course, and to which officers in the service are detailed for instruction.

The rank and file of the army for the most part is drawn from the lowest classes. For many years past the highly objectionable custom has prevailed of drafting into the service various sorts of criminals, and the strong effort that President Diaz is making to put an end to a custom so demoralizing is one of the most commendable of his many army reforms. The practical effect of making the army more or less a penal establishment is to keep good men out of it, while the convict soldiers are prompt to desert whenever occasion offers, and by their example to make desertions frequent. Sometimes a rather humorous ingenuity is shown in slipping out of the military bondage. In Monterey, one rainy night in March, 1883, more than a score of men belonging to a regiment drawn up at the railway station, in waiting for the arrival of the President, succeeded in getting away by the device of placing their caps on the butts of their muskets, and sticking the muskets, bayonet down, in the ground in their

places in the ranks. By the uncertain torch-light the platoons seemed unbroken, and it was only when the order to march was given, and the regiment moved away and left the cap-bearing muskets standing scattered over the ground, that the officers perceived the trick which had been played upon them.

Recapturing a deserter is anything but an easy matter, for the common people invariably assist him to escape, giving him refuge in hiding and most generously lying about his whereabouts, and his own comrades are not especially zealous in their efforts to recapture him. The burden of the chase usually rests upon the officer in command of the detail, and he frequently has experiences of a sort much more exciting than pleasing. I knew a young lieutenant, but recently graduated from Chapultepec, and all unused to military ways—a very natty little officer, whose handsome uniform was a source of great pride and a matter of great care to him—who was so mauled and tumbled by the big wife of the deserter for whom he was searching that but for the laughing interference in his behalf of his own men he very well might have been shaken to death by her. He came back to barracks with a badly scratched face, some rather serious bruises, and his beloved uniform in a very shocking condition; and what was still worse, he came back without the deserter.

On another occasion I had a more closely personal experience of this phase of army life in Mexico. I had hired a lad of twenty or thereabouts as man-of-all-work—to help with the cooking, and wash dishes, and do the chamber-work, and run errands, and otherwise to make himself useful as occasion required; for in such multifarious ways are men-servants in Mexico employed. I was much pleased with my capture, for Telésforo was a pleasant, good-natured boy, and willing to a degree. But we soon found an exception to his willingness in his strong objection to being sent out of the house. To our surprise, each time that we wanted to send him into the streets he developed suddenly a pain in his inside, from which he recovered with astonishing rapidity when one of the other servants had been sent in his place. And he had an anxious manner, and a habit of instantly absenting himself when anybody knocked at the outer door, that also struck us as queer. Our surprise did not last a great while, for on the morning of the second day that Telésforo was in our employ I was summoned to an interview with a polite young lieutenant, who courteously apologized for being compelled to disarrange our domestic affairs by taking our servant back to the barrack where he belonged. And away Telésforo went, a pitiably forlorn object, guarded by four grinning soldiers with bared bayonets, and with the polite lieutenant—very much pleased with himself for having effected the capture—jauntily bringing up the rear.



LIEUTENANT, ENGINEER BATTALION.

In order to lessen the incentive to desertion, it has been customary to send the men, whether enlisted or sentenced to army service, to parts of the country distant from their own homes. And since this class of men constitutes a part of the military organization, the custom that obtains of garrisoning mainly with convict soldiers the unhealthy posts in the hot lands is one to be commended. To a native of the Plateau the summer climate of the coast is almost sure to bring dangerous sickness, and very often death. It is sound economy, therefore, that prompts the formation of these garrisons—which necessarily must be maintained—of material that the country is the better for losing.

But while the army is, and probably for some time longer will continue to be, tinctured with this unwholesome element (for the pending reform cannot be effected quickly), the mass of the rank and file constitutes a creditable body of troops. By far the greater number of enlisted men are of the primitive Mexican stock, whose good-natured brown faces show their freedom from mixture with the race of their Spanish conquerors. They are of the same stock as the men who fought under Cortés, who helped Nuño de Guzman to conquer Pánuco, Jalisco, and Michoacan, who served with Alvarado in his campaign in Guatemala, and who followed this same captain in his unlucky expedition to Nochistlan, where he met his death. And they have the same soldierly qualities of obedience and bravery now that their ancestors had then. They are capital fighters, especially in short sharp work that can be carried through with a rush and a hurrah. Moreover, in their many strenuous battles with the trained French troops they gained a steadiness, a coolness under fire, and a resoluteness in defeat as well as in victory which, having now become by tradition and training characteristic of the army as a whole, has added vastly to the effectiveness of the Mexican troops as a warlike force. As to their capacity for forced marches, and their wiry strength on short supplies of food and water, they are not surpassed by any troops in the world, and in endurance of this sort they are very far superior to the soldiers of North America and Europe.

In the case of the rank and file comparatively little attention is paid to set-up or to minor points of discipline. Even in front of the National Palace the sentries on duty march up and down their beats in a slipshod fashion, while the relief loll about on the stone benches smoking cigarettes and otherwise making themselves comfortable. Doubtless the practical impossibility of keeping up any show of smartness in brown linen blouse and trousers—which, with leather sandals (the best foot-gear ever devised for marching), constitutes the undress uniform—has much to do with the general carelessness that apparently is suffered to go unrebuked.

But on dress parade these same easy-going soldiers present a very creditable appearance. Indeed, I never saw anywhere a more soldierly body of men than the force that marched in review past the President on the 5th of May, 1885. At this time differences with Guatemala, growing out of the interminable boundary dispute, threatened war, and rumors also were flying about that a certain prominent general contemplated trying his hand at getting up a revolution. Whatever may have been its purpose, the government at this time assembled in and around the City of Mexico an army of 20,000 men of all arms, and on the Fifth of May—one of the two great national holidays—this force, splendidly armed and equipped, was paraded through the streets of the capital. The linen uniforms were replaced by handsome suits of blue cloth, and the sandals by leather shoes, in which the men walked gingerly; the accoutrements and arms were in fine form; and the men, massed in broad columns, bore themselves in as soldierly a fashion as the most rigid disciplinarian could desire. There was, moreover, a prompt, business-like air about the demonstration that produced an effect very unlike that of an ordinary parade or review. The marching pace of the infantry was almost a double-quick; the cavalry frequently moved at a trot; and some of the batteries—a break in the procession giving them the opportunity—dashed by at a gallop. So rapid was the movement that the entire force swept past the reviewing stand in but a little more than two hours—suggesting possibilities of quick evolution in the field and of rapid concentration at any given point that must have been decidedly disheartening to any intending revolutionists (supposing that a revolution was contemplated) who were on hand to witness this instructive object-lesson. And it is certain that, after so



BUGLER OF CAVALRY.



A GENDARME.

salutary a display of a national army abundantly strong enough to crush instantly any attempt to overthrow the constitutional government, the flying rumors in regard to a mutinous outbreak very suddenly died away.

A serious difficulty under which the army labors is the lack of an adequate baggage train. This is a matter of less importance than it would be to an army composed of North American or European soldiers; for the Mexican soldiers belong to a race that is famous for its burden-bearing capacity, and their camp equipment is exceedingly light, for the lower classes practically know nothing of personal comfort, and the common soldiers, drawn from these classes, carry very scant kits. In barracks the men sleep curled up in their blankets on the floor; on the march they think that they are doing very well if they can get two rations a day of boiled beans, and they can sleep at night on anything. As the officers also go in light marching order, the actual amount of baggage to be carried relatively is small, yet it is sufficient to pack men and horses so heavily as greatly to retard the movement of troops. In the case of war this lack of adequate means of transportation undoubtedly would be severely felt; but in the routine of the service, in the mere changing of garrisons, it is a matter of no especial consequence, and is of less consequence now than it was before the days of railroads, for every important city in Mexico, excepting Oajaca, Durango, and the ports of the west coast, now is connected with the capital by rail.

Even the women who follow the army —more in proportion than the rules of our service allow—are no great sufferers by the lack of baggage wagons, for a Mexican woman usually can walk with the stride and the strength of a man. The presence of the women and a sprinkling of children about the camps and barracks adds a picturesque feature to the army life, and the sight of comfortable little groups deeply interested in cooking processes frequently gives an exotic air of homeliness to most unhome-like surroundings. Like the men, the women take the discomforts of the service with the philosophical cheerfulness that is characteristic of the race whence they are sprung, and





A RURAL.

indeed they encounter little more of hardship in following the army than they do in remaining in their homes and they are sure—as they are not sure in their own homes—of a sufficient supply of food.

Since he must carry his belongings on his own back or on the back of his horse, and since both of these already are sufficiently burdened, the temptation to the common soldier to increase his kit is not strong; and even should he be disposed to provide himself with additional comforts, the limits of his pay would be reached before he had greatly enlarged his outfit. The nominal pay of enlisted men in the infantry is four *reales* (a *real* equalling about nine cents of our money) a day, but they actually receive only two and a half *reales*, the remainder being reserved in the retention fund until the termination of the period of enlistment. Enlisted men in the cavalry and artillery nominally receive five *reales* a day, and actually receive three and a half. As all payments are made in silver, the paymaster's cart, drawn by a string of mules, usually is as heavy as an ammunition wagon.

A very important subdivision of the army is the gendarmeria, a force charged with certain classes of police duties, of which the most responsible is that of keeping the highways clear of robbers. The section especially employed as a road guard is known as the Rurales, and is by all odds the most picturesque, and in some respects is the most meritorious, body of troops in the Mexican service. The beginning of this famous corps was in the time of Santa Anna, when General Lagarde organized a troop of ranchmen that was known popularly—because of the *ranchero* dress of leather that its members wore—as the Cuerados. On the fall of Santa Anna the Cuerados took to the road, and were such successful highwaymen that they presently were given, because of the



CAVALRY OF THE LINE.



STABLE CALL AT AN ARTILLERY BARRACK.

leather garments, the new nickname of the Plateados. The head-quarters of the organization were in the mountain of the Malinche, near Puebla, and its members very diligently worked the highway between the capital and Vera Cruz. Nor must these highwaymen be classed with ordinary vulgar robbers. The conditions of the country at this period were such that hundreds of men had no choice between starving and stealing, and the Plateados conducted their irregular business in a chivalrous fashion, and frequently manifested a generosity in their treatment of the travellers who fell into their hands quite worthy of the gallant traditions of Sherwood Forest and of the courteous customs of Robin Hood.

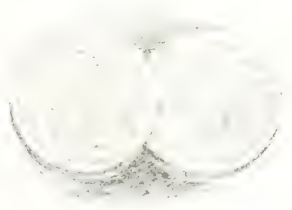
In Comonfort's time the good thought was acted upon of turning the Plateados from road robbers into road guards, and the rather startling proposal was found to work out admirably in practice. The corps was organized, and still is maintained [illegible] upon a footing unlike that of any other section of the army. Each man provides his own horse and equipment (excepting his arms), and is paid ten *reales* a day, out of which he provides rations for himself and forage for his horse. The men are armed with sabre, carbine, and revolver, and have a service uniform of brown linen blouse and trousers, though this is worn less often than the regular *ranchero* dress of jacket and trousers of soft-dressed brown leather. The dress uniform is the *ranchero* costume glorified—the leather jacket and trousers loaded down with silver buttons and silver embroidery, and the wide felt hat richly trimmed with silver or even with gold. The mountings of the saddles and bridles are of silver, and frequently silver stirrups match the rider's heavy silver spurs. On dress parade the horses wear housings of tooled and embroidered leather, and each man carries at the pommel of his saddle a light horse-hair lariat, and strapped fast to the cantle a crimson blanket. The horses are by far the finest, excepting officers' mounts, in the service, and are so greatly beloved and so affectionately cared for that they seldom get out of condition, while on review they positively shine. The men are magnificent fellows, fully looking the dare-devils that they actually are.

The other important subdivisions of the army are the *contraresguardo*, or custom-house guard, mainly employed to police the northern and northeastern frontier; the scientific corps, having charge of the National Observatory and the topographical survey; and the medical corps, that includes regimental surgeons, and that has charge of the several military hospitals.

As is the case with our own army, the normal condition of the Mexican army is that of a national police force. It is also, like our own, a skeleton organization that

can be rapidly increased to a much greater size should the need be developed for a larger fighting force. Now that the republic is supplied with a complete system of telegraph and is well provided with railroads, the existing force is ample to subdue all mutinous demonstrations, and so to nip revolution in the bud. One fertile cause of the many revolutions in former times was the ease with which they could be started, and the absolute impunity with which they could be developed to very considerable dimensions. Without telegraph lines, the national government could know nothing of a rebellion in one of the distant northern states until it had gained very dangerous headway, which could still further increase during the slow progress of the government troops to the scene of the outbreak. For instance, news from Tamaulipas (a state adjacent to Texas, that was a veritable hot-bed of revolution in former times) could not reach the capital under a week, and an army could not march from the capital to the central part of Tamaulipas in less than three weeks more. Nor could dependence be placed upon the garrisons in this region to check the revolt. In point of fact, the nucleus of the revolutionary army was very apt to be the local military force, and the leader of the movement was very apt to be the local general. Yet the last attempt at a rising in these parts, three or four years ago, scarcely arrived at the dignity of a riot. Thanks to the telegraph, to the railways, and, above all, to an army that no longer is the tool of individuals, but is the loyal servant of the nation, the revolt was crushed almost before it could be said to have had an organized beginning. In like manner, in April last, a riot at Silao that, having its root in an anti-clerical demonstration, in former times very well might have developed into a revolution—was put down in a single day.

As it is to-day—no longer a confused mass made up of scattered commands faithful only to their respective generals, but an organization loyal to the nation and to the idea of national unity—the Mexican army is an honor to the government that has created it, and affords the surest guarantee that in Mexico the days of revolutions are ended, and that the existing constitutional government will endure.



LOVE THE CROWN OF CREATION.

BY E. R. BUCKLEY.

HOW matchless was creation's march when man,
Last summoned, stepped into the foremost place
And looked the lower orders in the face,
His godlike brow bespeaking him the van!
How vast God's skill if then had ceased the plan
With that lone model of the human race,
His Maker's image set in perfect grace,
With promise of the wondrous things he can!
But 'twas not meet that man should be alone
In that supremacy with naught to prove—
No sacrifice, no brotherhood to own,
No tenderness to turn his thoughts above:
Creation lacked its crown until that throne
Was tremulous unto the touch of Love.

The River Duddon
The Stepping Stones

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!





YORK

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY

"York, York, for my money,
Of all the cities that ever I see,
For merry pastime and companie,
Except the city of London."

FIRST impressions are neither of antiquity nor of "merrie companie." Engine sheds, fitting shops, greasy mechanics in corduroy and fustian, shrieking locomotives, and a bedlam of nerve-shattering discords are furiously eloquent of a "pastime" that is not of bubbling gladness or riotous glee. Railroad corporations have taken the places of Percys and Nevilles; and if they don't own manors by the dozen, do own the principal lines of communication between the great manufacturing and commercial centres. The Northeastern owns or controls all the railways passing through the place, and employs several thousands of the inhabitants in constructing and repairing engines, trucks, and carriages. Without the walls all is of the nineteenth century: within them, minster towers, castled keeps, Norman spire, and Saxon turret warn us to expect an architectural medley of all the ages.

The railway station of York is said to be the largest in the United Kingdom. In precise terms, its measurement is said to be 800 by 234 feet. The Grand Central Depot of New York, though vastly superior in architectural effect, must yield to it in respect of size.

Opposite the parlor of the railway company's hotel are the grounds and museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, the picturesque ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and the famous Roman multangular tower. Beyond, the glorious Minster looms up in Gothic vastness and gravest gloom, and on the right appear the crenellated bar walls of the city. Past and present are incongruously blended. The present retains whatever is interesting and instructive of the past, but, whenever convenience requires, does not hesitate to convert Roman cemeteries into hurrying caravansaries, or dismal reminders of the 1832 cholera into festive flower gardens. This is just what it has done here. Bustling station and crowded hotel occupy the site of an old necropolis, in which, judging from the number of stone, lead, and wooden coffins that were dug up, not less than six thousand persons were sepultured.

With map of York—white walls, Clifford's Tower, colossal cathedral—imprinted on memory, and fortified by fresh relay of England's roast beef, we are now strong enough to begin circumambulation of said walls, or as much of them as will permit the pedestrian feat. Museum, etc., etc., can wait until after this walk around the Brigantine Jerusalem.

The plan of modern York and ancient Eburacum as drawn in Wellbeloved's invaluable work is not complete, such streets only being laid down as are connected with the discoveries of the Roman city and its suburbs. Our erudite local guide scoffs at the myth that Brutus,



STREET SCENE.

great-grandson of the pious Æneas, erected the primeval city and gave his name to it. Nor does he think that Geoffrey of Monmouth is much nearer the truth when he says that Ebrauc, great-great-grandson of the aforesaid Brutus, and contemporary of David, the Israelitish king, built it on his return from a victorious invasion of Gaul, and called it *Caer-Ebrauc*—the city of Ebrauc. How it finally became York is a question as utterly mysterious as the name of William Patterson's occult assailant. In "Domesday-book" it is written *Euerwic*. Worsae maintains that the Britons named it *Eabkroic*, the Romans, *Eboracum* or *Ebvracum*, the Anglo-Saxons, *Eoforwic*, and the Danes, *Jorvik*. It is now unmistakably "York." Constantine the Great was proclaimed emperor here somewhere about A.D. 306. He is reported to have permitted Christianity to be first preached in the city on the very spot where the Minster now stands.

Listening to or reading old accounts of the size and splendor of ancient Eburacum, we cannot resist the conclusion that they can be understood only in the light of contemporary ideas. Remains of villas, palaces, and tessellated pavements, of urns, tablets, arms, and ornaments, prove that it was a civic and military station of much importance. The course of its enclosing rectangular wall, about 1950 (or, as some say, 1410), by 1650 feet, has been distinctly traced. A rampart or mound of earth lay outside the wall on the river side, and a moat or fosse outside that. A multangular tower like the one remaining stood at each corner of the defences, which embraced an area of about fifty acres. The circumference of the present fortifications is 4840 yards, enclosing 263 acres —more than four times the size of the Roman town.

With a cursory glance at the red-tile-capped tower on the river's brink, whence a chain formerly spanned the stream to a similar erection on the opposite shore, we pass on. Tanner Row, on our left, is the locality where formerly dwelt the odorous guild whose trade was prosecuted in Tanner's Moat, at the base of the walls. Micklegate Bar, at the head of a principal street, is a square tower surmounting a single arch. An embattled turret sustaining the stone figure of a warder adorns each corner. The memory of English rule in France appears in the arms of both countries sculptured upon shields on the external front. Side arches accommodate foot-passengers. The dreams of even lymphatic sleepers, occupying the rheumatic rooms of this dingy tower, may once in a while be disturbed by visions



VIEW FROM THE WALLS NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION.

f the traitors
r patriots, whose
eads grinned in
ghastly mockery
om spikes on the
ommit.

Here on the
ght is the famous
nnery, or St.
ary's Convent, of
he Institute of
e Blessed Virgin,
ounded in the
eign of the second
harles, for the ed-
cation of young
dies. Members
many noble
milies have been
nd are identified
ith it.

Descending from
ile Hill to the
ghway, our antiquary remarks that here,
the thirteenth century, was the gate or
ostern of Hyngbrig, so called because the
ty moat at this point was crossed by a
awbridge. He also points to the rudi-
ents of the graceful circular bastion, in
hich the wall once ended, on the river-
nk. Crossing the Ouse by Skeldergate
idge, which has recently supplanted
e old penny ferry, we see some remains
the old city walls running up to the
astle. If, as an ingenious scientist de-
ares, all scenes are successively photo-
raphed on flat surfaces in proximity to
em, then these melancholy palimpsest
ructures have hidden impressions of
me singular spectacles. Hard by was
ept the cucking or ducking stool, in
hich derelict dames who had used false
easures, brewed bad beer—a vice that
nglo-Saxons could never tolerate—or ac-
ired the reputation of fliters, or com-
on scolds, were tied and lowered thrice
nder the waters of the river. More to
e taste of the multitude would be the
ctures of pageants exhibited, preachers
nd audiences assembled in the grass field
nown as St. George's Close, at the festi-
l of the patron saint in honor of whom
e Hospital or Guild-house was raised.
oss of the life, color, and costumes of
ch sights is deeply deplored by the *dilet-
nte* modern artist, who finds little of
mpensation in those of the sturdy lads
ho here exhibit so much of grace,
rength, and purpose in their national
games of cricket and foot-ball. Yet the latter have had infinitely more to do with the training of the recent English for the leading part assumed in the world's affairs.

The crumbling tower of the Cliffords within the clean-cut walls of the Castle shows the way over the Foss by Castle Mills Bridge to the dolorous square keep of Fishergate postern, where we again ascend the walls, catch glimpses of the new War-office and the beautiful campanile of a Wesleyan Methodist church, and contemplate at leisure the busy traffic of the Cattle Market. The shepherds' dogs seem to be gifted with more than human resources. Flocks of sheep meet in one enclosure, but are kept apart by little lanes just wide enough to admit the passage of the canine guardians. Woe to the wrong-headed bleater that crosses the narrow path! The collie runs over the backs of the strangers, seizes the stray by the neck, and in a twinkling whisks him back into the company of his own brethren.

But here is Walmgate, most unique of all the four original bars, and the only one with barbican complete that remains in England. Its square tower and turreted angles soar not so high as those of Micklegate. The rusty iron portcullis threatens to drop on the pate of the cautious observer, the battered folding-doors trampishly lean against the walls, and the whole structure—to the policeman's Elizabethan mansion of timber and plaster on the top



THE PAVEMENT.

wears a soured, discouraged aspect, as if sullenly resenting the battery inflicted by the last siege. Not less disheartened are the mean low streets and courts that house or hovel a poor, hard population within the walls. Somehow or other squalid poverty and gray antiquity evince special affinity. Here antiquity is grayest. The wall rests on irregular arches of rude stone-work, supposed to be the labor of Roman hands, and ends at the Red Tower—presumably piled up by the same rough artisans. Thence, for the space of 3500 feet over the marshy ground denominated the Foss Islands, and along the river, heavy iron chains are said to have been strung to the next tower at Layerthorpe Bridge.

Jewbury—the mediæval quarter of the D'Israelis and Rothschilds—county hospital, city gas-works, and St. Cuthbert's Church follow in quick succession. The last, older than the Norman conquest, is so sooty, rickety, and indubitably aged that it ought to be replaced by a new one, if not in honor of the forgotten St. Cuthbert, most certainly in that of the talents and fame of the rector, Rev. J. B. Fausset, whose popular *Commentary on the Scriptures* and other works have made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

Monk Bar, loftiest of the quartet, is said to be the most perfect of feudal sort in the kingdom. From the angles of its boldly corbelled and embattled turrets grotesquely massive figures forever insanely hurl heavy rocks at imaginary foes. It is called Monk Bar in honor of the venal general who arrogated to himself, and indeed received, the credit due to Lord Fairfax, of valorous memory, for securing the peaceful restoration of the worthless Charles Stuart.

From Monk to Bootham Bar, a distance of 1950 feet, battlement and rampart have been skilfully restored, and a flagged promenade laid on the top of the latter, from which charming and advantageous views are obtained of the north and east aspects of the Minster. From Bootham Bar to the multangular tower, and thence to the Lendal bastion, the walls, although severed by the street of St. Leonards, and as yet unrestored, are in a hopeful state of preservation.

What St. Peter's is to Rome, that is the Church of St. Peter to York. Towering high above the city and country, like the cathedral of Cologne, it is a stirring ecclesiastical poem in stone. Guide-books record its dimensions, the length of its choir, and the height of its central tower. The Rev. Canon James Raine, joint author of *The Lives of the Archbishops of York* and other valuable antiquarian and ecclesiastical works, kindly volunteers to guide. There is something very congruous in this pleasant proffer. He is also rector of the Church of All Saints, Pavement, a building of the old perpendicular style, with clere-story and aisles, and a curious octagonal lantern, filled with perforated work, gracefully sitting upon a square tower. This church lantern, in the long ago, is said to have contained a beacon-fire that guided belated travellers through the forest of Galtres.

York Minster is in the form of a cross. Some enthusiastic critics maintain that it is the finest specimen of Gothic cathedral architecture extant. Professor Willis states that it is "an aggregate of various styles, having Early English transepts, a decorated nave, of which the body has geometrical tracery, and the west end flowing tracery. The choir is in two por-

tions, of which the most easterly is of very early Perpendicular, and the western of later Perpendicular. The central tower and the western towers are all Perpendicular, and subsequent to the entire. In the crypt are remains of earlier buildings"—all of which has professional interest for church architects. Laymen are equally certain that dignity and massive grandeur are special features of this glorious structure. Like Niagara, it grows upon them the longer it is contemplated. The view across the great transept is one of the finest architectural effects of Gothic building. Lovers of stained glass here go wild with enthusiasm. From the thirteenth through all following centuries it abounds. The "Five Sisters" silently but loudly call for admiration. This noble window in the north transept is filled by five smaller lancet windows, and owes its name to the legend that just so many sisters from the same mother designed the pattern of the kaleidoscopic glass. This window, with the arcade of trefoil arches forming the base, constitutes "the most noble early English composition in the kingdom."



MICKLEGATE BAR.



EAST END, FROM MONK BAR.

Of course the curious must climb to the top of the central tower, the largest in England, even if aching limbs afterward remind him that he has seen the vale of York. Did not the infallible Chevalier Bunsen declare that to be "the most beautiful and most romantic vale in the world, the vale of Normandy excepted"? After that, if resolve hold out, as ours did, he must no less necessarily descend into the crypt, which contains the only remains of the first building of Archbishops Thomas and Roger, if not of the earliest "herring-bone" church built by King Edwin. Here that celebrated Northumbrian monarch received Christian baptism at the hands of the missionary Paulinus.

From the Minster we proceed to the Mansion-house and Guildhall. Furred scarlet and velvet robes of aldermen, scarlet cloak and massive gold chain of "my Lord Mayor," sword of state presented by Emperor Sigismund, richly adorned mace, corporation plate, portraits of defunct dignitaries—all quickly pass under notice. But what most invites minute criticism is the cap of maintenance, given by King Richard II. when he made William de Selby the first Lord Mayor of York, to be worn by the mayoral sword-bearer in all presences on all state occasions. "I wear it at the banquets of my Lord Mayor; also when he goes to the banquets of the Lord Mayor of London, and to other banquets," says the sword-bearer, and adds: "I have appeared eight times before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We're old friends now, and give each other a faint nod when we meet." Whether Olympus shakes on such occasions is not known.

The State-room, in which the "at homes" of the Lady Mayoress and the civic banquets are held, is quite as noteworthy for the gallery in which the band plays while the guests dine, and into which "my Lady Mayoress" and ladies go to listen to the postprandial eloquence of the dined and wined, as it is for artistic effects. The Mayoralty is an office that some of the elected have escaped only by the payment of a handsome composition. It is decidedly refreshing to find a city where the chief magistracy seeks an incumbent, and cannot hold him when he is found. Yet in his own jurisdiction the Lord Mayor takes social precedence of all

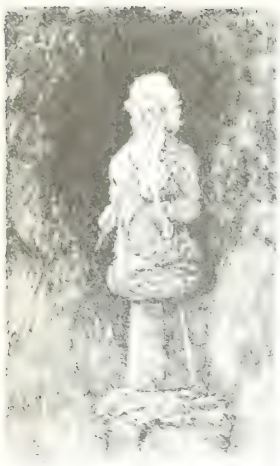
persons except the sovereign and heir-apparent.

The Guildhall, gray and ghostly with history, the $14,000 bell looted in Burmah, and the Magistrates' Room, in which the Great Council of the North held its



THE MINSTER, FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.

the memory of many centuries, with its fine oak carvings and stained-glass windows, in which are spirited artistic illustrations of prominent events in English sessions, is the subject of many stereotyped and not invariably accurate chronological comments. But what are a few hundred years, one way or other, to a



THE FIGURE OF YORK CARVED ON THE TOP OF A PINNACLE.

man with a hat six hundred years old?

Dinner at the ancient hostelry of the Black Swan in Coney Street, receives memories of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Bits of deep rich color of the "merrie" past greet the eye in the oak panellings and stained glass, while the generous fare imparts *coulcur de rose* to what is waiting for a visit in the museum and grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Happy is the visitor whose cicerone is vivacious, and withal exaggerative as ours. He will hear jubilant tones telling of wonderful improvements since the stupid dawn of the century beheld common dumping-grounds and apple orchards where lawn and gardens now are; when the Hospitium was a cow-stable, the cloisters of St. Mary's Abbey a wine-vault (not for the first time), and the ruins of the monastery a prolific quarry, or covered by dwellings of abject look.

The Roman multangular tower, with its regular courses of small ashlar stones, and five-inch large Roman tiles inserted between, and solidly united thereto by cement as hard as the stone, has witnessed many such improvements and correspondent declensions. How the sick ever recovered in the ambulatory, or covered cloisters, of the secular St. Leonard's Hospital in close contiguity to the Ouse, may have been plain to the Saxon Athelstane who built it, but is puzzling to modern believers in the therapeutic virtues of sunlight, fresh air, and warm couches. These solid stone beds needed all the strains of Gregorian music from the adjoining chapel to make them at all tolerable.

Etchers and painters gloat over the singular beauty of the Benedictine St. Mary's, or what remains of it. Coeval with the conquest, it was one of the richest and strongest monkeries in the realm. Its fortifications speak the militant character of its spiritual occupants, who, if not belied, rather enjoyed a free fight with the worldly citizens.

Now, the Guest Hall of the monastery is the Hospitium, which provides permanent lodgings for a certain and sundry collection of antiquities, including the inevitable Egyptian remains, glass and Samian ware, Mithraic tablet, headless Æon, Roman tessellated pavements, altars, coffins, cinerary urns, and ornaments of bone, bronze, gold, silver, and jet. Deep-



BARBICAN, WALMGATE BAR.

touching is the sight of two fine pins of olished jet, passing through the stiff coil coarse reddish-black hair of a young oman lady or British princess—prob-ly the latter—whose remains were dis-vered in a lead coffin contained in a sar-

bars and waist-belts of Dick Turpin and Nevison the highwaymen; and also the antiquities from Ireland, in which country England has a similar interest to that of St. Paul in the "thorn in the flesh." The small bronze tablet, on which is a



DOORWAY OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

phagus of stone. Style has not changed uch in seventeen centuries—in hair-essing, we mean. Lime or gypsum in liquid state, poured over the body when posited in the coffin, preserved its form tact, and now enables antiquaries to re-oduce that form—even the texture of rments, shape of nails, rings, and coins, rnamentation of sandals, etc., etc.—by eans of plaster casts.

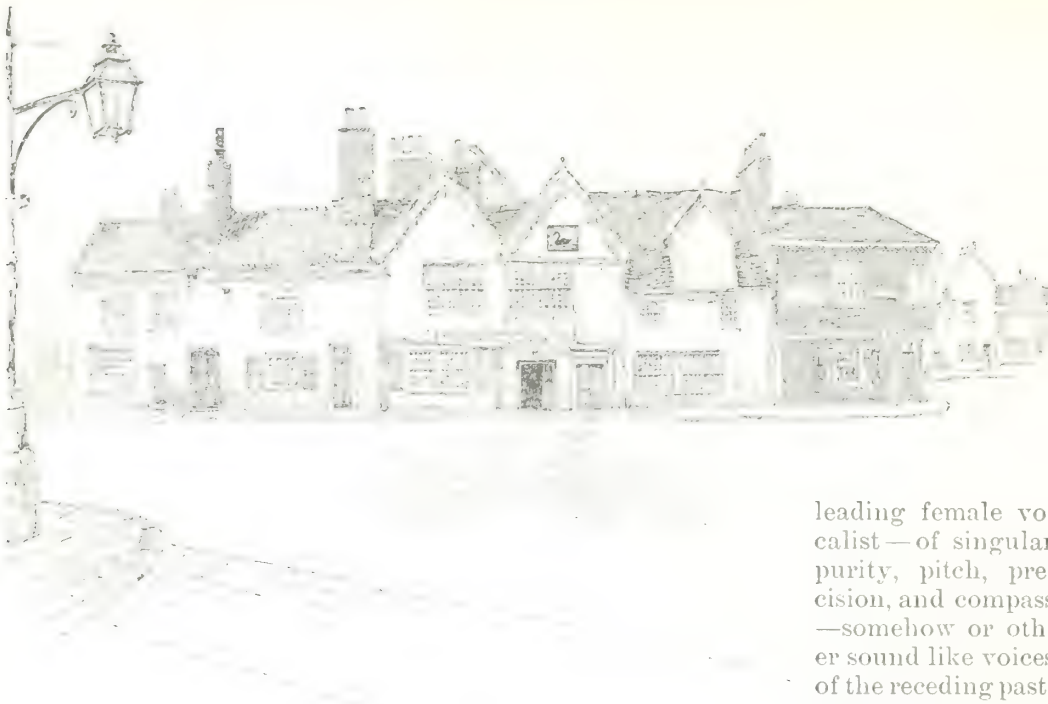
The rich collection of British birds and ssils is very interesting. So are the leg-

Greek inscription in punctured uncial letters

"To The Gods Of The Governor's Pretorium"—

explains John xviii., 28. No strict Jew would enter a prætorium thus manifestly dedicated to heathen deities, and containing an altar for their worship.

The complete presentation in these buildings and grounds of all that was characteristic of the past reveals the making of the nation, and by what instru-



THE BLACK SWAN.

ments and through what throes it became what it now is. It reflects no less credit on the "well-beloved" Yorkshiremen whose spirit and energy effected the task.

One of the checkered, ivy-grown bits of old York as it was under the Tudors and Stuarts is the King's Manor-house, which is in part the building where the wealthy abbots of St. Mary's dispensed princely hospitality. Little of the abbatial palace remains except the wide and heavy staircase. Here successive monarchs were received, and here Charles II. held Parliament. Now, after instructive vicissitudes, it is a school for the blind; and, as such, the county memorial of the immortal philanthropist William Wilberforce. Sixty blind children here receive education and instruction in useful handicrafts. Quadrangular of form, and of architecture in which the Jacobean predominates, it is warningly suggestive of coughs, colds, and rheumatisms, which, [illegible] are not there in unusual number. Royal and noble coats of arms, which task all the pedantry of heralds to explain, adorn the principal entrances and some of the rooms.

The Thursday concert of the inmates is in progress as we enter. The performance of the blind organist, and the tones of the leading female vocalist — of singular purity, pitch, precision, and compass — somehow or other sound like voices of the receding past. An unconscious undertone, lamenting irrecoverable loss and breathing unutterable yearning for completeness of life, enters into the melody. It plaintively appeals to what is tenderest and most Christ-like in the audience, and meets fullest response from the most highly gifted natures.

The United States are graciously represented here by raised and dissected maps, books in the Boston raised and in the New York point type, and writing guides, presented by the American Printing House for the Blind at Louisville, Kentucky; wool-work articles and books presented by Mr. Anagnos, superintendent of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind; and by a pathetic lace collar worked by the deaf, dumb, and blind Laura Bridgman. All these lent added interest to the jubilee of the institution in 1883.

One of the many historic rooms—now used as a dormitory for blind boys—that display the taste and magnificence of the builders contains a curiously grotesque Tudor fireplace, still intact. This was Lord Huntingdon's room, and "is probably the place in which Strafford held his Court of Star-chamber."

Our next walk, by way of contrast, should be in and around the Castle. The walls enclose about four acres, on which





THE MINSTER TOWERS, FROM PETER GATE.

stand the prisons and assize courts of the North and East Ridings. "Nothing remarkable about these," is the silent remark, as the fair-haired daughter of the warder explains their several uses; and with glibness, tempered by awe, touches the identical spot where Jack Ketch has publicly "turned off" so many doomed to the halter. Executions are now private, and the city is spared the demoralization of judicial killings.

Enough of this! Clifford's Tower is more attractive. The books say it is the citadel or keep of the Norman castle built on mound of Saxon fortress by William the Conqueror to overawe the hard-fighting rebels of the north. Over the grooved gateway is a small chapel, also the royal arms and those of the Cliffords. Once upon a time George Fox, bellicose founder of the Society of Friends, was a constrained inmate. His hands are said to have planted the flourishing walnut-tree in the interior. The dry well possesses an interest more ghastly than the well of Hougomont. Victor Hugo's lurid pen is needed to describe the massacre of the Jews at this fatal spot. William of



AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

Newburgh states that they appeared in York with the luxury and pomp of kings —*cultu luxuque pene regio procedebant*—and had the reputation of cruel and pitiless creditors. Crusaders, impoverished by their exactions, in March, A.D. 1190, began the work of revenge. Five hundred Jews fled from the bloody weapons of the slayers to the castle. The absent castellan, enraged by refusal to admit him on his return, and also the sheriff, declared their act to be the "treason of



ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

Jewish dogs." Siege followed. For several days the assault raged. Capture was inevitable. "Let us, like men, choose death; and death not at the hands of a laughing enemy, but in the most honorable and painless shape—a free surrender of life to Him that gave it," advised an aged rabbi. Hiding all indestructible wealth, the desperate Hebrews then set fire to the castle, and threw all that could be consumed into the flames. Husbands and brothers killed the women and children, and next turned fatal daggers upon themselves.

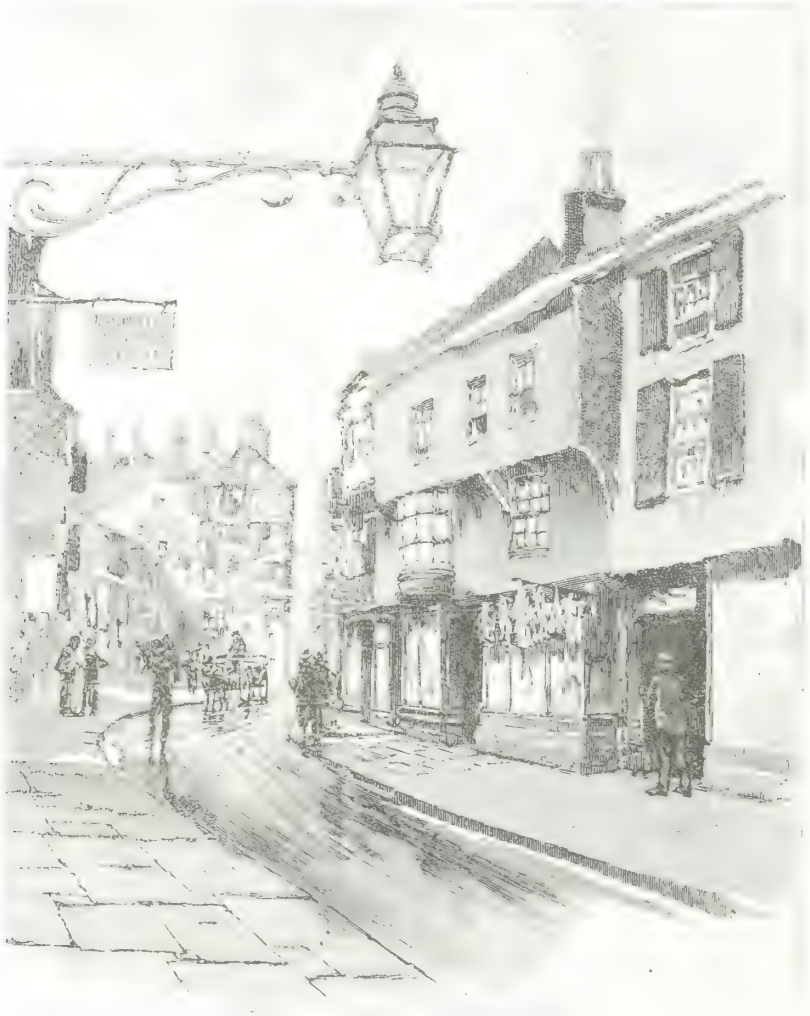
About a mile away, on the Fulford Road, are the barracks of the Dragoon Guards, part of the "Heavies" who fought at Balaklava. York is one of the principal military centres of the kingdom.

The bits of old York to which we are introduced are as full of history, life, and color as minster or castle. Parliament Street preserves in its name the memory of at least twenty parliaments, summoned by kings from Henry II. to Charles I., and held for the most part in the open air, where matters of highest moment in church and state were debated by baron, bishop, and commoner. Crowds now assemble there at the hustings for the nomination of representatives to the imperial Parliament in London. Saturdays are market-days, and bring hither the sturdy yeomanry and their buxom spouses, bearing the products of fat and fruitful farms. Color is in the eye, the cheek, and the hands of the venders, in the green of the fruit, and the gold of butter and cheese. All else is sombre—black in the dress, and gray in the streets and skies. At the annual Martinmas statutes, or hirings, servants still receive the "God's penny," which binds bargains with masters. St. William's College is of curious architecture. Founded in 1460 for the residence of cathedral "parsons and chantry priests," it is now the dwelling of poor families.

Another queer portion of the city bears the very euphonious title of "Mucky Peg Lane," possibly in memory of some slatternly matron who loved gossip better than work. In that and other sections are houses of remote antiquity. Constructed of timber and plaster, each of the upper stories overhangs the one immediately below; and so companionable are the uppermost that cronies may almost shake hands across the street. Not only this, and the additional house-room secured by such special construction, but the women could take a part in any scrimmage raging below by pouring hot water or melted lead on the combatants, or crack

some unfriendly Abimelech's crown by hurling down huge fragments of stone.

One of the ripest, mouldiest bits of mediæval York is the Merchants' Hall, in Fossgate. The excellent, conservative guild-governor who points out its manifold uses and beauties can hardly be expected to regard it with any eyes save those of affectionate pride. Over the entrance are the sculptured arms of the corporation, and the laudable prayer that is still their motto: "*Dieu nous donne bonne adventure.*" Paintings depicting the city as it was in the "good old times," and portraits of former worshipful masters, garnish the interior. As if in penitence for unsound ethics or doubtful commercial habits, one part of the hall is used for a Sunday-school; and the whole, by permission of the guild-governor, is sometimes let for religious assemblies. The connection of gain with godliness is further acknowledged by the York Penny Bank in the corner. But the most "feeling" illustration of their affinity is the



OLD HOUSES, FOSSGATE.

underground chapel, entered by a large trap-door. This is the one entrance to the queerest place of worship in this queer old capital. The one service a year, when members of the company are expected to attend in guild dress, is justly deemed sufficient. The assistance of All Saints' choir is needed to cheer the impatient congregation into endurance of privilege in that damp, fusty, unwholesome sanctuary.

Trinity Hospital, one of nineteen Eborite eleemosynary establishments (three for lepers) endowed for the relief of poor

men and women, is under the management and Hall of the Merchants' Company. Only one man was an inmate, and that of the women's ward. Flooded in the cold months, and vocal o' nights with feline melodies, both departments have been mercifully closed by the governors.

Despite all the care so lovingly lavished upon the crumbling erections of hoary eld, they totter to a final fall. Candor compels the admission that some of the churches are more conducive to other moral conditions than the sweetness and light of cheerful Christianity, even though, like Holy Trinity, Goodramgate, they possess "three old bells—a piscina" and "the only example in York of a hagioscope, or oblique opening in the walls, to enable persons outside to see the elevation of the Host." Norman porches, like that of St. Margaret's, Walmgate, whose sculptured arches show the signs of the zodiac, the thirteen months of the Anglo-Saxon calendar, and figures emblematic of the months, may help to prolong existence, but not to prevent ultimate relegation to the domain of the worn-out and unused.



THE SHAMBLES.

Lovers of deep rich color, violent contrast, and humanitarian iridescence find flavorous gratification in St. Anthony's Hospital, Peaseholme Green—another odd bit of the by-gone. Its four centuries are checkered by changes as countless as the temptations of the patron saint. House of religion, charity, festivity, business, workhouse, poorhouse, playhouse, school of archery, prison, arsenal, hospital, and lastly a house of Christian education, it has had experiences enough to satisfy the hero of a dime novel. Wandering through its wards and chatting with its conductors, we leave it with the profound persuasion that seventy healthy boys in "blue coats faced with yellow, sad-colored waistcoats and breeches, gray stockings, bands, and round bonnets," can do much to try the patience of the meekest saint on the calendar.

All the hitherto partial attempts at scholastic instruction are slowly converging toward the perfection of a system of national education worthy of the fame and adapted to the need of the British people. Some relics of the past will be preserved with religious solicitude. The eight hundred acres, more or less, in six different "strays" without the walls, belonging to the four ancient wards, and on which freemen have exclusive right to depasture their cattle, will be jealously guarded as property, lungs to the city, and resorts for recreation. This survival of beneficent communism interests us. It conserves the sense of solidarity in the citizens; it strengthens the democratic spirit of the sturdy toilers.

York, with 60,000 inhabitants, is a "great city." Always permeated by the literary and scientific spirit, it cherishes the memory, together with that of other native or adopted sons, of Daniel Defoe, the inimitable creator of *Robinson Crusoe;* of Lister and Wintringham, the celebrated physicians; Lambert and Etty, the painters; Giles, Price, and Peckitt, the glass painters; Goodricke, the astronomer; Guye Fauxe, the *bête noire* of English Protestantism; Matthew Poole, the author of *Synopsis Criticorum;* Wellbeloved and Davies, the antiquarians; and, above all, of Lindley Murray, the grammarian.

AT GRANDE ANSE.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I.

WHILE at the village of Morne Rouge, I was frequently impressed by the singular beauty of young girls from the northeast coast—all *porteuses*, who passed almost daily, on their way from Grande Anse to Saint Pierre and back again—a total trip of about forty miles.... I knew they were from Grande Anse, because the village baker, at whose shop they were wont to make brief halts, told me a good deal about them: he knew each one by name. Whenever a remarkably attractive girl appeared, and I would inquire whence she came, the invariable reply (generally preceded by, that peculiarly intoned French "Ah!" signifying: "Why, you certainly ought to know!") was "Grande Anse."... *Ah! c'est de Grande Anse, ça!* And if any commonplace, uninteresting type showed itself, it would be signalled as from somewhere else—Gros Morne, Capote, Marigot, perhaps, — but never from Grande Anse. The Grande Anse girls were distinguishable by their clear yellow or brown skins, lithe light figures, and a particular grace in their way of dressing. Their short robes were always of bright and pleasing colors, perfectly contrasting with the ripe-fruit tint of nude limbs and faces: I could discern a partiality for white stuffs with apricot-yellow stripes, for plaidings of blue and violet, and various patterns of pink and mauve. They had a graceful way of walking under their trays, with hands clasped behind their heads, and round brown arms uplifted in the manner of caryatides. An artist would have been wild with delight for the chance to sketch some of them.... On the whole, they conveyed the impression that they belonged to a particular race, very different from that of the chief city or its environs.

"Are they all banana-colored at Grande Anse?" I asked,—"and all as pretty as these?"

"I was never at Grande Anse," the little baker answered, "although I have been forty years in Martinique; but I know there is a fine class of young girls there: *il y a une belle jeunesse là, mon cher!*"

Then I wondered why the youth of Grande Anse should be any finer than the youth of other places; and it seemed to me that the baker's own statement of his never having been there might possibly furnish a clew.... Out of the thirty-five thousand inhabitants of Saint Pierre and its suburbs, there are at least thirty thousand who never have been there, and most probably never will. Few dwellers of the west coast visit the east coast: in fact, except among the white creoles, who represent but a small percentage of the total population, there are few persons to be met with who are familiar with all parts of their native island. It is so mountainous, and travelling is so wearisome, that populations may live and die in adjacent valleys without climbing the intervening mountains to look at one another. Grande Anse is only about twenty miles from the principal city; but it requires some considerable inducement to make the journey on horseback; and only the professional carrier-girls, plantation messengers, and colored people of peculiarly tough constitution attempt it on foot. Except for the transportation of sugar and rum, there is practically no communication by sea between the west and the northeast coast—the sea is too dangerous—and thus the populations on either side of the island are more or less isolated from each other, besides being further subdivided and segregated by the lesser mountain chains crossing their respective territories.... In view of all these things I wondered whether a community so secluded might not assume special characteristics within two hundred years—might not develop into a population of some yellow, red, or brown type, according to the predominant element of the original race-crossing.

II.

I had long been anxious to see the City of the Porteuses, when the opportunity afforded itself to make the trip with a friend obliged to go thither on some important business; I do not think I should have ever felt resigned to undertake it alone. With a level road the distance might be covered very quickly, but over mountains the journey is slow and wearisome in the perpetual tropic heat. Whether made on horseback or in a carriage, it takes between three and four



PLANTATION COOLIE WOMAN IN MARTINIQUE COSTUME.

hours to go from Saint Pierre to Grande Anse, and it requires a longer time to return, as the road is then nearly all uphill. The young *porteuse* travels almost as rapidly; and the barefooted black postman, who carries the mails in a square box at the end of a pole, is timed on leaving Morne Rouge at four A.M. to reach Ajoupa-Bouillon a little after six, and leaving Ajoupa-Bouillon at half past six to reach Grande Anse at half past eight, including many stoppages and delays on the way.

Going to Grande Anse from the chief city, one can either hire a horse or carriage at St. Pierre, or ascend to Morne Rouge by the public conveyance, and there procure a vehicle or animal, which latter is the cheaper and easier plan. About a mile beyond Morne Rouge, where the old Calebasse road enters the public highway, you reach the highest point of the journey,—the top of the enormous ridge dividing the northeast from the western coast, and cutting off the trade-winds from sultry Saint Pierre. By climbing the little hill, with a tall stone cross on its summit, overlooking the Champ-Flor just here, you can perceive the sea on both sides of the island at once —*lapis lazuli* blue. From this elevation the road descends by a hundred windings and lessening undulations to the eastern shore. It sinks between mornes wooded to their summits,—bridges a host of torrents and ravines,—passes gorges from whence colossal trees tower far overhead, through heavy streaming of lianas, to mingle their green crowns in magnificent gloom. Now and then you hear a low, long, sweet sound like the deepest tone of a silver flute, a bird-call, the cry of the *sifflеur-de-montagne;* then all is stillness. You are not likely to see a white face again for hours, but at intervals a *porteuse* passes, walking very swiftly, or a field hand heavily laden: and these salute you either by speech or a lifting of the hand to the head. . . . And it is very pleasant to hear the greetings and to see the smiles of those who thus pass,—the fine brown girls bearing trays, the dark laborers bowed under great burdens of bamboo grass,—*Bonjou, Missié!* Then you should reply, if the speaker be a woman and pretty, "Good-day, dear" (*bonjou, chè*), or, "Good-day, my daughter" (*mafi*), even if she be old; while if the passer-by be a man, your proper reply is, "Good-day, my son" (*monfi*). . . . They are less often uttered now than in other years, these kindly greetings, but they still form part of the good and true creole manners.

The feathery beauty of the tree-ferns shadowing each brook, the grace of bamboo and arborescent grasses, seem to decrease as the road descends,—but the palms grow taller. Often the way skirts a precipice dominating some marvellous valley prospect; again it is walled in by high green banks or shrubby slopes which cut off the view; and always it serpentines so that you cannot see more than a few hundred feet of the white track before you. About the fifteenth kilometre a glorious landscape opens to the right, reaching to the Atlantic;—the road still winds very high; forests are billowing hundreds of yards below it, and rising miles away up the slopes of mornes beyond which, here and there, loom strange shapes of mountain,—shading off from misty green to violet and faintest gray. And through one grand opening in this multicolored surging of hills and peaks you perceive the gold-yellow of cane fields touching the sky-colored sea. Grande Anse lies somewhere in that direction. . . . At the eighteenth kilometre you pass a cluster of little country cottages, a church, and one or two large buildings framed in shade trees—the hamlet of Ajoupa-Bouillon. Yet a little further, and you find you have left all the woods behind you. But the road continues its bewildering curves around and between low mornes covered with cane or cocoa plants; it dips down very low, rises again, dips once more, and you perceive the soil is changing color—it is taking a red tint, like that of the land of the American cotton belt. Then you pass the Rivière Falaise (marked *Filasse* upon old maps), with its shallow crystal torrent flowing through a very deep and rocky channel, and the Capote and other streams; and over the yellow rim of cane hills the long blue bar of the sea appears, edged landward with a dazzling fringe of foam. The heights you have passed are no longer verdant, but purplish or gray,—with Pelée's cloud-wrapped enormity overtopping all. A very strong warm wind is blowing upon you—the trade-wind, always driving the clouds west; this is the sunny side of Martinique, where gray days and heavy rains are less fre-

quent. Once or wice more the sea disappears and reap- pears, always over canes; and then, after passing a bridge and turning last curve, the oad suddenly drops down to the shore nd into the burgh f Grande Anse.

III.

Leaving Morne Rouge at about eight n the morning, my riend and I reached Grande Anse at half ast eleven. Every- hing had been ar- anged to make us omfortable. I was elighted with the iry corner room, ommanding at nce a view of the ain street and of he sea—a very high oom, all open to he trade-winds— hich had been pre- ared to receive me. But after a long car- iage ride in the eat of a tropical une day, one al- ays feels the ne- essity of a little hysical exercise. lingered only a inute or two in ne house, and went ut to look at the little town and its sur- oundings.



ROAD AMONG THE HILLS, SHOWING ARBORESCENT FERNS.

As seen from the high-road, the burgh f Grande Anse makes a long patch of arkness between the green of the coast nd the azure of the water; it is almost holly black and gray—suited to inspire n etching. High slopes of cane and eadow rise behind it and on either side, ndulating up and away to purple and ray tips of mountain ranges. North nd south, to left and right, the land eaches out in two high promontories, ostly green, and about a mile apart— ne Pointe du Rochet and the Pointe de éguinau, or Croche-Mort, which latter name preserves the legend of an insur- gent slave, a man of color, shot dead upon the cliff. These promontories form the semicircular bay of Grande Anse. All this Grande Anse, or "Great Creek," Val- ley is an immense basin of basalt; and narrow as it is, no less than five streams water it, including the Rivière de la Grande Anse.

There are only three short streets in the town. The principal, or Grande Rue, is simply a continuation of the national road; there is a narrower one below, which used to be called the Rue de la Paille, because the cottages lining it were formerly all thatched with cane straw;

and there is one above it, edging the cane fields that billow away to the meeting of morne and sky. There is nothing of architectural interest, and all is sombre,—walls and roofs and pavements. But after you pass through the city and follow the southern route that ascends the Séguinau promontory, you can obtain some lovely landscape views—a grand surging of rounded mornes, with further violet peaks, truncated or horned, pushing up their heads in the horizon above the highest flutterings of cane; and looking back above the town, you may see Pelée all unclouded,—not as you see it from the other coast, but an enormous ghostly silhouette, with steep sides and almost square summit, so pale as to seem transparent. Then if you cross the promontory southward, the same road will lead you into another very beautiful valley, watered by a broad rocky torrent, the valley of the Rivière du Lorrain. This clear stream rushes to the sea through a lofty opening in the hills; and looking westward between them, you will be charmed by the exquisite vista of green shapes piling and pushing up one behind another to reach a high blue ridge which forms the background—a vision of tooth-shaped and fantastical mountains,—part of the great central chain running south and north through nearly the whole island. It is over those blue summits that the wonderful road called *La Trace* winds between primeval forest walls.

But the more you become familiar with the face of the little town itself, the more you are impressed by the strange swarthy tone it preserves in all this splendid expanse of radiant tinting. There are only two points of visible color in it: the church and hospital, built of stone, which have been painted yellow: as a mass in the landscape, lying between the dead-gold of the cane-clad hills and the delicious azure of the sea, it remains almost black under the prodigious blaze of light. The foundations of volcanic rock, three or four feet high, on which the frames of the wooden dwellings rest, are black; and the sea-wind appears to have the power of blackening all timber-work here through any coat of paint. Roofs and façades look as if they had been long exposed to coal smoke, although probably no one in Grande Anse ever saw coal; and the pavements of pebbles and cement are of a deep ash-color, full of micaceous scintillation, and so hard as to feel disagreeable even to feet protected by good thick shoes. By-and-by you notice walls of black stone, bridges of black stone, and perceive that black forms an element of all the landscape about you. On the roads leading from the town you note from time to time masses of jagged rock or great bowlders protruding through the green of the slopes, and dark as ink. These black surfaces also sparkle. The beds of all the neighboring rivers are filled with dark gray bowlders; and many of these, broken by those violent floods which dash rocks together,—deluging the valleys, and strewing the soil of the bottom-lands (*fonds*) with dead serpents,—display black cores. Bare crags projecting from the green cliffs here and there are soot-colored, and the outlying rocks of the coast offer a similar aspect. And the sand of the beach is funereally black—looks almost like powdered charcoal; and as you walk over it, sinking three or four inches every step, you are amazed by the multitude and brilliancy of minute flashes in it, like a subtle silver effervescence.

This extraordinary sand contains ninety per cent. of natural steel, and efforts have been made to utilize it industrially. For this purpose a company was formed, and a machine invented to separate the metal from the pure sand—an immense revolving magnet, which, being set in motion under a sand shower, caught the ore upon it. When the covering thus formed by the adhesion of the steel became of a certain thickness, the simple interruption of the electric current precipitated the metal into appropriate receptacles. Fine bars were made from this volcanic steel, and excellent cutting tools manufactured from it: French metallurgists pronounced the product of peculiar excellence, and nevertheless the project of the company was abandoned. Political disorganization consequent upon the establishment of universal suffrage frightened capitalists who might have aided the undertaking under a better condition of affairs; and the lack of large means, coupled with the cost of freight to remote markets, totally discouraged this creditable attempt to found a native industry.

Sometimes after great storms bright brown sand is flung up from the sea-



VIEW OF GRANDE ANSE, LOOKING TOWARD MOUNT PELEE.

depths; but the heavy black sand always reappears again to make the universal color of the beach.

IV.

Behind the roomy wooden house in which I occupied an apartment there was a small garden plot surrounded by a hedge, strengthened by bamboo fencing, and radiant with flowers of the *loseille-bois*,—the creole name for a sort of begonia, whose closed bud exactly resembles a pink and white dainty bivalve shell, and whose open blossom imitates the form of a butterfly. Here and there, on the grass, were nets drying, and *nasses*—curious fish-traps made of split bamboos interwoven and held in place with *mibi* stalks (the mibi is a liana heavy and tough as copper wire); and immediately behind the garden hedge appeared the white flashing of the surf. The most vivid recollection connected with my trip to Grande Anse is that of the first time that I went to the end of that garden, opened the little bamboo gate, and found myself overlooking the beach,—an immense breadth of soot-black sand, with pale green patches and stripings here and there upon it—refuse of cane thatch, decomposing rubbish spread out by old tides. The one solitary boat owned in the community lay there before me, high and dry. It was the hot period of the afternoon; the town slept; there was no living creature in sight; and the booming of the surf drowned all other sounds; the scent of the warm, strong sea-wind annihilated all other odors. Then, very suddenly, there came to me a sensation absolutely weird, while watching the strange wild sea roaring over its beach of black sand—the sensation of seeing something unreal, looking at something that had no more tangible existence than a memory! Whether suggested by the first white vision of the surf over the bamboo hedge,—or by those old green tide lines on the desolation of the black beach,—or by some tone of the speaking of the sea,—or something indefinable in the living touch of the wind,—or by all of these, I cannot say;—but slowly there became defined within me the thought of having beheld just such a coast very long ago, I could not tell where,—in those child-years of which the recollections gradually become indistinguishable from dreams.

Soon as darkness comes upon Grande

Anse the face of the clock in the church tower is always lighted: you see it suddenly burst into yellow glow above the roofs and the cocoa-palms, just like a pharos. In my room I could not keep the candle lighted because of the sea-wind; but it never occurred to me to close the shutters of the great broad windows —sashless, of course, like all the glassless windows of Martinique;—the breeze was too delicious. It seemed full of something vitalizing that made one's blood warmer, and rendered one full of contentment—full of eagerness to believe life all sweetness. Likewise, I found it soporific—this pure, dry, warm wind. And I thought there could be no greater delight in existence than to lie down at night, with all the windows open, and the Cross of the South visible from my pillow, and the sea-wind pouring over the bed, and the tumultuous whispering and muttering of the surf in one's ears—to dream of that strange sapphire sea white-bursting over its beach of black sand.

V.

Considering that Grande Anse lies almost opposite to St. Pierre, at a distance of only about twenty miles even by the complicated windings of the national road, the differences existing in the natural conditions of both places are remarkable enough. Nobody in St. Pierre sees the sunrise, because the mountains immediately behind the city continue to shadow its roofs long after the eastern coast is deluged with light and heat. At Grande Anse, on the other hand, those tremendous sunsets which delight west coast dwellers are not visible at all; and during the briefer West Indian days Grande Anse is all wrapped in darkness as early as half past four,—or nearly an hour before the orange light has ceased to flare up the streets of St. Pierre from the sea;—since the great mountain range topped by Pelée cuts off all the slanting light from the east valleys. And early as folks rise in St. Pierre, they rise still earlier at Grande Anse—before the sun emerges from the rim of the Atlantic: about half past four doors are being opened, and coffee is ready. At St. Pierre one can enjoy a sea bath till seven or half past seven o'clock, even during the time of the sun's earliest rising, because the shadow of the mornes still reaches out upon the bay;—but bathers leave the black beach of Grande Anse by six o'clock; for once the sun's face is up, the light, levelled straight at the eyes, becomes blinding. Again, at St. Pierre it rains almost every twenty-four hours for a brief while, during at least the greater part of the year; at Grande Anse it rains more moderately and less often. The atmosphere at St. Pierre is always more or less impregnated with vapor, and usually an enervating heat prevails, which makes exertion unpleasant; at Grande Anse the warm wind keeps the skin comparatively dry in spite of considerable exercise. It is quite rare to see a heavy surf at St. Pierre, but it is much rarer not to see it at Grande Anse. .... A curious fact concerning custom is that few white creoles care to bathe in front of the town,—notwithstanding the superb beach and magnificent surf, both so inviting to one accustomed only to the deep still water and rough shore of St. Pierre. The creoles really prefer their rivers as bathing-places; and when willing to take a sea bath, they will walk up and down hill for kilometres in order to reach some river mouth, so as to wash off in the fresh water afterward. They say that the effect of sea-salt upon the skin is to give *boutons-chauds* (what we call "prickly-heat"). Friends took me all the way to the mouth of the Lorrain one morning that I might have the experience of such a double bath; but after leaving the tepid sea, I must confess the plunge into the river was something terrible—an icy shock which cured me of all further desire for river baths. My willingness to let the sea-water dry upon me was regarded as an eccentricity.

VI.

It may be said that on all this coast the ocean, perpetually moved by the blowing of the trade-winds, never rests—never hushes its roar. Even in the streets of Grande Anse, one must in breezy weather lift one's voice above the natural pitch to be heard; and then the breakers come in lines more than a mile long, between the Pointe du Rochet and the Pointe de Séguinau—every unfurling a thunder-clap. There is no travelling by sea. All large vessels keep well away from the dangerous coast. There is scarcely any fishing; and although the sea is thick with fish, fresh fish at Grande Anse is a rare luxury. Communication with Saint Pierre is chiefly by way of the national road, twenty-

tain ridges two thousand feet high; and [illegible] ported from the chief city on the heads of young women able to walk fifty-nine kilometres daily. The steepness of the route soon kills draught horses and ruins the toughest mules. At one time the managers of a large estate at Grande Anse attempted the experiment of sending their [illegible] by five mules; but the animals could not endure the work. Cocoa can be carried to Saint Pierre by the *portouses*, but sugar and rum must go by sea, or not at all; and the risks and difficulties of shipping these seriously affect the industries of all the north and northeast coast. Planters have actually been ruined by inability to send their products to market during a protracted spell of rough weather. A railroad has been proposed and planned: in a more prosperous era it might be constructed, with the result of greatly developing all the Atlantic side of the island, and converting obscure villages into thriving towns.

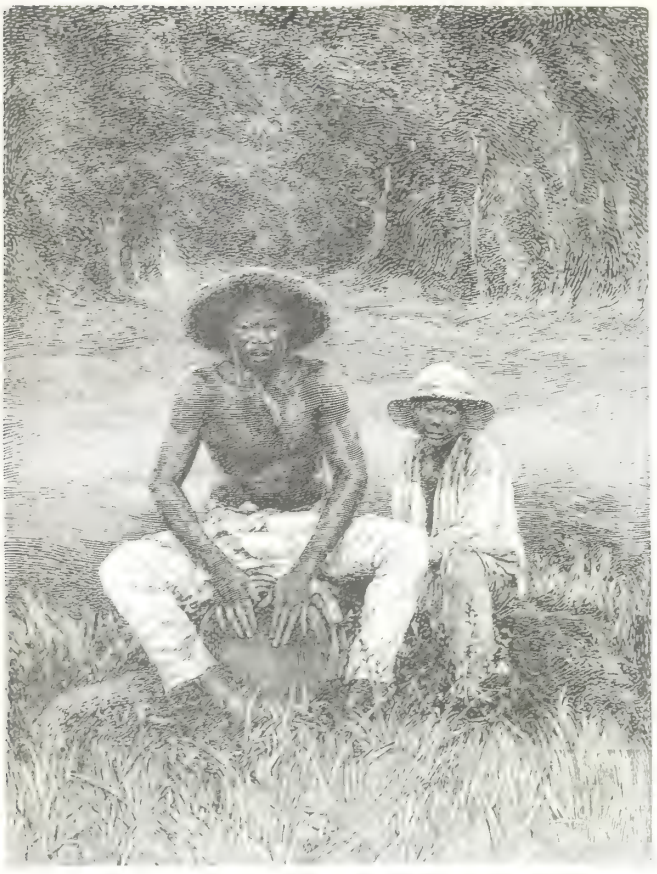
Sugar is very difficult to ship: rum and tafia can be handled with less risk. It is even exciting to watch a shipment of tafia from Grande Anse to Saint Pierre.

A little vessel approaches the coast with extreme caution, and anchors in the bay some hundred yards beyond the breakers. She is what they call a *pirogue* here, but not at all what is called a pirogue in the United States: she has a long narrow hull, two masts, no deck; she has usually a crew of five, and can carry thirty barrels of tafia. One of the pirogue men puts a great shell to his lips and sounds a call—very mellow and deep, that can be heard over the roar of the waves far up among the hills. The shell is one of those great spiral shells, weighing seven or eight pounds—rolled like a scroll, fluted and scalloped about the edges, and pink-pearled inside,—such as are sold in America for mantel-piece ornaments,—the shell of a *lambi*. Here you can often see the lambi crawling about with its nacreous house upon its back: an enormous sea-snail with a yellow back and rose-colored belly, with big horns, and an eye in the tip of each horn—very pretty eyes, having a golden iris. This creature is a common article of food; but its thick white flesh is almost compact as cartilage, and must be pounded before being cooked.



A NEGRO FISHER.

At the sound of the blowing of the lambi shell, wagons descend to the beach, accompanied by young colored men running beside the mules. Each wagon discharges a certain number of barrels of tafia, and simultaneously the young men strip. They are slight, well built, and generally well muscled. Each man takes a barrel of tafia, pushes it before him into the surf, and then begins to swim to the pirogue,—impelling the barrel before him. I have never seen a swimmer attempt to convey more than one barrel at a time; but I am told there are experts who manage as many as three barrels together,—pushing them forward in line, with the head of one against the bottom of the next. It really requires much dexterity and practice to handle even one barrel or cask. As the swimmer advances he



MANNER OF PLAYING THE KA.

keeps close as possible to his charge,—so as to be able to push it forward with all his force against each breaker in succession,—making it dive through. If it once glides well out of his reach while he is in the breakers, it becomes an enemy, and he must take care to keep out of its way,—for if a wave throws it at him, or rolls it over him, he may be seriously injured; but the expert seldom abandons a barrel. Under the most favorable conditions, man and barrel will both disappear a score of times before the clear swells are reached, after which the rest of the journey is not difficult. Men lower ropes from the pirogue, the swimmer passes them under his barrel, and it is hoisted aboard.

Wonderful surf-swimmers these men are:—they will go far out for mere sport in the roughest kind of a sea, when the waves, abnormally swollen by the peculiar conformation of the bay, come rolling in thirty and forty feet high. Sometimes, with the swift impulse of ascending a swell, the swimmer seems suspended in air for the moment it passes beneath him, before he plunges into the trough beyond. The best swimmer is a young capre who cannot weigh more than a hundred and twenty pounds. Few of the Grande Anse men are heavily built; they do not compare for stature and thew with those longshoremen of St. Pierre who can be seen any busy afternoon on the landing, lifting heavy barrels at almost the full extent of their swarthy arms.

There is but one boat owned in the whole parish of Grande Anse,—a fact due to the continual roughness of the sea. It has a little mast and sail, and can hold only three men. When the water is somewhat less angry than usual, a colored crew take it out for a fishing expedition. There is always much interest in this event, a crowd gathers on the beach, and the professional swimmers help to bring the little craft beyond the breakers. When the boat returns, after a disappearance of several hours, everybody runs down from the village to meet it. Young colored women twist their robes up about their hips, and wade out to welcome it: there is a display of limbs of all colors on such occasions, which is not without grace, that untaught grace which tempts an artistic pencil. Every *bonne* and every house-keeper struggles for the first chance to buy the fish:—young girls and children dance in the water for delight, all screaming: "*Rhalé bois-canot!*". . . . Then as the boat is pulled through the surf and hauled up on the sand, the pushing and screaming and crying become irritating and deafening; the fishermen lose patience and say terrible things. But nobody heeds them in the general clamoring and haggling and furious bidding for the *pouèsson-ououge*, the *dorades*, the *volants* (beautiful purple-backed flying-fish with silver bellies, and fins all transparent, like the wings of dragon-flies). There is great bargaining even for a young shark,—which makes very nice eating cooked after the creole fashion. So seldom can the fishermen venture out that each trip makes a memorable event for the village.

The Saint Pierre fishermen very seldom approach the bay, but they do much fishing a few miles beyond it, almost in front of the Pointe du Rocher and the Roche à Bourgaut. There the best flying fish are caught, and besides edible creatures, many queer things are often brought up by the nets: monstrosities such as the *coffre*-fish, shaped almost like a box, of which the lid is represented by an extraordinary conformation of the jaws;—and the *barrique-de-vin* ("wine cask"), with round boneless body, secreting in a curious vesicle a liquor precisely resembling wine lees;—and the "needle-fish" (*aiguille de mer*), less thick than a Faber lead-pencil, but more than twice as long;—and huge cuttle-fish and prodigious eels. One conger secured off this coast measured over twenty feet in length, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds—a veritable sea-serpent. . . .But even the fresh-water inhabitants of Grande Anse are amazing. I have seen crawfish by actual measurement fifty centimetres long, but these were not considered remarkable. Many are said to much exceed two feet from the tail to the tip of the claws and horns. They are of an iron-black color, and have formidable pincers with serrated edges and tip-points inwardly converging, which cannot crush like the weapons of a lobster, but which will cut the flesh and make a small ugly wound. At first sight one not familiar with the crawfish of these regions can hardly believe he is not viewing some variety of gigantic lobster instead of the common fresh-water crawfish of the east coast. When the head, tail, legs, and cuirass have all been removed, after boiling, the curved trunk has still the size and weight of a large pork sausage.

These creatures are trapped by lantern-light. Pieces of manioc root tied fast to large bowlders sunk in the river are the only bait;—the crawfish will flock to eat it upon any dark night, and then they are caught with scoop-nets and dropped into covered baskets.

VII.

One whose ideas of the people of Grande Anse had been formed only by observing the young *porteuses* of the region on their way to the other side of the island, might expect on reaching this little town to find its population yellow as that of a Chinese city. But the dominant hue is much darker, although the mixed element is everywhere visible; and I was at first surprised by the scarcity of those clear bright skins I supposed to be so numerous. Some pretty children,—notably a pair of twin-sisters, and perhaps a dozen school-girls from eight to ten years of age,—displayed the same characteristics I have noted in the adult *porteuses* of Grande Anse; but within the town itself this brighter element is in the minority. The predominating race element of the whole commune is certainly colored (Grande Anse is even memorable because of the revolt of its *hommes de couleur* some fifty years ago);—but the colored population is not concentrated in the town; it belongs rather to the valleys and the heights surrounding the *chef-lieu*. Most of the *porteuses* are country girls, and I found that even those living in the village are seldom visible on the streets except when departing upon a trip or returning from one. An artist wishing to study the type might, however, pass a day at the bridge of the Rivière Falaise to advantage, as all the carrier-girls pass it at certain hours of the morning and evening.

But the best possible occasion on which to observe what my friend the baker called *la belle jeunesse*, is a confirmation day,—when the bishop comes to Grande Anse over the mountains, and all the population turns out in holiday garb, and the bells are tapped like tamtams, and triumphal arches,—most awry to behold!—span the roadway, bearing in clumsiest lettering the welcome, *Vive Monseigneur*. On that event, the long procession of young girls to be confirmed,—all in white robes, white veils, and white satin slippers,—is a numerical surprise. It is a moral surprise also,—to the stranger at least; for it reveals the struggle of a poverty extraordinary with the self-imposed obligations of a costly ceremonialism.

No white children ever appear in these processions; there are not half a dozen white families in the whole urban population of about seven thousand souls; and those send their sons and daughters to Saint Pierre or Morne Rouge for their religious training and education. But many of the colored children look very charming in their costume of confirmation;—you could not easily recognize one of them as the same little *bonne* who brings your morning cup of coffee, or another as the

daughter of a plantation *commandeur* (overseer's assistant);—a brown slip of a girl who will probably never wear shoes again. And many of those white shoes and white veils have been obtained only by the hardest physical labor and self-denial of poor parents and relatives: fathers, brothers, and mothers working with cutlass and hoe in the snake-swarming corn fields;—sisters walking barefooted every day to Saint Pierre and back to earn a few francs a month.

While watching such a procession it seemed to me that I could discern in the features and figures of the young confirmants something of a prevailing type and tint, and I asked an old planter beside me if he thought my impression correct.

"Partly," he answered; "there is certainly a tendency toward an attractive physical type here, but the tendency itself is less stable than you imagine; it has been changed during the last twenty years within my own recollection. In different parts of the island particular types appear and disappear with a generation. There is a sort of race-fermentation going on, which gives no fixed result of a positive sort for any great length of time. It is true that certain elements continue to dominate in certain communes, but the particular characteristics come and vanish in the most mysterious way. As to color, I doubt if any correct classification can be made, especially by a stranger. Your eyes give you general ideas about a red type, a yellow type, a brown type, but to the more experienced eyes of a creole, accustomed to live in the country districts, every individual of mixed race appears to have a particular color of his own. Take, for instance, the so-called *capre* type, which furnishes the finest physical examples of all, you, a stranger, are at once impressed by the general red tint of the variety, but you do not notice the differences of that tint in different persons, which are more difficult to observe than shade-differences of yellow or brown. Now, to me, every *capre* or *capresse* has an individual color, and I do not believe that in all Martinique there are two half-breeds—not having had the same father and mother—in whom the tint is precisely the same."

VIII.

I thought Grande Anse the most sleepy place I had ever visited. I suspect it is one of the sleepiest in the whole world. The wind, which tans even a creole of Saint Pierre to an unnatural brown within forty-eight hours of his sojourn in the village, has also a peculiarly somnolent effect. The moment one has nothing particular to do, and ventures to sit down idly with the breeze in one's face, slumber comes, and everybody who can spare the time takes a long nap in the afternoon, and little naps from hour to hour. For all that, the heat of the east coast is not enervating, like that of Saint Pierre; one can take a great deal of exercise in the sun without feeling much the worse. Hunting excursions, river fishing parties, surf-bathing, and visits to neighboring plantations are the only amusements; but these are enough to make existence very pleasant at Grande Anse. The most interesting of my own experiences were those of a day passed by invitation at one of the old colonial estates on the hills near the village.

It is not easy to describe the charm of a creole interior, whether in the city or the country. The cool shadowy court, with its wonderful plants and fountain of sparkling mountain water, or the lawn, with its ancestral trees; the delicious welcome of the host, whose fraternal easy manner immediately makes you feel at home; the coming of the children to greet you, each holding up a velvety brown cheek to be kissed, after the old-time custom; the romance of the unconventional chat, over a cool drink, under the palms and the ceibas; the visible earnestness of all to please the guest, to enwrap him in a very atmosphere of quiet happiness—combine to make a memory you will never forget. And maybe you enjoy all this upon some exquisite site, some volcanic summit, overlooking slopes of a hundred greens,—mountains far winding in blue and pearly shadowing,—rivers singing seaward behind curtains of arborescent reeds and bamboos,—and, perhaps, Pelée, in the horizon, dreaming violet dreams under her *foulard* of vapors,—and, encircling all, the still sweep of the ocean's azure bending to the verge of day.

My host showed or explained to me all that he thought might interest a stranger. He had brought to me a nest of the *carouge*, a bird which suspends its home, hammock-fashion, under the leaves of the banana-tree;—showed me a little *fer-de-lance*, freshly killed by one of his field

ands; and a field lizard (*zanoli tè* in reole), not green like the lizards which aunt the roofs of Saint Pierre, but of beautiful brown bronze, with shifting ints; and eggs of the *zanoli*, little soft val things from which the young lizards vill perhaps run out alive as fast as ou open the shells; and the *matoutou-falaise*, or spider of the cliffs, of two arieties, red or almost black when adult, nd bluish silvery tint when young,—less n size than the tarantula, but equally airy and venomous; and the *crabe-c'est-na-faute* (much like the "fiddler-crab"), aving one very small and one very large law, which latter it carries folded up gainst its body, so as to have suggested he idea of a penitent striking his bosom, nd uttering the sacramental words of the Catholic confession, "Through my fault, hrough my fault, through my most grie-ous fault."... Indeed I cannot recollect ne-half of the queer birds, queer in-ects, queer reptiles, and queer plants to vhich my attention was called. But peaking of plants, I was impressed by the profusion of the *zhèbe-moin-misé*—a lit-le sensitive-plant I had rarely observed n the west coast. On the hill-sides of Grande Anse it prevails to such an extent s to give certain slopes its own pecul-ar greenish-brown color. It has many-ranching leaves, only one inch and a half o two inches long, but which recall the orm of certain common ferns; these lie lmost flat upon the ground. They fold ogether upward from the central stem at he least touch; and the plant thus makes tself almost imperceptible;—it seems to ive, so that you feel guilty of murder if ou break off a leaf. It is called *Zhè-e-moin-misé*, or "Plant-did-I-amuse-nyself?" because it is supposed to tell aughty little children who play truant, r who delay much longer than is neces-ary in delivering a message, whether hey deserve a whipping or not. The uilty child touches the plant, and asks: '*Ess moin amisé moin?*" (Did I amuse nyself?); and if the plant instantly shuts ts leaves up, that means, "Yes, you did!" Of course the leaves invariably close; but suspect they invariably tell the truth, for all colored children, in Grande Anse t least, are much more inclined to play han work.

The kind old planter likewise conducted ne over the estate. He took me through he sugar-mill, and showed me, among the very latest inventions, some machinery devised nearly two centuries ago by the ingenious and terrible Père Labat, and still quite serviceable in spite of all modern improvements in sugar-making; took me through the *rhummerie*, or distillery, and made me taste some colorless rum which had the aroma and something of the taste of the most delicate gin; and finally took me into the *cases-à-vent*, or "wind-houses," built as places of refuge during hurricanes. Hurricanes are rare, and more rare in this century by far than during the previous one; but this part of the island is particularly exposed to such visitations, and almost every old plantation has one or two cases-à-vent. They were always built in a hollow, either natural or artificial, below the land level, with walls of rock several feet thick, and very strong doors, but no windows. My host told me about the experiences of his family in a case-à-vent during a hurricane which he recollected. It was found necessary to secure the door within by means of strong ropes; and the mere work of holding it tasked the strength of a dozen powerful men: it would bulge in under the pressure of the awful wind,—swelling like the side of a barrel; and had not its planks been made of a wood tough as hickory, they would have been blown into splinters.

I had long desired to examine a plantation drum, and see it played upon under conditions more favorable than the excitement of a holiday *caleinda* in the villages, where the amusement is too often terminated by a *voum* (general row) or a *goumage* (a serious fight);—and when I mentioned this wish to the planter he at once sent word to his *commandeur*, or assistant overseer, the best drummer in the settlement, to come up to the house and bring his instrument with him. I was thus enabled to make the observations necessary, and also to take an instantaneous photograph of the drummer in the very act of playing.

The old African dances, the *caleinda* and the *bélé* (which latter is accompanied by chanted improvisation), are danced on Sundays to the sound of the drum on almost every plantation in the island. The drum, indeed, is an instrument to which the country-folk are so much attached that they swear by it—*Tambou!* being the oath uttered upon all ordinary occasions of surprise or vexation. But the instru-

ment is quite as often called *ka*, because made out of a quarter-barrel, or *quart*—in the patois "ka." Both ends of the barrel having been removed, a wet hide, well wrapped about a couple of hoops, is driven on, and in drying the stretched skin obtains still further tension. The other end of the *ka* is always left open. Across the face of the skin a string is tightly stretched, to which are attached, at intervals of about an inch, very short, thin fragments of bamboo or cut feather stems. These lend a certain vibration to the tones.

In the time of Père Labat the negro drums had a somewhat different form. There were then two kinds of drums, a big tamtam and a little one, which used to be played together. Both consisted of skins tightly stretched over one end of a wooden cylinder, or a section of hollow tree trunk. The larger was from three to four feet long, with a diameter of fifteen to sixteen inches; the smaller, called *baboula*, was of the same length, but only eight or nine inches in diameter. Père Labat also speaks, in his West Indian travels, of another musical instrument, very popular among the Martinique slaves of his time,—"a sort of guitar" made out of a half-calabash or *couï*, covered with some kind of skin. It had four strings of silk or catgut, and a very long neck. The tradition of this African instrument is said to survive in the modern "*banza*" (*banza nèg Guinée*).

The skilful player—*bel tambouyé*—straddles his *ka* stripped to the waist, and plays upon it with the finger-tips of both hands simultaneously, taking care that the vibrating string occupies a horizontal position. Occasionally the heel of the naked foot is pressed lightly or vigorously against the skin, so as to produce changes of tone. This is called "giving heel" to the drum—*baill y talon*. Meanwhile a boy keeps striking the drum at the uncovered end with a stick, so as to produce a dry clattering accompaniment. The sound of the drum itself, well played, has a wild power that makes and masters all the excitement of the dance—a complicated double roll, with a peculiar billowy rising and falling. The creole onomatopes, *b'lip b'lib b'lib b'lip*, do not fully render the roll;—for each *b'lip* or *b'lib* stands really for a series of sounds too rapidly filliped out to be imitated by articulate speech. The tapping of a "ka" can be heard at surprising distances; and experienced players often play for hours at a time without exhibiting wearisomeness, or in the least diminishing the volume of sound produced.

It seems there are many ways of playing—different measures familiar to all these colored people, but not easily distinguished by anybody else; and there are great matches sometimes between celebrated *tambouyés*. The same *commandè* whose portrait I took while playing told me that he once figured in a contest of this kind, his rival being a drummer from the neighboring burgh of Marigot.... "*Aïe, aïeyaïe! monchè, y fai tambou à pàlé*," said the *commandè*, describing the execution of his antagonist;—"my dear, he just made that drum talk! I thought I was going to be beaten for sure; I was trembling all the time—*aïe, yaïe-yaïe!* Then he got off that *ka;*—I mounted it; I thought a moment; then I struck up the 'River-of-the-Lizard,' *mais, monchè, you larivie-Léza toutt pi!*—such a River-of-the-Lizard, ah! just perfectly pure! I gave heel to that *ka;*—I worried that *ka;*—I made it mad;—I made it crazy;—I made it talk;—I won!"

During the dances a sort of chant accompanies the music—a long sonorous cry, uttered at intervals of seven or eight seconds, which perfectly times a particular measure in the drum roll. It may be the burden of a song, or a mere improvisation:

"Oh! yoïe-yoïe!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Oh! missié-à!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Y bel tambouyé!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Aïe, ya, yaïe!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Joli tambouyé!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Chauffé tambou-à!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Géné tambou à!"
(*Drum roll.*)
"Crazé tambou-à!" etc., etc.

The *crieur*, or chanter, is also the leader of the dance. The *caleinda* is danced by men only, all stripped to the waist, and twirling heavy sticks in a mock fight. Sometimes, however,—especially at the great village gatherings, when the blood becomes overheated by tafia,—the mock fight may become a real one; and then even cutlasses are brought into play.

The stars were all out when I bid my host good-by; he sent his black servant along with me to carry a lantern and keep a sharp watch for snakes along the mountain road.

IX.

Assuredly the city of Saint Pierre never could have seemed more quaintly beautiful than as I saw it on the evening of my return, while the shadows were reaching their longest, and sea and sky were turning lilac. Palm heads were trembling and masts swaying slowly against an enormous orange sunset,—yet the beauty of the sight did not touch me. The deep level and luminous flood of the bay seemed to me for the first time a dead water. I found myself wondering whether it could form a part of that living tide by which I had been dwelling, full of foam-lightnings and perpetual thunder. I wondered whether the air about me,—heavy and hot and full of faint leafy smells,—could ever have been tempered by the vast pure sweet breath of the wind from the sunrising. And I became conscious of a profound, unreasoning, absurd regret for the somnolent little black village of that bare east coast,—where there are no woods, no ships, no sunsets. . . . only the ocean roaring forever over its beach of black sand.

"PARTHENIA."

BY [illegible] LITTLE.

ONE fine star-lit June evening a very young man, dressed somewhat fantastically, and producing a jingling effect of blue and silver, emerged from a house on Bedford Gardens, Kensington, and made a sort of rush through the little flower-scented pathway to the four-wheeler in waiting for him. He was a tall, slim, bright-eyed young fellow, with a decidedly pleasant boyishness about him, which he had on this occasion attempted elaborately to conceal. Invited to the famous fancy dress ball at North House, Freddy had elected to weigh his nineteen years down, if not to crush them out, in the costume of Henry V., and had succeeded about as well as might be expected. Happily the costumer, Barthe, had made it impossible for the lad to look grotesque, so that he only appeared somewhat too gorgeously apparelled, looked not in the least like royalty, but only decidedly like the Freddy Gorham he was, on a joyous masquerade.

It was well on to ten o'clock, and Master Freddy, who was by no means burdened with thoughts befitting his assumed character, began to wonder if he were not a trifle too late for his appointment with the Beaulacres, Lady Beaulacre having asked him to join their party at North House, agreeing on the little morning-room on the left of the first landing as a rendezvous.

As everybody liked Freddy, it was no matter of surprise that Lady Beaulacre, well-seasoned woman of the world that she was, delighted in the lad, whose one fault of youth would mend every day, and who would a few seasons hence, she always reflected, be quite eligible for Amy or Muriel, now in the school-room, a charmed spot well known to Freddy, and where the two girls of an afternoon were wont to look with feverish impatience for the moment when this popular young gentleman's close-cropped blond head and merry blue eyes would appear in the doorway, and forthwith peals of innocent laughter over Freddy's wit would be heard, and, if they reached the drawing-room, noted by her ladyship with an indulgent smile as she remarked to a guest: "That is Freddy Gorham making Fräulein and the girls laugh over some of his nonsense. He is quite the *enfant du maison*. Such a dear boy! His mother was an old friend of ours when Sir Henry was in Washington, and now both parents are dead, and the boy is spending the summer here with some American friends, but of course he spends most of his time here," etc., etc.

The light in Master Freddy's honest blue eyes on this evening was due, however, very slightly to Lady Beaulacre's generous patronage of him. Of course he liked her immensely, and thought the girls, with their profuse flaxen hair, "high" features, and perfect complexions, the jolliest little things possible; but Freddy was moved now by a profounder sentiment than his comrades in Cromwell Road inspired.

Six months ago, trying to hunt in a truly Saxon manner down in Leicestershire with some Englishmen he had met, the boy had been hurt—not very badly, but sufficiently to keep him tied to a sofa or an easy-chair in lodgings in the market-town from which he had ridden forth so joyously three hunting mornings—and in the midst of his misery *she* had appeared. The Hardwicks, mother and daughter, were visiting in the neighborhood, and hearing of Freddy's accident, set off straightway to succor or console him, for, like Lady Beaulacre, Mrs. Hardwick had known Mrs. Gorham years before, and Constance, the daughter, remembered Freddy in the nursery. Something detained the older lady in the town, and so it had chanced, this still, cold December afternoon, that Miss Hardwick was ushered alone into the lad's sitting-room, where he lay on the sofa in about as moody a state of mind as can well be fancied.

To think the whole world flat, stale, and unprofitable, and then to have it suddenly flooded with light, and that of a celestial rosy hue, is a great deal to experience in one afternoon; but this is assuredly, on his own authority, what had occurred to Freddy, who, turning his eyes toward the door, beheld what he now considered "his fate" advancing toward him in the person of Constance Hardwick—a tall slip of a girl enveloped in furs, and wearing a great felt hat with drooping plumes, beneath which her face beamed upon the invalid softly. It mattered nothing to Freddy that this was the girl raved over by so many other men—the girl noted for a certain distant manner, some called coquetry, and others lack of soul—that she was the only girl, for instance, Dick Beaulacre had openly announced his anxiety to marry. To do honest Freddy justice, the fame and triumphs of Miss Hardwick counted for nothing; the boy would have adored her as honestly had she been a beggar-maid.

Of course her coming changed everything. She called him Freddy at once, and talked as if perhaps he was rather younger than he liked to appear; but then how delightful to have her talk at all! To have her sit and look at you out of those great soft brown eyes, that had such a velvety tone near the dainty pink of her cheeks, to have her laugh over your pet jokes, to watch the gestures of her slim hands, with their odd-looking shining rings, to hear her read aloud, and tell bits of the fun going on up at the Montressors, and, above all, to know that it was all done for you!

By-and-by Master Freddy discovered with many an inward pang that he was getting well, and of course there had to be an end to this devoted attention of Constance, who had been coming daily to the little lodgings with one of the small Montressors or her maid in attendance, and he grew savage enough when he reflected that up in London he could only hope for the merest crumbs from her table; and it did not add to the lad's good-humor to find out shrewdly that Mrs. Hardwick was a woman merely ambitious for her daughter's social success. Whatever Constance might think or feel on the subject, there was no doubt but that her mother had prepared her destiny, and Freddy, for all his youth, knew the world well enough to feel tolerably certain that the object of his devotion could not hold out against such schemes as Mrs. Hardwick devised. But there had been an unexpected reprieve. Mrs. Hardwick was summoned back, by the illness of a relative, to America, and Lady Beaulacre was only too delighted to welcome Constance as a guest during her mother's absence, and Freddy settled with his guardian, who was anxious to be off to the Pyrenees, that he might stop for the rest of the season with Burnett Thompson and his wife, who lived so delightfully in Bedford Gardens.

And so, near to his divinity, Freddy flew like a reckless moth around and around a candle that, if it shone for many another, had always a gentle and a tender beam for him, since Constance had genuine affection for the lad, and, if she suspected the state of his mind, felt certain that an honest, frank friendship such as she truly gave him could not harm the boy then or later. They were very confidential, these two. Freddy, as her ladyship said, was a "child of the house"; so of a fine morning he was frequently Miss Hardwick's companion for a good walk in the Kensington Gardens, or a shopping expedition perhaps, or a canter in the park, where Freddy's boyish heart would swell with pride, knowing that as they rode by, nine people out of ten, to say the least, would recognize the famous American beauty and envy him his position as

cavalier; and it pleased him to reflect that this girl, who was turning half the heads of London, was with him the merriest, most light-hearted comrade, talking in a way which would often have made her admirers stare with surprise had they overheard it.

To Freddy she confided many a little feeling of contempt for the world in which by her mother's desire she seemed destined to live as a woman of fashion, but there were periods of very frank enjoyment even in the social whirl, and one of these was brought about by the fancy ball for which Master Freddy, dazzling in blue and silver, was now bound.

It was a house-warming, for the Cromptons had only been settled two months in the dignified and spacious-looking mansion, which seemed to dwarf all other architecture in its part of Kensington; and although no people in London are more good-natured than Phil Crompton and his pretty wife, yet tickets to this splendid festivity had been very carefully distributed, and only Mrs. Crompton and her dearest friends knew the miseries she underwent refusing petitions for a card for this one or that, managing to hurt no one's feelings, and yet keep the affair what it ought to be, quite among "the best" people, and the fact that the Princess was to be there had given it a sort of hall-mark which increased everybody's anxiety to be present.

Many were the discussions as to what should and should not be worn, and a dozen artists who formed part of Miss Hardwick's train suggested this, that, and the other to her, each one desiring to have the privilege of designing a costume for the guest who would, as every one knew, divide the honors with the future Queen of England; but taking Freddy quietly into her counsels, the girl had carried him off to Lazenby Liberty's one fine June morning, and on her way thither had made her intentions clear.

"You see, Freddy," she said, with that adorable half sad, half merry smile of hers, "long ages ago, probably before you were born, my child, I was living in the country very quietly—so quietly"—Miss Hardwick looked at her companion with a queer expression, as though she were measuring his mental calibre or the depth of his honest heart, and it was in such moments that Freddy felt sure the girl's life contained some hidden sadness—"so quietly," she went on, "that I had never been to a party or worn a pretty gown in my life. Well, we were very poor, for father had not made his great hit then. I taught the district school, although I was not much more than seventeen, and I did most of the work of our little house. Well, my dear, I had a friend in those days who gave me all that was good in my life—that is, he brought me all the books I had to read that were worth anything. When he was at home, we used to talk by the hour, and whenever he went away, I spent a great part of my time thinking over all that he had said. Sometimes I forgive everything—that is, I think I owe him everything for having made me happy in such a dreary period of my life. Often I think I would be worth nothing at all now if it had not been for all that he did for me then."

Miss Hardwick must have forgotten the first purpose in this narrative, for she turned her face away, looking out from the hansom in which she and Freddy were whirling toward Liberty's, and seeming to take an unusual interest in Cadogan Gardens, whose shrubberies they were passing; she bowed and smiled absently at some one who emerged from the Moscheles studio, and then went on:

"I had never been to the theatre in my life. Think of that, Freddy! Think of it when you see me next in Lady Beaulacre's box criticising the play. A travelling company came to our place and advertised *Ingomar*. I can see the placards now announcing it in huge red letters, which fascinated me in my walks to and from the school, but it never occurred to me that I could go until my good genius suddenly reappeared from a trip further west, and finding out my little ambition, secured good seats, and away we went. Freddy, I often think now of the joy of that occasion when I am listening to Ellen Terry, to Irving, or to Mrs. Kendal, or to our own Mary. Fancy *Ingomar* played in a little country theatre, with three barbarians, and tin shields and bucklers. Fancy me, my child, actually weeping over it, thrilled by it as—well, perhaps, as I am not always thrilled in these absorbing times. However, the Parthenia was very good. Surprisingly good, and her costume was so characteristic that my companion was enchanted with it. When I came home I was wild to 'dress up,' as girls say, like

her, and out of my scanty resources I contrived to dress something in this Parthenia's style. Then, when he came, I showed it to him, and he was delighted. I suppose it was becoming," continued Miss Hardwick, carelessly. But suddenly her eyes lighted, and the note in her voice was more tender. "He said: 'If only I could take you to a fancy-dress ball, Con, in that gown!' Of course he couldn't. Balls of any kind were not in my way. But although years and years have gone by—six of them, Freddy," said the girl, smiling into Freddy's rather pale young face, "I want to go to North House next Friday as Parthenia. You did not think I was so sentimental, my dear, did you?"

Freddy tried to speak, but his voice sounded very dull and queer. He wanted chiefly to know who the man was, where he was; somehow the words could not come; not even while they were choosing the stuffs for the Parthenia dress, or when, in Barthe's charming little reception-room, they were discussing how it should be made; but there was a chance later, when, after they had lunched, Miss Hardwick proposed taking a look at some water-colors on exhibition near by.

They were in a small gallery, one devoted to special purposes of the kind, and there was a picture of Cotman's, and another of Frederick Walker's, which Constance had specially desired to see. The Cotman was full of the painter's deepest charm—a bit of beach near Yarmouth, the sail of a strong little craft white and clear against a darkening sky, with the indolence of summer noonday on the sands. The Frederick Walker was possibly not one of his best, because it was a Venetian scene; bold in color, vigorous in the outline of the figures, yet lacking the suggestion and the homely grace of his English scenes. Yet Freddy Gorham, sitting on one of the benches near Miss Hardwick, felt as though of all work on block or canvas these two pictures would be remembered best, for while he looked at them, Constance told him more of her story.

"You asked me whether I was engaged," she said, looking very still and pale, and yet with a certain purpose in her cruel kindness. "Well, my dear, I was, conditionally, and I may as well tell you that I doubt if I will ever be as nearly pledged to any one else on earth. I obliged him to test himself, and after he had been away a year or two, if he was of the same mind, I would be his wife. I know now that I had no right to submit a man like him to that sort of arrangement. Well, he went away, and of course times change, and we change with them. He saw some one else better suited to him, I suppose, and he married her. But, Freddy, it's queer, isn't it—but I have never been sorry for what share I had in his life; I have always thanked him in my heart for helping me during that lonely time, and sometimes, *now even*, I wish he could know it, for I am sure he would be glad."

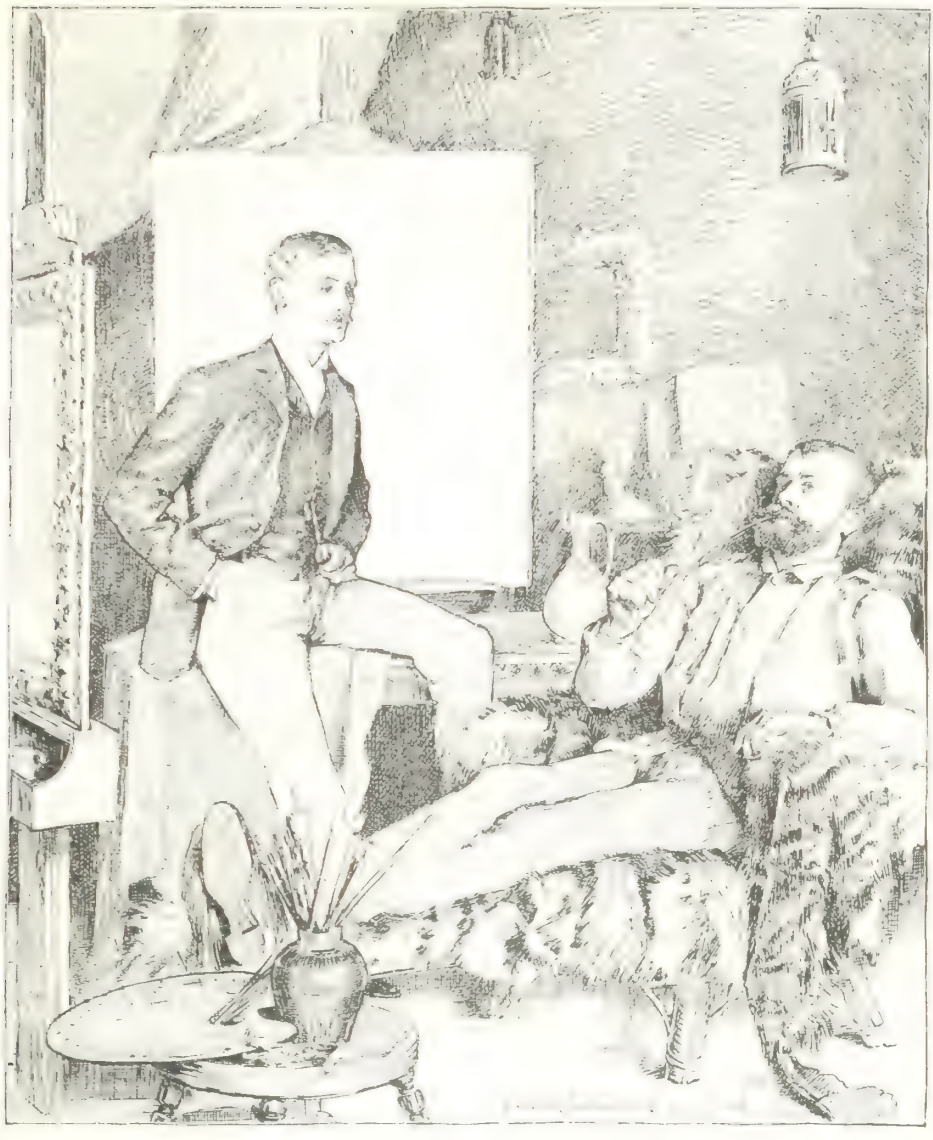
"Where is he now?" said Freddy.

Miss Hardwick's eyes rested for a moment on the bending figure of the Venetian gondolier. The pale and dark red lines of his cap, pushed back from waves of dusky hair, seemed to absorb all her attention.

"I am not *sure*," she said, softly, as she mentioned his name; "I have seen nothing of him since then; but as he is such a well-known man, of course I have often heard of him. His wife died last summer." And turning the subject abruptly, Miss Hardwick did not refer to it again.

Had he been a dozen years older, Freddy Gorham might have listened to this story of Miss Hardwick's past with very different sentiments. While realizing the fact that she no doubt fancied herself bound to this old ideal, he would have thought her entirely capable of forsaking it under strong enough provocation; but Freddy was only nineteen years of age, and his illusions in matters of sentiment had never been dispelled, and he went away from Lady Beaulacre's that afternoon conscious that there was no hope now or in the future for him, so far as Constance was concerned, yet that it might lie within his power to do her a triumphant service.

Where his restless steps took him was to one of the wharves, where he speedily found himself on board a little vessel bound for a point some six miles down the river. About five o'clock in the afternoon he landed, and made his way up through the lavish bloom of the country, down a lane shut in by heavy verdure, above which the sky, with a faint trail of white cloud, looked one oblong patch set above an earth of summer



IN DUNGAIL'S STUDIO.

green. The lane took a sudden sharp turning which made an angle in the hedge-rows and the canopy above, but disturbed neither, and it led to a brick-walled garden and gate of iron scroll-work belonging to a large, tumble-down, although majestic-looking building of red brick: a house built close upon 200 years ago, and which would have preserved its grim solidity but for the gaps in its occupancy. It belonged now to an absentee earl, whose agent let it from time to time when it was not too much trouble to find a tenant. Just at present an American gentleman had the place quite to himself, except for the old care-taker, who furnished him meals at exorbitant prices when he wanted them, and proved a careful guardian of the dust which had accumulated in most of the rooms and invaded his studio ruthlessly.

Freddy knew his way well enough to the house, having, since Dungail's arrival two weeks before, visited him three times, Dungail being one of his guardian's closest friends; but he lifted the knocker now rather anxiously, and as he let it fall, smiled a bit ruefully. The sound to the boy was like the death-blow to his own hopes.

A great dim hall and staircase seemed to absorb the centre of the old house, and to concentrate all its power of stillness and solemnity, but upstairs there was the

sound of some one gayly whistling an air out of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Freddy followed the sound, and it landed him in an enormous sky-lighted apartment, where a man of tremendous physical attractions was posing in armor, talking volubly with a strong Irish accent, while the artist worked away, whistling gayly at intervals when he was tired of listening to the model's narration, and ready enough to look up now with a nod of welcome for the unexpected visitor. He was a tall, sparely built man, whose face, I believe, no one had ever called strictly handsome, and yet which no one who had seen it once could forget. Spare and strong in outline, with close-drawn brows and intensely penetrating eyes, the look of decision in the mouth and chin was balanced by the twinkle in the eyes when he smiled, but something more or less inscrutable always lurked in either smile or melancholy. He extended Freddy a very joyous welcome now, however, smiling through his eye-glasses in a friendly, approving fashion, and presently the model was dismissed, and the lad had the field to himself.

Dungail had produced a remarkable-looking pipe, and stretched out on his bamboo lounge, was nearly enveloped in smoke while Freddy talked. He intended to do this thing for Constance in a very knowing manner. Dungail should suspect no motives, should understand that he meant no breach of confidence, but he wanted to put the case as clearly before the only man he had ever desired for a Mentor as possible. After one or two halts he contrived to tell most of the story, during which Dungail's attitude changed but slightly; now and again he removed his pipe, and Freddy was conscious of a queer look about his mouth and eyes, but he said nothing for a long time.

"You see," said Freddy, sitting on the end of a table whose rim he was clasping tightly in the energy of his discourse, "I would not make a mistake about it for anything, but that is the story just as she told it to me, and I thought if — well, Ingomar — I mean her friend, you know" — honest Freddy blushed in rather a confused fashion, but continued—"would only be sure to be at the ball, why, things might come all straight between them. She is such a glorious being." Here Freddy paused a moment, watching Dungail's spare dark face on the pillow, accustomed to his friend's moods of abstraction, yet rather annoyed that he took this thing so coolly. But at last Dungail spoke.

"I've seen a good deal more of women than you have," said the man, slowly, "and I admit that they are more puzzling to me to-day than they were ten years ago; but, all the same, I have no doubt your opinion of Miss Hardwick is justified by the girl herself. It's an awful position for a woman to be in—beautiful, fascinating, rich, and then, what so few of them are nowadays, genuinely emotional and sincere."

Freddy's face lighted with pleasure. "I am so glad to hear you say that," he exclaimed, "for you know such a lot of fellows think her cold and disdainful and all that sort of thing. I often wish they could hear her talk to me."

"What about?" said Dungail, in a dry sort of tone. He had refilled and lighted his pipe again.

"Oh, about everything," responded Freddy, who, if the truth were known, had been singularly fond of pouring out his ideas on the subject of Constance Hardwick to Dungail. "She goes in for everything, and she enjoys it all, and she is so jolly about it, too. She doesn't bore you even when she talks of things you don't understand. You ought to have seen her at that Bond Street Gallery, and to have heard her talk about pictures. She makes me understand the whole business, don't you see. I got her a little Scotch terrier pup the other day, and what do you suppose? She actually *cried* with pleasure, as I thought, and then it turned out that when she was a child, away off there in the country, she had had a little dog of the same kind that had died or something, and this little rascal looked like him. I brought him into the school-room, you know, up at Lady Beaulacre's, for I wanted the girls to see him too, and while Constance was down on her knees, with that little chap going through his tricks, I just wished a few of the fellows could see her. Heartless, indeed!" concluded Freddy, with profound disdain.

Dungail got up, and began walking about the room in a slow, meditative fashion. He stood a moment in the lower window, whence he looked out on the garden, which had been his first reason for renting this decayed old house. It ran the length and breadth of half an

acre, and fairly rioted in blossoms which would have delighted Cowley's heart, and might have set Herrick rhyming newly to his Julia; but in and out of the bravery of color the man seemed to be conscious of but one object which Freddy's words had conjured up. He could see a slim, girlish figure, a grave, sweet young face, on which the world, he well knew, had not yet set its seal, and once again he seemed to be standing before her in another garden pathway, listening and talking and trying to challenge his fate.

"I have been wondering," said Freddy from the table, "what you are going to wear at the Cromptons'. Of course you will be there?"

"I had sent a regret," said Dungail, suddenly, and bringing rather a perplexed face around swiftly to confront his visitor, "but I met old Crompton in Regent Street yesterday, and he said the thing could not be thought of; I would have to go. Yes, you can look for me, and I don't think my disguise will be too complete to prevent recognition."

Freddy had been compelled to possess his soul in patience, and his own costume, as well may be imagined, occupied him to the exclusion of other ideas. So far was he absorbed in special discussions with Mr. Barthe that he failed to discover the fact that Constance was to receive with Mrs. Crompton on the all-eventful night, and remain at North House until next day.

The distance between Bedford Gardens and that part of Campden Hill whereon North House is situated is very slight, but no sooner had the last turning been taken than Freddy discovered his growler became one of a throng of broughams, coupés, hansoms, and cabs of all sorts and descriptions, which gradually took their turn depositing their spectacular-looking occupants, to the intense enjoyment of a surging crowd, whose expressions of delight and admiration filled the air, comments being as free and audible as though the lookers-on were part of the audience in an upper gallery at the pantomime boxing night. Freddy cautiously peered forth, while his cab was waiting, to see various notables flit into the graceful portal of the Cromptons' house. Bronson Howard, clad in dazzling white, waved his hand in the direction of Master Freddy's blond head, framed in his cab window, as he disappeared under the archway, and there was a decided commotion while Irving as Hamlet descended from his coupé and passed out of sight, the Kendals following, and receiving quite an ovation from the crowd. Freddy, as he descended from his own humble vehicle, was conscious agreeably of producing a fine impression upon the *al fresco* audience, and as he entered the doorway, Whistler turned his kindly face and white tufted head to smile upon the boy in a way almost too good-humored for his costume, which was also that of the melancholy Dane. North House has a large square outer hallway, divided from the main one by portières of pale pink, rich and heavy in material. Here Freddy was compelled to pause and register his name and character, and he scanned the page eagerly, blushing with delight at certain names, but alarmed on seeing how far ahead of him the Beaulacre party were. However, the occasion was too festive to indulge in any especial regrets. A tremendous buzz of conversation and rustle of drapery, mingled with the somewhat distant strains of a band, were going on, and when Freddy passed beyond the curtains he was compelled to stand still a moment and take in the splendor of the scene. Away to the left swept the staircase of the house, its two landings occurring with graceful effect, and to the right a recess was hung with lanterns and Oriental drapery, both staircase and this recessed hall being ablaze with life, color, and movement. A crowd of brilliantly costumed people were making their way up the wide staircase.

Lady Beaulacre and two of her nieces, with one Colonel Marsham in attendance, were awaiting Freddy in that charming little bower of a room which opens on to the first landing of the North House staircase, and the ladies admired his royal attire as much as he had hoped or expected, while the colonel, who looked as if he had borrowed some one else's legs and arms along with his costume, condescended to say some nice things of the boy, who declared himself dazzled by everything and everybody.

"And Miss Hardwick — Parthenia?" said Freddy, suddenly.

"Oh, have you forgotten? She is receiving with Mrs. Crompton."

And in a few moments, as they were moving with the glittering crowd upstairs, Freddy beheld her.

The ladies were receiving in a bend of the hallway leading to the studio, which was turned into a ballroom for the nonce, and the tall, lithe figure of Constance Hardwick, the grave loveliness of her young face, the pale gold-colored fabric of her gown, seemed to Freddy to set her apart in some fashion from all the magnificence about her, as singly as the evening star was holding its own now among its comrades in the summer sky. Some one had been giving her flowers—red roses they were—and the girl had placed them where the ribbon of her gown was crossed, but no other ornament had she; and indeed, as Freddy gazed at her, he declared within himself none was needed.

"You are perfectly beautiful," said the boy, as she took his hand; "but of course you know that. Now, Miss Con, when am I to get my dance?"

"I'm off duty at eleven," said Constance, lightly. "You shall have it first, Freddy. See; I've kept No. 1 religiously, because I promised you. Stay here a minute, and let us look at all the world coming up that staircase. What a procession!"

"By Jove!" said Freddy, with a grin of delight, "he is here early."

"Who?"

"Dungail, to be sure. Look at him. That's the Lohengrin dress Barthe has been raving over. Isn't he fine, though! It takes old Dungail to look well in a thing of that sort, though."

And then there was a period of absolute silence between the two, while Dungail's tall figure, the white and yellow of his costume, with the flash of jewels in a chain-work about his neck, seemed to grow more and more luminous to the girl's strained gaze.

Everything was the same, surely; and yet how utterly all was changed! People passed by, stopped, spoke to her; she held her card out mechanically, bestowing dances right and left, but conscious only that Dungail was coming nearer and nearer. Now he had paused just beside the morning-room. The glow of candlelight above seemed to strike fire from the jewels that he wore, to show her every line of his spare dark face, with the eyes still half sombre, half wistful, as she had always remembered them. Sir Charles Young was speaking to him now; Dungail threw back his head with a quizzical smile. The familiar gesture, the smile, sent a spasm like faint pain and yet exquisite delight to the girl's heart, but a kind of terror came across her as he drew nearer.

Dungail approached, and let his eyes rest upon Constance, slowly, carefully. He had spent a year in trying to rid himself of the memories which, once he had felt free to let them rise, trooped in boldly and relentlessly, to the man's utter misery and disheartenment, for it had not once occurred to him to think she would forgive the weak part he had *seemed* to play in life. Going about from place to place since his wife's death, he had as usual encountered troops of friends, all ready enough to make much of him, but all—so in the man's morbid condition it had appeared—ready to talk to him about *her*. All sorts of ghosts he had banished during that wretched five years arose now and mocked the man as he tried to convince himself that everything he had particularly cared for was mere illusion. And even now he could explain nothing. In some way this masquerading attire of theirs seemed fitting the irony of the position. Dead, with the sacredness of the grave shielding her, the poor silly creature who had come between him and Constance must not be made to bear the blame. If the folly of one idle summer's day, when a fit of madness must have seized him, had carried him away from the woman he had loved first—and last—he could not frame a story excusing himself which would not make her despise him for what he had done, for what he had to tell.

I do not know where the philosopher obtained his wisdom who said that a woman's love makes her wit; but when Dungail stood before her, there came suddenly a light into Parthenia's eyes. She looked at him with a little smile just touching her sweet mouth, and in the next instant all the doubt and misery, all the perplexity, which might have forever kept these two apart, vanished, for with the divine intuition born with those swift heart-beats on seeing him, the girl said, in a voice that seemed to convey a caress:

"Do you remember? Long ago, Felix, you said you'd like to take me to a ball as Parthenia—and so this is the first chance I have had"—her smile was ineffably tender. "I wore this gown hoping to meet you here, and to"—the roses on her breast seemed to send a sweet reflection of their color into her cheeks—"remind



"SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH A LITTLE SMILE JUST TOUCHING HER SWEET MOUTH."

you of old times, so that" — the girl laid her hand gently on his arm—"we might perhaps go back to them."

(*From Mr. Frederick Gorham to Mr. Felix Dungail.*)

"BEAULACRE LODGE, *November* 18, 1887.

"DEAR OLD BOY. Thank the Missis for her letter which I'll answer *sure pop* next week. This is addressed to you to say that London will seem a howling wilderness if you don't come back for the winter, but if you are not going to do it I'll make my way over the Channel and meet you in Paris for Christmas. People haven't got done talking about the wedding yet. Of course you broke into a good many little plans of certain people, but I guess you can stand their abuse for a while longer. Muriel Beaulacre and I have had long talks about it. She's got the dog safe and sound and he's learned some new tricks and she—Muriel—is nearly as clever as the Missis teaching him and Lady Beaulacre says I can take her out with the hounds sometimes this winter and I'll never forget how she took care of me that time down at Harboro'. It was pretty rough on me till she came. God bless her and tell her I never forget anything she ever said and I try to do it all. Muriel says she thinks she must have been a perfect angel. I am down here now just for three days. Old Macrane's been up to some of his capers about taking me home until I'm of age, but I guess the old lady will settle it all, and that reminds me when I began this it was specially to say if you run across him you tell him it won't do. Get the Missis to talk to him the way she can a bird off a tree. My love to her, and Muriel who is in the room doing that everlasting lace work says to send hers and she thinks you'll be tired reading such a long letter. Excuse any mistakes. I never was much in the spelling line. Ever of thee

FREDDY."

A CENTURY OF HAMLET.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet."—*Hamlet*, Act I., Scene iii.



MASTER JOSEPH BURKE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

HAMLET, in his wholesome advice to the players, in his charge to the garrulous old gentleman who would have been his father-in-law had Hamlet been a low comedy instead of a high tragedy part, to see that the players be well bestowed, and in his bold assertion that the play's the thing, showed plainly how great was his interest in the drama, and how keen his appreciation of what The Profession ought to be. Hamlet has done much for the players, but the players have cruelly wronged Hamlet. They have mouthed him and strutted him and bellowed him, have sawn him in the air with their hands, and have torn his passions to tatters, till it were better for Hamlet often that the town-crier himself had spoken his lines. A very few of our tragedians of the city have had enough respect for the character of Hamlet to let him alone. A few of them have done full justice to Hamlet, and as Hamlet have reflected credit upon Hamlet and upon themselves; but there have been players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, who, not to speak it profanely, having neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have made nights and matinées hideous with the part, and have done murder most foul to Hamlet.

That New York is the dramatic metrop-

olis of the United States, and despite the absence of anything like State and, as certainly as Paris is the capital of France, and as surely as London is the centre of Great Britain, there can be no question. A New York success is of as much importance to the new play and to the young player as is the crown of the Academy to the new book or the degree to the young doctor; and a history of *Hamlet* in New York, therefore, is virtually a history of *Hamlet* in America.



EDMUND KEAN
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold.

The tragedy has been played here during the last century and a quarter in many languages, by actors of all ages and of both sexes, in blond wigs and in natural black hair, with elaborate scenery and with no scenery at all, by almost every leading actor in the country, with the exception of Lester Wallack, and on the stage of almost every theatre in the city, with the exception of Wallack's last theatre—now Palmer's. It has been burlesqued and sung in opera, and its representatives have been good, bad, and very, very indifferent. So much is there to be said about *Hamlet* in New York that the great difficulty in preparing this sketch of its career is the proper and natural selection of what not to say.

Hamlet was first presented in the city of New York on the evening of the 26th of November, 1761, and at "The New Theatre in Chappel Street"—now Beekman Street—near Nassau, the younger Lewis Hallam, the original Hamlet in America (at Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1759), playing the titular part. Hallam was a versatile actor, who was on the stage in this country for over fifty years, and always popular. Concerning his Hamlet very little is now known, except the curious statement in the *Memoirs of Alexander Graydon*, published in 1811, that Hallam once ventured to appear as Hamlet in London—"and was endured!" He was the acknowledged leading tragedian of the New York stage until his retirement in 1806, and he is known to have played Hamlet as late as 1797, when he must have been close upon sixty years of age. Mr. Ireland is of the impression that John Hodgkinson, a contemporary of Hallam's, who appeared as Hamlet in Charleston, South Carolina, early in the present century, conceded Hallam's rights to the character in the metropolis, and never attempted it here.

The first Hamlet in New York in point of quality, and perhaps the second in point of time, was that of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, who played the part at the John Street Theatre on the 22d of November, 1797, although Mr. Ireland believes that he was preceded by Mr. Moreton at the theatre on Greenwich Street in the summer of the same year, as he had played the Ghost to Moreton's Hamlet in Baltimore a short time before. William Dunlap speaks in the highest

terms of Cooper's Hamlet, and John Bernard ranks it with the Hamlet of John Philip Kemble himself.

James Fennell, a brilliant but uncertain English actor, who came to America in 1794, was the next Hamlet worthy of note to appear in New York. He was at the John Street Theatre as early as 1797, but he does not seem to have undertaken the character of the Dane until 1806, when he was at the Park for a few nights. He was an eccentric person, who figures in all of the dramatic memoirs of his time, and who published in 1841 a very remarkable book, called an *Apology* for his own life. Educated for the Church, he became in turn—and nothing long—an actor in the provinces of England, a teacher of declamation in Paris, a writer for the press in London, and a salt-maker, a bridge-builder, a lecturer, an editor, a school-master, and again and again an actor in America. John Bernard speaks of him as that "whirligig-weathercock-fellow Fennell," and as "the maddest madman I ever knew." He was excellent as Othello and Iago, and, according to Mr. Ireland, "beyond all competition as Zanga," but concerning his Hamlet history is silent.

John Howard Payne enjoys the distinction of being the first American Hamlet who was born in America, and he had been born but seventeen years when he played Hamlet at the Park Theatre in May, 1809. He was the first of the long line of infant phenomena in this country, and the original "Boy Hamlet." Fired by the marvellous—and ridiculous—success of Master Betty in England, he went upon the stage with little professional training, and with barely sufficient intelligence to play the parts of Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, but he drew enormous crowds, and put money in his purse. Two years later, on the 5th of April, 1811, he introduced the tragedy of *Hamlet* to Albany audiences; but he is remembered by posterity as a playwright rather than as a player, and as the author of one immortal song. His Hamlet naturally was as immature and as amateur as it was premature.

Other juvenile tragedians followed Master Payne upon the stage when they should have been in bed, notably Master George F. Smith, who played Hamlet at the Park Theatre on the 28th of March, 1822, and, very notably, Master Joseph Burke, who played Tom Thumb in Dublin in 1824, when he was five years old, and who was a recognized star in the United States in 1830, when he was twelve, and in such parts as Shylock, Doctor Pangloss, Doctor Ollapod, Sir Abel Handy, Sir Giles Overreach, Romeo, and Hamlet.

But to leave the pigmies and return to the giants. Play-goers in New York between the years 1810 and 1821 were blessed, as play-goers have never been blessed before, in being able to enjoy and to compare the performances of three of the greatest actors it has ever been the lot of any single pair of eyes to see or of any single pair of ears to hear: to wit, Cooke, Kean, and Booth. George Frederick Cooke arrived in America in 1810, and remained here until his death in 1812. Setting at defiance all of the laws of nature, society, and art, he was in nothing more remarkable than in the fact that in the whole history of the drama in this country he is the only really great tragedian, old or young, who never attempted to play Hamlet here. His diary records his failure in the part in London years before; and Leigh Hunt, who praises him highly in other lines, says that he could willingly spare the recollection of his Hamlet, and that "the most accomplished character on the stage he converted into an unpolished, obstinate, sarcastic madman."

Edmund Kean first played Hamlet in New York in the month of December, 1820, Junius Brutus Booth in the October of the following year. Concerning these men and their rivalry, volumes have been written; each had his enthusiastic admirers, and the Hamlet of each has become a matter of history. That Kean believed in his own Hamlet in his younger days there can be no question now, and he gave to it the closest study until the widow of Garrick induced him to alter his reading of the "closet scene," and to adopt the manner of her husband, an innovation which left him ever after dissatisfied with himself in that part of the tragedy. Hazlitt considered Kean's kissing of Ophelia's hand, in the famous scene between them in Act III., "the finest commentary that was ever made on Shakespeare. . . . The manner in which Mr. Kean acted in the scene of the play before the King and Queen," he adds, "was the most daring of any, and the force and animation which he gave it cannot be too



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH



JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK

highly applauded. Its extreme boldness bordered 'on the verge of all we hate,' and the effect it produced was a test of the extraordinary powers of this extraordinary actor." The younger Booth, writing of the elder Kean, comes to the defence of his father's foe in the following noble and well-chosen words: "The fact that Kean disliked to act Hamlet, and failed to satisfy his critics in that character, is no proof that his personation was false. If it was consistent with his conception, and that conception was intelligible, as it must have been, it was true. What right have I, whose temperament and mode of thinking are dissimilar to yours, to denounce your exposition of such a puzzle as Hamlet? He is the epitome of mankind, not an individual, a sort of magic mirror in which all men and all women see the reflex of themselves, and therefore has his story always been, is still, and will ever be the most popular of stage tragedies." That Edwin Booth should not have written concerning the Hamlet of his father in the same charming vein is greatly to be regretted. There are men still living who recollect the elder Booth in the part —he played it for the last time in New York in 1843— and to these it is one of the most delightful of memories. Thomas R. Gould, writing in 1868, sums up as follows his own ideas of the Hamlet of this great man: "The total impression left by his impersonation at the time of its occurrence, and which still abides, was that of a spiritual melancholy, at once acute and profound. This quality colored his tenderest feeling and his airiest fancy. You felt its presence even when he was off the stage."

This famous decade of the



WILLIAM AUGUSTUS CONWAY

New York stage saw other great actors and other great Hamlets, some of whom in point of time preceded Kean and Booth. Joseph George Holman played Hamlet at the Park Theatre in September, 1812, James William Wallack, on the same stage, in September, 1818, Robert Campbell Maywood in 1819, John Jay Adams in 1822, William Augustus Conway in 1824, Thomas Hamblin in 1825, and last, but not least, William Charles Macready in October, 1826.



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, WITH MR. STUART AS GHOST.

Of the Hamlet of John R. Duff there is, strange to say, no record in New York, although he played here occasionally between the years 1814 and 1827. He was very popular in Boston and Philadelphia, and a writer in the Boston *Centinel* in the autumn of 1810 does "not hesitate to say that in some of the scenes [of Hamlet], and those of no ordinary grade of difficulty, he has never been excelled on the Boston boards." His wife is still considered by certain old play-goers to have been the best Ophelia ever seen in the United States, and no account of the tragedy in this country can be complete without mention of her name. As Ophelia, in New York and elsewhere, she supported the elder Booth, the elder Kean, the elder Conway, Cooper, Payne, Wallack, and other stars, and Booth wrote to George Holland in 1836 that he considered her "the greatest actress in the world."

Mr. Macready was the first of a trio of remarkable Hamlets who came to this country from England at about the same period. Charles Kean was the second, in 1830, Charles Kemble the third, in 1832. Of Macready's Hamlet he says himself, in his "Reminiscences": "The thought and practice I have through my professional career devoted to it, made it in my own judgment and in those [*sic*] of critics whom I had most reason to fear and respect, one of the most finished, though not the most popular, in my *répertoire*."

In Cole's *Biography of Charles Kean*, inspired by its subject and written under his direction, if not at his dictation, is the following account of his first attempt at Hamlet: "The new Hamlet was received with enthusiasm. From his entrance to the close of the performance the applause was unanimous and incessant. The celebrated 'Is it the King?' in the third act, produced an electrical effect. To use a favorite expression of his father's, 'The pit rose at him.'"

Concerning the Hamlet of Charles Kemble, his daughter wrote in 1832: "I have acted Ophelia three times with my father, and each time in that beautiful scene where his madness and his love gush forth together, like a torrent swollen with storms that bears a thousand blos-

soms on its turbid waters, I have experienced such deep emotion as hardly to be able to speak. . . . Now the great beauty of all my father's performances, but particularly of Hamlet, is a wonderful accuracy in the detail of the character which he represents," etc., etc.



CHARLES KEMBLE

All of this would seem to be *ex parte* evidence, but it is interesting nevertheless; and neither Mr. Macready, Mr. Kean, nor Mrs. Kemble, perhaps, was very far astray. On the other hand, George Henry Lewes (*On Actors and the Art of Acting*) says that "Macready's Hamlet was, in his opinion, bad, due allowance being made for the intelligence it displayed. He was lachrymose and fretful; too fond of a cambric pocket-handkerchief to be really effective. . . . It was 'a thing of shreds and patches,' not a whole." The flourishing of this handkerchief just before the play scene gave great offence to Forrest, who had the bad taste to hiss it in Edinburgh; and thus began the wretched feud which nearly convulsed two continents, and ended in bloodshed at Astor Place, New York.

Confessing that the elder Kean could not have surpassed the younger in certain melodramatic parts, Lewes adds that it was never an intellectual treat to see him (Charles Kean) play any of Shakespeare's heroes; and the author of *The Actor* says: "Charles Kean's Hamlet has many beauties, but he is physically disqualified to do justice to any character in tragedy. . . . Nature has given him a most unmelodious voice, the sound of which seems to flow rather through his nose than its appropriate organ: a face altogether unsuited to the character he attempts, and we doubt if she ever intended him for an actor." Apropos of Kean's difficulties in the utterance of certain of

the consonants, particularly *m* and *n*, the London *Punch* once acknowledged his antiquarian researches, and thanked him for having proved Shylock to be a vegetarian by his reading of the following lines:

"You take my life
When you do take the *beans* whereby I live."

Macready described Charles Kemble as a first-rate actor in second-rate parts, and said that "in Hamlet he was Charles Kemble at his heaviest"; while Henry Barton Baker dismisses his Hamlet as "passable." Thus do the doctors of criticism disagree.

It was said of Forrest, many years ago, that "his Hamlet seemed like some philosophical Hercules rather than the sad, unhappy youth of Denmark." If this was true of him when first spoken, it was much more true of him in his representation of the part during the later years of his life, and as he is only remembered by the large majority of the playgoers of the present, when he is remembered at all. Forrest was too great an artist to play badly any part he ever undertook, but his Hamlet certainly was the least pleasing of all his Shakespearian rôles. Physically, he was altogether too robust. His too, too solid flesh was bone and muscle. The soul of Hamlet as drawn by his creator, and as conceived by every thorough Shakespearian student since Shakespeare's day, could hardly have existed in a frame so magnificent as that which nature had given Edwin Forrest. No subtle mind, wily as was Hamlet's, whether it were sound or unsound, was ever found in so sound a body. Forrest, when he was young enough to play Hamlet, never knew what nerves were, or indigestion. He gave to the part no little thought, and no doubt he understood it thoroughly; but that it did not suit him physically, and that he realized the fact, seemed often manifest when he was playing it. He presented the tragedy at Niblo's Garden in 1860, Mr. Edwin Booth, at Winter Garden, appearing in the same part at the same time; and the contrast between the powerful robustious figure, deep chest tones, and somewhat ponderous action of the elder actor, and the lithe, poetic, romantic, melancholy rendition of the younger, was very marked.



CHARLES KEAN

Forrest first played Hamlet in New York at the Park Theatre, in the month of October, 1829, when he was but twenty-three years of age; and at his last public appearance here, November 22d, 1872, he read portions of the tragedy at Steinway Hall. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Studley, and other tragedians of Mr. Forrest's "school of acting" were not more satisfactory in the part of Hamlet than was Mr. Forrest himself. John McCullough, however, a pupil of Forrest's, and his leading man for a number of years, met with more success. Although a native of Ireland, his professional life was begun and almost entirely spent in America, and he may be considered a native Hamlet, to this manor born. His voice and action in certain scenes where loud declamation



EDWIN FORREST.
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold.

is demanded by the text, were quite after the manner of Forrest, but as a whole he excelled his master in the part. He was free from mannerisms, his figure was manly and striking, he was neither too puny nor too burly, his sentiment was not mawkish, nor was his honesty brutal.

George Vandenhoff made his first appearance in America at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 21st of September, 1842, in the character of Hamlet, when Miss Sarah Hildreth, afterward the wife of General Benjamin F. Butler, was the Ophelia. The Polonius was Thomas Placide, whom Mr. Vandenhoff, in his *Leaves from an Actor's Note Book*, called "the best Polonius and the best actor in his varied line in this country"; the Ghost was William Abbott, a superior actor in the superior range of parts; the Grave-digger was John Fisher, very popular and very able; the Horatio was Thomas Barry, who won for himself in later years no little distinction in New York and in Boston in the highest tragedy rôles; and the first Mrs. Thomas Barry, an actress of ability, was Mr. Vandenhoff's Player Queen.

The Hamlet of Edwin L. Davenport was never so popular as it should have been, nor was Mr. Davenport himself properly appreciated as an actor during the last years of his life. He was out of the fashion so long that until a far-sighted management engaged him to play the part of Brutus during the famous run of *Julius Cæsar* at Booth's Theatre in 1875-6, he was only known to the younger generation of theatre-goers, when he was known at all, as Miss Fanny Davenport's father! That Davenport at the close of his long career should have been banished to the Grand Opera-house, and to Wood's Museum in upper Broadway, is a stronger argument in favor of the alleged degeneracy of the drama in this country than the unhealthy popularity of the emotional plays from the French, or the wonderful success of what is called the variety-show style of entertainment, which were almost entirely unknown to our stage before the war.

Hamlet was not Mr. Davenport's greatest part, as it is not the greatest part of many of the great Hamlets of the present; his Sir Giles Overreach, his Bill Sikes, his Brutus, and his William, in *Black-eyed Susan*, were as fine as his Hamlet, if not finer; nevertheless it was a singularly complete conception of the character, scholarly, finished, and profound. In his younger days he played the part many times, and with some of the "finest combinations of talent" as his support which the records of the stage can show. On the 16th of October, 1856, at Burton's Theatre, New York, Mark Smith was the Polonius, Burton and Placide the Grave-diggers, Charles Fisher the Ghost, and Mrs. Davenport the Ophelia to his Hamlet—a combination of strength in male parts almost unequalled. At Niblo's Garden, in 1861, Mrs. Barrow was his Ophelia, William Wheatley his Laertes, Thomas Placide his First Grave-digger, James William Wallack, Jun., his Ghost, and Mrs. Wallack the Queen; and at the Academy of Music, on the 21st of January, 1871, he played one act of *Hamlet* to the Ophelia

of Miss Agnes Ethel, on the occasion of the famous Holland benefit, when the audience, as large as the great house would hold, was the only audience to which Mr. Davenport played Hamlet in many years that was at all worthy of the actor or his

He was extensively advertised, and his reception by his own countrymen was affectionate and sincere. The Irish regiment, the famous Sixty ninth, was present on the opening night, and the house was crowded with our Irish citizens. The



EDWIN L. DAVENPORT.

part. Miss Ethel was a perfect picture of the most beautiful Ophelia. It was her first attempt at anything like a legitimate tragedy part, and was in every way successful.

On the evening of August 30, 1875, Mr. Davenport appeared as Hamlet in the Grand Opera-house, New York. On the same evening Barry Sullivan, under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, made his appearance at Booth's Theatre in the same part. The comparison invited by the presentation of these rival Hamlets was not favorable to the Irish tragedian. performance was superior to the general run of Hamlets, but it was not superlative. Mr. Sullivan has had great experience on the British stage, and is skilled in his profession, but his Hamlet is melodramatic, harsh at times, occasionally overacted, and in all respects totally different from the quiet, tender Hamlet of Mr. Davenport. Much of his business was believed to be new, and some of his novelties were effective, if not altogether according to the text of the tragedy. It was a Hamlet that appealed to the taste of the audiences of the Bowery rather



JAMES STARK.
From the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

than of the west side of the town. It is only just to say that Hamlet was not Mr. Sullivan's strongest part in America. As Richard III., as Beverly, in *The Gamester*, and as Richelieu, he appeared to advantage, although his success in this country was not as great as his reputation at home would have warranted. This was his second appearance in America. His first was made at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and in the character of Hamlet, on the 22d of November, 1858; he had returned to England in 1860.

Probably at no period in the history of *Hamlet* since the early days when Shakespeare himself, according to tradition, played havoc with the Ghost, has any town witnessed such an epidemic of *Hamlet* as passed over the city of New York in the years 1857 and 1858. McKean Buchanan and Barry Sullivan appeared as Hamlet at the Broadway, James Stark and the elder Wallack at Wallack's Theatre, Edward Eddy at the Bowery, and John Milton Hengler, a rope-dancer, played Hamlet, "for one night only," at Burton's, followed at that house by Charles Carroll Hicks, James E. Murdoch, Edwin L. Davenport, and Edwin Booth.

The Hamlet of Edwin Booth without doubt is the most familiar and most popular in America to-day. He has played the part in every important town in the Union, many hundreds of nights in New York alone, and to hundreds of thousands of people, the warmest of his admirers and most constant attendants at his performances being men and women who are emphatically non-theatre-goers, and who never enter a play-house except to see Mr. Booth, and Mr. Booth in a Shakespearian part. He has done very much more than any other actor to educate the popular taste to a proper understanding of Hamlet and to a proper appreciation of the beauties of the tragedy. He is the



HENRY JOHNSTONE.
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold.

deal Hamlet of half the population of the country, who have any idea of Hamlet whatever.

Mr. Booth's Hamlet is original in many respects; it is intellectual, intelligent, carefully studied, complete to the smallest details, and greatly to be admired. Nature has given him the melancholy, romantic face, the magnetic eye, the graceful person, the stately carriage, the poetic temperament, which are in so marked degree characteristic of Hamlet, while his genius in many scenes of the tragedy carries him far above any of the Hamlets this country has seen in many generations of plays.

He first assumed the part in New York, and under Mr. Burton's management, at the Metropolitan Theatre, in the month of May, 1857. The engagement was short, and *Hamlet* was presented but two or three times. Even then, however, it created no little excitement, and was considered a very remarkable and finished representation in a young man but twenty-four years of age. In Mr. Burton's company that season were Charles Fisher, Mark Smith, Thomas Placide, Sarah Stevens, Mrs. Hughes, and Mr. Burton himself, by whom the young tragedian was ably supported.

Mr. Booth next appeared in New York on the 26th of November, 1860, at the same theatre then called Winter Garden, under the management of William Stuart. He opened as Hamlet, and had the support of Mrs. Ada Clifton as Ophelia, of Mrs. Duffield as the Queen, and of Mr. Davidge and Mr. J. H. Stoddart as the Grave-diggers. This was his first genuine metropolitan success in the part, although it was presented but five times during an engagement of four weeks. A year or two later he played Hamlet to the Ophelia of Mrs. Barrow; in 1863 he was supported by Lawrence Barrett, Humphrey Bland, "Dolly" Davenport, Vining Bowers, and Miss Clifton; and, still at the Winter Garden, he appeared as Hamlet from the 26th of November, 1864, until the 24th of March, 1865, one hundred consecutive nights. This was an event entirely unprecedented in the history of *Hamlet* in any country, and probably the longest run any *tragedy* whatever had at that time enjoyed. It was before the

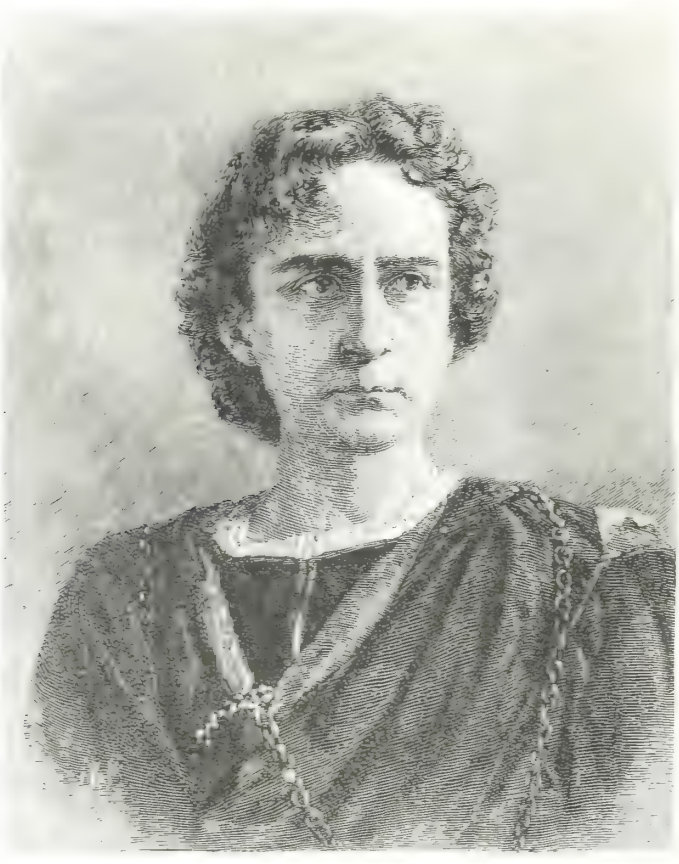


JAMES E. MURDOCH.
From the collection of J. H. V. Arnold.

days of *Rosedale* and *Led Astray*, before managers dared to present a single play during an entire season, when changes of bill were of weekly if not of nightly occurrence. This magnificent achievement moved Mr. Booth's many friends in New York to present him on the 22d of January, 1867, the celebrated "Hamlet Medal," the most complimentary and well-merited testimonial that any young actor, no matter how brilliant his career, has ever received from the American public in the history of its stage. During this famous engagement he was associated with Thomas Placide, as Grave-digger; with Charles Kemble Mason, an admirable Ghost; with Charles Walcott, Jun., as Horatio; Owen Fawcett, as Osric; Mrs. James W. Wallack, Jun., as the Queen;

and Mrs. Frank Chanfrau as Ophelia—as strong a combination of talent as the tragedy has often seen.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, now so intimately associated with Mr. Booth throughout the United States, has played every male Cushman in Boston some years later; he has been the Ghost to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth and Edwin L. Davenport; and he has supported Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Murdoch, and other leading tragedians at different seasons, taking the part of Horatio



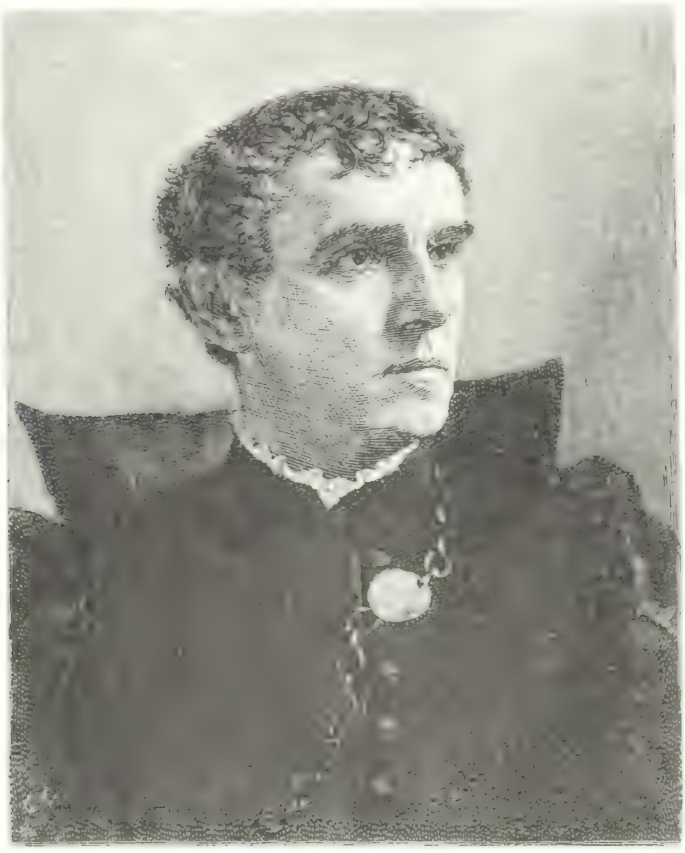
EDWIN BOOTH.

part in *Hamlet* with the exception of Polonius and the First Grave-digger. His earliest appearance in the tragedy was in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, in the year 1855, when he represented the leading character in a version of the play announced on the bills as "The Grave Burst, or The Ghost's Piteous Tale of Horror, by W. Shakespeare, Esqr." The elaborate title was supposed to be more taking with the theatre-going population of that particular town than the simple name by which it is usually known to Shakespearian students, but it is not recorded that the representation was popular, or that box receipts were in proportion to the outlay. Mr. Barrett played Laertes to the Hamlet of Miss to Mr. Murdoch's Hamlet, John M'Cullough's Ghost, and Miss Clara Morris's Queen at the famous festival at Cincinnati a few years ago. The fact that Mr. Barrett rarely plays Hamlet in New York is much to be regretted. In other cities where he is better known in the part he is greatly liked, and next to his Cassius it is perhaps the best thing he does. That it is a highly intellectual performance goes without saying, but it has other merits as well. It is tender, consistent, well-graced, and complete.

Mr. Bandman played Hamlet in German, and of course with a German company, at the Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, just at the close of the first century of

Hamlet in New York. He attracted a great deal of attention among the German population of the city, and was so successful in it that it tempted him to study for the English-speaking stage. He presented considerable business that was new here, but well known in his father-land, bringing his Ghost from beneath the stage, introducing a manuscript copy of the speeches of the actors in the play scene, and turning its leaves back and forth in a restless way to hide the nervousness of Hamlet. This was subsequently noticed here in the performances of Fechter. Bandman also drew from his pouch tablets upon which he set down the some dozen or sixteen lines to be introduced by the First Actor in the incident of the murder of Gonzago, and at the end of the scene he fell back into the arms of Horatio in a state of complete collapse. His acting throughout was effective and powerful.

The Hamlet of Salvini is powerful but not effective. It is not the Hamlet of tradition, nor does it overtop the traditional Hamlet in novelty and originality. If Salvini had played nothing but Hamlet here he never could have sustained the magnificent reputation he brought from foreign countries, and which he more than fulfilled in other parts. The man who excels as Ingomar, is superb as Samson, supreme in Othello, and in the entirely opposite character of Sullivan (David Garrick), displays such marked comedy powers, can hardly be expected to shine as the melancholy Dane.



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Rossi's Hamlet is effective if not powerful. In his first interview with the Ghost he betrays no fear, because he sees in it only the image of a lamented and beloved father, while in the scene with the Queen, when the Ghost appears, he crouches behind his mother's chair in abject terror, because, as he explains it, the

phantom then is an embodiment of conscience, the ghost of a father whose mandate he has disobeyed.

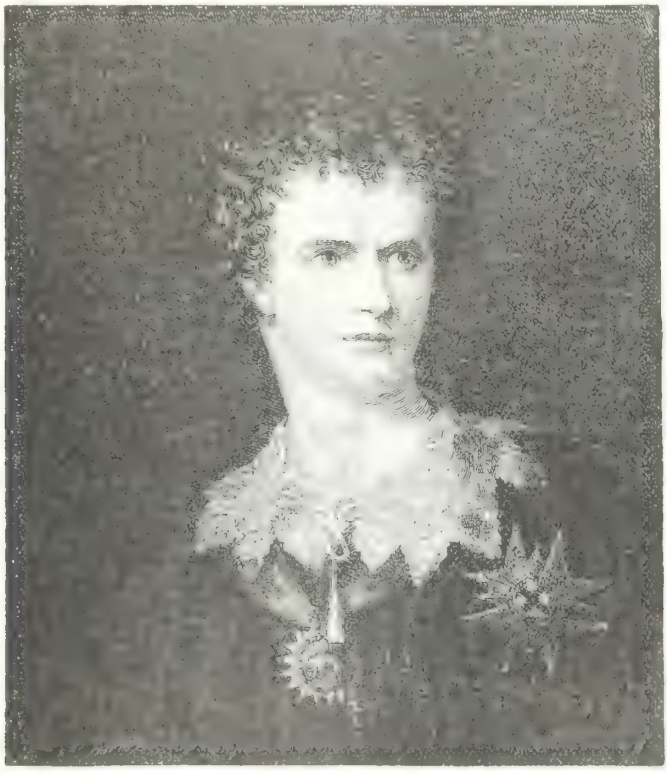
Unquestionably the imported Hamlet that has excited the greatest interest in New York in very many seasons is the Hamlet of Charles Fechter. The acting of no man, native or foreign, in the whole history of the American stage has been the subject of so much or of such varied criticism as his. There was no medium whatever concerning him in public opinion. Those who were his admirers were wildly enthusiastic in his praise; those who did not like him did not like him at all, and were unsparing in their condemnation and their ridicule; but no one was wholly indifferent to his acting. He came to this country endorsed by the strongest of letters from Charles Dickens, who was his friend, and weighted by the wholesale and impolitic puffery of his managers; the result was that, in the judgment of the majority of those who saw him, he did not, and could not, sustain the magnificent reputation claimed for him in his advance advertisements. On the other hand, while he was in a manner snubbed by New York, he was hailed in Boston as the Roscius of the nineteenth century. His Hamlet, although very uneven and unequal, was certainly a marvellous performance, and while by reason of date it does not come within the scope of the present paper, it is too important in many ways to be omitted. It was thoroughly untraditional. He gave to the Prince of Denmark the fair Saxon face and the light flowing hair of the Danes of to-day, in his own portly form he made the too, too solid flesh of Hamlet a real rather than an ideal feature of Hamlet's person, and much of his business, if not original with him, was at least unfamiliar to American play-goers. He was peculiarly "intense" in everything he



CHARLES FECHTER

id, while in what are called the intense cenes of the tragedy he was often more ubdued and natural even than Mr. Davenort, who was remarkably free from emoional acting. His "rest, perturbèd spirt" was excellent and effective by reason f its very quietness, and during all of he scene with the Ghost his acting was onspicuous by the absence of the conentional quivering, trembling, teethhattering agony which is so apt to be the esult of the coming of the apparition. n the "rat-trap" and closet scenes, in vhich Mr. Booth is so good, so very exellent good, Mr. Fechter lacked dignity nd repose; and in his advice to the playrs, while his reading was less distinct nd intelligent than Mr. Booth's, his facial xpression was wonderful and beyond all raise. He was inferior to Mr. Booth in he soliloquies, although he was charmsinning, is still a woman, and his own mother. He stabbed poor Polonius with a ferocity that destroyed all sympathy for Hamlet. His reading, apart from the accentuations and inflections which were natural to him at all times, was peculiar; his enunciation was frequently so rapid that it became unintelligible; he hurried through some of the finest passages at a gallop, and lost some of the finest points; but his Hamlet as a whole was impressive and magnetic, the oftener seen the better liked. Mr. Fechter made his first appearance in America as Ruy Blas at Niblo's Garden, New York, on the 10th of January, 1870, under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, and he played Hamlet for the first time on February 15th of the same year.

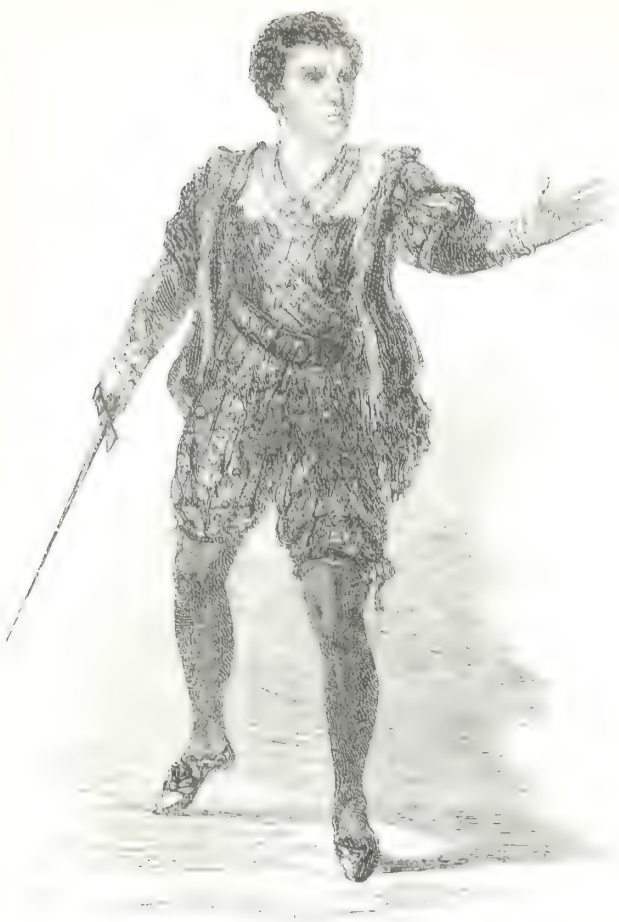
Among the purely exotic Hamlets of the New York stage, Salvini, Bandman,



JOHN VANDENHOFF.

From a Photograph by J. Mc

ngly tender in all his intercourse with Ophelia. With the Queen in "the closet cene" he was almost brutal in his conduct, eeming to forget entirely, what Mr. Booth ever overlooks, that Gertrude, although Bogumil-Dawison, Rossi, Barnay, and Hasse have been the most prominent. And while the performance of every one of these was excellent in a marked degree, each labored under the great disad



WILLIAM PELBY.
From the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

vantage of playing a most familiar part, and in a play decidedly an English classic, in a foreign tongue.

It is not possible, of course, in the limits of a single magazine article to speak at any length of all the hundreds of Hamlets who have appeared upon the New York stage between the years 1761 and 1861, or to refer to the scores of men who have played the part in other cities. The following alphabetical list of those who have been seen upon the metropolitan stage is compiled from Mr. Ireland's *Records* and from many files of old play bills in various collections, and is felt to be fairly complete. It does not include the tragedians whose performances have been noticed elsewhere in the text of the present paper, or those who have played Hamlet in other cities of the Union but not in New York, and the date appended is that of the player's first recorded appearance in the part here:

William Abbott, April 9, 1836; Augustus A. Addams, November 13, 1835; J. R. Anderson, September 3, 1844; George J. Arnold, 1854; Mr. Barton, March 9, 1831; Mr. Bartow, May 26, 1815; John Wilkes Booth, March, 1861; Frederick Brown, March 9, 1819; McKean Buchanan, June 10, 1850; John H. Clarke, November 8, 1822; Mr. Clason, November 10, 1824; G. F. Cooke (not the great George Frederick), October 4, 1839; Edward Eddy, August 27, 1852; Henry I. Finn, September 12, 1820; W. C. Forbes, May 29, 1833; Richard Graham, October 29, 1850; H. P. Grattan, May 11, 1843; James H. Hackett, October 21, 1840; Charles Carroll Hicks, December 13, 1858; Henry Erskine Johnstone, December, 1837; William Horace Keppell, November 17, 1831; H. Loraine, December 23, 1856; W. Marshall, February 3, 1848; J. A. J. Neafie, 1856; John R. Oxley, August 16, 1836; William Pelby, January 6, 1827; Charles Dibdin Pitt, November 8, 1847; J. B. Roberts, May 17, 1847; John R. Scott, March, 1836; James Stark, September, 1852; John Vandenhoff, October 2, 1837; Henry Wallack, September 4, 1824; James William Wallack, Jun., July, 1844; Wilmarth Waller, June 30, 1851.

As the limits of space here prevent more than the enumeration of the names of many men who were excellent Hamlets during the first century of its history in New York, so does the very nature of the article preclude any mention of the excellent Hamlets who have appeared in the part since the century closed in 1862, and who may be still alive. These no doubt will receive the attention of some later historian, who will do full justice to the Hamlets of the future and the present, from Henry Irving to N. S. Wood.

When George Henry Lewes, in "An Epistle to Anthony Trollope," made the bold assertion that "no actor has been known utterly to fail as Hamlet," he forgot four classes of actors, whom perhaps he did not consider actors at all. These are, first, the infant prodigies; second, the

ladies who attempt the part; third, the men who burlesque it; and fourth, the men who fail not only in Hamlet but in everything else. Of the first something has already been said; of the second, something is yet to be said; of the third, William Mitchell, William E. Burton, and George L. Fox knew no such word as fail; and of the fourth, George the Count Johannes, in his later days, was a brilliant example. His occasional productions of Hamlet for his own benefit a few years ago were the source of much silly amusement and rude horse-play upon the part of audiences not wise enough to appreciate the mental condition of the unfortunate star, or their own want of taste in encouraging his buffoonery even by their ridicule. His support, composed entirely of amateurs, was without question the worst that any Hamlet has ever had in this country; but his own performance was neither good enough to be worthy of any notice whatever, nor bad enough to be funny.



GEORGE JONES.

The connection of George Jones with the American stage as a professional actor dates back to the early days of the Bowery Theatre. He made his American *début* there as the Prince of Wales in *Henry IV.*, on the 4th of March, 1831. He played Hamlet at the National Theatre in December, 1836, and repeated the part before he became too mad to portray even the



AUGUSTUS A. ADAMS

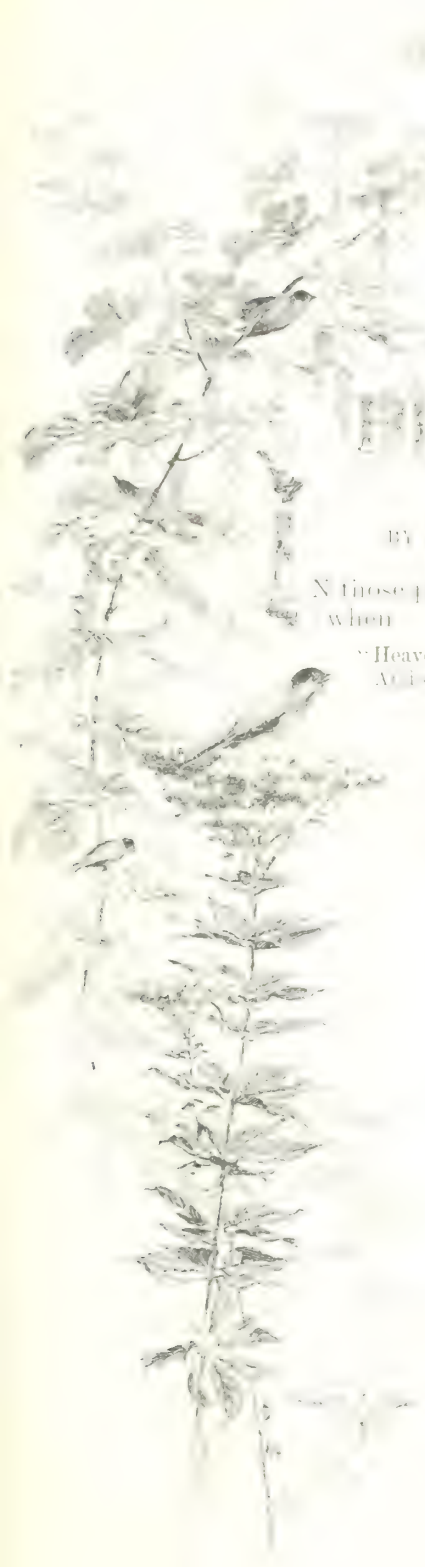
mad prince, many times, not only in this country but in England.

On the long file of the bills of *Hamlet* upon the New York stage the name of a lady is occasionally found in the titular part. The most daring and successful of these mongrel Hamlets was unquestionably Miss Charlotte Cushman, but even the genius of a Cushman was not great enough to crown the effort with success.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited, have been in Hamlet's train upon the New York stage since first from England he was here arrived, so many years ago; but so much has been said of Hamlet that even the names of his most beautiful Ophelias, his honest Ghosts, his gentle Guildensterns, his aunt-mothers, his uncle-fathers, his wretched, rash, intruding Polonii, or the absolute knaves who have digged his Ophelia's grave—and lied in it—for a hundred years, cannot be enumerated here, except when they have played Hamlet himself, or have done some wonderful things to Hamlet as somebody else.

One of the most notable instances of a great actor assuming a small part was on the occasion of Charles Kean's first appearance as Hamlet in Baltimore, when at the Holiday Street Theatre, in 1831, the elder Booth, at that time at the very height of his fame and prosperity, for some reason now unknown, volunteered to play the Second Actor, the most insignificant character in the tragedy. John Duff was the Ghost; Mrs. Duff, Queen Gertrude; John Sefton, Osric; Thomas Flynn, First Grave-digger; and William Warren, father of the William Warren for whom Boston mourns to-day, was Polonius. This is an exceedingly strong cast of the tragedy, and the Second Actor most certainly was never in better hands on any stage. The strongest cast of Hamlet, in all its parts, ever presented in America was that at the famous Wallack Testimonial in New York, on the 21st of May, 1888, when Lawrence Barrett played the Ghost; Frank Mayo, the King; John Gilbert, Polonius; Eben Plympton, Laertes; John A. Lane, Horatio; Joseph Wheelock, the First Actor; Milnes Levick, the Second Actor; Henry Edwards, the Priest; Joseph Jefferson and William Florence, the Grave-diggers; Miss Kellogg, Gertrude; Miss Coghlan, the Player Queen; and Madame Modjeska, Ophelia—to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth.

The first record of any performance of *Hamlet* in New York, as has been shown, was at the theatre in Chapel Street, November 26, 1761. On the 26th of November, 1861, Mr. Booth played the same part at the Winter Garden, on Broadway. The coincidence was not noticed at the time, and no doubt was purely accidental. It was a very pleasant coincidence, nevertheless, and it is certainly a happy fact that Edwin Booth should have been selected by chance to celebrate upon the New York stage the centenary of *Hamlet* in New York.



PIPINGS

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

IN those perfect days of early June, when

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over-[illegible]-clouds fly [illegible]"

what a grateful and multitudinous response is hers in the choral of the birds!

The April breeze brings hope and aspiration on its wings, of which this bright June morning is the supreme fulfilment. And yet in the rapt enjoyment of this perfect day how little are we wont to recognize the claims of the birds for the rare enchantment which is ours! An isolated note here and there—the song of an oriole in the elm, or perhaps the sputtering challenge of the wren in the cornice cranny above—accentuates the wondrous symphony, and as a distinct feature wins our passing appreciation. But what of the welling under-harmony which fills the earth and sky, and buoys us thither unaware? As in the buzzing insect din of the August fields, how few of us ever seek to analyze the units of the complex unison!

On these June mornings I have repeatedly asked my more or less ornithological friend to name such individual songs as he can detect, the result being generally a list of from seven to ten of the more prominent vocalists, prominent generally because of their proximity. "Do you know the song of the purple finch?" I asked. "Yes, perfectly," is the reply. "Can you not hear it now almost continually?" But careful listening fails to detect the song. Focus your ear on the summit of yonder spruce by the road, and be deaf to your robin and wren. The song reveals itself instantly, and is readily caught thereafter.



THE BROWN THRASHER.

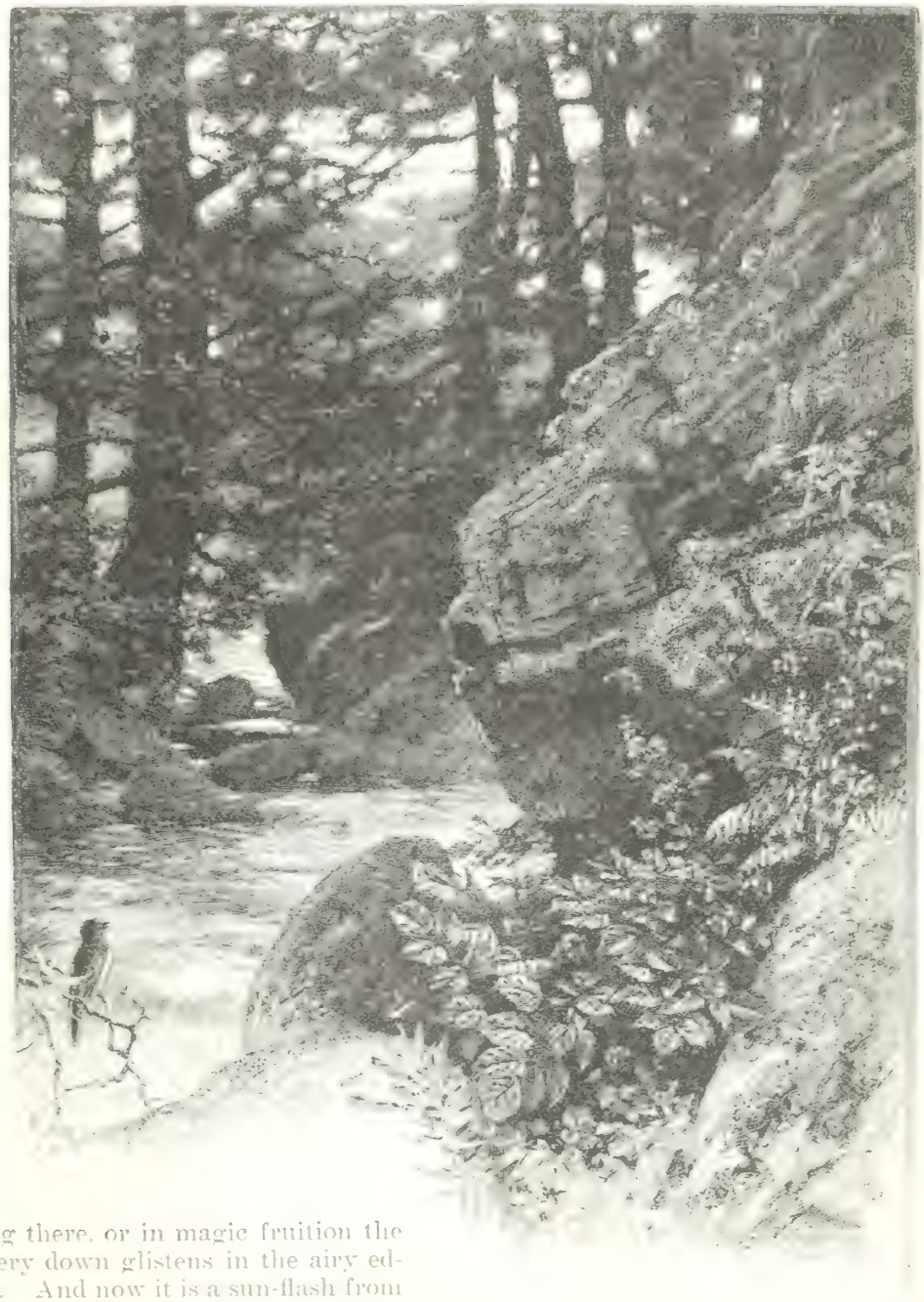
Sitting thus with closed eyes and ears alert almost any bright morning in early June, a few minutes' patience rewards me with the distinct identification of the following elements of song, verified from careful notes which tally year by year: robin, song-sparrow, bobolink, wood-thrush, cat-bird, oriole, meadow-lark, wren, kingbird, brown thrush, Wilson's thrush, red-eyed vireo, warbling vireo, white-eyed vireo, yellow-hammer, chewink, rose-breasted grosbeak, purple finch, yellow-winged sparrow, chipping-sparrow, bluebird, field-sparrow, phœbe, yellow warbler, swallows, goldfinch, quail, nighthawk, and crow. Nor are these all, incredulous reader. My list is confined only to those songs which are more or less *incessant* in my merry medley. I have omitted the tanager, the grackle, the indigo-bird, and others, whose notes either occasionally reach my ears or are involved in doubt, to say nothing of the owl and whippoorwill, with their duet lullaby of the twilight.

And what an endless diversion, this picturesque music, this pastoral opera, with its kaleidoscopic field of reminiscence, every fresh recognition bringing its vision of some favorite feathered songster, each with its welcome of incident!

The fringe of wood beneath the hill sends up its faithful complement through the rippling maze of song, in which the weird call of the veery, the bell of the wood-thrush, and the challenge of the chewink form a more or less interrupted trio, occasionally silenced by the piercing note of the meadow-lark or the whistle of the quail, while again the resonant tattoo of the yellow-hammer rings from its hollow tree, or that coaxing, cooing note now fills some momentary lull:—how are the flashes of golden wing, the pearly lucent eggs, the old bleached limb and all, embodied in that pictorial sound—"wick, wick, wick, wick, wick"!

Why this brief vision of golden filigree that seems suddenly flung across my fancy? What is the talisman? "I've cheated ye, per chick o pee, per chick o pee." What but the tiny goldfinch that has passed overhead in its looping flight, festooning the ether in glancing drapery of black and gold, each embroidered loop pinned with a wisp of song! The crimson tufts of the thistle blooms now seem hovering there, or in magic fruition the silvery down glistens in the airy eddies. And now it is a sun-flash from some well-remembered glassy pond, as leaves a brief token of twitter in exchange for a buzzing fly that erewhile hovered beneath the porch.

And now the soft breeze seems laden with a new enchantment. A shadow falls upon my closed eyes, and the scent of grass and clover gives place to the cool hint of hemlock, and tinctured mould, and pungent spikenard roots, and mossy,



HAUNT OF THE PHŒBE.



it in many respects as the
superior to either, as though from a fuller throat, a more ample vocal source. It is one of the rarest, choicest voices among all our feathered songsters, in *timbre* and volume surpassing the thrush, and in these qualities unequalled, I think, by any of our birds. Listen to the overflowing measure of its melody! How comparatively few the notes, and yet how telling!—no single tone lost, no superficial
color, it is like a rich, pulpy, luscious, pink-cheeked tropic fruit rendered into sound. Such would seem the irresistible figure as I listen with closed eyes to the welling notes—a figure entirely independent of, though certainly sustained in, the ornithological form pictured in the song, sitting quietly on an upper twig, with full plump breast as carmine-cheeked as the autumn apples now promised in the swelling blossom calyxes among which it so quietly nestles. I can see the fetty head, and quills splashed with silvery white, and the intervals of song seemed spanned with rosy light as pure

tinkling rocks: I hear the gurgling of the brook and the sounds of a rumbling

There is a distinct



as the prism released from those upraised wings as the singer preens his plumage with ivory bill. This is the rose breasted grosbeak, with his overflowing cup, his pastoral cornucopia, his musical horn of plenty.

If, as Hawthorne believed—a most inspiring and ennobling faith for the fields—"each humblest weed stands there to express some thought or mood of ours, and yet how long it stands in vain," what shall be said of the conscious, buoyant, throbbing singing-birds? "How many human aspirations are realized in their free, holiday lives, and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!" How many are the burdens lifted on their wings and dissipated in their music, whose mysterious message has brought peace!

"Verily verily: you know it: you see it: cheery are we: we *cheer* you"—such is the melodious witness that seems to descend from heaven through the maple-tree above us. "You are weary weary: we see it: listen to me: meekly: cheery are we: O why is it: verily verily: this is it: holy spirit: devoteé: verily verily: there we owe it: believe me: 'tis *real*: we know it: see!"

It is the voice of the "preacher" celebrating his matins in his temple of the tree-top, and filling the morning with unremitting praise and counsel—the most sustained and tireless song, and the most communicative voice among all our birds. No other one of them speaks so clearly in our own tongue, or seems so much to imply a listener. As will be seen, the song is not a rapid, elusive warble. It is a deliberate, continuous recitative rather than a song, each phrase followed by a distinct pause, and each pause seeming to formulate with an oracular effect the brief passage which follows, all of which are variously accented and full of variety of inflection, as I have endeavored to indicate.

Often have I sat by the hour beneath his shrine, and long is the list of mellifluous exclamations, exhortations, texts, and precepts which I have caught from his votive throat. On one occasion alone I filled my page, and though he had been in continuous song for exactly three-quarters of an hour, I left him ere he had reached his "secondly."

I have said that he speaks the human tongue, and in partial proof thereof I may mention that long before I knew of our red-eyed vireo's title of "Preacher"—given, I believe, by Wilson Flagg—I had noted down the "you know it" and "you see it" which he quotes from the tree-top singer.

What else our bird is doing up there is shown in the following from Nuttall: "For all the while that this chorus enchants the hearer, the singer is casually hopping from spray to spray in quest of his active or crawling prey; and if a cessation occurs in his untiring lay, it is occasioned by the caterpillar or fly he has just captured"—which recalls a *bonmot* in relation to the bird which I once heard from Mr. Beecher, who remarked to me upon his piazza at "Boscobel," while his fancy hovered aloft in the maples. "That little fellow has found a land of plenty up there, and he says grace like a little Christian at every mouthful."

The world had long been wondering what tidings lay within the robin's song that should carry the same joyous message to all, until an inspired poet told us. Were we, then, deaf never to have heard those words before: "Cheerily, cheer up! cheer up! Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up!" It is not every one of our birds, however, that has found such an interpreter as he who has given us this most beautiful and perfect onomatopœia; but there are many songs which, whether as sympathetically rendered or not, have nevertheless been so aptly paraphrased as to afford their ready recognition. There is the brown thrasher, for instance, whose stray notes reach our ears from the grassy road yonder. In Concord, we learn, he was wont to superintend the spring planting—of beans, perhaps—with lively interest and counsel. "Drop it, drop it; cover it up, cover it up; pull it up, pull it up, pull it up!" in perfect Anglo-Saxon. Over the border in Connecticut, I can vouch for his somewhat similar strain, while farmers everywhere will recognize that faithful voice of the pasture, that curt and comprehensive summons from the tangled lane, always associated with the brown furrows of the corn field and the time of blooming dogwoods:

> "Shuck it, shuck it; sow it, sow it;
> Plough it, plough it; hoe it, hoe it!"

As affording some light on the popular name of "thrasher," I might mention the remark of a certain matter-of-fact rustic who answered my query for enlighten-

ment on the subject. "Some fokes sez it's beenz he's alez a thrashin' around so in the bushes, 'n' others sez it's beenz he's forever tellin' uv 'em to '*thrash it, thrash it!*' But thet's all puppy cut; *he sez anything you like.*" What would this unconverted heretic say to the "Peverly bird," that won this local christening as a tribute from a perplexed husbandman hesitating at his choice of crops:—"Sow *wheat*, Peverly, Peverly"—a refrain which is vouched for by many discriminating listeners. Yet there are other heretics who aver that it is all "puppy-cut," and that the little white-throated sparrow in reality voiced a reproof to old Peverly which he wouldn't own:—"All day whittling, whittling, whittling."

There are few happier, more unmistakable, transcripts from bird notes than in that line of Emerson's:

"The redwing flutes his 'O ka lee.'"

In this brief transcript have we not an epitome of the sentinel-starling, scarlet epaulets, sable uniform, precious magazine of spotted eggs and all?

Who could not name the Maryland yellow-throat from the challenge caught by Burroughs as he loitered in the bird's retreat of the bird—"Which way, sir, which way, sir, which way, sir"; or the "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher" of the woods, known else as the oven-bird; or his bluebird, whose warble he calls "the violet of sound," and which says "Purity, purity" to him and evermore to us all? But, alas! how are our senses attuned to our moods!



WIDE AWAKE DAY DOZERS



THE ARTFUL DRUMMER.

Or is this "drearily, drearily" among the flying leaves of November in truth the same song which we heard in April?

Among these incessant spring roundels you certainly have not failed to note that occasional piercing shaft of song which seems to cleave the air straight from the hill side meadow beyond — "I see; I *see* you." Who needs to prowl among fence-rails to discover that black crescent breast and tapering bill of the meadow-lark, the young sportsman's tempting target, and the playful "*cache cache*" of the little French folk of our Acadian country?

Not a few of our common birds have been self-christened, and are at one in the popular as well as the scientific vocabularies. The phœbe, chickadee, chebec, chewink, towhee, pewee, and Bob White need no printed plate or page for their identification. Nor does the whippoorwill, known throughout the continent by its weird nocturnal cry. Indeed, how little else than this uncanny "wandering voice" of the bird is known to the popular mind! How many a rural octogenarian will you find who has ever seen the strange, wide-eyed, mottled bird that from earliest memory, perhaps, has made its nightly haunt upon the well-sweep or even the domestic door-sill?

The penny trumpet of the nuthatch occasionally takes up its tiny part in the orchestral score from the maple above the house. "Quah, quah," says Thoreau; but the "Yank, yank" of Burroughs is certainly more truly caught, not only in its phonetic quality, but in its suggestiveness of that prying, tugging bill among the scales and crevices of bark.

I am not aware that poet or ornithological stenographer has yet transcribed the vocal performance of the wren—those "five notes to wanst"—as the Hibernian listener once observed (and pat it was in truth)—being certainly very discouraging to such an undertaking. And there is another of our bird songs scarcely less disheartening in its intricacy. How have the bird historians and poets labored in its whirling rapids—cast their hooks and nets, as it were, to catch the bursting bubbles in its rippling wake! Listen! that pell-mell, gushing rhapsody from the meadow below—a sextet, with obligato and piccolo variations—all from a single throat. Can it be possible, indeed, that yonder sable minstrel swaying on the dock is alone responsible for all this Babel? Hark! a moment more and he will find his breath again. There! "Conk a whink a wheedle, bob o' linkum linkum linkum." Such is often the introductory refrain, once or twice repeated, with a brief interval. But who shall follow the subsequent vocal revelations? Even though possible of analysis by the ear, would it not take six pens in simultaneous effort to chronicle? Who knows what unsuspected melody may not be submerged in that tiny impulsive torrent? The temperate glide of the music-box cylinder yields a long and pleasing strain to the ear; but what is the chaos when from defective machinery that barrel is permitted to revolve its circuit in a few seconds! Such is the parallel always suggested by this song of the bobolink. I feel that beneath all that dizzy tintinnabulary some rare melody is smothered. O Bob! what precious strain might we not disclose to the world could we but control the wild spring impulse within your breast and put a fly-wheel on your vocal machinery!

From time to time through a long period of years I have added an occasional note or two to my singular vocabulary caught from this meadow doggerel—a syllable here, a word there, from my trip across the meadow, a few more from my covert by the stone wall, or a whole string of them as I lay beneath the elder bush, while the minstrel swayed upon the blossomed roof overhead. Certain notes would seem easily translatable, almost as though implying an Anglo-Saxon intention on the part of the bird, but others can only be phonetically suggested. Here is the list, copied from my random notes covering a number of years. And what a *pot-pourri* they make when strung together, with occasional interpolations for [illegible]!

"Conk a whink a wheedle, bob o linkum linkum!—jingle, jingle up a ditty bob—jingle for the bonny Missus Linkum—see! see!—keep an eye up here my sweet; see! see!—hear me tinkle tinkle sprinkle such a liquid mellow glee;—wet your whistle bob! gush a gurgle;—scatter splatter such a carol as she alone can follow follow;—pipe it, pipe it bob;—O tintinnabulate for temperance, temperance; whink a seeble seeble;—here I go across the clover—temperance, O!—sprink a jinkle sprinkle treble—burst a bubble—purl a babble, gabble glee;—shake it out upon the meadow; chink a whink a wheedle see:—look'ee look'ee ninkum ninkum deacon yonder see;—yessir yessir funny fellow he;—whew:—but I must seek a seek a rest for my cap is coming off and I can hardly keep my jacket on;—whew—temperance temperance."

But why attempt the impossible? Why add another to the many parodies of this elusive meadow song? The phonograph alone shall resolve that performance to its elements and render us its units of sound. Not until thus secured, and his phonetic "cylinder" then slowly revolved for anal-

ysis, shall we learn what Robert has so long been guarding from our ears beneath all these vocal acrobatics.

But it has been reserved for an anonymous poet to give us our rollicking, "devil-may-care Bob" as we all know him—an interpreter who, presenting the bird under the character of "the telltale," has infused the very mischief of that "wild and saucy song" into his page. Who that has noted that suggestive, self-suffused, ecstatic strut of the gay Romeo, as with drooping wings and circling pirouette he waltzes about his little brown mate down there in the grass, will not recognize the portrait? What does the saucy banterer say to the startled sparrow "warbling his wedding tune" in supposed seclusion?

> "Balancing on a blackberry brier,
> The bobolink sung with his heart on fire:
> 'Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
> Do it, do it, you coward you!
> Kiss her! kiss kiss her! who will see?
> Only we three, we three, we three!'"

And when the little pair sought a safer retreat:

> "Again beside them the tempter went,
> Keeping the thread of his argument:
> 'Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee chee.
> I'll not mention it; don't mind me!
> I'll be sentinel—I can see
> All around from this tall birch-tree!'
> But ah! they noted, nor deemed it strange,
> In his rollicking chorus a trifling change.
> 'Do it, do it!' with might and main
> Warbled the telltale—'*do* it *again*!'"

My hill-top piazza affords a rare opportunity for observing the aerial play of the nighthawks. Regularly every afternoon, in the interval between four o'clock and sunset, they awake from their day-dozing, and one by one join the revels aloft—now climbing the heavens in rapid spiral flight, whence with a sudden dip and folded wings they plunge headlong down, down, as though to dive into the glassy mill-pond in the valley below; and now, with a sweeping curve of magnificent grace and proportions, skimming the tree-tops in buoyant upward glide, while we catch the vibrant twang of the cleaving wings.

How has that mysterious sound puzzled the investigators! What is its source? I have attributed it to the wings; but all of our ornithologists have had their guess at this "boom," as it is called. Wilson Flagg apparently considered it a vocal effort, as implied in his remark that "it utters a singular note, resembling the twang of a viol string." Others have laid the sound to the door of that "capacious mouth while passing through the air." Wilson so inferred, and significantly compared the noise to that produced "by blowing strongly into the bung-hole of an empty hogshead." Audubon, I believe, was the first to suspect the wings of the bird as the resonant source, presumably the long quill vanes, and there would seem to be many circumstances to verify his conjecture, the sudden horizontal tilt of the wings which determines the upward finish of the swoop, and which is always simultaneous with the "boom," tending to re-enforce his theory. The fact which I have discovered, that a very perfect imitation of the sound can be produced by blowing between the leaves of a book loosely held, would seem to suggest a similar vibratory origin.

I once chanced upon a nighthawk with young. The mother bird flew up almost at my feet and ambled off, pursuing the familiar flopping antics of her kind, simulating the broken wing and epileptic fit, and flattening herself out on the stone wall, followed precisely the same manœuvres which I had often noticed in her congener the whippoorwill, under similar circumstances—the same waddling, uneasy squat, with outspread wings and staring eyes. Observing that the bird had risen from a small flat lichen-tufted rock, I intently focussed my eye for those anticipated animated bits of gray moss in the shape of fledglings, and soon differentiated from the bed of lichen their fuzzy identity. They were not *brown*, as Wilson says, but suggested a tufty spot of gray mould, not only in color, but in melting cloudy quality, its edge on the one side seeming to vanish, while on the other mainly manifest by relief against its shadow on the rock. The callow twins were presumably about two days old, and the wisdom of their singular flat build now seemed perfectly attested as they hugged close and motionless to their bed. Thus they appeared when first observed, their inherited instinct teaching them the perfect safety of their disguise and the prudence of quiescence. The immediate surprise being over, however, the two sluggish, sleepy-eyed innocents were suddenly transformed. With surprising agility they were both on their feet, and with outstretched necks, and comical skinny

wings high upraised, they made quick time for the bordering jungle of grasses. The sudden appearance of their long fuzzy elbowed flippers seemed like hocus pocus, for the downy sides give no hint of their presence. When headed off and returned to their original nest—for the nest of the nighthawk is simply a hollow worn by the nesting bird the outland ish little babes became quite docile.

In the so-called "drumming" of the ruffed grouse, that soft murmurous tattoo by which his ardent lordship musters his little company of willing captives, we have another familiar sound as yet as much wrapped in mystery as the "boom" of the nighthawk.

What is the origin and nature of that "drum" which has so long puzzled the world?

Many naturalists have definitely located this mysterious drum, the hollow "drumming log" having long been considered a necessary adjunct to this muffled roll. Such has been the most commonly accepted theory, seemingly abetted by the bird itself, from its singular preference for a fallen log as the seat of the musical performance. Brewer claims that the bird "beats its sides and the log" simultaneously, a belief which is shared by Samuels and many others.

Against this I would oppose the witness of an unprofessional but close observer, the writer, in truth, who deposes and says that the bird does nothing of the kind; that in the one instance, though brief, when its movements were observed by him, the clearly defined limit of the visible whir of the wings seen from behind demonstrated that no feather of the bird's wing touched the body, or the log upon which the bird stood; while, upon the other hand, the feathery halo almost merged over the back, suggesting a new possibility in the resonant source.



A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

XVIII.

DO you suppose that Henderson had never spoken impatiently and sharply to his wife before, that Margaret had never resented it and replied with spirit, and been hurt and grieved, and that there had never been reconciliations? In writing any biography there are some things that are taken for granted with an intelligent public. Are men always gentle and considerate, and women always even-tempered and consistent, simply by virtue of a few words said to the priest?

But this was a more serious affair. Margaret waited in a tumult of emotion. She felt that she would die if she did not see him soon, and she dreaded his coming. A horrible suspicion had entered her mind that respect for her husband, confidence in him, might be lowered, and a more horrible doubt that she might lose his love. That she could not bear.

And was Henderson unconscious of all this? I dare say that in the perplexing excitement of the day he did recall for a moment with a keen thrust of regret the scene of the morning—his wife standing there flushed, wounded, indignant. "I might have turned back, and taken her in my arms, and told her it was all right," he thought. He wished he had done so. But what nonsense it was to think that she could be seriously troubled? Besides, he couldn't have women interfering with him every moment. How inconsiderate men are! They drop a word or a phrase—they do not know how cruel it is—or give a look—they do not know how cold it is—and are gone without a second thought about it; but it sinks into the woman's heart and rankles there. For the instant it is like a mortal blow, it hurts so, and in the brooding spirit it is exaggerated into a hopeless disaster. The wound will heal with a kind word, with kisses. Yes, but never, never without a little scar. But woe to the woman's love when she becomes insensible to these little stabs!

Henderson hurried home, then, more eagerly than usual, with reparation in his heart, but still with no conception of the seriousness of the breach. Margaret heard the key in the door, heard his hasty step in the hall, heard him call, as he always did on entering, "Margaret! where is Margaret?" and she, sitting there in the deep window looking on the square, longed to run to him, as usual also, and be lifted up in his strong arms; but she could not stir. Only when he found her did she rise up with a wistful look and a faint smile. "Have you had a good day, child?" And he kissed her. But her kiss was on her lips only, for her heart was heavy.

"Dinner will be served as soon as you dress," she said. What a greeting was this! Who says that a woman cannot be as cruel as a man?

The dinner was not very cheerful, though Margaret did her best not to appear constrained, and Henderson rattled on about the events of the day. It had been a deuce of a day, but it was coming right; he felt sure that the upper court would dissolve the injunction; the best counsel said so; and the criminal proceedings—"Had there been criminal proceedings?" asked Margaret, with a stricture at her heart—had broken down completely, hadn't a leg to stand on, never had, were only begun to bluff the company. It was a purely malicious prosecution. And Henderson did not think it necessary to tell Margaret that only Uncle Jerry's dexterity had spared both of them the experience of a night in the Ludlow Street jail.

"Come," said Henderson—"come into the library. I have something to tell you." He put his arm round her as they walked, and seating himself in his chair by his desk in front of the fire, he tried to draw Margaret to sit on his knee.

"No, I'll sit here, so that I can see you," she said, composed and unyielding.

He took out his pocket-book, selected a slip of paper, and laid it on the table before him. "There, that is a check for seven hundred dollars. I looked in the books. That is the interest for a year on the Fletcher bonds. Might as well make it an even year; it will be that soon."

"Do you mean to say—" asked Margaret, leaning forward.

"Yes; to brighten up the Christmas up there a little."

* Begun in April number, 1889.

"—that you are going to send that to Mrs. Fletcher?" Margaret had risen.

"Oh no. That wouldn't do. I cannot send it, nor know anything about it. It would raise the—well, it would—if the other bondholders knew anything about it. But you can change that for your check, and nobody the wiser."

"Oh, Rodney!" She was on his knee now. He was good, after all. Her head was on his shoulder, and she was crying a little. "I've been so unhappy, so unhappy, all day! And I can send that?" She sprang up. "I'll do it this minute. I'll run and get my check-book." But before she reached the door she turned back, and came and stood by him and kissed him again and again, and tumbled up his hair, and looked at him. There is, after all, nothing in the world like a woman.

"Time enough in the morning," said Henderson, detaining her. "I want to tell you all about it."

What he told her was, in fact, the case as it had been presented by his lawyers, and it seemed a very large, a constitutional kind of case. "Of course," he said, "in the rivalry and competition of business somebody must go to the wall, and in a great scheme of development and reorganization of the transportation of a region as big as an empire, some individual interests will suffer. You can't help these changes. I'm sorry for some of them—very sorry. But nothing would ever be done if we waited to consider every little interest. And that the men who create these great works and organize these schemes for the benefit of the whole public shouldn't make anything by their superior enterprise and courage, is all nonsense. The world is not made that way."

The explanation, I am bound to say, was one that half the world considers valid; it was one that squeezed through the courts. And when it was done, and the whole thing had blown over, who cared? There were some bondholders who said that it was rascally, that they had been boldly swindled. In the clubs, long after, you would hear it said that Hollowell and Henderson were awfully sharp, and hard to beat. It is a very bad business, said the Brandon parliament, and it just shows that the whole country is losing its moral sense, its capacity to judge what is right and what is wrong.

I do not say that this explanation, the nature of which I have only indicated, would have satisfied the clear mind of Margaret a year or two before. But it was made by the man she loved, the man who had brought her out into a world that was full of sunlight and prosperity and satisfied desire; and more and more, day by day, she saw the world through his eyes, and accepted his estimate of the motives of people—and a low estimate I fear it was. Who would not be rich if he could? Do you mean to tell me that a man who is getting fat dividends out of a stock does not regard more leniently the manner in which that stock is manipulated than one who does not own any of it? I dare say, if Carmen had heard that explanation, and seen Margaret's tearful, happy acceptance of it, she would have shaken her pretty head and said, "They are getting too worldly for me."

In the morning the letter was despatched to Miss Forsythe, enclosing the check for Mrs. Fletcher—a joyful note, full of affection. "We cannot come," Margaret wrote. "My husband cannot leave, and he does not want to spare me"—the little hypocrite! he had told her that she could easily go for a day—"but we shall think of you dear ones all day, and I do hope that now there will not be the least cloud on your Christmas."

It seems a great pity, in view of the scientific organization of society, that there are so many sensibilities unclassified and unprovided-for in the otherwise perfect machinery. Why should the beggar to whom you toss a silver dollar from your carriage feel a little grudge against you? Perhaps he wouldn't like to earn the dollar, but if it had been accompanied by a word of sympathy, his sensibility might have been soothed by your recognition of human partnership in the goods of this world. People not paupers are all eager to take what is theirs of right, but anything in the semblance of charity is a bitter pill to swallow, until self-respect is a little broken down. Probably the resentment lies in the recognition of the truth that it is much easier to be charitable than to be just. If Margaret had seen the effect produced by her letter she might have thought of this; she might have gone further, and reflected upon what would have been her own state of mind two years earlier if she had received such a letter. Miss Forsythe read it with

a very heavy heart. She hesitated about showing it to Mrs. Fletcher, and when she did, and gave her the check, it was with a sense of shame.

"The insolence of the thing!" cried Mrs. Fletcher, as soon as she comprehended it.

"Not insolence," pleaded Miss Forsythe, softly; "it is out of the kindness of her heart. She would be dreadfully wounded to know that you took it so."

"Well," said Mrs. Fletcher, hotly, "I like that kind of sensibility. Does she think I have no feeling? Does she think I would take from her as a charity what her husband knows is mine by right?"

"Perhaps her husband—"

"No," Mrs. Fletcher interrupted. "Why didn't he send it, then? why didn't the company send it? They owe it. I'm not a pauper. And all the other bondholders who need the money as much as I do! I'm not saying that if the company sent it I should refuse it because the others had been treated unjustly; but to take it as a favor, like a beggar!"

"Of course you cannot take it from Margaret," said Miss Forsythe, sadly. "How dreadful it is!"

Mrs. Fletcher would have shared her last crust with Miss Forsythe, and if her own fortune were absolutely lost, she would not hesitate to accept the shelter of her present home, using her energies to add to their limited income, serving and being served in all love and trust. But this is different from taking a bounty from the rich.

The check had to go back. Even my wife, who saw no insolence in Margaret's attempt, applauded Mrs. Fletcher's spirit. She told Miss Forsythe that if things did not mend they might get a few little pupils for Mrs. Fletcher from the neighborhood, and Miss Forsythe knew that she was thinking that her own boy might have been one of them if he had lived. Mr. Morgan was a little satirical, as usual. He thought it would be a pity to check Margaret's growing notion, that there was no wrong that money could not heal—a remark that my wife thought unjust to the girl. Mrs. Fletcher was for re-enclosing the check without a word of comment, but that Miss Forsythe would not do.

"My dearest Margaret," she wrote, "I know the kindness of heart that moved you to do this, and I love you more than ever, and am crying as I think of it. But you must see yourself, when you reflect, that Mrs. Fletcher could not take this from you. Her self-respect would not permit it. Somebody has done a great wrong, and only those who have done it can undo it. I don't know much about such things, my dear, and I don't believe all that the newspapers have been saying, but there would be no need for charity if there had not been dishonesty somewhere. I cannot help thinking that. We do not blame *you*. And you must not take it to heart that I am compelled to send this back. I understand why you sent it, and you must try to understand why it cannot be kept."

There was more of this sort in the letter. It was full of a kind of sorrowful yearning, as if there was fear that Margaret's love were slipping away and all the old relations were being broken up, but yet it had in it a certain moral condemnation that the New England spinster could not conceal. Softened as it was by affectionate words and all the loving messages of the season, it was like a slap in the face to Margaret. She read it in the first place with intense mortification, and then with indignation. This was the way her loving spirit was flung back upon her! They did not blame *her!* They blamed her husband, then. They condemned him. It was his generosity that was spurned.

Is there a particular moment when we choose our path in life, when we take the right or the left? At this instant, when Margaret arose with the crumpled letter in her hand and marched toward her husband's library, did she choose, or had she been choosing for the two years past, and was this only a publication of her election? Why had she secretly been a little relieved from restraint when her Brandon visit ended in the spring? They were against her husband; they disapproved of him—that was clear. Was it not a wife's duty to stand by her husband? She was indignant with the Brandon scrupulousness; it chafed her. Was this simply because she loved her husband, or was this indignation a little due also to her liking for the world which so fell in with her inclinations? The motives in life are so mixed that it seems impossible wholly to condemn or wholly to approve. If Margaret's destiny had been united with such a man as John Lyon, what would have been her discernment

in such a case as this? It is such a pity that for most people there is only one chance in life.

She laid the letter and the check upon her husband's desk. He read it with a slight frown, which changed to a smile of amusement as he looked up and saw Margaret's excitement.

"Well, it was a miss-go. Those folks up there are too good for this world. You'd better send it to the hospital."

"But you see that they say they do not blame *me*," Margaret said, with warmth.

"Oh, I can stand it. People usually don't try to hurt my feelings that way. Don't mind it, child. They will come to their senses, and see what nonsense it all is."

Yes, it was nonsense. And how generous and kind at heart her husband was! In his skilful making little of it she was very much comforted, and at the same time drawn into more perfect sympathy with him. She was glad she was not going to Brandon for Christmas; she would not submit herself to its censorship. The note of acknowledgment she wrote to her aunt was short and almost formal. She was very sorry they looked at the matter in that way. She thought she was doing right, and they might blame her or not, but her aunt would see that she could not permit any distinction to be set up between her and her husband, etc., etc.

Was this little note a severance of her present from her old life? I do not suppose she regarded it so. If she had fully realized that it was a step in that direction, would she have penned it with so little regret as she felt? Or did she think that circumstances and not her own choice were responsible for her state of feeling? She was mortified, as has been said, but she wrote with more indignation than pain.

A year ago Carmen would have been the last person to whom Margaret would have spoken about a family affair of this kind. Nor would she have done so now, notwithstanding the intimacy established at Newport, if Carmen had not happened in that day, when Margaret was still hurt and excited, and skilfully and most sympathetically extracted from her the cause of the mood she found her in. But even with all these allowances, that Margaret should confide such a matter to Carmen was the most startling sign of the change that had taken place in her.

"Well," said this wise person, after she had wormed out the whole story, and expressed her profound sympathy, and then fallen into an attitude of deep reflection, "well, I wish I could cast my bread upon the waters in that way. What are you going to do with the money?"

"I've sent it to the hospital."

"What extravagance! And did you tell your aunt that?"

"Of course not."

"Why not? I couldn't have resisted such a righteous chance of making her feel bad."

"But I don't want to make her feel bad."

"Just a little? You will never convince people that you are unworldly this way. Even Uncle Jerry wouldn't do that."

"You and Uncle Jerry are very much alike," cried Margaret, laughing in spite of herself—"both of you as bad as you can be."

"But, dear, we don't pretend, do we?" asked Carmen, innocently.

To some of us at Brandon, Margaret's letter was scarcely a surprise, though it emphasized a divergence we had been conscious of. But with Miss Forsythe it was far otherwise. The coolness of Margaret's tone filled her with alarm; it was the premonition of a future which she did not dare to face. There was a passage in the letter which she did not show; not that it was unfeeling, she told my wife afterward, but that it exhibited a worldly-mindedness that she could not have conceived of in Margaret. She could bear separation from the girl on whom she had bestowed her tenderest affection—that she had schooled herself to expect upon her marriage—that, indeed, was only a part of her life of willing self sacrifice. Their paths must lie apart, and she could hope to see little of her. But what she could not bear was the separation in spirit, the wrenching apart of sympathy, the loss of her heart, and the thought of her going further and further away into that world whose cynical and materialistic view of life made her shudder. I think there are few tragedies in life comparable to this to a sensitive, trusting soul—not death itself, with its gracious healing and oblivion and pathos. Family quarrels have something sustaining in them, something of a sense of wrong and even indignation to keep up the spirits. There was no family quar-

rel here, no indignation, just simple, helpless grief and sense of loss. In one sense it seemed to the gentle spinster that her own life was ended, she had lived so in this girl—ever since she came to her a child, in long curls and short frocks, the sweetest, most trustful, mischievous, affectionate thing. These two then never had had any secrets, never any pleasure, never any griefs they did not share. She had seen the child's mind unfold, the girl's grace and intelligence, the woman's character. Oh, Margaret, she cried to herself, if you only knew what you are to me!

Margaret's little chamber in the cottage was always kept ready for her, much in the condition she had left it. She might come back at any time, and be a girl again. Here were many of the things which she had cherished; indeed everything in the room spoke of the simple days of her maidenhood. It was here that Miss Forsythe sat in her loneliness the morning after she received the letter, by the window with the muslin curtain, looking out through the shrubbery to the blue hills. She must be here; she could stay nowhere else in the house, for here the little Margaret came back to her. Ah, and when she turned, would she hear the quick steps and see the smiling face, and would she put back the tangled hair and lift her up and kiss her? There in that closet still hung articles of her clothing—dresses that had been laid aside when she became a woman—kept with the sacred sentiment of New England thrift. How each one, as Miss Forsythe took them down, recalled the girl! In the inner closet was a pile of paper boxes. I do not know what impulse it was that led the heavy-hearted woman to take them down one by one, and indulge her grief in the memories enshrined in them. In one was a little bonnet, a spring bonnet; Margaret had worn it on the Easter Sunday when she took her first communion. The little thing was out of fashion now; the ribbons were all faded, but the spray of moss-rose buds on the side was almost as fresh as ever. How well she remembered it, and the girl's delight in the nodding roses!

When Mrs. Fletcher had called again and again, with no response, and finally opened the door and peeped in, there the spinster sat by the window, the pitiful little bonnet in her hand, and the tears rolling down her cheeks. God help her!

XIX.

The medical faculty are of the opinion that a sprain is often worse than a broken limb; a purely scientific view of the matter, in which the patient usually does not coincide. Well-bred people shrink from the vulgarity of violence, and avoid the publicity of any open rupture in domestic and social relations. And yet, perhaps, a lively quarrel would be less lamentable than the withering away of friendship while appearances are kept up. Nothing, indeed, is more pitiable than the gradual drifting apart of people who have been dear to each other, a severance produced by change of views and of principle, and the substitution of indifference for sympathy. This disintegration is certain to take the spring and taste out of life, and commonly to habituate one to a lower view of human nature.

There was no rupture between the Hendersons and the Brandon circle, but there was little intercourse of the kind that had existed before. There was with us a profound sense of loss and sorrow, due partly to the growing knowledge, not pleasing to our vanity, that Margaret could get on very well without us, that we were not necessary to her life. Miss Forsythe recovered promptly her cheerful serenity, but not the elasticity of hope; she was irretrievably hurt; it was as if life was now to be endured. That Margaret herself was apparently unconscious of this, and that it did not affect much her own enjoyment, made it the harder to bear. The absolute truth probably was that she regretted it, and had moments of sentimental unhappiness; but there is great compensation for such loss in the feeling of freedom to pursue a career that is more and more agreeable. And I had to confess, when occasionally I saw Margaret during that winter, that she did not need us. Why should she? Did not the city offer her everything that she desired? And where in the world are beauty, and gayety with a touch of daring, and a magnificent establishment better appreciated? I do not know what criterion newspaper notoriety is of social prestige, but Mrs. Rodney Henderson's movements were as faithfully chronicled as if she had been a visiting princess or an actress of eccentric proclivities. Her name appeared as patroness of all the charities, the balls, the soirées, musical and literary, and if it did not appear in a list of the persons at any

entertainment, one might suspect that the affair lacked the *cachet* of the best society. I suppose the final test of one's importance is to have all the details of one's wardrobe spread before the public. Judged by this, Margaret's career in New York was phenomenal. Even our interested household could not follow her in all the changing splendor of her raiment. In time even Miss Forsythe ceased to read all these details, but she cut them out and deposited them with other relics in a sort of mortuary box of the child and the maiden. I used to wonder if in the Brandon attitude of mind at this period there were not just a little envy of such unclouded prosperity. It is so much easier to forgive a failure than a success.

In the spring the Hendersons went abroad. The resolution to go may have been sudden, for Margaret wrote of it briefly, and had not time to run up and say good-by. The newspapers said that the trip was taken on account of Mrs. Henderson's health; that it was because Henderson needed rest from overwork; that he found it convenient to be away for a time pending the settlement of certain complications. There were ugly stories afloat, but they were put in so many forms, and followed by so many different sorts of denial, and so much importance was attached to every word Henderson uttered and every step he took, that the general impression of his far-reaching sagacity and Napoleonic command of fortune was immensely raised. Nothing is more significant of our progress than the good-humored deference of the world to this sort of success. It is said that the attraction of gravitation lessens according to the distance from the earth, and there seems to be a region of aerial freedom, if one can attain it, where the moral forces cease to be operative.

They remained in Europe a year, although Mr. Henderson in the interim made two or three hasty trips to this country, always, so far as it was made public, upon errands of great importance and in connection with names of well-known foreign capitalists and enterprises of dignity. Margaret wrote seldom, but always with evident enjoyment of her experiences, which were mainly social, for wherever they went they commanded the consideration that is accorded to fortune. What most impressed me in these hasty notes was that the woman was so little interested in the persons and places which in the old days she expressed such a lively desire to see. If she saw them at all it was from a different point of view than that she formerly had. She did indeed express her admiration of some charming literary friends of ours in London, to whom I had written to call on her —people in very moderate circumstances, I am ashamed to say—but she had not time to see much of them. She and her husband had spent a couple of days at Chisholm—delightful days. Of the earl she had literally nothing to say, except that he was very kind, and that his family received them with the most engaging and simple cordiality. "It makes me laugh," she wrote from Chisholm, "when I think what we considered fine at Lenox and Newport. I've got some ideas for our new house." A note came from "John Lyon" to Miss Forsythe, expressing the great pleasure it was to return, even in so poor a way, the hospitality he had received at Brandon. I did not see it, but Miss Forsythe said it was a sad little note.

In Paris Margaret was ill—very ill; and this misfortune caused for a time a revival of all the old affection, in sympathy with a disappointment which awoke in our womankind all the tenderness of their natures. She was indeed a little delicate for some time, but all our apprehensions were relieved by the reports from Rome of a succession of gayeties little interfered with by archæological studies. They returned in June. Of the year abroad there was nothing to chronicle, and there would be nothing to note except that when Margaret passed a day with us on her return, we felt as never before that our interests in life were more and more divergent.

How could it be otherwise? There were so many topics of conversation that we had to avoid. Even light remarks on current news, comments that we used to make freely on the conduct of conspicuous persons, now carried condemnation that took a personal color. The doubtful means of making money, the pace of fashionable life, the wasteful prodigality of the time, we instinctively shrank from speaking of before Margaret. Perhaps we did her injustice. She was never more gracious, never more anxious to please. I fancied that there was at times something pathetic in her wistful desire

for our affection and esteem. She was always a generous girl, and I have no doubt she felt repelled at the quiet rejection of her well-meant efforts to play the lady bountiful. There were moments during her brief visit when her face was very sad, but no doubt her predominant feeling escaped her in regard to the criticism quoted from somebody on Jerry Hollowell's methods and motives. "People are becoming very self-righteous," she said. My wife said to me that she was reminded of the gentle observation of Carmen Eschelle, "The people I cannot stand are those who pretend they are not wicked." If one does not believe in anybody, his cynicism has usually a quality of contemptuous bitterness in it. One brought up as Margaret had been could not very well come to her present view of life without a touch of this quality, but her disposition was so lovely—perhaps there is no moral quality in a good temper—that change of principle could not much affect it. And then she was never more winning; perhaps her beauty had taken on a more refined quality from her illness abroad; perhaps it was that indefinable knowledge of the world, which is recognized as well in dress as in manner, which increased her attractiveness. This was quite apart from the fact that she was not so sympathetically companionable to us as she once was, and it was this very attractiveness of the worldly sort, I fancied, that pained her aunt, and marked the separateness of their sympathies.

How could it be otherwise than that our interests should diverge? It was a very busy summer with the Hendersons. They were planning the New York house, which had been one of the objects of Henderson's early ambition. The sea-air had been prescribed for Margaret, and Henderson had built a steam-yacht, the equipment and furnishing of which had been a prolific newspaper topic. It was greatly admired by yachtsmen for the beauty of its lines and its speed, and pages were written about its sumptuous and comfortable interior. I never saw it, having little faith in the comfort of any structure that is not immovably reposeful, but from the descriptions it was a boudoir afloat. In it short voyages were made during the summer all along the coast from New York to Maine, and the arrival and departure of the Henderson yacht was one of the telegraphic items we always looked for. Carmen Eschelle was usually of the party on board, sometimes the Misses Arbuser; it was always a gay company, and in whatever harbor it dropped anchor there was a new impetus given to the somewhat languid pleasure of the summer season. We read of the dinners and lunches on board; the entertainments where there were wine and dancing and moonlight, and all that. I always thought of it as a fairy sort of ship, sailing on summer seas, freighted with youth and beauty, and carrying pleasure and good fortune wherever it went. What more pleasing spectacle than this in a world that has such a bad name for want and misery?

Henderson was master of the situation. The sudden accumulation of millions of money is a mystery to most people. If Henderson had been asked about it, he would have said that he had not a dollar which he had not earned by hard work. None worked harder. If simple industry is a virtue, he would have been an example for Sunday-school children. The object of life being to make money, he would have been a perfect example. What an inspiration, indeed, for all poor boys were the names of Hollowell and Henderson, which were as familiar as the name of the President! There was much speculation as to the amount of Henderson's fortune, and many wild estimates of it, but by common consent he was one of the three or four great capitalists. The gauge of this was his power, and the amounts he could command in an emergency. There was a mystery in the very fact that the amount he could command was unknown. I have said that his accumulation was sudden; it was probably so only in appearance. For a dozen years, by operations various, secret, untiring, he had been laying the foundations for his success, and in the maturing of his schemes it became apparent how vast his transactions had been. For years he had been known as a rising man, and suddenly he became an important man; the telegraph, the newspapers, chronicled his every movement; whatever he said was construed like a Delphic oracle; the smile or the frown of Jay Hawker himself had not a greater effect upon the market.

The Southwest operation, which made so much noise in the courts, was merely an incident. In the lives of many successful men there are such incidents, which

they do not care to have inquired into, turning-points that one slides over in the subsequent gilded biography, or, as it is called, the nickel-plated biography. The uncomfortable A. and B. bondholders had been settled with and silenced, after a fashion. In the end, Mrs. Fletcher had received from the company nearly the full amount of her investment. I always thought this was due to Margaret, but I made no inquiries. There were many people who had no confidence in Henderson, but generally his popularity was not much affected, and whatever was said of him in private, his social position was almost as unchallenged as his financial. It was a great point in his favor that he was very generous to his family and his friends, and his public charities began to be talked of. Nothing could have been more admirable than a paper which appeared about this time in one of the leading magazines, written by a great capitalist during a strike on his "system," on the uses of wealth and the responsibilities of rich men. It amused Henderson and Uncle Jerry, and Margaret sent it, marked, to her aunt. Uncle Jerry said it was very timely, for at the moment there was a report that Hollowell and Henderson had obtained possession of one of the great steam-ship lines in connection with their trans-continental system. I thought at the time that I should like to have heard Carmen's comments on the paper.

The continued friendly alliance of Rodney Henderson and Jerry Hollowell was a marvel to the public, which expected to read any morning that the one had sold out the other, or unloaded in a sly deal. The Stock Exchange couldn't understand it; it was so against all experience that it was considered something outside of human nature. But the explanation was simple enough. The two kept a sharp eye on each other, and, as Uncle Jerry would say, never dropped a stitch; but the simple fact was that they were necessary to each other, and there had been no opportunity when the one could handsomely swallow the other. So it was beautiful to see their accord, and the familiar understanding between them.

One day in Henderson's office—it was at the time they were arranging the steam-ship "scoop"—while they were waiting for the drafting of some papers, Uncle Jerry suddenly asks,

"By-the-way, old man, what's all this about a quarter of a million for a colored college down South?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Henderson's affair. They say it's the most magnificent college building south of Washington. It's big enough. I've seen the plan of it. Henderson Hall, they are going to call it. I suggested Margaret Henderson Hall, but she wouldn't have it."

"What is it for?"

"One end of it is scientific, geological, chemical, electric, biological, and all that; and the other end is theological. Miss Eschelle says it's to reconcile science and religion."

"She's a daisy—that girl. Seems to me, though, that you are educating the colored brother all on top. I suppose, however, it wouldn't have been so philanthropic to build a hall for a white college."

Henderson laughed. "You keep your eye on the religious sentiment of the North, Uncle Jerry. I told Mrs. Henderson that we had gone long on the colored brother a good while. She said this was nothing. We could endow a Henderson University by-and-by in the Southwest white as alabaster, and I suppose we shall."

"Yes, probably we've got to do something in that region to keep 'em quiet. The public is a curious fish. It wants plenty of bait."

"And something to talk about," continued Henderson. "We are going down next week to dedicate Henderson Hall. I couldn't get out of it."

"Oh, it will pay," said Uncle Jerry, as he turned again to business.

The trip was made in Henderson's private car; in fact, in a special train, vestibuled; a neat baggage car with library and reading-room in one end, a dining-room car, a private car for invited guests, and his own car—a luxurious structure, with drawing-room, sleeping-room, bath-room, and office for his telegrapher and type-writer. The whole was a most commodious house of one story on wheels. The cost of it would have built and furnished an industrial school and workshop for a hundred negroes; but this train was, I dare say, a much more inspiring example of what they might attain by the higher education. There were half a dozen in the party besides the Hendersons—Carmen, of course; Mr. Ponsonby, the English attaché; and Mrs. Laflamme, to matronize three New York young ladies. Margaret

and Carmen had never been so far South before.

Is it not agreeable to have sweet charity silver shod? This sumptuous special train caused as much comment as the errand on which it went. Its coming was telegraphed from station to station, and crowds everywhere collected to see it. Brisk reporters boarded it; the newspapers devoted columns to descriptions of it; editorials glorified it as a signal example of the progress of the great republic, or moralized on it as a sign of the luxurious decadence of morals, pointing to Carthage and Rome and Alexandria in withering sarcasm that made those places sink into insignificance as corrupters of the world. There were covert allusions to Cleopatra ensconced in the silken hangings of the boudoir car, and one reporter went so far as to refer to the luxury of Capua and Baiæ, to their disparagement. All this, however, was felt to add to the glory of the republic, and it all increased the importance of Henderson. To hear the exclamations, "That's he!" "That's him!" "That's Henderson!" was to Margaret in some degree a realization of her ambition; and Carmen declared that it was for her a sweet thought to be identified with Cleopatra.

So the Catachoobee University had its splendid new building, as great a contrast to the shanties from which its pupils came as is the Capitol at Washington to the huts of a third of its population. If the reader is curious he may read in the local newspapers of the time glowing accounts of its "inaugural dedication"; but universities are so common in this country that it has become a little wearisome to read of ceremonies of this sort. Mr. Henderson made a modest reply to the barefaced eulogy on himself, which the president pronounced in the presence of six hundred young men and women of various colors and invited guests—a eulogy which no one more thoroughly enjoyed than Carmen. I am sorry to say that she refused to take the affair seriously.

"I felt for you, Mr. Henderson," she said, after the exercises were over. "I blushed for you. I almost felt ashamed, after all the president said, that you had given so little."

"You seem, Miss Eschelle," remarked Mr. Ponsonby, "to be enthusiastic about the education and elevation of the colored people."

"Yes, I am; I quite share Mr. Henderson's feeling about it. I'm for the elevation of everything."

"There is a capital chance for you," said Henderson; "the university wants some scholarships."

"And I've half a mind to found one—the Eschelle Scholarship of Washing and Clear-Starching. You ought to have seen my clothes that came back to the car. Probably they were not done by your students. The things looked as if they had been dragged through the Cat-a-what-do-you-call-it River, and ironed with a pine chip."

"Could you do them any better, with all your cultivation?" asked Margaret.

"I think I could, if I was obliged to. But I couldn't get through that university, with all its ologies and laboratories and Greek and queer bottles and machines. You have neglected my education, Mr. Henderson."

"It is not too late to begin now; you might see if you could pass the examination here. It is part of our plan gradually to elevate the whites," said Henderson.

"Yes, I know; and did you see that some of the scholars had red hair and blue eyes, quite in the present style? And how nice the girls looked," she rattled on, "and what a lot of intelligent faces, and how they kindled up when the president talked about the children of Israel in the wilderness forty years, and Cæsar crossing the Rubicon! And you, sir"—she turned to the Englishman—"I've heard, were against all this emancipation during the war."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Ponsonby, "we never were against emancipation, and wanted the best side to win."

"You had a mighty queer way of showing it, then."

"Well, honestly, Miss Eschelle, do you think the negroes are any better off?"

"You'd better ask them. My opinion is that everybody should do what he likes in this world."

"Then what are you girding Mr. Henderson for about his university?"

"Because these philanthropists, like Mr. Henderson and Uncle Jerry Hollowell, are all building on top; putting on the frosting before the cake rises."

"Don't you know, Mr. Ponsonby," Margaret interrupted, "that if there were eight sides to a question, Miss Eschelle would be on every one of them?"

"And right, too. There are eight sides to every question, and generally more. I think the negro question has a hundred. But there is only one side to Henderson Hall. It is a noble institution. I like to think about it, and Uncle Cæsar Hollowell crossing the Rubicon in his theological seminary. It is all so beautiful."

"You are a bad child," said Margaret. "We should have left you at home."

"No, not bad, dear; only confused with such a lot of good deeds in a naughty world."

That this junketing party was deeply interested in the cause of education for whites or blacks no one would have gathered from the conversation. Margaret felt that Carmen had exactly hit the motives of this sort of philanthropy, and she was both amused and provoked by the girl's mockery. By force of old habit she defended, as well she might, these schools.

"You must have a high standard," she said. "You cannot have good lower schools without good higher schools. And these colleges, which you think above the colored people, will stimulate them and gradually raise up the whole mass. You cannot do anything until you educate teachers."

"So I have always heard," replied the incorrigible. "I have always been a philanthropist about the negro till I came down here, and I intend to be again when I go back."

Mrs. Laflamme was not a very eager apostle either, and the young ladies devoted themselves to the picturesque aspects of the population, without any concern for the moral problems. They all declared that they liked the negro. But Margaret was not to be moved from her good-humor by any amount of badgering. She liked Henderson Hall; she was proud of the consideration it brought her husband; she had a comfortable sense of doing something that was demanded by her opportunity. It is so difficult to analyze motives, and in Margaret's case so hard to define the change that had taken place in her. That her heart was not enlisted in this affair as it would have been a few years before, she herself knew. Insensibly she had come to look at the world, at men and women, through her husband's eyes, to take the worldly view, which is not inconsistent with much good feeling and easy-going charity. She also felt the necessity—a necessity totally unknown to such a nature as Carmen's—of making compensation, of compounding for her pleasures. Gradually she was learning to play her husband's game in life, and to see no harm in it. What, then, is this thing we call conscience? Is it made of India-rubber? I once knew a clever Southern woman who said that New England women seemed to her all conscience; Southern women, all soul and impulse. If it were possible to generalize in this way, we might say that Carmen had neither conscience nor soul, simply very clever reason. Uncle Jerry had no more conscience than Carmen, but he had a great deal of natural affection. Henderson, with an abundance of good-nature, was simply a man of his time, troubled with no scruples that stood in the way of his success. Margaret, with a finer nature than either of them, stifling her scruples in an atmosphere of worldly-mindedness, was likely to go further than either of them. Even such a worldling as Carmen understood this. "I do things," she said to Mrs. Laflamme—she made anybody her confidant when the fit was on her—"I do things because I don't care. Mrs. Henderson does the same, but she does care."

Margaret would be a sadder woman, but not a better woman, when the time came that she did not care. She had come to the point of accepting Henderson's methods of overreaching the world, and was tempering the result with private liberality. Those were hypocrites who criticised him; those were envious who disparaged him; the sufficient ethics of the world she lived in was to be successful and be agreeable. And it is difficult to condemn a person who goes with the general opinion of his generation. Carmen was under no illusions about Henderson, or the methods and manners of which she was a part. "Why pretend?" she said. "We are all bad together, and I like it. Uncle Jerry is the easiest person to get on with." I remember a delightful, wicked old baroness whom I met in my youth stranded in Geneva on short allowance—European resorts are full of such characters. "My dear," she said, "why shouldn't I renege? Why shouldn't men cheat at cards? It's all in the game. Don't we all know we are trying to deceive each other and get the best of each other? I stopped pretending after Waterloo. Fighting for the

peace of Europe! Bah! We are all fighting for what we can get."

So the Catachoobee Henderson Hall was dedicated, and Mr. Henderson got great credit out of it.

"It's a noble deed, Mr. Henderson," Carmen remarked, when they were at dinner on the car the day of their departure. "But"—in an aside to her host—"I advise the lambs in Wall Street to look alive at your next deal."

XX.

We can get used to anything. Morgan says that even the New England summer is endurable when you learn to dress warmly enough. We come to endure pain and loss with equanimity; one thing and another drops out of our lives—youth, for instance, and sometimes enthusiasm—and still we go on with a good degree of enjoyment. I do not say that Miss Forsythe was quite the same, or that a certain zest of life and spring had not gone out of the little Brandon neighborhood.

As the months and the years went by we saw less and less of Margaret—less and less, that is, in the old way. Her rare visits were perfunctory, and gave little satisfaction to any of us; not that she was ungracious or unkindly, but simply because the things we valued in life were not the same. There was no doubt that any of us were welcome at the Hendersons' when they were in the city, genuinely, though in an exterior way, but gradually we almost ceased to keep up an intercourse which was a little effort on both sides. Miss Forsythe came back from her infrequent city visits weary and sad.

Was Margaret content? I suppose so. She was gay; she was admired; she was always on view in that semi-public world in which Henderson moved; she enjoyed a newspaper notoriety which many people envied. If she journeyed anywhere, if she tarried anywhere, if she had a slight illness, the fact was a matter of public concern. We knew where she worshipped; we knew the houses she frequented, the charities she patronized, the fêtes she adorned, every new costume that her wearing made the fashion. Was she content? She could perhaps express no desire that an attempt was not made to gratify it. But it seems impossible to get enough things, enough money, enough pleasure. They had a magnificent place in Newport; it was not large enough; they were always adding to it—a wing, a ballroom, some architectural whim or another. Margaret had a fancy for a cottage at Bar Harbor; but they rarely went there. They had an interest in Tuxedo; they belonged to an exclusive club on Jekyl Island. They passed one winter yachting among the islands in the eastern Mediterranean; a part of another sailing from one tropical paradise to another in the West Indies. If there was anything that money could not obtain, it seemed to be a place where they could rest in serene peace with themselves.

I used to wonder whether Margaret was satisfied with her husband's reputation. Perhaps she mistook the newspaper homage, the notoriety, for public respect. She saw his influence and his power. She saw that he was feared, and of course hated by some—the unsuccessful; but she saw the terms he was on with his intimates, due to the fact that everybody admitted that whatever Henderson was in "a deal," privately he was a deuced good fellow.

Was this an ideal married life? Henderson's selfishness was fully developed, and I could see that he was growing more and more hard. Would Margaret not have felt it, if she also had not been growing hard, and accustomed to regard the world in his unbelieving way? No, there was sharpness occasionally between them, tiffs and disagreements; he was a great deal away from home, and she plunged into a life of her own, which had all the external signs of enjoyment. I doubt if he was ever much selfish where she was concerned, and love can forgive almost any conduct where there is personal indulgence. I had a glimpse of the real state of things in a roundabout way. Henderson loved his wife and was proud of her, and he was not unkind, but he might have been a brute and tied her up to the bedpost, and she never would have shown by the least sign to the world that she was not the most happy of wives.

When the Earl of Chisholm was in this country—it was four years after Margaret's marriage—we naturally saw a great deal of him. The young fellow whom we liked so much had become a man, with a graver demeanor, and I thought a trace of permanent sadness in his face; perhaps it was only the respon-

ibility of his position, or, as Morgan said, he modern weight that must press upon n earl who is conscientious. He was till unmarried. The friendship between im and Miss Forsythe, which had been ept alive by occasional correspondence, ecame more cordial and confidential. In New York he had seen much of Margaret, ot at all to his peace of mind in many ays, though the generous fellow would ave been less hurt if he had not esti- ated at its real value the life she was eading. It did not need Margaret's in- roduction for the earl to be sought for by he novelty and pleasure loving society of he city; but he got, as he confessed, small atisfaction out of the whirl of it, although e knew that he met Mrs. Henderson ev- rywhere, and in a manner assisted in her ocial triumphs. But he renewed his ac- uaintance with Miss Eschelle, and it as the prattle of this ingenuous creature hat made him more heavy-hearted than nything else.

"How nice it is of you, Mr. Lyon—may call you so, to bring back the old rela- ions?—to come here and revive the mem- ry of the dear old days when we were ll innocent and happy! Dear me, I used o think I could patronize that little coun- ry girl from Brandon. I was so world- y—don't you remember?—and she was o good. And now she is such a splendid oman, it is difficult for the rest of us to eep pace with her. The nerve she has, nd the things she will do! I just envy er. I sometimes think she will drive ne into a convent. And don't you think he is more beautiful than ever? Of ourse her face is a little careworn, but obody makes up as she does; she was ust ravishing the other night. Do you now, I think she takes her husband too eriously."

"I trust she is happy," the earl had said.

"Why shouldn't she be?" Carmen ask- d, in return. "She has everything she ants. They both have a little temper— ife would be flat without that; she is a ittle irritable sometimes—she didn't use o be; and when they don't agree, they let ach other alone for a little. I think she s as happy as anybody can be who is mar- ied. Now you are shocked! Well, I on't know any one who is more in love han she is, and that may be happiness. She is becoming exactly like Mr. Hender- on. You couldn't ask anything more han that."

If Margaret were really happy, the earl told Miss Forsythe, he was glad, but it was scarcely the career he would have thought would have suited her.

Meantime the great house was approaching completion. Henderson's palace, in the upper part of the city, had long been a topic for the correspondents of the country press. It occupied half a square. Many critics were discontented with it because it did not occupy the whole square. Everybody was interested in having it the finest residence on the continent. Why didn't Henderson take the whole block of ground, build his palace on three sides, with the offices and stables on the fourth, throw a glass roof over the vast interior court, plant it with tropical trees and plants, adorn it with flower beds and fountains, and make a veritable winter garden, giving the inhabitants a temperate climate all the cold months? He might easily have summer in the centre of the city from November to April. These rich people never know what to do with their money. Such a place would give distinction to the city, and compel foreigners to recognize the high civilization of America. A great deal of fault was found with Henderson, privately, for his parsimony in such a splendid opportunity.

Nevertheless it was already one of the sights of the town. Strangers were taken to see it as it rose in its simple grandeur. Local reporters made articles on the progress of the interior whenever they could get an entrance. It was not ornate enough to please generally, but those who admired the old Louvre liked the simplicity of its lines and the dignity of the elevations. They discovered the domestic note in its quiet character, and said that the architect had avoided the look of an "institution" in such a great mass. He was not afraid of dignified wall space, and there was no nervous anxiety manifested, which would have belittled it with trivial ornamentation.

Perhaps it was not an American structure, although one could find in it all the rare woods and stones of the continent. Great numbers of foreign workmen were employed in its finishing and decoration. One could wander in it from Pompeii to Japan, from India to Versailles, from Greece to the England of the Tudors, from the Alhambra to colonial Salem. It was so cosmopolitan that a representative of almost any nationality, ancient or mod-

ern, could have been suited in it with an apartment to his taste; and if the interior lacked unity, it did not lack a display of variety that appealed to the imagination. From time to time paragraphs appeared in English, French, and Italian journals regarding the work of this and that famous artist who was designing a set of furniture, or furnishing the drawings of a room, or carving the panelling and statuary, or painting the ceiling of an apartment, in the great Palazzo Henderson in New York, Washington. The United American Workers (who were half foreigners by birth) passed resolutions denouncing Henderson for employing foreign pauper labor, and organized more than one strike while the house was building. It was very unpatriotic and un-American to have anything done that could not be done by a member of the Union. There was a firm of excellent stone-cutters which offered to make all the statuary needed in the house and set it up in good shape, and when the offer was declined, it memorialized Congress for protection.

Although Henderson gave what time he could spare to the design and erection of the building, it pleased him to call it Margaret's house, and to see the eagerness with which she entered into its embellishment. There was something humorous in the enlargement of her ideas since the days when she had wondered at the magnificence of the Washington Square home, and modestly protested against its luxury. Her own boudoir was a cheap affair compared to that in the new house.

"Don't you think, dear," she said, puzzling over the drawings, "that it would better be all sandal-wood? I hate mosaics. It looks so cheap to have little bits of precious woods stuck about."

"I should think so. But what do you do with the ebony?"

"Oh, the ebony and gold? That is the adjoining sitting-room—such a pretty contrast."

"And the teak?"

"It has such a beautiful polish. That is another room. Carmen says that will be our sober room, where we go when we want to repent of things."

"Well, if you have any sandal-wood left over, you can work it into your Boys' Lodging-house, you know."

"Don't be foolish! And then the ball-room, ninety feet long—it looks small on the paper. And do you think we'd better have those life-size figures all round, mediæval statues, with the incandescents? Carmen says she would prefer a row of monks—something piquant about that in a ballroom. I don't know that I like the figures, after all; they are too crushing and heavy."

"It would make a good room for the Common Council," Henderson suggested.

"Wouldn't it be prettier hung with silken arras painted with a chain of dancing girls? Dear me, I don't know what to do. Rodney, you must put your mind on it."

"Might line it with gold plate. I'll make arrangements so that you can draw on the Bank of England."

Margaret looked hurt. "But you told me, dear, not to spare anything, that we would have the finest house in the city. I'm sure I sha'n't enjoy it unless you want it."

"Oh, I want it," resumed Henderson, good-humoredly. "Go ahead, little wife. We shall pull through."

"Women beat me," Henderson confessed to Uncle Jerry next day. "They are the most economical of beings and the most extravagant. I've got to look round for an extra million somewhere today."

"Yes, there is this good thing about women," Uncle Jerry responded, with a twinkle in his eyes, "they share your riches just as cheerfully as they do your poverty. I tell Maria that if I had the capacity for making money that she has for spending it, I could assume the national debt."

To have the finest house in the city, or rather, in the American newspaper phrase, in the Western world, was a comprehensible ambition for Henderson, for it was a visible expression of his wealth and his cultivated taste. But why Margaret should wish to exchange her dainty and luxurious home in Washington Square for the care of a vast establishment big enough for a royal court, my wife could not comprehend. But why not? To be the visible leader in her world, to be able to dispense a hospitality which should surpass anything heretofore seen, to be the mistress and autocrat of an army of servants, with ample room for their evolution, in a palace whose dimensions and splendor should awaken envy and aston-

ishment would this not be an attraction to a woman of imagination and spirit?

Besides, they have outgrown the old house. There was no longer room for the display, scarcely for the storage, of the works of art, the pictures, the curiosities, the books, that unlimited money and the opportunity of foreign travel had collected in all these years. "We must either build or send our things to a warehouse," Henderson had long ago said. Among the obligations of wealth is the obligation of display. People of small means do not allow for the expansion of mind that goes along with the accumulation of property. It was only natural that Margaret, who might have been contented with two rooms and a lean-to as the wife of a country clergyman, should have felt cramped in her old house, which once seemed a world too large for the country girl.

"I don't see how you could do with less room," Carmen said, with an air of profound conviction. They were looking about the house on its last uninhabited day, directing the final disposition of its contents. For Carmen, as well as for Margaret, the decoration and the furnishing of the house had been an occupation. The girl had the whim of playing the part of restrainer and economizer in everything; but Henderson used to say, when Margaret told him of Carmen's suggestions, that a little more of her economy would ruin him.

"Yes," Margaret admitted, "there does not seem to be anything that is not necessary."

"Not a thing. When you think of it, two people require as much space as a dozen; when you go beyond one room, you must go on. Of course you couldn't get on without a reception-room, drawing-rooms, a conservatory, a music-room, a library, a morning-room, a breakfast-room, a small dining-room and a state dining-room, Mr. Henderson's snuggery, with his own library, a billiard-room, a picture-gallery—it is full already, you'll have to extend it or sell some pictures—your own suite, and Mr. Henderson's suite, and the guest-rooms, and I forgot the theatre in the attic; I don't see but you have scrimped to the last degree."

"And yet there is room to move about," Margaret acknowledged, with a gratified smile, as they wandered around. "Dear me, I used to think the Stotts house was a palace!"

It was the height of the season before Lent. There had been one delay and another, but at last all the workmen had been expelled, and Margaret was mistress of her house. Cards for the house-warming had been out for two weeks, and the event was near. She was in her own apartments this pale, wintry afternoon, putting the finishing touches to her toilet. Nothing seemed to suit. The maid found her in very bad humor. "Remember," she had said to her husband, when he ordered his brougham after breakfast, "sharp seven, we are to dine alone the first time." It lacked two hours yet of dinner-time, but she was dressing for want of other occupation.

Was this then the summit of her ambition? She had, indeed, looked forward to some such moment as this as one of exultation in the satisfaction of all her wishes. She took up a book of apothegms that lay on the table, and opened by chance to this, "Unhappy are they whose desires are all gratified." It was like a sting. Were her desires all gratified? Why should she think at this moment of her girlhood; of the ideals indulged in during that quiet time; of her aunt's cheerful, tender, lonely life; of her rejection of Mr. Lyon? She did not love Mr. Lyon; she was not satisfied then. How narrow that little life in Brandon had been! She threw the book from her. She hated all that restraint and censoriousness. If her aunt could see her in all this splendor, she would probably be sadder than ever. What right had she to sit there and mourn as she knew her aunt did and sigh over her career? What right had they to sit in judgment on her?

She went out from her room, down the great stairway, into the spacious house, pausing in the great hall to see opening vista after vista in the magnificent apartments. It was the first time that she had alone really taken the full meaning of it—had possessed it with the eye. It was hers. Wherever she went, all hers. No; she had desires yet. It should be filled with life; it should be the most brilliant house in the world. Society should see, should acknowledge the leadership. Yes—as she glanced at herself in a drawing-room mirror—they should see that Henderson's wife was capable of a success equal to his own, and she would stop the hateful gossip about him. She set her foot firmly as she thought about it; she

would crush those people who had sneered at them as parvenu. She strayed into the noble gallery. Some face there touched her, some landscape soothed her. No, she said to herself; I will win them; I do not want hateful strife.

Who knows what is in a woman? how many moods in a quarter of an hour, and which is the characteristic one? Was this the Margaret who had walked with Lyon that Sunday afternoon of the baptism, and had a heart full of pain for the pitiful suffering of the world?

As she sat there she grew calmer. Her thoughts went away in a vision of all the social possibilities of this wonderful house. From vaguely admiring what she looked at, she began to be critical; this and that could be changed to advantage; this shade of hanging was not harmonious; this light did not fall right. She smiled to think that her husband thought it all done. How he would laugh to find that she was already planning to rearrange it! Hadn't she been satisfied for almost twenty-four hours? That was a long time for a woman. Then she thought of the reception; of the guests; of what some of them would wear; how they would look about; what they could say. She was already in that world which was so shining and shifting and attractive. She did not hear Henderson come in until his arm was around her.

"Well, sweet, keeping house alone? I've had a jolly day; lucky as old Mr. Luck."

"Have you?" she cried, springing up. "I'm so glad! Come, see the house."

"You look a little pale," he said, as they strolled out to the conservatory together.

"Just a little tired," she admitted. "Do you know, Rodney, I hated this house at five o'clock—positively hated it?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; I was thinking. But I liked it at half past six. I love it now. I've got used to it, as if I had always lived here. Isn't it beautiful everywhere? But I'm going to make some changes."

"A hanging garden on the roof?" Henderson asked, with meekness.

"That would be nice. No, not now. But to make over and take off the new look. Everything looks so new."

"Well, we will try to live that down."

And so they wandered on, admiring, bantering, planning. Could Étienne Debree have seen his descendant at this moment he would have been more than ever proud of his share in establishing the Great Republic, and of his appreciation of the promise of its beauty. What satisfies a woman's heart is luxury, thought Henderson, in an admiring, cynical moment.

They had come into his own den and library, and he stood looking at the rows of his favorite collection, shining in their new house. For all its newness, it had a familiar look. He thought for a moment that he might be in his old bachelor quarters. Suddenly Margaret made a rush at him. She shook the great fellow. She feasted her eyes on him.

"What's got into you to look so splendid? Do you hear, go this instant and dress, and make yourself ten times as fascinating."

XXI.

Live not unto yourselves! Can any one deny that this blessed sentiment is extending in modern life? Do we build houses for ourselves or for others? Do we make great entertainments for our own comfort? I do not know that anybody regarded the erection of the Henderson palace as an altruistic performance. The socialistic newspapers said that it was pure ostentation. But had it not been all along in the minds of the builders to ask all the world to see it, to share the delight of it? Is this a selfish spirit? When I stroll in the Park, am I not pleased with the equipages, with the display of elegance upon which so much money has been lavished for my enjoyment?

All the world was asked to the Henderson reception. The coming event was the talk of the town. I have now cuttings from the great journals, articles describing the house, more beautifully written than Gibbon's stately periods about the luxury of later Rome. It makes one smile to hear that the day of fine writing is over. Everybody was eager to go; there was some plotting to obtain invitations by those who felt that they could not afford to be omitted from the list that would be printed; by those who did not know the Hendersons, and did not care to know them, but who shared the general curiosity; and everybody vowed that he supposed he must go, but he hated such a crush and jam as it was sure to be. Yet no one would have cared to go if it had not promised to be a crush. I said that all the world was asked, which is our way

of saying that a thousand or two had been carefully selected from the million within reach. Invitations came to Brandon, of course, for old times' sake. The Morgans said that they preferred a private view; Miss Forsythe declared that she hadn't the heart to go; in short, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild alone went to represent the worldly element.

I am sorry to say that the reader must go to the files of the city press for an account of the night's festivity. The pen that has been used in portraying Margaret's career is entirely inadequate to it. There is a general impression that an American can do anything that he sets his hand to; but it is not true; it is true only that he tries everything. The reporter is born, as the poet is; it cannot be acquired—that astonishing, irresponsible command of the English language; that warm, lyrical tone; that color and bewildering metaphorical brilliancy; that picturesqueness; that use of words as the painter uses pigments, in splashes and blotches which are so effective; that touch of raillery and sarcasm and condescension; that gay enjoyment of revelling in the illimitable; that air of superior knowledge and style; that dash of sentiment; that calm and somewhat haughty judgment.

I am always impressed at such an entertainment with the good-humor of the American people, no matter what may be the annoyance and discomfort. In all the push and thrust and confusion, amid the rending of trains, the tearing of lace, the general crushing of costumes, there was the merriest persiflage, laughter, and chatter, and men and women entered into and drew out of the fashionable wreck in the highest spirits. For even in such a spacious mansion there were spots where currents met, and rooms where there was a fight for mere breath. It would have been a tame affair without this struggle. And what an epitome of life it all was! There were those who gave themselves up to admiration, who gushed with enthusiasm; there were those who had the weary air of surfeit with splendor of this sort; there were the bustling and volatile, who made facetious remarks, and treated the affair like a Fourth of July; and there were also groups, dark and haughty, like the Stotts, who held a little aloof, and coldly admitted that it was most successful; it lacked *je ne sais quoi*, but it was in much better taste than they had expected. Is there something in the very nature of a crowd to bring out the inherent vulgarity of the best-bred people, so that some have doubted whether the highest civilization will tolerate these crushing and hilarious assemblies?

At any rate, one could enjoy the general effect. There might be vulgar units, and one caught notes of talk that disenchanted, but there were so many women of rare and stately beauty, of exquisite loveliness, of charm in manner and figure, so many men of fine presence, with such an air of power and manly prosperity and self-reliance, I doubt if any other assembly in the world, undecorated by orders and uniforms, with no blazon of rank, would have a greater air of distinction. Looking over it from a landing in the great stairway that commanded vistas and ranges of the lofty, brilliant apartments, vivified by the throng, which seemed ennobled by the spacious splendor in which it moved, one would be pardoned a feeling of national pride in the spectacle. I drew aside to let a stately train of beauty and of fashion descend, and saw it sweep through the hall and enter the drawing-rooms, until it was lost in a sea of shifting color. It was like a dream.

And the centre of all this charming plutocratic graciousness and beauty was Margaret—Margaret and her handsome husband. Where did the New Hampshire boy learn this simple dignity of bearing, this good-humored cordiality without condescension, this easy air of the man of the world? Was this the railway wrecker, the insurance manipulator, the familiar of Uncle Jerry, the king of the lobby, the pride and the bug-a-boo of Wall Street? Margaret was regnant. And how charmingly she received her guests! How well I knew that half-imperious toss of the head, and the glance of those level, large gray eyes, softened instantly, on recognition, into the sweetest smile of welcome playing about the dimple and the expressive mouth! What woman would not feel a little thrill of triumph? The world was at her feet. Why was it, I wonder, as I stood there watching the throng which saluted this queenly woman of the world, in an hour of supreme social triumph, while the notes of the distant orchestra came softly on the air, and the overpowering perfume of banks of flowers and tropical plants—why was it that I thought of a fair, sim-

ple girl, stirred with noble ideals, eager for the intellectual life, tender, sympathetic, courageous? It was Margaret Debree—how often I had seen her thus! -sitting on her little veranda, swinging her chip hat by the string, glowing from some errand in which her heart had played a much more important part than her purse. I caught the odor of the honeysuckle that climbed on the porch, and I heard the note of the robin that nested there.

"You seem to be in a brown-study," said Carmen, who came up, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Chisholm.

"I'm lost in admiration. You must make allowance, Miss Eschelle, for a person from the country."

"Oh, we are all from the country. That is the beauty of it. There is Mr. Hollowell, used to drive a peddler's cart, or something of that sort, up in Maine, talking with Mr. Stott, whose father came in on the tow-path of the Erie Canal. You don't dance? The earl has just been giving me a whirl in the ballroom, and I've been trying to make him understand about democracy."

"Yes," the earl rejoined, "Miss Eschelle has been interpreting to me republican simplicity."

"And he cannot point out, Mr. Fairchild, why this is not as good as a reception at St. James. I suppose it's his politeness."

"Indeed, it is all very charming. It must be a great thing to be the architect of your own fortune."

"Yes; we are all self-made," Carmen confessed. "I am, and I get dreadfully tired of it sometimes. I have to read over the Declaration and look at the map of the Western country at such times. A body has to have something to hold on to."

"Why, this seems pretty substantial," I said, wondering what the girl was driving at.

"Oh yes; I suppose the world looks solid from a balloon. I heard one man say to another just now, 'How long do you suppose Henderson will last?' Probably we shall all come down by the run together by-and-by."

"You seem to be on a high plane," I suggested.

"I guess it's the influence of the earl. But I am the most misunderstood of women. What I really like is simplicity. Can you have that without the social traditions," she appealed to the earl, "such as you have in England?"

"I really cannot say," the earl replied, laughing. "I fancied there was simplicity in Brandon; perhaps that was traditional."

"Oh, Brandon!" Carmen cried, "see what Brandon does when it gets a chance. I assure your lordship that we used to be very simple people in New York. Come, let us go and tell Mrs. Henderson how delightful it all is. I'm so sorry for her."

As I moved about afterward with my wife we heard not many comments, a word here and there about Henderson's wonderful success, a remark about Margaret's beauty, some sympathy for her in such a wearisome ordeal—the world is full of kindness—the house duly admired, and the ordinary compliments paid; the people assembled were, as usual, absorbed in their own affairs. From all we could gather, all those assembled were used to living in a palace, and took all the splendor quite as a matter of course. Was there no envy? Was there nothing said about the airs of a country school-ma'am, the *aplomb* of an adventurer? Were there no criticisms afterward as the guests rolled home in their carriages, surfeited and exhausted? What would you have? Do you expect the millennium to *begin* in New York?

The newspapers said that it was the most brilliant affair the metropolis had ever seen. I have no doubt it was. And I do not judge, either, by the newspaper estimates of the expense. I take the simple words addressed by the earl to Margaret when he said good-night at their full value. She flushed with pleasure at his modest commendation. Perhaps it was to her the seal of her night's triumph.

The house was opened. The world had seen it. The world had gone. If sleep did not come that night to her tired head on the pillow, what wonder? She had a position in the great world. In imagination it opened wider and wider. Could not the infinite possibilities of it fill the hunger of any soul?

The echoes of the Henderson reception continued long in the country press. Items multiplied as to the cost. It was said that the sum expended in flowers alone, which withered in a night, would have endowed a ward in a charity hospital. Some wag said that the price of the

supper would have changed the result of the Presidential election. Views of the mansion were given in the illustrated papers, and portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson. In country villages, in remote farm-houses, this great social event was talked of, Henderson's wealth was the subject of conjecture, Margaret's toilet was an object of interest. It was a shining example of success. Preachers, whose sensational sermons are as widely read as descriptions of great crimes, moralized on Henderson's career and Henderson's palace, and raised up everywhere an envied image of worldly prosperity. When he first arrived in New York, with only fifty cents in his pocket—so the story ran—and walked up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, he had nearly been run over at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street by a carriage, the occupants of which, a lady and gentleman, had stared insolently at the country youth. Never mind, said the lad to himself, the day will come when you will cringe to me. And the day did come when the gentleman begged Henderson to spare him in Wall Street, and his wife intrigued for an invitation to Mrs. Henderson's ball. The reader knows there is not a word of truth in this. Alas! said the preacher, if he had only devoted his great talents to the service of the Good and the True! Behold how vain are all the triumphs of this world! see the result of the worship of Mammon! My friends, the age is materialized, a spirit of worldliness is abroad; be vigilant, lest the deceitfulness of riches send your souls to perdition. And the plain country people thanked God for such a warning, and the country girl dreamed of Margaret's career, and the country boy studied the ways of Henderson's success, and resolved that he too would seek his fortune in this bad metropolis.

The Hendersons were important people. It was impossible that a knowledge of their importance should not have a reflex influence upon Margaret. Could it be otherwise than that gradually the fineness of her discrimination should be dulled by the almost universal public consent in the methods by which Henderson had achieved his position, and that in time she should come to regard adverse judgment as the result of envy? Henderson himself was under less illusion: the world was about what he had taken it for, only a little worse, more gullible, and with less principle. Carmen had mocked at Margaret's belief in Henderson. It is certainly a pitiful outcome that Margaret, with her naturally believing nature, should in the end have had a less clear perception of what was right and wrong than Henderson himself. Yet Henderson would not have shrunk, any more than Carmen would, from any course necessary to his ends, while Margaret would have shrunk from many things; but in absolute worldliness, in devotion to it, the time had come when Henderson felt that his Puritan wife was no restraint upon him. It was this that broke gentle Miss Forsythe's heart, when she came fully to realize it.

I said that the world was at Margaret's feet. Was it? How many worlds are there; and does one ever, except by birth (in a republic), conquer them all? Truth to say, there were *penetralia* in New York society concerning which this successful woman was uneasy in her heart. There were people who had accepted her invitations, to whose houses she had been, who had a dozen ways of making her feel that she was not of them. These people—I suppose that if two castaways landed naked on a desert island, one of them would instantly be the *ancien régime*—had spoken of Mrs. Henderson and her ambition to the Earl of Chisholm in a way that pained him. They graciously assumed that he, as one of the elect, would understand them. It was therefore with a heavy heart that he came to say good-by to Margaret before his return.

I cannot imagine anything more uncomfortable for an old lover, for a rejected lover, than a meeting of this sort; but I suppose the honest fellow could not resist the inclination to see Margaret once more. I dare say she had a little flutter of pride in receiving him, in her consciousness of the change in herself into a wider experience of the world. And she may have been a little chagrined that he was not apparently more impressed by her surroundings, nor noticed the change in herself, but met her upon the ground of simple sincerity where they had once stood. What he tried to see, what she felt he was trying to see, was not the beautiful woman about whose charm and hospitality the town talked, but the girl he had loved in the old days.

He talked a little, a very little, about himself and his work in England, and a great deal about what had interested him

here on his second visit the social drift, the politics, the organized charities; and as he talked, Margaret was conscious how little the world in which she lived seemed to interest him, how little importance he attached to it. And she saw, as in a momentary vision of herself, that the things that once absorbed her and stirred her sympathies were now measurably indifferent to her. Book after book which he casually mentioned, as showing the drift of the age, and profoundly affecting modern thought, she knew only by name. "I guess," said Carmen afterward, when Margaret spoke of the earl's conversation, "that he is one of those who are trying to live in the spirit—what do they call it? —care for things of the mind."

"You are doing a noble work," he said, "in your Palace of Industry."

"Yes, it is very well managed," Margaret replied; "but it is uphill work, the poor are so ungrateful for charity."

"Perhaps nobody, Mrs. Henderson, likes to be treated as an object of charity."

"Well, work isn't what they want when we give it, and they'd rather live in the dirt than in clean apartments."

"Many of them don't know any better, and a good many of our poor resent condescension."

"Yes," said Margaret, with warmth; "they are getting to demand things as their right, and they are insolent. The last time I drove down in that quarter I was insulted by their manner. What are you going to do with such people? One big fellow who was leaning against a lamp-post growled, 'You'd better stay in your own palace, miss, and not come prying round here.' And a brazen girl cried out: 'Shut yer mouth, Dick; the lady's got to have some pleasure. Don't yer see she's a-slummin'?'"

"It's very hard, I know," said the earl; "perhaps we are all on the wrong track."

"May be. Mr. Henderson says that the world would get on better if everybody minded his own business."

"I wish it were possible," the earl remarked, with an air of finishing the topic. "I have just been up to Brandon, Mrs. Henderson. I fear that I have seen the dear place for the last time."

"You don't mean that you are tired of America?"

"Not that. I shall never, even in thought, tire of Brandon."

"Yes, they are dear, good people."

"I thought Miss Forsythe — what a sweet, brave woman she is!—was looking sad and weary."

"Oh, aunt won't do anything, or take an interest in anything. She just stays there. I've tried in vain to get her here. Do you know"—and she turned upon the earl a look of the old playfulness—"she doesn't quite approve of me."

"Oh," he replied, hesitating a little, "I think, Mrs. Henderson, that her heart is bound up in you. It isn't for me to say that you haven't a truer friend in the world."

"Yes, I know. If I'd only"—and she stopped, with a petulant look on her fair face—"well, it doesn't matter. She is a dear soul."

"I suppose," said the earl, rising, "we shall see you again on the other side?"

"Perhaps," with a smile. Could anything be more commonplace than such a parting? Good-by; I shall see you to-morrow, or next year, or in the next world. Hail and farewell! That is the common experience. But, oh, the bitterness of it to many a soul!

It is quite possible that when the Earl of Chisholm said good-by, with an air of finality, Margaret felt that another part of her life was closed. He was not in any way an extraordinary person; he was not a very rich peer; probably with his modesty and conscientiousness, and devotion to the ordinary duties of his station, he would never attain high rank in the government. Yet no one could be long with him without apprehending that his life was on a high plane. It was with a little irritation that Margaret recognized this, and remembered, with a twinge of conscience, that it was upon that plane that her life once travelled. The time had been when the more important thing to her was the world of ideas, of books, of intellectual life, of passionate sympathy with the fortunes of humanity, of deepest interest in all the new thoughts struck out by the leaders who studied the profound problems of life and destiny.

That peace of mind which is found only in the highest activity for the noblest ends, she once had, though she thought it then unrest and striving—what Carmen, who was under no illusions about Henderson, or Uncle Jerry, or the world of fashion, and had an intuitive perception of cant that is sometimes denied to

the children of light called "taking pleasure in the things of the mind." To do Margaret justice, there entered into her reflections no thought of the title and position of the Earl of Chisholm. They had never been alluring to her. If one could take any satisfaction in this phase of her character, her worldliness was purely American.

"I hardly know which I should prefer," Carmen was saying when they were talking over the ball and the earl's departure, "to be an English countess, or the wife of an American millionaire."

"It might depend upon the man," replied Margaret, with a smile.

"The American," continued Carmen, not heeding this suggestion, "has the greater opportunities, and is not hindered by traditions. If you were a countess you would have to act like a countess. If you are an American you can act—like anything—you can do what you please. That is nicer. Now an earl must do what an earl has always done. What could you do with such a husband? Mind! Yes, I know, dear, about things of the mind. First, you know, he will be a gentleman societist (in the magazines), and maybe a Christian socialist, or a Christian scientist, or something of that sort, interested in the Mind Cure."

"I should think that would suit you. Last I knew, you were deep in the Mind Cure."

"So I was. That was last week. Now I'm in the Faith Cure. I've found out about both. The difference is, in the Mind Cure you don't require any faith; in the Faith Cure you don't require any mind. The Faith Cure just suits me."

"So you put your faith in an American millionaire."

"Yes, I think I should, until an American millionaire put faith in me. That might shake me. It is such a queer world. No, I'm in doubt. If you loved an earl, he would stay an earl. If you loved an American millionaire, ten to one he would fail."

Margaret did not escape the responsibility of her success. Who does? My dear Charmian, who wrote the successful novel of last year, do you not already repent your rash act? If you do not write a better novel this year, will not the public flout you and jeer you for a pretender? Did the public overpraise you at first? Its mistaken partiality becomes now your presumption. Last year the press said you were the rival of Hawthorne. This year it is, "that Miss Charmian who set herself up as a second Hawthorne." When the new house was opened, it might be said that socially Mrs. Henderson had "arrived." Had she? When one enters on the path of worldliness is there any resting-place? Is not eternal vigilance the price of position?

Henderson was apparently on good terms with the world. Many envied him, many paid him the sincerest flattery, that of imitation. He was a king in the street, great enterprises sought his aid, all the charities knocked at his door, his word could organize a syndicate or a trust, his nod could smash a "corner." There were fabulous stories about his wealth, about his luck. This also was Margaret's world. Her ambition expanded in it with his. The things he set his heart on she coveted. Alas! there is always another round to the ladder.

Seeing the means by which he gained his ends, and the public condonation of them, would not his cynicism harden into utter unbelief in general virtue and goodness? I don't know that Henderson changed much, accented as his grasping selfishness was on occasion; prosperity had not impaired that indifferent good-fellowship and toleration which had early gained him popularity. His presence was nowhere a rebuke to whatever was going on. He was always accessible, often jocose. The [illegible] was in the club and Henderson was a man good fellow, whatever people said. The President of the United States used to send for him and consult him, because he wanted no office, he knew men, and it was a relief to talk with a liberal rich man of so [illegible] who wanted nothing.

And Margaret, what view of the world did all this give her? Did she come in contact with any one who had not his price, who was not going or wanting to go in the general current? Was it not natural that she should take Henderson's view? Dear me, I am not preaching about her. We did not see much of her in those days, and for one year or two years of what I suppose was her greatest enjoyment of her social triumphs. So far as we heard, she was liked, admired, followed, envied. It could not be otherwise, for she did not lose her beauty nor her charm, and she tried to please. Once

when I saw her in the city and we fell into talk—and the talk was gay enough and unconstrained—I was struck with a certain hardness of tone, a little bitterness quite unlike her old self. It is a very hard thing to say, and I did not say it even to my wife, but I had a painful impression that she was valuing people by the money they had, by the social position they had attained.

Was she content in that great world in which she moved? I had heard stories of slights, of stabs, of rebuffs, of spiteful remarks. Had she not come to know how success even in social life is sometimes attained—the meannesses, the jealousies, the cringing? Even with all her money at command, did she not know that her position was at the price of incessant effort? Because she had taken a bold step to-day, she must take a bolder one to-morrow—more display, more servants, some new invention of luxury and extravagance. And seeing, as I say, the inside of this life and what it required, and how triumphs and notoriety were gained, was it a wonder that she gradually became in her gayety cynical, in her judgments bitter?

I am not criticising her. What are we, who have had no opportunities, to sit in judgment on her! I believe that it is true that it was at her solicitation that Henderson at last did endow a university in the Southwest. I know that her name was on all the leading charities of the city. I know that of all the patronesses of the charity ball her costume was the most exquisite and her liberality was most spoken of. I know that in the most fashionable house of worship (the newspapers call it that) she was a constant attendant; that in the modest garb she never missed a Lenten service; and we heard that she performed a novena during this penitential season.

Why protract the story of how Margaret was lost to us? Could this interest any but us—we who felt the loss because we still loved her? And why should we presume to set up our standard of what is valuable in life, of what is a successful career? She had not become what we hoped, and little by little all the pleasure of intercourse on both sides, I dare say, disappeared. Could we say that life, after all, had not given her what she most desired? Rather than write on in this strain about her, I would like to read her story as it appeared to the companions whose pleasures were her pleasures, whose successes were her successes—her story written by one who appreciated her worldly advantages, and saw all the delight there was in this attractive worldliness.

What comfort there was in it we had in knowing that she was a favorite in the society of which we read such glowing descriptions, and that no one else bore its honors more winningly. It was not an easy life, with all its exactions and incessant movement. It demanded more physical strength than most women possess, and we were not surprised to hear from time to time that she was delicate, and that she went through her season with feverish excitement. But she chose it; it had become necessary to her. Can women stop in such a career even if they wish to stop?

Yes, she chose it. I, for one, never grudged her any pleasure she had in life, and I do not know but she was as happy as it is possible for human being to be in a full experiment of worldliness. Who is the judge? But we, I say, who loved her, and knew so well the noble possibilities of her royal nature under circumstances favorable to its development, felt more and more her departure from her own ideals. Her life in its spreading prosperity seemed more and more shallow. I do not say she was heartless, I do not say she was uncharitable, I do not say that in all the externals of worldly and religious observance she was wanting; I do not say that the more she was assimilated to the serenely worldly nature of her husband she did not love him, or that she was unlovely in the worldliness that ingulfed her and bore her onward. I do not know that there is anything singular in her history. But the pain of it to us was in the certainty—and it seemed so near—that in the decay of her higher life, in the hardening process of a material existence, in the transfer of all her interests to the trivial and sensuous gratifications—time, mind, heart, ambition, all fixed on them—we should never regain our Margaret. What I saw in a vision of her future was a *dead soul*—a beautiful woman in all the success of envied prosperity, with a dead soul.

XXII.

It is difficult not to convey a false impression of Margaret at this time. Hab-

its, manners, outward conduct—nay, the superficial kindliness in human intercourse, the exterior graceful qualities, may all remain when the character has subtly changed, when the real aims have changed, when the ideals are lowered. The fair exterior may be only a shell. I can imagine the heart retaining much tenderness and sympathy with suffering when the soul itself has ceased to struggle for the higher life, when the mind has lost, in regard to life, the final discrimination of what is right and wrong.

Perhaps it is fairer to Margaret to consider the general opinion of the world regarding her. No doubt if we had now known her for the first time, we should have admired her exceedingly, and probably have accounted her thrice happy in filling so well her brilliant position. That her loss of interest in things intellectual, in a wide range of topics of human welfare, which is in the individual soul a sign of warmth and growth, made her less companionable to some is true, but her very absorption in the life of her world made her much more attractive to others. I well remember a dinner one day at the Hendersons', when Mr. Morgan and I happened to be in town, and the gay chat and persiflage of the society people there assembled. Margaret shone in it. The light and daring touch of her raillery Carmen herself might have envied, and the spirit in which she handled the trifles and personal gossip tossed to the surface, like the bubbles on the champagne.

It was such a pretty picture—the noble dining-room, the table sparkling with glass and silver and glowing with masses of choicest flowers from the conservatory, the animated convives, and Margaret presiding, radiant in a costume of white and gold.

"After all," Morgan was saying, apropos of the position of women, "men get mighty little out of it in the modern arrangement."

"I've always said, Mr. Morgan," Margaret retorted, "that you came into the world a couple of centuries too late; you ought to have been here in the squaw age."

"Well, men were of some account then. I appeal to Henderson," Morgan persisted, "if he gets more than his board and clothes."

"Oh, my husband has to make his way; he's no time for idling and philosophizing round."

"I should think not. Come, Henderson, speak up; what do you get out of it?"

"Oh," said Henderson, glancing at his wife with an amused expression, "I'm doing very well. I'm very well taken care of, but I often wonder what the fellows did when polygamy was the fashion."

"Polygamy, indeed!" cried Margaret. "So men only dropped the *e pluribus unum* method on account of the expense?"

"Not at all," replied Henderson. "Women are so much better now than formerly that one wife is quite enough."

"You have got him well in hand, Mrs. Henderson, but—" Morgan began.

"But," continued Margaret for him, "you think as things are going that polyandry will have to come in fashion—a woman will need more than one husband to support her?"

"And I was born too soon," murmured Carmen.

"Yes, dear, you'll have to be born again. But, Mr. Morgan, you don't seem to understand what civilization is."

"I'm beginning to. I've been thinking—this is entirely impersonal—that it costs more to keep one fine lady going than it does a college. Just reckon it up. [Margaret was watching him with sparkling eyes.] The palace in town is for her, the house in the mountains, the house by the sea, are for her, the army of servants is for her, the horses and carriages for all weathers are for her, the opera box is for her, and then the wardrobe—why, half Paris lives on what women wear. I say nothing of what would become of the medical profession but for her."

"Have you done?" asked Margaret.

"No; but I'm taking breath."

"Well, why shouldn't we support the working people of Paris and elsewhere? Do you want us to make our own clothes and starve the sewing-women? Suppose there weren't any balls and fine dresses and what you call luxury. What would the poor do without the rich? Isn't it the highest charity to give them work? Even with it they are ungrateful enough."

"That is too deep for me," said Morgan, evasively. "I suppose they ought to be contented to see us enjoying ourselves. It's all in the way of civilization, I dare say."

"It's just as I thought," said Margaret, more lightly. "You haven't an inkling of what civilization is. See that flower

before you. It is the most exquisite thing in this room. See the refinement of its color and form. That was cultivated. The plant came from South America. I don't know what expense the gardener has been to about it, what material and care have been necessary to bring it to perfection. You may take it to Mrs. Morgan as an object-lesson. It is a thing of beauty. You cannot put any of your mercantile value on it. Well, that is woman, the consummate flower of civilization. That is what civilization is for."

"I'm sorry for you, old fellow," said Henderson.

"I'm sorry for myself," Carmen said, demurely.

"I admit all that," Morgan replied. "Take Mr. Henderson as a gardener, then."

"Suppose you take somebody else, and let my husband eat his dinner."

"Oh, I don't mind preaching; I've got used to being made to point a moral."

"But he will go on next about the luxury of the age, and the extravagance of women, and goodness knows what," said Margaret.

"No; I'm talking about men," Morgan continued. "Consider Henderson—it's entirely impersonal—as a gardener. What does he get out of his occupation? He can look at the flower. Perhaps that is enough. He gets a good dinner when he has time for it, an hour at his club now and then, occasionally an evening or half a day off at home, a decent wardrobe—"

"Fifty-two suits," interposed Margaret.

"—his own brougham—"

"And a four-in-hand," added Margaret.

"—a pass on the elevated road—"

"And a steam-yacht."

"Which he never gets time to sail in: practically all the time on the road, or besieged by a throng in his office, hustled about from morning till night, begged of, interviewed, a telegraphic despatch every five minutes, and—"

"And me!" cried Margaret, rising. The guests all clapped their hands.

The Hendersons liked to have their house full something going on—dinners, musicals, readings, little comedies in the theatre; there was continual coming and going, calling, dropping in for a cup of tea, late suppers after the opera. The young fellows of town found no place so agreeable for a half-hour after business as Mrs. Henderson's reception-room. I fancied that life would be dull and hang heavily, especially for Margaret, without this perpetual movement and excitement. Henderson, who certainly had excitement enough without seeking it at home, was pleased that his wife should be a leader in society, as he was in the great enterprises in which his fortune waxed to enormous proportions. About what we call the home life I do not know. Necessarily, as heretofore, Henderson was often absent, and whether Margaret accompanied him or not, a certain pace of life had to be kept up.

I suppose there is no delusion more general than that of retiring upon a fortune—as if, when gained, a fortune would let a person retire, or, still more improbable, as if it ever were really attained. It is not at all probable that Henderson had set any limit to that he desired; the wildest speculations about its amount would no doubt fall short of satisfying the love of power which he expected to gratify in immeasurably increasing it. Does not history teach us that to be a great general, or poet, or philanthropist, is not more certain to preserve one's name than to be the richest man, the Crœsus, in his age? I could imagine Margaret having a certain growing pride in this distinction, and a glowing ambition to be socially what her husband was financially.

Heaven often plans more mercifully for us than we plan for ourselves. Had not the Hebrew prophets a vision of the punishment by prosperity? Perhaps it applied to an old age, gratified to the end by possession of everything that selfishness covets, and hardened into absolute worldliness. I knew once an old lady whose position and wealth had always made her envied, and presumably happy, who was absolutely to be pitied for a soul empty of all noble feeling.

The sun still shone on Margaret, and life yielded to her its specious sweets. She was still young. If in her great house, in her dazzling career, in the whirl of resplendent prosperity, she had hours of unsatisfied yearning for something unattainable in this direction, the world would not have guessed it. Whenever we heard of her she was the centre and star of whatever for the moment excited the world of fashion. It was indeed, at last, in the zenith of her gay existence that I became aware of a certain feminine anxiety about her in our neighborhood.

She had been, years before, very ill in Paris, and the apprehensions for her safety now were based upon the recollection of her peril then. The days came when the tender-hearted Miss Forsythe went about the house restless, impatient, tearful, waiting for a summons that was sure to come when she was needed. She thought only of her child, as she called her, and all the tenderness of her nature was stirred; these years of cloud and separation and pain were as they had not been. Little Margaret had promised to send for her. She would not obtrude before she was wanted, but Margaret was certain to send. And she was ready for departure the instant the despatch came from Henderson: "Margaret wants you to come at once." I went with her.

In calamity, trouble, sorrow, it is wonderful how the ties of blood assert themselves. In this hour I am sure that Margaret longed for no one more than her dear aunt, in whose arms, as a child, she had so often forgotten her griefs. She had been able to live without her—nay, for a long time her presence had been something of a restraint and a rebuke, and her feelings had hardened toward her. Why is it that the heart hardens in prosperity?

When we arrived, Margaret was very ill. The house itself had a serious air: it was no longer the palace of festivity and gayety; precautions had been taken to secure quiet; the pavement was littered; and within, the hushed movements and the sombre looks spoke of apprehension and the absence of the spirit that had been the life and light of the house. Our arrival seemed to be a relief to Henderson. Little was said. I had never before seen him nervous, never before so restless and anxious, probably never before in all his career had he been unnerved with a sense of his own helplessness.

"She has been asking for you this moment," he said, as he accompanied Miss Forsythe to Margaret's apartment.

"Dear, dear aunt, I knew you would come—I love you so;" she had tried to raise herself a little in her bed, and was sobbing like a child in her aunt's arms.

"You must have courage, Margaret; it will all be well."

"Yes, but I'm so discouraged; I'm so tired."

The vigil began. The nurses were in waiting. The family physician would not leave the house. He was a man of great repute in his profession. Dr. Seftel's name was well known to me, but I had never met him before. A man past middle life, smooth-shaven, thin iron-gray hair, grave, usually taciturn, deliberate in all his movements, as if every gesture were important and significant, but with a kindly face. Knowing that every moment of his waking life was golden, I could not but be impressed with the power that could command his exclusive service for an indefinite time. When he came down, we talked together in Henderson's room.

"It is a question of endurance, of constitution," he said; "many weak women have this quality of persistence; many strong women go to pieces at once; we know little about it. Mrs. Henderson"—glancing about him—"has everything to live for; that's in her favor. I suppose there are not two other men in the country whose fortune equals Henderson's."

I do not know how it was, probably the patient was not forgotten, but in a moment the grave doctor was asking me if I had seen the last battle about the yacht regatta. He took the keenest interest in the contest, and described to me the build and sailing qualities of the different yachts entered, and expressed his opinion as to which would win, and why. From this he passed to the city government and the recent election: like a true New-Yorker, his chief interest centred in the city politics and not in the national elections. Without the least unbending from his dignity, he told me many anecdotes about city politicians, which would have been amusing if I had not been anxious about other things.

The afternoon passed, and the night, and the day, I cannot tell how. But at evening I knew by the movements in the house that the crisis had come. I was waiting in Henderson's library. An hour passed, when Henderson came hurrying in, pale, excited, but joyous.

"Thank God," he cried, "it is a boy!"

"And Margaret?" I gasped.

"Is doing very well!" He touched a bell, and gave an order to the servant. "We will drink to the dear girl and to the heir of the house."

He was in great spirits. The doctor joined us, but I noticed that he was anxious, and he did not stay long. Henderson was in and out, talking, excited, rest-

less. But everything was going very well, he thought. At last, as we sat talking, a servant appeared at the door, with a frightened look.

"The baby, sir!"

"What?"

Alas! there had been an heir of the house of Henderson for just two hours; and Margaret was not sustaining herself.

Why go on? Henderson was beside himself; stricken with grief, enraged, I believe, as well, at the thought of his own impotence. Messengers were despatched, a consultation was called. The best skill of the city, at any cost, was at Margaret's bedside. Was there anything, then, that money could not do? How weak we are!

The next day the patient was no better; she was evidently sinking. The news went swiftly round the city. It needed a servant constantly at the door to answer the stream of sympathetic inquirers. Reporters were watching the closed house from the opposite pavement. I undertook to satisfy some of them who gained the steps and came forward, civil enough, and note-books in hand, when the door was opened. This intrusion of curiosity seemed so dreadful.

The great house was silent. How vain and empty and pitiful it all seemed as I wandered alone through the gorgeous apartments! What a mockery it all was of the tragedy impending above-stairs—the approach on list-shod feet of the great enemy! Let us not be unjust. He would have come just the same if his prey had lain in a farm-house among the hills, or in a tenement-house in C Street.

A day and a night, and another day—and then! It was Miss Forsythe who came down to me, with strained eyes and awe in her face. It needed no words. She put her face upon my shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart were broken.

I could not stay in the house. I went out into the streets, the streets brilliant in the sun of an autumn day, into the town, gay, bustling, crowded, pulsing with vigorous life. How blue the sky was! The sparrows twittered in Madison Square; the idlers sat in the sun; the children chased their hoops about the fountain.

I wandered into the club. The news had preceded me there. More than one member in the reading-room grasped my hand, with just a word of sympathy. Two young fellows, whom I had last seen at the Henderson dinner, were seated at a small table.

"It's rough, Jack"—the speaker paused, with a match in his hand—"it's rough. I'll be —— if she was not the finest woman I ever knew."

My wife and I were sitting in the orchestra stalls of the Metropolitan. The opera was *Siegfried*. At the close of the first act, as we turned to the house, we saw Carmen enter a box, radiant, in white. Henderson followed, and took a seat a little in shadow behind her. There were others in the box. There was a little movement and flutter as they came in, and glasses were turned that way.

"Married, and it is only two years," I said.

"It is only a year and eight months," my wife replied.

And the world goes on as cheerfully and prosperously as ever.

THE END.

THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

BY HON. RICARDO BECERRA.

COLOMBIA, through her possession of an extensive coast line which stretches northward along both oceans, taking in the isthmuses of Darien and Panama, occupies in the southern half of the continent a similar position to that which Mexico occupies in the northern, figuring at once as a Central American and a South American power.

The Cordillera of the Andes projects into the territory of Colombia three of its principal ranges, which form in their turn three river basins. In the most important of these basins, the central and the eastern, communication with other countries is facilitated by the river Magdalena, the principal river of the former, and by the Meta, a branch of the Orinoco, the Napo, the Guaviare, and the Cagueta, large tributaries of the Amazon, the principal rivers of the eastern basin.

The victory of Boyacá, gained in 1819, destroyed the military power of Spain in the New World, and the new kingdom of

Granada, which had constituted itself in 1813 an independent state, entered into a confederation with the Presidency of Quito and the Captaincy-General of Venezuela, thus forming the first republic of Colombia, the creation of the military rather than the political genius of Bolivar. At the death of Bolivar, in 1830, the three states separated amicably, and New Granada, created an independent republic by the constitution of 1831, maintained with varying success that form of government until 1863, when, after a short trial of a moderate decentralized administration, she adopted a form of government—a federation of sovereign states—similar to that which in 1789 the United States of North America had found themselves obliged to materially modify. The new form of government, which lasted twenty-three years, did not prove a success, for another and recent political revolution has left the country in the same condition in which it was forty years ago. A central government has replaced the simple federation of sovereign states formed in 1863. An executive, whose chief officer is a President elected by popular vote for a term of six years; a Congress, composed of two chambers, which assembles every two years; and a Supreme Court and judiciary tribunals, presided over by judges who are not removable—constitute the three departments of the government. The powers vested in it are extensive and efficient. Individual rights have suffered some limitations, but freedom of industry, and, above all, liberty of conscience and religious worship, remain intact.

This not altogether felicitous scheme of government is the work equally of the two great political parties, the conservative and the liberal, into which the people of Colombia, since it first existed as a nation, have been divided. Both are patriotic and honest, and in the ranks of each are to be found citizens eminent for their abilities and their learning. Both, however, are alike unpractical in their views, and both show themselves equally wanting, in their struggles for power, in the qualities of judgment and moderation. The country, moreover, lacks the material elements of social and political stability.

With the exception of Brazil, Colombia has a larger population, and one relatively more homogeneous, owing to the continual intermixture of her three great races, and to the action of her Legislature, by which all class distinctions have been abolished, than any of the South American states, and she is, too, the one most capable of rapid growth.

In effect, while according to the census of 1808 the ancient viceroyalty had something less than a million of inhabitants, according to that of 1843 she had twice, and according to that of 1870, three times that number. Judging from this progressive increase in her population, it may be assumed that Colombia has at the present day more than four millions of inhabitants, and that at the end of the century she may count with certainty on possessing from five and a half to six millions, without taking into consideration the contingent that may be supplied by foreign emigration, which has been thus far insignificant. The three races to which we have referred, and the fusion of which advances at a rapid rate, are, in order of importance and numbers: the Spanish, or pure white race, which prevails in the region of the plateaus toward the north and in the ancient state of Antioquia, where its most active and energetic portion dwells; the mestizo, the result of the intermixture of the Spanish and indigenous races; and finally, the pure negro, now very much reduced in numbers, but physically improved under the influence of the climate and of the civil liberty it has enjoyed for the past thirty years, as well as by its gradual intermixture with the European and the indigenous races. As regards the pure aborigines, that is to say, the remnants of the ancient tribes brought under Spanish dominion at the time of the conquest, these do not constitute an element worthy of especial enumeration.

The country for the most part, owing to the inequalities of its surface, presents to the eye magnificent and beautiful panoramas. Here are steep mountains, there deep and extensive valleys, and further on broad plateaus, the inhabitants of Colombia thus enjoying in the tropics every variety of temperature; for, as the *savant* Caldas says in speaking of the different climates of this region, "It is only necessary to descend a distance of from ten to fourteen leagues in order to pass from polar snows to the heat of Senegal."

The forests of Colombia abound in trees which are used for building purposes, for dyeing, and for cabinet-work; and balsamic plants and gums, medicinal

[illegible] useful to man, are no less abundant. In the exhibition of natural products which took place in the capital of the republic in 1870 there were more than seven hundred kinds of the above-mentioned woods.

The country also abounds in rich mines of gold and silver, in iron, copper, lead, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, rock-crystal, marble, porphyry, jasper, jet, salt, coal, sulphur, lime, gypsum, and other mineral products. On the coast, especially on the coasts of the isthmus of Panama and of the bay of Rio Hacha, are found pearls and coral. Notwithstanding the abundance of these natural riches, however, the development of the material resources of the country has been hitherto almost completely neglected, and it may be affirmed that, with the exception of Ecuador and Bolivia, Colombia, of all the political divisions of Spanish America, supplies the smallest contingent to the traffic of the world. Various causes have contributed to produce so deplorable a state of backwardness: continual political dissensions, and the revolutions that have been their result, without either party having found it possible thus far to solve satisfactorily the problem of combining order and liberty, and thus bestowing on the country the blessing of a prosperous and lasting peace; the misdirected system of education adopted by the state, which tends to over-stimulate the imaginative faculties of the race, and to maintain the system of *bureaucracy*, which is one of the greatest scourges of those countries; the little attention given to scientific agriculture and to engineering in its diverse applications; and finally, the diversified character of the surface of the country, crossed as it is by three of the chief ranges of the Andes, presenting unusual difficulties to transportation. This state of things must continue until foreign capital shall facilitate communication by constructing numerous lines of railway.

The actual value of the foreign commerce of Colombia may be estimated at fourteen million dollars for exports, and from fifteen to sixteen million dollars for imports, which gives a total amount of thirty millions.

The exports of Colombia, in the order of their importance are, minerals, agricultural products, cattle and cattle products, and forest products. Only four years ago quinine, vegetable ivory, caoutchouc, and dyestuffs were exported to the value of six million dollars. But the cheap production of quinine in British India, and the depreciation in the value of the other articles mentioned, have almost completely destroyed this branch of trade.

Of the richness of the mines worked in Colombia some idea may be formed from the fact that, counting from the middle of the sixteenth century, the yield of gold and silver amounted to the sum of 653 million dollars, of which, if we regard the country as divided into two sections, separated by the river Magdalena, 633 millions would belong to the region lying west of the river, and twenty millions to that lying east. The present annual yield of both metals together may be estimated at seven million dollars, of which five belong to Antioquia and one to Tolima, the remainder being distributed among the Cauca, Panama, and Santander. The veins of gold and silver are situated in the mountains, generally in healthy localities of a moderate, and in some regions even cold, temperature. Foreigners may become owners of mines under the same conditions as natives.

Agricultural products, which, next to minerals, form the bulk of Colombian exports, are: coffee, the production of which increases every year, and the amount of which may be estimated at present at 350,000 quintals; cacao, chiefly from the Cauca, the annual value of which, however, does not exceed $300,000 to $400,000; indigo of the best quality, the remains of a trade which in 1871 and 1872 was very prosperous, but which has fallen off considerably since that time; and finally, tobacco, manufactured and in the leaf, the remains also of an industry which up to 1870 reached an annual value of four million dollars.

Hides, also, to the value of $1,000,000 annually, are among the exports; fruits, chiefly cocoa-nuts and bananas, which are grown on the isthmus and in the department of Bolivar, and the annual value of which may be estimated at half a million dollars; plants, and stuffed birds.

Agriculture is in a very backward condition in Colombia, and there are large sections of the country where the land is still cultivated according to the methods employed there at the time of the conquest. But in other sections, especially in those devoted to the cultivation of wheat, maize, and potatoes on the table-lands, and to

that of coffee, indigo, and sugar-cane on the slopes of the mountains, where a moderate temperature prevails, modern agricultural implements and methods of cultivation begin to be used with good success. Efforts are being made to introduce the cultivation of the silk-worm in the villages of the department of Antioquia, and to restore the cultivation of tobacco in Ambalema and Carmen, on the banks of the Magdalena, as well as in Palmira, in the valley of the Cauca, regions which produced an article that was considered in the world's market as inferior only to that of Cuba, until a singular disease, but little understood and vainly combated, attacked the plant and caused a degeneration of the leaf.

Formerly the rich pasture-lands of the state of Bolivar and the grassy plains of Rio Hacha exported in large numbers to Cuba cattle superior to those of Texas; but the heavy duties lately imposed on them, together with the recent monetary crisis in that island, have ruined this branch of traffic. In the interior the breed of stock, especially of cows, horses, and sheep, has been greatly improved. Some specimens of the first-mentioned animals are in no way inferior to the best of those exhibited at the cattle fairs in this country and in England. Sheep also have improved greatly, and in the valleys on the heights of the Andes they multiply almost if not quite as rapidly as the flocks which constitute the principal source of wealth of the pampas of the Argentine Republic. The Andalusian race of horses, recently crossed with the English and the pure Arab, has produced some very fine specimens. Mules are very numerous in Colombia, and form one of the chief factors in the industries and traffic of the country, as they are employed to transport its products over steep and precipitous mountain roads. They are small, but of great endurance; they perform journeys of six or seven leagues laden with bulky loads weighing as much as two or even two and a half quintals. The market value of a mule is from $70 to $100, if the animal is in good condition. The richest cattle regions of the country are situated on the banks of the Upia and the Meta, in the Eastern Basin; on the banks of the upper Magdalena; in the valley of the Cauca; and in the savannas of the department of Bolivar.

In some of these cattle districts there are ranches which contain as many as 20,000 head of cattle, and four or five hundred horses and mules. The price of meat is comparatively low in the principal centres of consumption, as it does not exceed ten or fifteen cents a pound retail.

The coffee-producing districts are situated in the valley of Cucuta, on the Venezuelan frontier, in Ocaña; on the banks of the lower Magdalena, in Bucaramanga; in the interior of the department of Santander; and on the slopes of the Cordillera descending to the Magdalena, in the department of Cundinamarca. The fruit is of the best quality, and that possessing most aroma and of the smallest grain is exported to France and England, while that of largest grain and possessing least aroma is sent to the United States. The average yield of each tree is from one pound to a pound and a half.

Of the $30,000,000 to which the foreign commerce of Colombia annually amounts, a third at least is the product of her trade with the United States. Her imports from this country may be estimated at $5,000,000, and consist chiefly of flour, lard, and other articles of food, for which a market is found in the interior wherever steam-boat communication extends; hardware; machinery, industrial and agricultural; rails and rolling stock; oil, lamps, and cotton fabrics. Colombia sends here in exchange coffee, hides, cacao, fruits, medicinal balsams, such as the balsam of Tolu, caoutchouc, and some other articles in quantities too small to deserve mention. Mineral products begin to be exported from the mines worked in Choco, Antioquia, and the upper Magdalena by American capitalists, and it is to be hoped that within a few years, when American labor and capital shall have still further developed this industry, New York will become, in common with London and Paris, a market for Colombian gold and silver.

The manufacture of textile fabrics, although very backward and insignificant, both as to the quality and the quantity of its products, deserves mention as being the source of supply for the clothing of the poorer working-classes of the population, more especially those of the central and northern departments, and of a part of the southern portion of the republic. The peasant of those regions wears a straw hat, a cotton shirt, trousers also of a cotton fabric called *manta*, badly dyed, but of strong texture, and a covering for the

Provinces, and the only kind adapted to all of native manufacture, are added a cotton or linen *poncho* for the hot regions, and the woollen *ruana* for the cold. The peasant women wear the same kind of hat and shoes as the men, and for some of fabric manufactured in the country: but for their clothing in general they buy foreign fabrics, particularly muslins and calicoes of English and German manufacture, costing from fifteen to twenty cents a yard. The inhabitants of the coasts, those of a large part of the Cauca, all those of Antioquia, of the north, and of Santander, and the well to do classes of the large cities, use fabrics of foreign manufacture exclusively, often going beyond their means in doing so.

Two noteworthy and very significant facts will complete the idea we desire to give of the present state, social and economic, of the people of Colombia.

There are among them no large fortunes, and it may even be said that there are not more than ten persons in the whole country who possess a fortune of over a million dollars. On the other hand, a certain material well-being is common among all classes of the popula- thriftlessness or laziness, refuse to work, subsisting on the spontaneous productions of the soil. It may be said that in Santander and in Antioquia there is not a single laborer who does not own his own house and a plot of ground, together with a few head of cattle and three or four mules. A like state of things exists in Tolima and in certain sections of the rich valley of the Cauca. In Cundinamarca and in Boyacá the distribution of wealth lives wretchedly, and saves nothing out of his scanty wages. The general prosperity of the country is further increased by the equitable division of the land among the people, more especially since 1860, when it was decreed that the Catholic Church should no longer hold property in mortmain, the value of the property owned by her amounting then to $14,000,000, having at least tripled itself since that time.

The second noteworthy fact regarding Colombia is the eminently national character of the progress made by her. While the Argentine Republic, Chili, Brazil, Peru, and even Venezuela, have received a powerful impulse, moral as well as material, by the introduction into those countries of a large amount of foreign capital and of thousands of foreign laborers, Colombia, with the single exception of the territory of Panama, and notwithstanding the extreme liberality of her institutions, has hitherto lacked, and still lacks, this potent element of progress. Thus while the other countries of America develop and become strong and vigorous by the infusion of rich European blood, Colombia subsists and progresses, though slowly it is true, by the almost unaided are fewer Europeans and North Americans resident on her soil than there are on that of any other Spanish American country; and almost all the manufactories, and the larger number of the great enterprises existing in the country, are in the hands of natives, and are supported by native capital. Wholesale and retail trade, even that carried on with other countries, especially that with Ecuador and the various European seaports, a large part of the mining industry, the whole of the agricultural industry, the navigation of the Magdalena, the Cauca, and the river Lebrija, the banking and commission houses, and, finally, five of the railways in course of construction, are in the hands of Colombians, and have been established and maintained by Colombian capital and credit.

The foreign debt of Colombia, the residue of that contracted by her in union with Venezuela and Ecuador for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred in gaining her independence, hardly reaches eleven millions, while that occasioned by her trade and other industries probably does not exceed two. Foreign capital has been employed in Colombia only in the work on the Isthmus of Panama, in the construction of the railroad from Savanilla to the Magdalena, and in some few commercial enterprises in Cucuta and Antioquia. American, English, and French capital has lately been employed in the working of various mines recently discovered. The revenues of the nation for the two years 1887–89 are estimated at twenty millions of dollars, derived from the customs, the working of the national salt mines, stamp

duties, taxes on the slaughtering of cattle, the subsidy paid to the government by the Panama Railroad, and other sources of minor importance. The annual revenues of the nation are less by a million dollars than its expenses, of which the sources are: the maintenance of an army of 6000 men, the salaries of state employés, the collecting of the taxes, the consolidation of the internal debt, the support of public education, and the construction of the railroad which is to connect the interior with the upper Magdalena.

The Colombian tariff is comparatively a moderate one, and it may be stated that its average does not exceed 35 per cent. on the value of the imported article. The system employed is that of gross weight, a method which facilitates trade, but has the disadvantage of being subject to great inequalities. Imports of machinery for mining purposes, agricultural implements, materials for telegraphs and railroads, sailing vessels and naval supplies, books and paper for printing, and various raw materials are exempt from duty. The foreign national debt is eleven million dollars, and the home floating debt, which is at present being amortized, amounts to an equal sum.

Telegraphic communication has increased greatly within the last seven years. The country possesses ample means of internal communication, and its telegraphic wires connect in the Pacific with the cable between the United States and South and Central America, and by land directly with the capitals of Ecuador and Venezuela. The tariff for its use is one of the lowest in the world.

Public instruction has made great progress since 1871, and, according to the report of 1882, there existed in the republic in the former year 1200 primary schools, nine normal schools for female teachers and nine for male teachers, six high schools, two agricultural institutes, an institute for the fine arts, an industrial school, a military college, a national university possessing four chairs — one of literature and philosophy, one of jurisprudence, one of the natural sciences, and one of medicine—including in all an attendance of 100,000. In addition to this, the local governments, private enterprise, and the Catholic Church support numerous institutions, among which are worthy of mention the flourishing seminaries of Medellin, Bogotá, and Pamplona. But while so much attention is paid to the learned professions, the more practical sciences are neglected. Doctors, lawyers, and litterateurs abound, while there is a scarcity of architects and engineers, mechanics and other workmen, in the branches of really creative and reproductive labor.

The country has been suffering for some years past from the effects of an economic and monetary crisis, the result of a gradual depreciation in the value of exportable fruits, and in more recent times of the enormous and unproductive outlay of public wealth to which the civil war of 1885 gave rise.

The coin in circulation up to the beginning of that year was the silver half-dollar of 0.835 fine, with a legal value of fifty cents, hard money, which lost in foreign exchange from 28 to 33 per cent. This coin, however, passed out of circulation, and it was found necessary to replace it by a legal tender of paper money, the amount of which issued up to the present date is $8,322,590. This paper money is admissible for its nominal value in payment of all taxes and contributions annually collected by the state and the local governments, and as the amount of these revenues exceeds $12,000,000, and the issue of paper money is limited to the same amount by law, it has not heretofore suffered so great a depreciation in value as was to be feared, and has never yet sunk to the low value which the paper money of Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Brazil has occasionally reached. According to the latest rate of exchange in the United States and Europe, for $190 in paper $100 in American gold may be had, or a sum equivalent to this in French or English gold.

Colombia will return to specie payment in proportion as she develops her industries, at present in a backward state, and providing that, to the equilibrium already reached between her revenues and her expenses, she adds a stable government which shall encourage labor and protect her citizens in the enjoyment of their rights.

The American who, either from curiosity or for business purposes, desires to visit the interior of Colombia, may embark at New York on any of the steamers of the Pacific Mail or Atlas line, or on one of the steamers of the line which plies between New York and Venezuela,

stopping at the Dutch colony of Curaçoa. The Pacific Mail Line will take him in eight days to Aspinwall, on the Atlantic, whence the railroad (of American ownership) will carry him in three hours to the city of Panama, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. In order to continue his journey to the neighboring state of the Cauca, our traveller will embark on one of the English steamers of the Pacific line, which will take him in forty eight hours to the port of Buenaventura, the centre of the foreign trade of the Cauca. The railroad running thence to the city of Cali, and the construction of which advances very slowly, will take him in a few hours to within two short days' journey on mule-back of the last-named city, which is a considerable commercial centre. From that point he may proceed, at his choice, either to the boundary line of Ecuador, passing through Popayan, a historic city and an ancient mining centre, to Pasto, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and the most important one in the southern part of the republic. To make this journey by bad mule roads requires ten or twelve days, at a cost to the traveller of $120, which includes the carriage of [illegible] baggage.

From Cali the traveller may also proceed to Palmira, which produces the tobacco of the same name; to Buga, an important centre of agricultural and cattle interests, with a numerous population; to the city of Cartago, situated at the foot of the magnificent mountain of the Quindio; to the new and flourishing city of Manizales, which has a population of 25,000 inhabitants and an active trade, and which is the centre of a mining district; and may proceed thence to Medellin, the capital of the department of Antioquia, situated in the delightful valley of Aburrá. Medellin is a very opulent city, the residence of the principal capitalists of the country, and the centre of the commercial and mining interests of the district. At some distance from Medellin lies Titiribí, where various important metal foundries are in operation, as well as the gold mines of the Zaucudo, a private enterprise which produces a million dollars

Stopping at Cartago, the traveller may cross the grand mountain of the Quindio, emerge at Ibague, the present capital of Tolima, a city which enjoys a delightful climate, and which, through the richness of the gold mines recently discovered in its vicinity, is destined to a great future. Continuing his journey, and crossing the river Magdalena by the magnificent iron bridge at Girardot, he may in three short days' time, and by easy stages by railway, mule, and coach, reach the city of Bogotá, the capital of the republic. This last journey, as well as that to Antioquia, is a difficult one, owing to the bad condition of many of the roads. It requires more than twelve days, at a cost of about $140, to make it. The traveller who takes this route, however, will have an opportunity of seeing the finest part of the beautiful valley of the Cauca, which Bolivar called a "Paradise inhabited by devils," alluding by this antithesis to the political dissensions which so frequently imbitter the lives of its inhabitants.

By the route through Curaçoa the traveller may enter Colombia through Cucuta. The journey from Curaçoa to Cucuta may be made with comfort, and at little cost, in four days, proceeding by steamer as far as the port of Vilamizar and across Lake Maracaibo, disembarking at the Venezuelan city of the same name. From that port an excellent railroad transports the traveller in a few hours to Cucuta, from which city he may proceed to the interior, crossing the northern portion of the republic, and traversing at his pleasure the coffee-growing valleys of Churacota and Pamplona, where are situated the cities of the same name; the salubrious district of Bucaramanga, which produces coffee, cacao, and gold, and which has some comparatively populous cities, where all the advantages of social civilized life may be enjoyed; the mountains of San Gil and Socorro, where are thriving agricultural and manufacturing towns; the valleys of Moniquirá and Chiquinquirá, the former rich in copper mines and the latter in commercial and agricultural interests and in cattle; and lastly, the plains of Ubaté, Nemocon, and Cipaquirá. In the two latter cities are the celebrated salt mines, which bring in a million dollars annually to the state. The country from Cucuta to Bogota is thickly settled with important towns; trade is very active; provisions, principally wheat and maize, bread, pork and beef, potatoes, yuca, and many excellent grains, are abundant. The favorite beverage in the hot valleys is a sour-sweet liquor made from molasses

mixed with water, which refreshes, without being injurious to health. On the table-lands the lower classes literally degrade themselves to the level of the brute by the use of a distasteful beverage called chicha, made from Indian-corn and the molasses first extracted from the sugar-cane. This beverage not only produces, by its long-continued or excessive use, a stupefaction of the faculties, but also gives rise in time to the disease known in Italy as *pelambria*. The journey last mentioned may be made in ten or twelve days, at a cost of $120, including the carriage of about one hundred and eighty pounds of baggage.

Lastly, the traveller may embark on one of the steamers of the Atlas line, of which three leave New York every month, and which will take him in ten or twelve days, stopping at Jamaica and Port Limon, either to Carthagena, situated on the magnificent bay of the same name, to the new port of Puerto Belillo, from which place there is a railroad to Barranquilla, or to the ancient city of Santa Martha, which has an excellent and well-sheltered harbor These seaports, among which all the traffic of the interior is distributed, are connected directly with the river Magdalena, the principal channel of this trade, as well as of that of the whole remaining country. Carthagena, until the beginning of the present century, was the real maritime, military, and mercantile capital of the Spanish possessions bordering on the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, but its fortifications, built at the enormous cost of $58,000,000, are to-day little more than a monument of its former greatness, while its commercial importance has also decreased.

Barranquilla, situated a little above the mouth of the river, is a new city of 25,000 inhabitants, containing handsome and spacious dwelling-houses and some fine public buildings, among them a magnificent market of brick and stone, recently built at a cost of more than $100,000. It possesses colleges and schools, a well-managed hospital, a public cemetery, water-works, and numerous carriages, both public and private. The dock-yards and stores of the various navigation companies, national and foreign, are also situated there, as well as the agencies of the five transatlantic steam-boat lines, the vessels of which sail from the neighboring port.

The climate of Barranquilla is very salubrious, and its heat, which ranges from 80° to 95° Fahr., is moderated, especially during the months from December to March, by strong sea-breezes. From Santa Martha, the third town in importance in the district, the traveller proceeds by rail to the new city of La Cienaga, near the river, which has a temperate and salubrious climate, and where extensive plantations of sugar-cane, coffee, cacao, and other fruit-bearing trees are being formed.

The river Magdalena, which may be regarded as in many respects the Mississippi of Colombia, is the principal channel of communication for the towns situated on its banks, in the valleys and mountain ridges along its course. The river is navigable for a distance of two hundred leagues, counting from Neira and Purificacion, at its upper course, to the ports near its mouth, at the sea. Between the towns of Tolima and Cundinamarca navigation is interrupted by the rapids of Honda, but a railroad recently constructed between these two points has obviated this hinderance to communication. The supply of water in the river is abundant during the rainy season, which in that region lasts for six months, commencing at the middle of April, but it decreases considerably during the dry season, when navigation becomes difficult, especially from Puerto Nacional up the river. Twenty-five steamers, all built in the dock-yards of Wilmington, Delaware, carry on the traffic of the river, two in its upper and the others in its lower course. They are capable each of carrying 1500 quintals of merchandise and forty cabin passengers. The voyage up the river, which was formerly made in *champans* propelled by oars and *palancas*, and required from thirty to forty days, is now made in eight days from Carthagena, seven from Barranquilla, and eight from La Cienaga. The trip down the river from Honda may be made in as short a time as five days.

The amount of merchandise transported by this route annually may be estimated at 250,000 quintals, and the number of passengers at 6000. Freight, which thirty years ago was $4 per quintal for the trip up the river and $3 for the trip down, is to-day reduced one-half, and is at times even lower.

The traveller may make the trip up or

down the Magdalena at a total cost of $50, including his baggage.

An indispensable condition of the rapid progress of the towns along the river-banks, and one fully recognized by their inhabitants, is the conversion of the bad mule roads, by means of which they carry on their foreign and domestic trade, into railroads, but up to the present date the efforts made in that direction have met with but little success. The inhabitants of Honda, Bogotá, and Cundinamarca hold communication with each other, the first by means of two bad roads—a long and difficult journey—and of the river Lebrija, which is beginning to be navigated by steam-boats, and the last two by means of a tolerably good mule road, which begins at Pesquerias and goes to Bogotá—a three days' journey—and by the railroad now in process of construction, styled the railroad of Girardot, of which we have already made mention. For the towns of Tolima situated south of Honda river communication is less difficult, as they lie nearer its banks, and are separated from it by land mostly level and unbroken. In the department of Antioquia a railroad is being built between the Magdalena and Medellin, the capital of the department, of which forty-five miles, traversing the most unhealthy and difficult part of the route, are already constructed. When this road is completed the important city of Medellin will be within ten hours' distance of the Magdalena, and within five of the sea. The eastern table-land, on which the city of Bogotá is situated, embraces the plains of Bogotá, that was once the ancient Zipa empire. The population in that region is very dense, and the value of the land, which produces wheat, barley, maize, potatoes, and fodder for cattle, very great. The wheat, however, is of mediocre quality, and consumption, probably because it requires the change of seasons for the complete development of its nutritious properties. The city of Bogotá, the capital of the republic, has a population of 100,000 inhabitants. It possesses handsome buildings, numerous parks of recent creation, a university, an astronomical observatory, poorly endowed, notwithstanding its admirable position, and enjoys the advantages of a healthy and delightful climate—advantages, however, counterbalanced to some extent by the inconceivable filth, and neglect of the laws of hygiene, of the lower classes of its inhabitants. A handsome theatre is being constructed, and the *savanna* will within a short time be crossed by a railroad connecting with that of Girardot.

The higher classes of Bogotá are in general well educated, but their education is of a theoretical rather than a practical kind, unfortunately conducing mainly to render them apt at controversy, more especially on questions connected with politics, religion, and literature.

Sources of profitable occupation are scanty, and, excepting trade, in which even the female portion of the population engage, and the cultivation of the cold and temperate lands in the vicinity of the city, the remainder of the educated classes depend chiefly for a support on teaching and on political employments, the competition for which imbitters party strife in an extraordinary degree.

We conclude by recalling to mind the fact that there exists a treaty—that of 1846—between Colombia and the United States, by which the former guarantees to Americans resident in or travelling through that republic the enjoyment of the most ample rights. The United States, on the other hand, guarantees to Colombia her sovereignty over the coveted territory of the Isthmus of Panama, and interoceanic free transit by that route.

POLLY WINSLOW.

BY JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN.

POLLY WINSLOW'S maiden aunt was a well-descended, proud creature, who could not be indifferent to any reflection on the family name; and because her youngest brother, Miles, the father of the unfortunate Polly, had taken to depraved courses, all her sisterly affection turned into lasting sisterly hostility to him. The aunt, Esther, was one who never could make allowances and never forget. And even after Miles's untimely death, which made Polly a whole orphan, she never tired of spreading abroad in the child's hearing, by hint, innuendo,

and proclamation, the viciousness and blackness of her father's life. So that Polly had felt herself from her earliest remembrance to be under a shadow, an outcast; through her father's misbehavior, his horse-racing and gambling—those were the faults that made his Puritanical sister Esther his censor and detractor—to be forever linked to all the blackness of this world. If she had been a less gentle and simple child, she might have doubted and resented this opprobrium as she grew into her first teens; but Polly's way was to accept; she took no great account of herself at any time.

Her aunt Esther emphasized this sense by seeming rather to tolerate than love the little girl. Esther might have been thought to be punishing her for her father's misdeeds. She kept her much at home, gave her lessons herself—though, indeed, when Polly was young, it would have been a long walk to the village school in Williamshead—and kept her sewing and washing dishes and the like.

There was little of children's society in this small neighborhood where Miss Winslow lived—a spot under the high locusts, called "The Point," that ran out into Long Island Sound. Old Captain Grigley's house was across the narrow road, but his two children had been buried long ago. Abner Morton's house and farm were behind the Winslows', and Miss Esther Winslow was not at all successful in keeping small Jededi' Morton and Polly apart as soon as they were able to crawl through the mossy picket-fence. So Polly ran and sang, a merry little creature for all her sense of inferiority, and danced and sewed and darned and scoured all by herself in the old-fashioned house and the tiger-lilied yard, with the Sound to see, and with Jedediah for her only human playmate.

Jededi' was a little younger than she, and always followed her lead. He scarcely ever proposed anything himself; and when he did, if Polly proposed anything else, his own proposition was immediately forgotten. So she never thought of him as her beau. Even when he was eight years old he was still dependent on her. Then he went to school and played with boys. But that made no difference; when he came back to Polly he was as much her follower as ever. Jedediah was a blue-eyed, good-natured little fellow. He came so into another world when he came back to her that he never brought anything from the outside world into it for Polly, and even when they were sixteen years old she was still under that early impression that [illegible] for people in general to have anything to do with.

Miss Winslow had no idea what a singular, vulnerable creature she had reared in her narrow domestic enclosure—how sensitive to impressions she was by nature; how humble, self-despising she was; how well she understood that there was to be nothing nice for her in the world. She was affectionate and devoted to her aunt, for all she told her how black she was; but she kept all her musings to herself, and down there on that secluded green point she lived very much by herself.

Nor did Miss Esther perceive how beautiful a chit was growing up under her roof, with her gossamer flying hair that had half a dozen different hues for the sunlight, her deep brown eyes, and the rather soft dignity of the nose that hung over her lips; nor did innocent Polly herself have ever a glimmer of a thought of these good looks.

One day in summer Polly was hemming handkerchiefs in the wood-shed. She sat there because the floor, half of stone and half of earth, was cool; and in summer they cooked in the wood-shed, but the fire was out now. As Polly sat there she heard the latch of the gate click, and presently there stood before the wood-shed door, in a doubting attitude, a young man whose like she had never seen before. He was tall, with black hair and a slender black mustache; in age, twenty three or four—old enough to seem to Polly as if he had quite attained to manhood; as brown as the sun can make white men, and clad in white flannel trousers and a wonderful striped jacket of crimson and white; on his head was a white yachting cap. He carried under each arm a small cask, evidently empty. Dropping one of them as he surveyed Polly ensconced in the wood-shed, he doffed his cap, and asked if he might draw some water from the well.

"Yes, sir," murmured Polly, put to blush by the apparition.

He made a hesitating movement, as if he did not know where the well was, and Polly, restored to self-possession by the practical need, sprang from her seat, and

out of the door said. "I will show you."

She led the way around the house, where the well curb was in view, and pointed him to it, while her breast swelled with her little excitement. He thanked her, and went on and began to draw the water, while Polly retired to the shed. As she went in she looked down to the beach, and saw there a black row-boat which was a stranger to her. She sat down to her work again, and heard the well wheel creak with the weight of the rising bucket, and heard the water splash down the well, and heard it gurgle into the cask, and heard the visitor smack his lips over a draught. The casks were too heavy now to carry two at a time, and he passed the door with one on his shoulder. She heard his step go through the gate and the gate slam. Then there was an interval of silence, and then she heard the noise of the cask tumbling into the boat. Still Polly sat working on her handkerchief, hemming it rather irregularly. Presently the gate clicked again, and then a shadow fell across the doorway. Polly did not look up.

"This is a very pretty yard," said the stranger, "with its view of the water."

"Yes, sir," answered she, with her eyes still on her work.

"And your well water is very good."

"Yes, sir," again assented Polly, while her needle made various wrong punctures in the handkerchief.

"Will you show me the road to town, please?" asked the stranger, in a very gentle tone of voice.

"Oh yes," said Polly, rising quickly from her work, and darting out to the front of the house. "There it is. Keep right on past our house and turn to the right. The village begins behind those trees over there."

She glanced once now at the boatman, but quickly turned her eyes away: there was something about his face that was so inviting, unconsciously inviting; it was so to Polly; but evidently he was very respectful.

"Thanks," said he. "We are encamped on one of the Pin Islands, and shall probably have to get things in the village. I knew that Williamshead was near by. You can see our mast over there, just behind the farthest island to the right."

Polly did not look that way at all, but inland; and the stranger, having thus explained himself, returned to the well after the other cask. Polly followed and slipped inside the wood-shed, and from there inside the kitchen. When she heard the step go by again, she stepped into the wood-shed and peeped around the door jamb at the retreating figure. It disappeared down the road, and then she emerged from the wood-shed, and, from the shelter of the syringa bush, watched him launch his boat and pull off for the Pin Islands.

All the afternoon long the boatman staid in Polly's vision, and all the evening; and in the night she dreamed about him, until she awoke with a start as he suddenly disappeared down the well, as if the chain had dragged him down, and Polly's heart was rent with pain. But it was only a dream, she found.

The next day she said not a word to Jedediah about the visit; and that was singular too, for she and Jedediah told each other all that happened of interest about the two places.

The stranger did not go to the village that day. (How did Polly know it if she had not been watching?) It seemed rather an empty day as it closed, and Polly was inclined to look forward to the coming day for an agreeable one.

It proved to be one. In the afternoon the stranger trudged by, on the road to Williamshead. He never came any more for water. Perhaps they had found some on one of the Pin Islands. Polly had watched the boat come to the shore, and had then retreated to the house. She went into the darkened parlor, and took observations through the slats of the closed shutters. She could see only a streak of crossbars of crimson and white. But it moved steadily along and did not stop. When it had become lost to view behind the bushes, Polly looked around the room and drew a long breath. She was very much disappointed. She tried to settle herself down to work, but she could not. Aunt Esther was out visiting in the village, and all that Polly could do was just to look out on the water and think. By-and-by it began to be time for the crimson and white coat and the dark face to return from Williamshead. So she went into the front yard and paid a visit of inspection to the tiger-lily stalks, with their black berries, that grew in the corner. Polly was presently aware that some one was coming along the road.

Her face became suffused with color as she still squatted and examined the black berries. The step came opposite her, and she looked up. The stranger looked through the fence and saw her.

"Oh, it is you!" he said, slackening his gait.

"Yes," said Polly, freely, with a frank smile.

There was the same inviting—unintentionally inviting—look on his face that was there the other day. It occurred to Polly at that moment that it was always there, must be always; it was part of the face. It inspired her with confidence now, though before it had upset her self-possession. She arose and stood before him, with her hands behind her back. A half-amused look crossed his face at first; but his eye presently regarded Polly's, and the amused look passed away. She was evidently but a girl yet, with her short dress and her hair braided in pigtails. But it was a shining mass of hair, and her eyes were large. If he felt anything but respect for the maiden, he did not show it. There seemed, somehow, occasion for him to stop. He had got water there a day or two before; this girl had shown him the well; now she was at the fence, with frank manner; it was rather uncivil to pass straight by. He looked up at the ancient shingle-sided house, with its last coat of whitewash nearly worn off, and at the light green faded shutters, fast shut against the afternoon sun; nay, always shut on that—the front—side of the house.

"That is an old, old house," he said.

Polly promptly assented with a mere nod of the head.

"How old is it?" he asked, half quizzically.

"I don't know," responded she. "I guess my great-grandfather built it."

"And does your father live in it now?" he asked, in a way of keeping up the conversation.

Polly caught her breath at the mention of her father, and the color flamed in her cheek just for an instant. But she immediately compressed her lips and shook her head. The little shock was past.

"And who lives over there?" he asked, turning and looking behind him.

Polly advanced to the fence, and mounting the bottom rail, hung on by her hands to the picket tops. "Captain Grigley lives there," said she, looking, not at the house, but at the crimson stripes.

"And who over there?" he asked, regarding the half hidden gable of Abner Morton's domicile behind the Winslow dwelling.

"Jedediah Morton," answered she, ignoring the existence of Jedediah's father.

The stranger was silent a moment, gazing about the neighborhood. Polly was looking at that remarkable face. Suddenly a sort of seraphic smile overspread her own countenance, she blushed, and in her consciousness of blushing, hung back on the pickets as far as she could. She would have retreated now from what she was going to say, if she could. But it would have been awkward, and she drew on her courage.

"Are you going to be here long?" she asked.

"A while," he answered.

She leaped off the bottom rail—she would have done so no matter what answer he had made—and dashed toward the house.

Polly did not stop until she was safe in the kitchen, panting, and her hair astray in front. Her hands were raised to her breast, and her eyes roamed about the room. She acted as she might if a tiger had suddenly appeared on the premises outside, and she knew not where to go for escape. But there was no pursuit.

Augustine Canter watched her rush away, in surprise at first, and then with pleasure, as he vaguely comprehended the motive of her flight, and witnessed the graceful run to shelter. He waited a moment, watching where she disappeared, and then sauntered on down the lane.

As soon as Polly recovered at all from the excitement of her rapid retreat, she bit her lip in vexation. How ignominious a termination that was to their interview! Polly had had some notion of behaving like a lady, acting at her ease and composedly, at this meeting with the stranger. It was a vague involuntary leaning to use manners as mild and polished as his. How chagrined she was over the upshot!

The sky now, the sea, the air, were full of but one face. Whose was it? Polly had always liked the name of William, so she named him William; and it was a William who lent his face to the universe. For the first time in her life Polly became derelict in her duties. They were all discharged ultimately, but she dawdled over them. The first love-day had dawned upon her, and the supernal

brightness and breadth of it caused homely handiwork to become almost an unreality for a while. Polly had no idea that [illegible]. Only, the dark face was all she saw. She had lisped not a word to her aunt.

The needs of the camp on Pin Island were such that Augustine Canter was obliged to make a pilgrimage several times more to Williamshead. No one else seemed to make these pilgrimages. It was always William. The next time that he came it happened that the tide was on the flood. He drew up his skiff on the shore and went on to the village. Polly by-and-by strolled down to the beach. She did not wish to see William to-day. There was a shrinking back from the possible [illegible]. But when she reached the shore the tide had risen, so that his boat was bumping, under a fresh breeze, on the rocks. William had been careless. Polly took the painter and drew the boat in and up to a safe place. Then she sat down on the gunwale and thought. Her broad, yellow, flat hat dropped into the boat. At length, after musing—[illegible]—she chanced to look up, and saw the crimson blazer moving among the green up above. With a bound she scampered behind a pile of rocks, and stole hurriedly across the short meadow home.

When William arrived on the shore and made for his boat, it occurred to him that the craft was not where he had left it. He looked about, and saw that where it had been the little waves were dashing in spray over the bowlders; and when he reached the boat, he saw the broad yellow hat lying in it. He stood reflecting a moment, and then [illegible] of rock and continued to reflect. What dumb, passionate sentiment was in that deep brown-eyed girl! Her bashfulness on his first visit; her boldness and subsequent panic on his second; and now the [illegible] and thoughtfulness that had cared for the safety of his belongings. He drew a long sigh. But it was quite as likely to be only a general, charitable care; besides, she was only a young girl. He took up the telltale yellow hat. In spite of himself, he turned it crown downward, and thought of the multicolored brown head that had touched the inside; and he drew the white ribbons through his hand - they were crumpled as if they had been often tied—and thought of the soft chin they had been knotted under, and the fingers that had tied them. They seemed holy to him. "Poor little child!" he murmured, and carrying the hat in his hand, walked up to the house.

Polly, meanwhile, had been impressed by her aunt into the service of helping her tie up some lolling stalks of a cherished sweetbrier rose. She was busy avoiding the pricks, when the gate opened, and Augustine stepped in. This was the first time she had thought of her hat. He spoke to Miss Winslow the elder, holding out the hat as he did so.

"I think perhaps this belongs to your—" he paused, not knowing how to name the relationship between the two ladies.

Aunt Esther had turned round sharply from her work, and as she saw the crimson and white apparition, she simply exclaimed, "Bless me!" and gazed at the new-comer.

He smiled. "I found it in my boat," he explained.

Aunt Esther recovered herself with a sudden rebound. "Why, of course, Polly, it is yours. What on earth do you mean by leaving your things around so? Some people might ha' rowed off with it."

Polly blushed and took it.

"Thank you," said he, "for crediting me with an honest appearance." Miss Winslow the elder appeared to Augustine like an interesting creature, with her hook-nose, her dark skin and eyes, with the spectacles down on the end of her nose, an old straw hat on her head, and cotton gloves to shield her hands. Besides, he had an instinctive feeling that as long as he knew Polly he ought to know the other too. But there was a feeling of loyalty to the younger, and he did not say that he had seen her before. "I have passed by here before, and have admired your flowers, madam," he said.

"My name is Winslow," returned Esther—"Miss Winslow."

"And mine is Canter," he rejoined.

"Canter—Canter; that is an odd name, now, ain't it?" she said. "I've heard of Trot, and of Gallup, but I never heard of Canter. Well, the flowers *do* middling well"—surveying the front door-yard—"but, bless ye, any flowers 'll do well if ye'll only encourage 'em; they ain't so backward if ye show ye have a likin' for 'em. I've known people that 'd blossom right out if a body was kind to 'em; and

losophy by her comparison—"that 't wa'n't no use to be kind to—just as grumpy as ever; but flowers ain't so; they always pay back what ye give, Mr. [illegible]" and [illegible] head down and then up in emphasis.

"True enough, Miss Winslow," replied the visitor. "Is this your niece?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; she is my niece. And you, I suppose—you're off on some boatin' [illegible]"

"Yes," he laughed; "we are on one of the islands."

"Well, young man—Mr. Canter—look out you don't get upset. I don't know what them clothes mean that you wear, but these holiday people many a time come to grief on the water. Look out for squalls, and don't be brash. Polly, hand me the other end of that twine. Thank ye for bringin' back my niece's hat. Good-day, sir," and Esther and Polly resumed the tying up of the lolling sweetbrier. "La!" remarked the elder under her breath, as if in soliloquy, "if that ain't the strangest coat I *ever* see! Coat o' many colors! Two colors, and that's [illegible]"

Polly dared now least of all to tell her aunt what was in her breast. This far-off sort of passion for Mr. Augustine Canter engulfed her. Yet she knew nothing about passion by that name. She could understand people's liking each other very much. And when they did, they were married. As far as liking went, she thought it would be proper if she were married to William; and she liked him *so* much, she thought so *very* much of him that they ought to be married: but, oh! it was the first great blow inflicted by her improper paternal parent: she was not—she was not fit to marry Augustine! She, who was different from everybody else; who was only a blemished child. Oh, it was one thing to have run about years before in a state of solitary contamination; but now—she was not fit for Augustine!

Polly's conviction of her inferiority was so strong, the fact had been so unquestioned all her life, that not a moment of doubt came to her even now to lead her into questioning. Aunt Esther's seclusion of her had been too strict, too long continued, to leave one ill-woven spot in the textile that had been wrought and stretched between her and the sky. What then? In the very moment that Polly saw, with a cutting pain, the obstacle before her, in that moment, with a giant-like determination beyond her years, she inwardly made her renunciation. It came with a little clinching of the fist and a momentary setting of the teeth. It was not so much a sacrifice to Augustine as it was a sacrifice of herself for propriety's sake. It was not so much devotion to him as it was devotion to her sense of honesty. Here was a fact. She was to abide by it, as she had always abode by facts.

Polly's determination was unwavering; she did not flinch. Yet there were minutes when she cried in gusts of grief. There were unuttered implorings of higher powers to remove this painful act from her. But of course there came no relief while her own feelings and notions remained unchanged. Ah! it was quite inconvenient to be something more than one of the hens or the house cat.

So this child, pure and resolute, and altogether simple, being the product of Aunt Esther's door-yard, went to her room at last, and adorned herself—the first adornment in years and years—with a clean corn-colored ribbon that had long ago done duty on her doll, never on herself. She tied it round her neck. It was pretty against her black dress; she was almost startled at its addition to her costume. But who should not adorn one's self for a sacrifice—for so great a sacrifice? With her maidenly charms thus slightly enhanced, she took her work-basket and went down to the rocks, seated herself, and went calmly at her work. She had seen her lord go by to the village; he must soon return.

He came round in a circuitous way to the beach, so that he had not seen her, and he stood on the sand looking off upon the water. Polly sat above him, with a rock in front of her acting as a battlement. Presently, when she heard no sound, she cautiously drew forward and peered over the edge. He was standing there with his hands in his pockets. A chip crumbled off the edge of the rock and dropped down. He started. She could hear him. And at last, when she returned to peer over the wall again, he had retreated toward the water, his face inland to see who had been over him.

"Oh, it is you!" he called, laughing.

She made no response, but gathered up

hugged her at the same time if he had had his own way.

He sat down on the rocks and watched her fingers. "You are very kind to mend that for me," said he at length.

Polly only gave a twitch of her head, which was half nervousness and half an intended negation of his assertion. It was almost heart-breaking to have him speak so kindly and gently to her when

Well, it did come. She sat compressing her lips for some minutes, and did more fully mastered herself, she said. "Wil-

"My name isn't William," he inter-

"Mr. Canter, sir," she continued. "I—I

She paused a moment, and he mur-

"I am not respectable." Then she look-

"Why not?" he asked, with his eyes

t," she said. "My

Augustine was silent, his eyes on the rocks at his feet. At last he spoke. "I am sorry," he said.

Ho! ho! this tone of sympathy was too much for Polly. A sob leaped into her throat and made itself audible. But at the same moment she was aghast at the wrong turn things were taking. It was a critical moment. There was a great physical struggle. And then Polly said, in an unnatural tone of self-command: "I do not mean that. I am not sorry—I mean, I am sor—I am not sorry. It makes no difference what I think, but nobody must think of marrying me!"

The words frightened her. She did not stop to think now, as she had not stopped to think before, that Augustine might never ask her, she was so intent on being honest. But there was now, at the sound of the words, a vague sense of the unfitness of uttering them, and she jumped up, as if to flee, her breast palpitating and her frightened eyes on her companion.

In spite of himself Augustine Canter smiled, but not heartlessly. He could not have done a fitter thing. It threw Polly into an argumentative mood. She thought he was smiling at her idea. "Nobody must," she insisted.

He stood with his eyes down, considering, quite at a loss what to do. He could think of nothing honest to say that would not hurt her. There must be a tacit acceptance of her words. His foot was on the gunwale. He had gone to the boat rather hastily. He turned now, and just said, "Thank you, for mending my jacket, Polly; you are very good." He pushed off, and took the oars. He would have called a "good-by" to her if she had looked at him. But she had taken her seat on the rocks again, facing the sea, indeed, but with her face bent over her work.

She thought: "He shall not see my tears. He shall see me sit here as he rows away—just as if nothing had hap-

Brave Polly sat there and sewed until Augustine had disappeared behind the first Pin Island. Then she went home, borne up by a consciousness that she had behaved herself steadfastly.

Poor consciousness! It bore the strain for twenty-four hours, creaking and threatening to break at times, but still carrying Polly across that day. The next day was Sunday, and that was unfortunate, for Polly was always more impressible on

Sundays than on other days. She went to church with her aunt. But in the evening, toward the late sundown, sitting at her bedroom window and regarding the crimson and golden sea, calm far and wide, but for the stretch or two of fine ripple where a zephyr strayed and made it blue—even while she viewed the sea and the glory of the west, Polly saw the topmast of a sloop come slipping out over the Pin Islands. It slipped past them altogether, and the trim vessel moved on across one of the patches of blue, then, coming to the sea of gold, it lagged and lagged, until it became motionless too, like the surface of molten gold.

Yes! Polly's fate drifting away, leaving her to desolation, had halted in the midst of glorious, beaming surroundings. The waiting yacht seemed like an invitation hung out as if by some unseen arm from the sky. An invitation? Nay, it seemed as if it was waiting to take her on into such brilliancy as its prow pointed to in the west. If it *had* sailed straight on, how different!—and how bad! Now it had stopped. Polly ran down to the beach.

She stood on the rocks, her heart fluttering, her bosom filled with but one wish. Oh, if it would only come true! Her eyes were bright and excited. But it grew dusk, and still her wish did not come true. Still she staid by the water.

Ah, it did come true, after all! There was the plash of oars.

When Augustine stepped ashore to say who knows what kind word of farewell to the odd little maid, she threw her arms around his neck from her greater height upon the rock, and burrowed with her nose in his neck. And words came with it, "Never mind; I will go—with you!"

The child knew not what she was saying. She was as pure and simple then as she ever had been.

Augustine clasped the girl, she was clinging to him so. She had laid her face in his neck. He held her. And finally he took her altogether in his arms and carried her to the rocks, and sat down beside her and held her hand. Immediately she let her head fall on his shoulder, and all her ideas swam in confusion.

It was hard work for Augustine Canter. Finally he said, "Polly!" She did not move nor open her eyes, but made a slight, dreamy moan of assent. "Polly!" he repeated.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and only pressed her head closer on his shoulder.

"Polly, you must not sit here."

She roused up and said, with her frank smile, "I am ready."

"But you cannot go with me," he said.

She only smiled at him.

"Polly," he said, sternly, "you must do what I tell you."

She hung her head.

"Come," he said, with a sudden gust of pity, and he drew her to his side, "tell me about it."

"Don't you see?" she said, quickly, looking up into his face. "I am not good enough to marry—oh, almost *any* one, I guess. I never shall be."

"Who told you you were not good enough?" he asked.

"Aunty, always."

"Why?"

"Papa," she whispered.

"Polly," he said, holding her off at arm's-length by her shoulders—"Polly, you *are* good enough." Then he paused. "Look up at the sky. Do you see those stars? Who made them? Who made you? Haven't you a Father up there that is yours?"

"*My* father isn't there."

"Yes; but the great Father."

A tear came into Polly's eye.

"Respect yourself," he continued. "You are a woman; keep your womanhood. Shall you not keep it?" He shook her a little in his earnestness.

Polly was silent, not even sobbing. Just then the softened tone of the church bell beyond the trees fell on the air.

"Hear that, Polly," he said, softly.

Polly's earliest religious thoughts were associated with the sound of that church bell, her first Sunday evening musings as a child. A little shiver ran through her frame. She bent her head forward on his breast and the tears fell. Her head rested there until she was quieted.

"I know," she murmured at length; "I understand what you mean." Then came two or three sobs. "I never understood it before. I must think well of myself; I know."

Her voice was more like a woman's than a child's voice as she spoke.

"Good-by," said Augustine, taking her hand.

"Good-by," she answered.

"Not that way," he said; "more cheerfully than that."

But there was no response.

Their hands fell apart, and he walked away. She heard the grating of the keel and the splashing of the oars, but they were faint sounds, as if heard in a dream.

Three years afterward Augustine Canter came again. He was an artist, and boarded at Captain Grigley's, and made sketches. In the mean time Polly had come to be nineteen. She had had a blind faith that he would come again. She had not spoken it, not even whispered it, to herself; but she had tried to fit herself for him, by reading and studying and being womanly. And when he did come, and came over to Miss Esther Winslow's to see her, she received him graciously and kindly, in remembrance of how he had acted to her. Jedediah Morton had already flown from his old-time playmate, in devotion to another village girl with whom he had not played so much. So Augustine Canter treated her in a courtly fashion, and loved her over again as a woman, knowing her heart as a girl; and Polly, having kept her mind and heart for him pure and clean, yielded when he asked her, and came to his arms, and he became her husband.

THE TALKING HANDKERCHIEF.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

WHOEVER has lived any length of time in China, and given attention to the manners and customs of the pirates that infest the navigable waters along the coast, has a wholesome dread of falling into their hands. To be taken by Chinese pirates is nearly always equivalent to a death-warrant, and not infrequently to death by torture. The Chinese freebooters hate the European as cordially as they are despised by him, and when he falls in their power they are not slow to make their feelings manifest. In the early part of the present century there were more than five hundred piratical junks on the coast of Kwang-Tung alone; not only did they capture vessels on the water, but they extended their operations to the land, and plundered towns and villages in great number. As long as the coolie trade flourished, the pirates were encouraged to continue their enterprises, since they found a market at Macao for many of the prisoners taken in their incursions on shore, or among the junks afloat. The suppression of the coolie traffic destroyed one of the sources of piratical revenue, and since the purchase or construction of steam gun-boats by the Chinese government the marauders are at a disadvantage, owing to the ease with which they can be pursued and overtaken. But though greatly reduced in numbers, the piratical junks are yet sufficiently numerous to render the navigation of the bays and channels on the coast of Kwang-Tung and adjacent provinces far from safe.

One of the tales that was told me in China I will here repeat; for convenience of narration I will give it in the first person singular, and singular enough it is to the American who has never seen Asia.

Familiarity with the manners and customs of Chinese sailors during a residence of several years in the southern provinces had naturally made me reluctant to travel on native vessels, however peaceful might be the appearance of things in general. Judge, then, of my feelings when the chief of our house at Swatow called me into the private office one afternoon, and said he wished me to leave in an hour for Hong-Kong.

"Certainly," I replied; "I can be ready in half that time. But how am I to go? There is no steamer for a week at least."

"Quite right," he answered; "I'm sorry there is none, as the business demands immediate attention. I wish there was a steamer ready to carry you down the coast, and the whole work could be finished in a day or two."

After a slight pause he added: "I sent our compradore to find a junk, and make arrangements for your passage. He came back a few minutes ago, and said he had settled it with the lowdah (captain) of a junk that was just getting up anchor for Hong-Kong. It will take them an hour at least to hoist the anchor, and so you have that time to get on board with your servant and baggage."

Then he gave me my instructions relative to the business I was to look after: as they have no bearing upon my adventure with the pirates, I shall not say what they

were. It is about a hundred and fifty miles from Swatow to Hong-Kong, and as the southeast monsoon was blowing down the coast—it was then the middle of October—the junk could run steadily before the wind, and ought to make Hong-Kong by the second morning after her departure. If all went well, she would be through the Ly-ee-moon pass by daylight, and at anchor in the harbor an hour later. By nine o'clock I should be at breakfast with some old friends on Queen's Road, within stone's-throw of the Clock Tower, and at ten o'clock would present myself at the office of Jardine, Matheson, and Company, for the transaction of the business which carried me away from Swatow.

I sent for John, my servant. John was not his Christian name; in fact he was a "heathen Chinee," and there was nothing Christian about him, in name or anything else. I always made it a rule to name my servant "John," without the least regard to the outlandish appellation he bore on entering my service. It saved an effort of the memory, and efforts of that sort are worth something in China, where you have half a world between you and your native land.

"John," I said, "my go Hong-Kong side, fai-tee"—I am going to Hong-Kong immediately.

"Can do," he responded. "My makee allo plopa." "Can do" is a general reply, meaning "Yes," or "All right," and the rest of the answer was to the effect that he would attend to the preparations for departure.

It seems he had already been informed of the intended journey by the compradore, and had my baggage almost ready when I summoned him. Your Chinese or Japanese servant is one of the most systematic beings in the world. When you have once shown him what you wish to carry on a journey, he never forgets, and on the next occasion he will put up precisely the same articles, unless you instruct him to the contrary. He carries his system to absurdity sometimes, and consequently must be watched. If you make a trip of a couple of days this week, and tell him what you want, he will put everything in place according to instructions. Next week you may be starting for London or New York, and when you inform him of your intention he will provide exactly the same things that he did for the absence of forty-eight hours. To him London and Ning-Po, New York and Foo-Chow, are "allee samee," and the only thought in his mind is that you are going on a journey, and want a proper supply of under and outer clothing for the daily adornment of your person.

A *sampan*, or native row-boat, carried us to the junk, which was slowly dropping down with the tide, and getting her mat sails into position for catching the wind. She forged through the water like a chip in a basin of molasses, and her bluff bows were in marked contrast to the sharp prow of an American tea ship that was moored in the harbor, and busily occupied with the reception of a cargo destined for consumption on the tables of Yankee-land. We came up to the junk directly under her bows, and I thought her great staring eye winked at me as though it knew I was a stranger to be taken in. As the lowdah saw us coming, he ordered a ladder thrown over the side, and we scrambled on board. My baggage (which included two boxes of silver I was to deliver in Hong-Kong) was passed up from the sampan and carefully watched by John till it was safe in the roomy cabin reserved for me at the stern of the junk. The compradore had accompanied us, and as soon as I was safe on board he cast off the line that held the sampan to the side of the junk, and with a wave of his hand in the direction of Hong-Kong, ejaculated, "Good wind! good water!"—the pidjin-English equivalent of "*Bon voyage!*" or "Good-luck to you!"

I said the captain ordered a ladder thrown to me, a politeness that was hardly necessary, as the sides of the junk amidships were only a few feet above the water, and there were several ropes trailing over the side in the confusion consequent upon departure from port. As soon as I reached the deck I looked around to see if there were any more captains than the one I have mentioned. I found that the junk had two other commanders, or at all events two men whose rights were nearly equal to those of the lowdah. It happened in this way:

A Chinese ship is divided into compartments, and it seems that the plan of building ships in the manner greatly vaunted by modern navigators was invented in China centuries ago. Marco Polo describes the compartment ships of the inhabitants of Cathay as he found them (about A.D. 1250), but it was not until

The compartments in a Chinese junk when she is on a peaceful voyage are let out to individuals in the same way that the rooms on a passenger ship are reserved for those who have hired them. But there is this difference in the condition of things, that while the passenger on the European steam-ship has nothing to do with the management of the craft, the merchant who has hired a compartment on a Chinese junk has a voice in her navigation. The junk on which I had embarked was built in six compartments; two of these had been let out to one man and two to another, while the remainder were "full of emptiness," as a Hibernian might say. The consequence was that there were two taipans (bosses) in addition to the lowdah, or regular captain, and my servant soon found out that the taipans and lowdah were old acquaintances and friends, and there was a strong suspicion that the taipans were part owners. But they seemed to leave the management of the craft to the lowdah, as they stood idly about, and made no interference with his orders.

The open harbor of Swatow favored our departure, and in less than two hours after leaving our anchorage we were feeling the influence of the monsoon, though it was a good deal broken by the islands of Namoa and Tong-Yung. Our course was for Breaker Point, a notable headland on this part of the coast, and known to the Chinese as Tong-Lae; turning this headland in safety, we should have nearly a straight road to Hong-Kong, as the general trend of the coast is to the southwest, and almost in the track of the monsoon, which blows down the coast from September till March. Even a Chinese junk may do some very fair sailing with the monsoon at her heels—at least fair for a junk. When all the reefs were shaken out of our sails we dashed gallantly along at nearly five miles an hour.

Left to myself and my cigar, I "took stock" of things around me, and tried to be comfortable. John was a good cook, as well as boy-of-all-work, and I knew he would attend to my dinner without special instructions. The deck was covered with bales of merchandise, boxes, tubs, and other odds and ends; there were rollers or windlasses for hoisting purposes; and there were coils and heaps of ropes that appeared in the most inextricable confusion. The junk carried four brass guns, resembling the sort we call carronades more than anything else; their carriages were hewn from single blocks of wood, and mounted on clumsy trucks, and so many things were piled about the guns that their use in an emergency would be impossible. But as soon as we were fairly out of the harbor, and their services were not needed for manipulating the sails, the men were set to work at clearing up the rubbish and bringing order out of the confusion. The boxes and their kindred soon disappeared into the holds, the ropes were coiled away, and the rubbish around the guns was removed. Custom is the same in many things the world over, and as I looked at the process of clearing up on board this Chinese junk, I was forcibly reminded of similar performances on ships in European or American waters.

The people of the junk attended to their own affairs, and I looked after mine. John held conference with the marine cook, and in due time the result of their joint labors appeared in my room at the stern. For the emergencies of sudden journeys we always kept a box filled with canned meats and vegetables, a plum-pudding or two, various spices, peppers, and sauces, and a service of table-ware; another case contained wines and stronger beverages; and if the journey was at all likely to be prolonged and provisions scarce, the boxes were doubled or multiplied. The provision and wine chests had not been forgotten. With the boiled rice supplied by the junk's cook, added to the contents of a tin can of American origin, I had a capital curry of chicken, which made the basis of my dinner. Blessings on the inventor of canned provisions! They have softened the asperities of travel in outlandish countries more than any of you stay-at-homers can imagine.

Dinner was served in my cabin—a room about ten feet square, directly under the position occupied by the man who steered the junk; it was entered by a door from the deck, and at the rear there was a good sized window which looked upon the water. The window was unusually wide for China, but destitute of glass, its place being supplied by a roll of matting, and with an outside protection of lattice blinds. The door was of solid plank at least two

of wood; and altogether my lodging-place was by no means uncomfortable. My baggage was piled close to the door and filled the space on each side of it, and after dinner I ordered John to sling my hammock by the window so that I could enjoy my cigar in the breeze that was blowing the junk along to her destination. It was rather cool for comfort, but my overcoat and blankets soon made everything all right, and I had nothing to complain of.

Until we rounded Breaker Point I had a view of the receding coast, but as soon as we turned that headland there was only the sea within the range of my vision. There were a few junks in sight, one of them sailing in our direction. A foreign bark, showing no flag, so that I could only conjecture her nationality, was beating northward, evidently bound for Amoy. I watched her for some time, indulging in fancies of the far-off land whence she came, and recalling the days of my youth and early manhood. By-and-by night came upon us, and after a second cigar and a cup of tea, I told John to close the window and get my bed ready.

I slept fairly well through the night in spite of the occasional rattling of the rigging and its attachments, the noise of the steersman over my head, and the creaking of the great rudder as it swung on its ponderous bearings. My bed was made on a "Canton chair," a sort of sofa or lounge of rattan, much affected by the foreigner in Cathay.

John saw me safely in bed, and was about to hunt a sleeping-place elsewhere, when it occurred to me that I might want him during the night, and I wouldn't know where to find him. So I told him to spread his mat and quilt on the floor of the room close to the door, and he would thus save us from intrusion, and be handy in case his services were required. He obeyed somewhat reluctantly, as he probably had expectations of gossip, and probably an hour or two of gambling with the crew of the junk: the Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and my servant was not one of the exceptions that are said to prove a rule. Whether he was asleep before me or not I cannot say, as he did not move a muscle after lying down, and his breath was as noiseless as that of a mouse. I called him once in the night for a glass of water (I am not quite sure as to the exact nature of the liquid) and he was at my side in a moment to fill my order—and glass. He soon lay down again as quietly as before, and I heard no more of him till daylight. He was the type of a good servant, with the ear of a fox, the eye of a hawk, and the foot of a cat.

It was just fairly daybreak, when I was awakened by a commotion on deck. There was a running to and fro, considerable shouting in the native lingo, which I couldn't understand, a pulling at the ropes, and more than the usual creaking of the rudder, as though the junk's course was being changed. For a few minutes I thought nothing of it, and then it occurred to me that after passing Breaker Point we had almost a straight course for Hong-Kong, and there was no occasion for deviation from it. The monsoon was a sure thing at that season of the year, and there was no likelihood that the wind had changed enough to require the junk to go about. I wondered what it meant, and as I did so I heard a slight rustling near the door.

Looking around, I perceived by the dim light which struggled through the mat curtain that John was on his knees, peering through a crack in the door casing, and apparently a good deal interested in what was going on outside.

"John!" said I, gently, but without eliciting a reply.

I repeated the call in a louder voice. To my surprise he gave a low "Hist!" and motioned with his hand in my direction, without offering to move.

I was on my feet in an instant, and as I rose he again motioned me to silence. Convinced that something unusual was going on, and with a sense of impending danger, I obeyed the mandate, and sat down on the edge of the chair.

Perhaps five minutes passed in this way—it seemed a hundred times as long—when John left his place and came toward me.

"Massa no makee bobblely," said he in a low whisper—which meant that I was to keep still; and I answered, "Can do." Then, wishing to know what was the matter on deck, I asked, "What for makee too muchee bobblely that-side?"

John's answer, rendered from pidjin-English to plain language, was to the effect that we were pursuing a junk with the evident intention of capturing her. He had caught enough of the conversa-

deck to ascertain [illegible] for a fact, and he said that the two taipans had been referring to my cabin, and wondering if the "fan-kwei"—foreign devil—was asleep or not.

Whether I turned pale or not at this information I never inquired; there was very little light then, and even if I did change color, John was too well trained to mention the circumstance. I certainly felt pale enough for a dozen ghosts, and would have given all my prospects of advancement in the commercial world to be safe on shore.

The whole situation was plain. For reasons best known to themselves, the officers and crew of the junk had turned pirates, and were in pursuit of a prize. They had probably made up their minds to murder me as soon as I showed myself, since my testimony against them would be decidedly inconvenient. The only chance of my escape was that they would make an easy capture and plunder their prize without rousing me or my servant. In such event they might possibly continue their voyage to Hong-Kong and land me safely; but it was by no means unlikely that they would put me out of the way on general principles.

John returned to his post of observation and auscultation, and I sat still to wait the course of events.

Hardly was he at the door when there was a slight noise outside, and somebody spoke to him, of course in Chinese. The voice was little more than a whisper, and John made no response.

The door of the room opened inward; we had barred it securely—or rather John had done so before retiring, or, at any rate, secure enough to prevent ordinary intrusion. But in case they wanted to open it, a few blows with any of the heavy sticks about the deck would have finished the business for us in a very short time.

I crept to John's side, and peered through the crevice. Two men approached with a piece of wood about the size of a handspike. It was hardly large enough for a battering-ram, but it would answer. Why they should wish to break down the door without first trying to persuade [illegible] I could not understand.

I was not long in doubt as to their intentions. Instead of breaking down the door they barred it so it could not be opened. A projecting cleat at the top held the fastening bar in place, and the two men put it in its position so gently that they made no noise.

I was very thankful to the scoundrels for their forbearance, and while I bore no ill-will to the occupants of the strange junk, I could not do otherwise than hope they would offer no resistance, but allow themselves to be captured without making any fuss about it. Through my peep-hole—the crevice—I could see that we were gaining on her, and if all went well (for our junk) the whole business might be over within an hour.

One man remained on watch at the door, and John said he was instructed to report any noise inside our temporary prison. He tried to look in through the crevice, but in this we had the advantage, as the flood of light outside prevented his discerning anything, while we could easily see all that went on within range of our eyes.

We were now pretty sure of being undisturbed for at least half an hour, and I determined to make as good use as possible of the time. I had in my trunk a pair of revolvers and a box of cartridges, and my first thought was to get them out. Very quietly, so as not to be heard by the man on guard, John opened the trunk and brought out the weapons; the revolvers had not been charged for some time, and one of them was so rusty that I feared it might miss fire in case of an attempt to use it. Removing the cylinder, I lubricated it as well as I could with some salad-oil, and shook a few drops into the mechanism of the lock; the same precaution was taken with its fellow, and the copper cartridges were thrust into their places.

"Now, my fine fellows," I said to myself, "unless you have some new style of warfare, I think some of you will lose the number of your mess before you throw me overboard. I'm familiar with these things, and can make them talk to some purpose."

Next we "cleared the deck for action" by stowing everything in the corners of the room, as there was not enough to make a good barricade with. I peered cautiously under the edge of the matting at the window, but dared not raise it, for fear the sudden influx of light might be discovered by our guard, and reveal the fact that we were awake. There was nothing in sight, not so much as a fishing-boat, and as far

as we could make out ahead, there was nothing visible save the junk we were pursuing.

We gained rapidly, and though a stern chase is proverbially a long chase, it was little over an hour from the time we were aroused by the commotion, that our junk lay alongside the victim. Ours was much the larger craft, and far better handled, and she carried more sail in proportion to her size. The result was that we came up to her side with more grace than you might expect from one of these clumsy vessels. Our men threw grappling-hooks over the rail of their prize, and her people had the good sense to make no opposition. There was a short parley, which was followed by the transfer of several boxes of sycee-silver and Mexican dollars from her deck to ours, together with half a dozen bales of silk and three or four chests of opium. I felt relieved on finding that nobody's throat had been cut. Not a shot was fired on either side; but our fellows were quite ready for business, as they had loaded their guns, and stood with lighted matches ready to blaze away if necessary.

It began to look as though I would have no occasion for my revolvers, and I expected every minute the men would come to unbar the door and restore things to their former condition. The vessels separated, and our junk resumed her course. The stolen property was placed in the hold, and everything appeared to be moving in the direction of peace, when John startled me with the information that the rascals were discussing the propriety of murdering us!

"La-li-loong muchee talkee one piecee man dielo savvey no can," he remarked, which is equivalent to "The thieves are saying that a dead man doesn't know anything." No one will dispute it, and the phrase is not unknown to the languages of the Western world. It seemed that they had some doubt as to whether we had been "playing 'possum" during the little act of piracy on their part, and it was urged that they could remove all question on that subject by throwing us overboard. In favor of the latter proposition was the value of the two boxes of silver and other portable property to which they would fall heirs if we were not present to claim it.

While discussing the question of what to do with us, the worthy trio moved so far forward that they were out of ear-shot, and we were obliged to conjecture the result, for a time at least. Presently they came aft again, and from the few words John could catch he inferred that the decision was against us, and we were to be disposed of.

The guard at our door was ordered to remove the bar. As he obeyed the command I saw several knives flashing in the hands of the worst-visaged rascals of the crew. There could be no mistake as to their intentions, and I determined to make the most of the situation. I had already formed my plan, which was to shoot the lowdah and his two fellow-plotters, and then use the rest of my cartridges on the crew. If I could only take them unawares, I thought, I could finish the three head villains in about as many seconds, and would be quite likely to create a panic among the crew if I succeeded. But how to get at them in the right way? If they would only fall into the error of letting us come out on deck before attacking us, I would have the odds far less against me than while restricted to my cabin.

The lowdah said something in a low tone which John could not hear, and the men, with their knives concealed behind them, dispersed along the sides of the junk. Then the cook came to our door, and after pounding on it, asked John if he wanted any boiled rice for the fan-kwei's breakfast.

John answered in the affirmative, but the fan-kwei was not up yet, and he would come for the rice as soon as it was wanted. Then the men put away their knives, and it was evident that they would do nothing till I appeared.

Of course there was no longer any occasion to be cautious about opening the window, and I told John to roll up the matting and open the lattice. I drew a good long breath, and as I did so scanned the horizon. The air was just a little murky, not exactly a haze, but rather the suggestion of it, and the horizon was not clearly defined, though enough so for all practical purposes. As I looked astern I thought I saw a streak darker than the rest of the sky. I looked again, and was convinced; then I called for my glass—a powerful binocular which I bought in London—and adjusted it on the streak that had caught my eye.

I uttered an exclamation of delight that caused John to turn and ask, "What ting massa makee look-see?"

"My makee look-see ping-chwan" (gun-boat), I answered. "He makee [illegible] this way rapidly.

John hesitated for a moment, but at last, "all right," boldly opened the door, and walked out to the deck, but took the precaution to close the entrance immediately. Going leisurely forward, he told the cook he would come for the rice in a little while, and then returned with some hot water, with which he was to perform the office of barber. This imaginary service occupied nearly half an hour, and then he went for the rice; when he came back with it there was a commotion on deck, as the approach of the steamer had been discovered, and the lowdah was on the stern of the junk endeavoring to make her out.

I felt sure it was all right now, or would be in a short time, and I could turn the tables on the pirates. They held a hurried conference, and it needed no words to tell us that they had agreed to let us alone till the steamer had passed, and then it would be all up with us. In order to gain time, I told John to go back with the rice and say it was not properly cooked, that the fan-kwei wanted it freshly boiled, and would not get up till a new lot had been prepared.

This gave me an excuse for keeping the door closed and for observing the approaching steamer. When I first saw her, and replied to my servant that it was a gunboat, I could only guess as to its character, but I felt in my bones that it was one of those craft which the Chinese government had put in commission, under foreign officers, with native crews, for the purpose of suppressing piracy. As she [illegible] I found that my guess was correct, and she proved to be the boat whose duty it was to patrol the part of the coast from Canton to Amoy. Luckily she was coming directly on our course. Our rascal lowdah ordered everything to be made as innocent as possible in appearance: the plundered junk was considerably off the course, and there was little likelihood that she would make trouble. The gun-boat would soon pass us, and then would come my turn to be dealt with.

During the civil war in America it was my fortune to serve on the staff of one of the prominent generals on the Union side, and while in that service I was detailed to signal duty. I had become expert in the work of signalling, so much so that I was unwilling to admit I had any superiors in manipulating the flags. Though the system had not been adopted by the Chinese navy, there were several officers on the gun-boats who were familiar with it; the captain of this very boat that was approaching us had served, like myself, in the American Signal Corps (on the Confederate side), and I had recently made his acquaintance. Just a fortnight before that very morning I had stood on the shore at Swatow and waved my handkerchief in a manner all mysterious to the wondering natives; it said to the captain on the deck of his steamer, "Come and lunch with me at noon"—an invitation which he promptly accepted.

When the gun-boat was a mile away I stood in front of the window, and with my handkerchief (*han-ker-choo* in pidjin-English) spelled out the words, "Am in great peril; don't reply." I was fearful that if anything like the waving of a signal on the steamer was seen by the pirates they would suspect something, and murder me before the gun-boat could reach us. Again I spelled the words, and added, "Hoist flag at fore." I stood well inside the window, so as not to be seen by the steersman, or any one else who might be on the platform above me, and John kept watch at the door. The whole crowd of rascals was too busy with watching the gun-boat to give us any attention, and I was half inclined to rush out and shoot down the head scoundrels before they could recover from their surprise.

I was beginning to fear that my signal had not been seen, when a ball went creeping up the foremast, and on reaching the truck it spread out into a flag. I wanted to shout and turn a handspring or two, but prudence forbade. Then I told in a few words what had happened, and kept the handkerchief steadily in motion as long as it could be seen.

On came the steamer, and ranged up within a hundred yards of the junk, and as she was fairly abreast of us she slowed, and then backed her engines; then she forged ahead, and by a few of those movements best known to steam-ship men adapted her speed to that of the unwieldy craft, from which she was not now fifty yards away.

The Chinese tyndal (boatswain) of the gun-boat hailed the lowdah, and ordered him to drop his sails; he did not comply

on the instant, but his movements were quickened by a control rifle leveling upon him. Then the whole crowd of pirates was ordered forward, a boat's crew, headed by the first officer of the gun-boat, came on board, and not till then did I deem it safe to come out of my cabin. There was never a more astonished Chinaman than that lowdah when, before I had spoken a word, they were told what they had been doing, how they had robbed the junk, and made preparations to kill me and my servant. Down to the moment when his head was removed from his shoulders at the Execution Ground in Canton, a week after his capture, the old rascal was puzzled to know how the captain of the gun-boat found out the facts in the case. Whether he has since ascertained I cannot say.

John has told the story many times since that eventful day, and his explanation always is,

"Massa makee [illegible]"

While the first officer was securing the pirates and becoming autocrat of the situation, my friend the captain stood on the bridge of the gun-boat, and with his handkerchief spelled out, "I shall expect you to dine with me."

I was too excited to make any other reply than raise my hat and nod an acceptance of the invitation. Until I stood on his deck, and felt the grasp of his warm hand in mine, my heart was away up in my throat, and I couldn't say a word. And then—well, my heart came up a little further than before, and I fled to the cabin as fast as my feet would carry me: I didn't want the Chinese sailors to know what babies we foreigners are.

SONG OF INDIAN SUMMER.

BY [illegible]

ARE there words that will not fade
For that rare, elusive maid
One meets in golden days of the later summer weather?
She, and oh! she only,
When I am tired and lonely,
Care I to see stirring the flush of purpling heather.

And what shall one call her,
Who is no tittle taller
Than the white-frilled Marguerite in shadow of the wall,
Yet pauseth so sedately
'Twixt glide and posture stately
That she seemeth, by some secret, unapproachable and tall?

Why, when I seek to flee her,
Must I be sure to see her
Flitting ever nearer than when I would draw nigh?
And why, when I have spoken,
Has she no silence broken,
So I know not if her accents are spellful as her eye?

What is it makes me love her,
Although she will but hover,
A palpitating promise on the farther edge of Light?
What is this glorious treason
That riseth over Reason,
And makes me glad bond-servant of her Silence, as her Sight?

What is in, around, before her,
That wins me to adore her,
As I were weary pilgrim and she were Saint and Shrine?
Is it Grace, or Love, or Beauty,
Is it Strength, or Faith, or Duty,
Makes me ever and forever hers—but never makes her mine?

THE BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

IN the year 1145—the year after the dedication of Suger's new church at St.-Denis—a strange scene was witnessed in the ancient city of Chartres. More than a hundred years before, in 1020, the building of a great church, dedicated to the Virgin, had been begun, to replace an older edifice burnt in the war between the Count of Chartres and the Duke of Normandy. According to tradition, the original church at Chartres was the first that had been built in France, having been founded while the Virgin was still alive. In the treasury of the church were many precious relics, of which the most venerated was the shift worn by Mary before the birth of the Saviour, a gift from Charles the Bald in the ninth century. Many were the miracles wrought by its efficacy, and in its possession the people of Chartres held themselves to be under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and bound to render to her special reverence and honor. But in spite of this conviction, and in spite of the general improvement in the social conditions of the realm, which had been shared by Chartres, the construction of the new church had been irregular and intermittent, till at length the people began to feel themselves reproached by their slackness in the work, and in this year, 1145, a transport of enthusiasm for its completion took possession of all classes, high and low. A letter of Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen, to the Bishop of Amiens, describes the popular ardor. "At Chartres," he says, "the people have begun, in the spirit of humility, to drag carts and wagons to help forward the erection of the church, and their humility is made resplendent with miracles. The report of this has spread far and wide, and has kindled the zeal of this our Normandy. Our children, after receiving benediction from us, set out for Chartres to fulfil their vows. And in like manner they have begun to come to their mother-church in our bishopric, forming companies, to which no one is admitted unless he has confessed his sins, fulfilled his penances, laid down at the foot of the altar every hate and anger, and become reconciled with his enemies in a true peace. One of the band is chosen as chief, and under his orders, in humility and silence, they drag heavy wagons, and make their offerings, accompanying them with tears and mortifications. . . . Many miracles are wrought on the sick whom they carry with them, and they bring back sound those whom they took away infirm." "In this year," says another contemporary, Robert du Mont, "men began at Chartres to harness themselves to carts, and to drag them laden with stone, wood, grain, or whatever might serve for the work of the church whose towers were then building. He who has not seen these things will never see the like. . . . Miracles are often wrought, and song and thanksgiving are offered continually to God." Still another eye-witness reports that some of the companies left their wagons, as well as the materials they brought, at the church, while others took them away empty to be loaded again, and drawn to some other church in process of erection.

The ecclesiastics who had this and other similar buildings in charge were not slow to take advantage of this contagious enthusiasm. Indulgences were offered to all who should engage in the work, and the miracles by which it was stimulated, multiplied, as was natural, on all sides. The most detailed and striking picture of the scenes and incidents of these pious pilgrimages, and the narrative which most fully illustrates the condition of feeling of the multitudes who engaged in them, are given by Haimon, Abbot of S.-Pierre-sur-Dives, in Normandy, in a letter addressed to the monks of Tutbury, a little priory in Staffordshire, an offshoot of his abbey. The Church of St. Peter on the Dives still exists, some parts of it remaining unchanged as they were constructed at this period. It is an interesting and imposing church. The little town which it surmounts lies in a fertile plain, between Lisieux and Falaise, on the banks of the pleasant winding river Dives. Many pious and poetic legends consecrate the story of the abbey. Its first church was dedicated on the first of May, 1067, and William the Conqueror, lately returned from England, was present at the ceremony, with a stately train of the great personages of his realm. For a time the abbey flourished under the royal protection, but

early in the next century, its abbot having taken sides with Duke Robert in the war he was waging for the possession of Normandy against his brother, Henry the First of England, the king besieged, captured, sacked, and burned the town and the abbey, and spared not even the church itself. But having established his rights over Normandy, he was moved by compunction for the sacrilege committed in the destruction of the church, and in 1108 Henry bestowed upon the abbey a new charter, "*pro restauratione et satisfactione damni quod monachis intulerat combustio ejusdem abbatiæ et totius villæ suæ per me facta.*" The rebuilding of the church was begun, but before long the work came to a stand-still, and the building lay year after year unfinished. But now in 1145, the fame of the wonders wrought at Chartres, and of the fervor of the people in the construction of their cathedral, rousing throughout the neighborhood a similar enthusiasm, the monks of St.-Pierre determined to avail themselves of this spirit for the benefit of their unfinished church. "Having learned," says Haimon in his letter, "that in France wagons of a new sort were made and drawn by the people of Chartres, loaded with what was needful for the church of the Holy Mother of the Lord, our brethren, with great diligence, built a wagon likewise in her honor, which they devoutly dedicated to the completion of the work begun in the time of King Henry, but now for many years intermitted." On the very day on which the wagon was set up and blessed, the Mother of Mercy benignantly showed from her inexhaustible store of grace how pleasing the work was to her. A second wagon was at once got ready, and the zeal of the people displayed itself in the same manner and with equal ardor as at Chartres. "Who ever saw or heard the like," exclaims the abbot, "that lords and princes, and the rich and powerful and noble, both men and women, should submit their necks to the yoke, and like brute beasts drag to the asylum of Christ carts laden with wine, grain, oil, lime, stone, wood, and whatever else is needful for the support of life or the structure of the church? And in the dragging it is wonderful to see, that when sometimes a thousand, or even more, men and women are attached to a wagon—so great is its size, and so heavy the load put upon it—they advance in such silence that no voice, not even a murmur, can be heard, and unless his eye beheld it no one would suppose himself in presence of so great a multitude. And when a halt is made there is no sound but of the confession of sins, and ardent and pure prayer to God for their pardon. And there, the priests exhorting to peace, hatreds are appeased, discords banished, debts remitted, and unity of souls restored. But if any one be so far gone in wrong that he will not forgive him who has sinned against him, or when piously admonished will not obey the priests, his offering is at once thrown from the cart as impure, and he himself with great shame and ignominy is separated from the company of the sacred people. And there, at the prayers of the faithful, you may see the sick and the infirm rise up in health from the wagons on which they had been lain, and the dumb open their mouths for the praises of the Lord, and those afflicted by devils recover a sound mind." And then you may see the whole multitude, old and young, prostrate and kissing the ground, and with sobs and sighs crying to the Mother of the Lord, to whom next to her gracious Son this work is chiefly ascribed, "for she has adorned first her church at Chartres, and then ours dedicated to her, with so many and such mighty powers and miracles, that did I wish to tell what I have been permitted to witness only in a single night, both my memory and my tongue would fail.

"But when the faithful people at the blare of trumpets and the raising of banners at the front set forth again, nothing hinders them on the way, neither high mountains nor deep waters; but as is told of the Israelites of old that they passed over the Jordan in troops, so these, the Lord leading them, when they come to a river enter without hesitation, and the very tide of the sea, at the place called Port St. Mary, is said to have stood back while those who were coming to us passed along.

"And when they reach the church, the wagons are drawn up around it like a spiritual camp, and the night is spent by the army of the Lord in vigils, with psalms and chants. Candles and lanterns are lighted at each of the wagons; the sick and the feeble are arranged on each, and relics of the saints are borne around for their comfort, and the priests and

[illegible] about in solemn procession, the people devoutly following them, eagerly imploring the clemency of the Lord and of His blessed Mother, for the restoration of the afflicted. And if the cures should be a little delayed, and should not follow at once upon the prayer, then may you see all of them cast off their garments, men and women alike bare from their waists upward, laying aside all bashfulness, and throw themselves upon the ground, the children devoutly doing the like, and stretched flat on the pavement, drag themselves from the entrance of the church, first to the high altar, and then to the other altars in turn, calling upon the Mother of Mercy with this new sort of supplication, and there truly extorting from her at once the pious desires of their prayers; for what may not such worshippers as these I will not say obtain, but rather extort, with their passion of groans and sighs and lamentations mounting to the benign ears of the Mother of supreme pity?" The words of the abbot sound like an echo of St. Gregory's famous saying, "God wills to be asked, wills to be compelled, wills to be vanquished by importunity." (*Deus vult rogari, vult cogi, vult quoque importunitate vinci.*)

"Nay," he continues (I abridge his words), "even a heart of stone would be moved at such a spectacle, for besides their prayers and tears they offer their own bodies to suffer for the sake of obtaining the cure of the sick, and expose their tender limbs to the priests, who stand, weeping, above them, scourging them with rods, while they cry, Strike! strike! spare not! The church is filled with the clamor of the prostrate multitude, and the Mother of Mercy shows that she hears and is pitiful, for even while this is going on, the sick and the feeble leap down from the wagons, throw away their crutches, and run hastening to pay thanks at the altar. The blind recover sight, the dropsical are suddenly relieved, the cures are innumerable. And then there are solemn processions to the high altar, the bells are rung, and praise and thanksgiving are duly rendered. This is the mode of the vigils, these are the divine watches of the night, this is the order of the camp of the Lord, this is the novel worship."

The abbot goes on to report in detail many special miracles wrought in the cure of persons known to him—paralytic, deaf, blind, lame, distorted, deformed. The general accuracy of his relation, and the sincerity of his conviction of the miraculous nature of these cures, are not to be questioned. The atmosphere of such scenes as those witnessed in the church of St.-Pierre, the enthusiasm of the moment, the nervous tension, the excitement of the imagination, the confident expectation of miraculous intervention, the perfect faith in the power of the agency invoked to accomplish the desired end—all furnish an effective combination of the conditions most favorable to what is not ill termed the "mind cure." The force of sympathetic excitement, the power of the stimulated imagination, reach beyond the limits of ordinary experience. The body becomes as wax; the stiffened cords relax, the obstinate pains vanish, the contracted joints are loosened, the dead limb feels the thrill of new life, the blood courses once more freely through the shrunken veins. The popular faith and the popular ignorance of the Middle Ages alike promoted the seeming wonders. The belief in the frequent occurrence of miracles was then far more widely and consistently held than the belief in the regularity of the order of nature is held to-day. The miracle was not only matter of faith, but of experience such that no doubt could withstand it. In the general ignorance of the laws of nature, in the absence of knowledge of the facts of physiology and pathology, even the most enlightened man could hardly offer any explanation but that of miracle for such abnormal occurrences, such extraordinary cures, as often took place through the supposed intervention of the Virgin or the saints, or the application of their merits in favor of the suppliants who appealed to them. Where the temper and the conditions of the Middle Ages prevail to day, similar incidents occur, and similar explanation is given of them. In parts of our own country we may at any time expect the appearance of a wonder-working image or apparition of the Virgin. It would be strange were we not to have our Virgin of Lourdes. Of the miracles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, of which we have full and credible testimony, there are comparatively few which modern science cannot classify as effects of ascertained natural causes, though doubtless there are some of which such an explanation remains difficult, because of the still imperfect exploration of those regions along the confines of life

within which the delusions of the senses still have play.

But explain these marvels and wonders as we may by natural law, the explanation only serves to illustrate the power of faith, working through the imagination, over the spirit of man. By faith ye shall remove mountains. The doctrine of the religion of the Middle Ages was essentially material, and the faith of the ignorant is always, whatever its terms may be, a faith in material things. Above the heads of men lay a heaven of material splendors and joys; beneath their feet yawned the material darkness of hell. Hope and fear alternated with tremendous tides in the hearts of the believers. All the business of earth was for the salvation or the perdition of the body and the soul. The creed was a strange, perverted product of the intelligence, bewildered by the perplexities of experience, by the contradictions between ideal right and actual wrong, by the confusions and miseries of the earth. It was irrational, selfish, barbaric —but it was believed. It supplied motives of supreme power. It quickened conscience to morbid activity, making penance delightful and sacrifice easy. It afforded solid ground on which the feet of faith could firmly rest, as on the Rock of Ages, while the spirit preened its wings for flight in the empyrean of achievement. The cathedrals of central Europe are its monument; the "Divine Comedy" is its consummate expression.

The child-like temper of mind, capable of conviction of the truth of such a creed, is irrecoverable, but the period in which it prevailed, for good and for ill, is one of the most interesting moments in history, and quite unique in its exhibition of the reach of human capacities under the stress of intense emotion.

The new form of worship begun at Chartres did not exhaust itself in a brief passion, but persisted in its work. The faithful seemed to hear the voice of Scripture: "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

At Chartres itself the two western towers began to rise high and firm like watch-towers above the town. The work on other parts of the church was carried on with zeal, the windows were filled with painted glass, and the devotion of her people to the Virgin was displayed in the rich adornment of the walls. The style in which the work had been begun so long before determined that of its completion. Its round arches and heavy piers and narrow windows apparently gave no sign of that portending change in the whole system of construction of which the indications were manifest in Suger's work at St.-Denis. It is indeed possible that if we had full knowledge concerning the building, we should find that the spirit which was elsewhere manifesting itself in those splendid innovations of design that were gradually to transform the character of the art had not been without influence here, but there is no evidence that this was the case.

The cathedral, when completed, was the joy and pride of the people of Chartres. It was one of the finest churches in France. But about fifty years after the impulse of devotion to which it owed its completion, a calamity, terrible, swift, unlooked-for, fell on the little city. Many of the chroniclers of the time make mention of it, but the story is best told, with simplicity and picturesque vivacity, in a rhymed poem by one Jehan Le Marchant, a clerk in the time of St. Louis. He tells us that he wrote his poem, which is called "The Book of the Miracles of our Lady of Chartres," in the year 1262; that it is a translation of a Latin poem which had long lain in a chest with other manuscripts in the treasury of the church, and that seeking aid from our Lady herself, known as our Lady of Chartres, he had brought it from Latin into French, in order that the laity who understand not Latin might learn of her grace, and of the miracles which she had wrought in favor of her church at Chartres, "her special chamber" where she likes best to dwell. It is a document of highest interest in its life-like pictures of the incidents of the time, and of the feelings and beliefs of the people. His story is as follows:

One night in the month of June, 1194, a fire broke out in Chartres—"a fire which," says the poet, "was no joke" *(un feu qui ne fut pas a geus)*. The narrow streets, crowded with thick-set houses built mainly of wood, were swept by the flames, which, mounting the low hill from which the cathedral overlooked the town, kindled the workshops and dwellings that

clustered at the base of the church, and running up along the beams of scaffold and platform, soon set the roof of the great building itself ablaze. It was a grievous sight to behold such a church burning. There were no means to save it. The hearts of the people were in distress at the destruction of their houses and all their goods, but, in sorrow for the ruin of their church, they thought little of their personal losses.

> [illegible]
> Car grant doulour au cuer leur toche
> De leur iglise qui est ursе."

How came it that the Virgin had failed to protect her own chosen abode? Why had she thus withdrawn her grace from her favored city? The sins of the people doubtless were many, and was this the judgment of Heaven upon them? They recalled how, but a few months before, in the winter of this very year, 1194, the king, Philip Augustus, retaking the town of Evreux from the English under Richard Cœur de Lion, had burned its famous church, and had brought some of its relics to Chartres. Had those served but as coals to kindle the new conflagration? And was the sacrilege committed at Évreux thus expiated?

The keenest stroke of the calamity was the loss of the very palladium of Chartres, the wonder-working shift of Our Lady:—

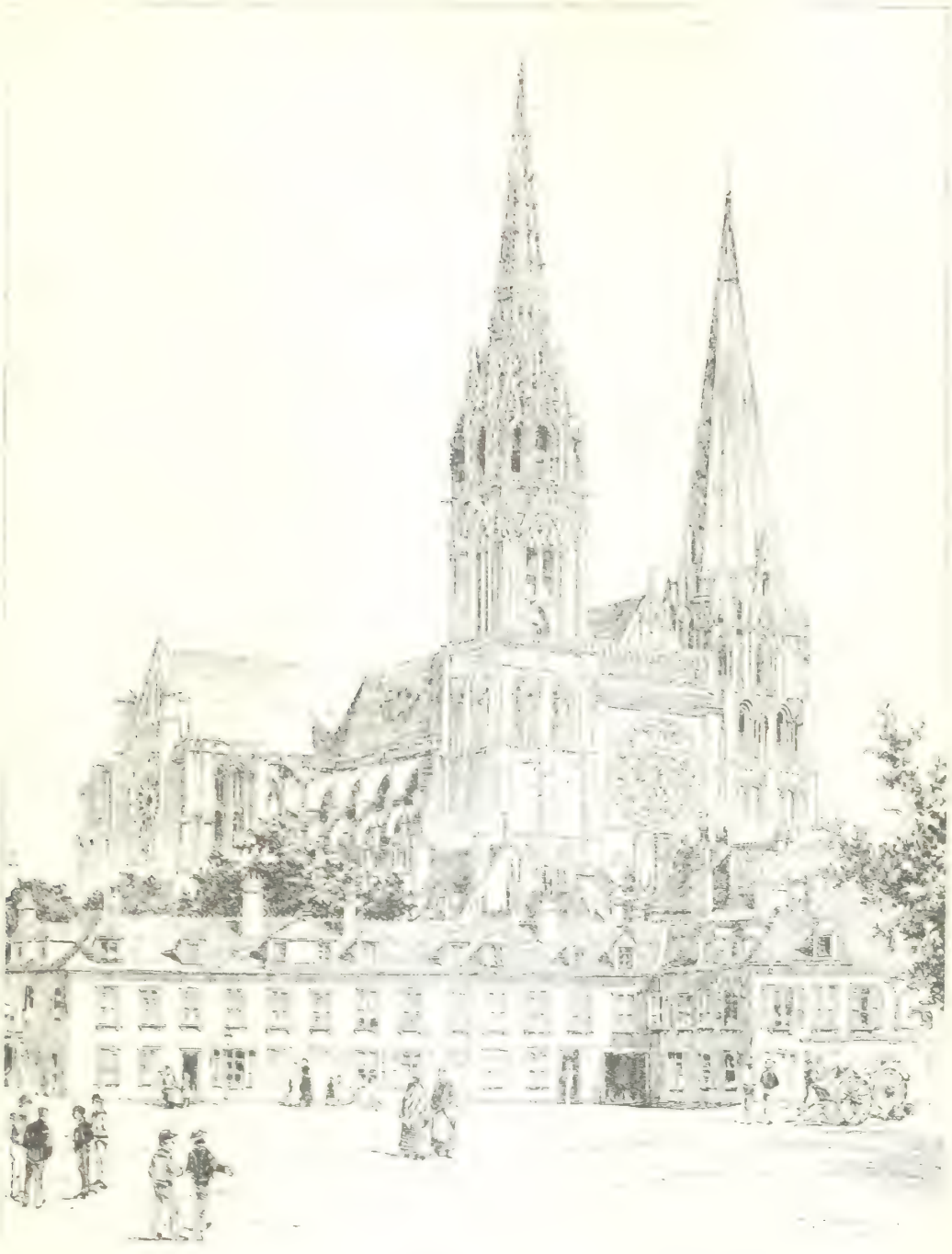
> [illegible]
> Quand dedens son ventre estoit
> Enclous le filz dieu Jhesu crist."

For days the people gave themselves up to counsels of despair. "'Since we have lost this treasure,' they said, 'worth more than silver or gold, why should we rebuild our church, or why build up our houses again? 'Twere better to leave the town which hath lost the honor and the dignity that made it fair.'"

[illegible] the time of the fire the Apostolic Legate, the Cardinal Melior, sent the year before to France by Pope Celestin III., happened to be at Chartres.

According to Jehan Le Marchant's account, the cardinal summoned the bishop and the clergy to a council, and urged them to undertake at once the rebuilding of the cathedral. "'Fair lords,' said he, 'this calamity has come to pass because of your sins, but let us pray God and His dear Mother that they would aid us to rebuild the church. You see the necessity; there is no need of a long sermon. You yourselves should set a good example to the lay folk by beginning the work, and offering good pay to good workmen. To rebuild such a church purses must be opened, and pockets and sacks emptied for the hire of laborers and skilled masons. Every man must give all he can.'" The legate having thus exhorted them, the bishop and the canons without delay pledged to the work their whole revenue for three years, except only what was necessary for their subsistence. Thereupon the cardinal convoked the whole people to an assembly, held on the still smouldering ruins, and urged them to give freely of what goods still remained to them, so that a new church, such as could not be matched in the world, should rise in place of the old, and the Virgin, who claimed the seigniory of the city, should thus be worthily served, and her abode, as was but right and reason, be made more beautiful and rich than ever. And even while the people were listening to his words, on a sudden appeared the bishop and the dean bearing upon their shoulders the sacred coffer in which was preserved the shift of Our Lady. Wonder, joy, devotion, filled the hearts of all as they beheld the glory of their city, their precious treasure saved as by miracle. They threw themselves on the ground, weeping, and with voices broken by sobs of joy, praising God and His Mother for this token of forgiveness and of grace. Then it was told how in the hurry and alarm of the conflagration some of the clergy had taken the coffer from beneath the altar and carried it into the crypt under the church, believing that there it would be safe; and when, having placed their priceless burden in security, they tried to escape from the crypt, they found the outlet blocked, and for three days had been forced to remain in their under-ground retreat. The sight had banished despondency and despair. There was no longer question or hesitation. Every man promised to give according to his means, money or labor or goods in kind, to build a new and noble church.

The work was promptly begun; great numbers of workmen were hired, others made voluntary contribution of labor, a multitude of carts were provided for dragging stone from the quarry of Berchères, about five miles away, and every day trains of wagons laden with stone or lime or lumber filed along the roads to the city.



THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

Scenes and incidents like those of half a century before were renewed in the pilgrimages and the offerings of the pious. But zealous as were the people, and ample as were at first the means, when the three years for which the Bishop and chapter had promised their revenues had run out, the work seemed little more than begun. The master of the works was now without money to pay the workmen, and knew not where to turn for it; but it was not long lacking, for "the high and glorious Lady, who wished to have a marvellous church, high and long and large, so that its equal could not be found, prayed sweetly to her sweet Son that He would work miracles openly in her church at Chartres, that all the people might witness them,



BETWEEN THE CENTRAL AND NORTHERN DOOR OF THE FAÇADE.

so that from all sides folk might come to make offerings to complete the church. The King of kings, the Almighty, was obedient to His mother, and sweetly heard her prayers, and wrought openly for her sake miracles of many sorts; and of the first that He wrought, never was the like heard or seen, and it is not to be passed over in silence."

Not very long before, in a village in the neighborhood, a cruel knight had cut out the tongue of a little boy, to prevent him from telling of an evil deed of the knight's, which he had witnessed. The poor child, having no one to care for him, took to begging his livelihood from door to door, and became known to everybody in Chartres as the dumb beggar boy. One day, as he was kneeling at the altar, weeping and reciting in his heart the prayers he could not utter, the sweet Lady of Pity took compassion on him, and restored his speech perfect as before, and he opened his mouth to give thanks to God. The by-standers recognized the instant miracle, the news ran through church and town, the people flocked in and crowded round the boy, eager to hear and to see the wonder for themselves. He was lifted up and set on a step close by the box in which contributions for the building were put, and there he cried aloud, "Hear the good work of the Lord God!" and those who heard him were moved to make offering for the church in which such miracle was wrought.

The natural result followed. One miracle begot another. The blind saw; the deaf heard; the sick were made whole; the cripple threw away his crutches; even the prisoner who lay in chains, calling upon the high Lady of Chartres, was enabled to break his bonds, to escape from his dungeon, and

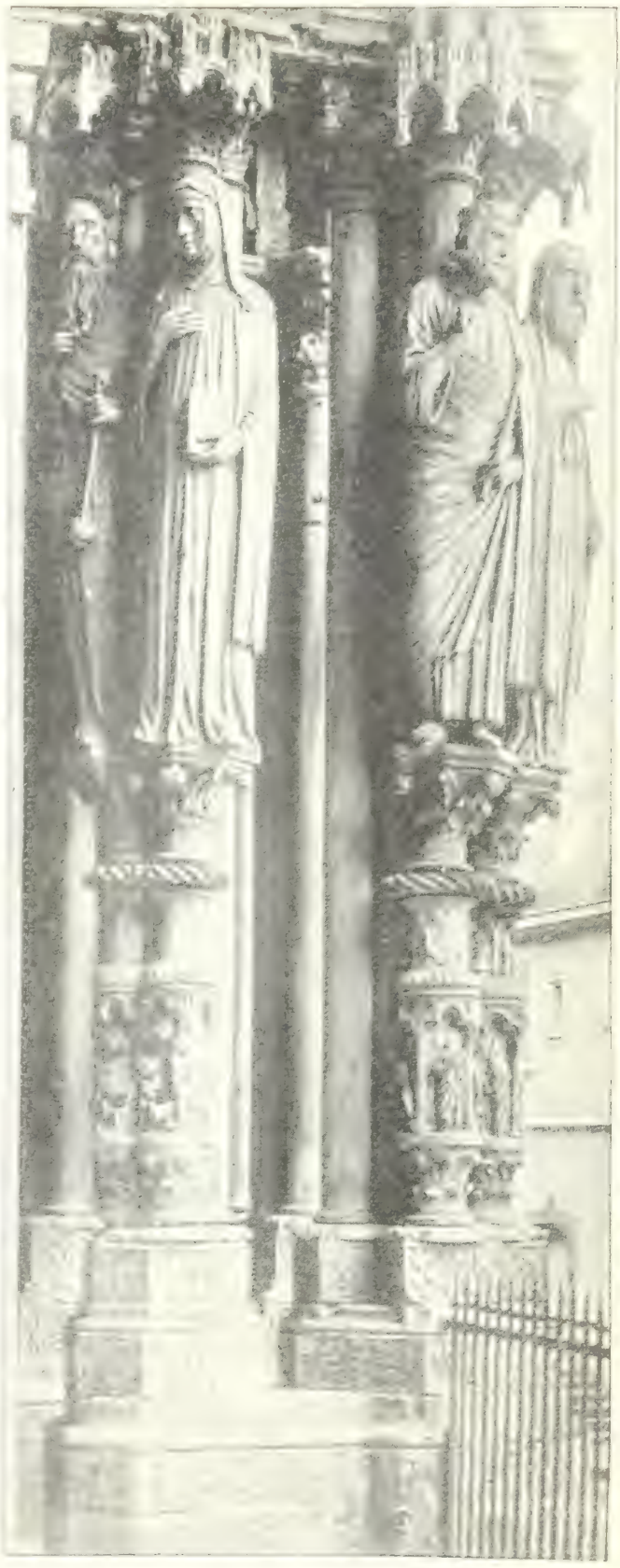
hastening with thanksgiving to her church, hung upon its walls as a token of her grace the fetters from which she had delivered him.

The renown of these miracles spread fast and far and wide, stimulating offerings in behalf of a work so manifestly favored by Heaven. It was once more a marvel to see the throngs of pilgrims on highroads and byways. The rich came bringing gold and jewels and vessels of silver, and all sorts of precious objects, to be sold for the profit of the building. The curates of even remote parishes came attended by their flocks, often dragging carts laden with materials for the construction, or with food and wine for the workmen, to worship at the altar, and to assist with manual labor on the walls. Once more the whole country round was stirred by a deep emotion of piety, that found expression in effort and in sacrifice for the church.

One of the prettiest stories in the rhyming narrative is that of a poor wandering English scholar. The chapter of the cathedral had obtained from Rome letters authorizing them to announce pardon for sins to all who in faith and penitence should contribute to the rebuilding of the cathedral, and they sent out preachers

> "Through many countries, many lands,
> To seek for aid from willing hands,
> To build the church anew."

It happened at this time that a young clerk from London, who had been studying in France, summer and winter, was on his way home, travelling afoot. Having reached the city of Soissons, he went to service in the great church there, where one of the preachers from Chartres was telling of the lamentable destruction of the old cathedral, of the need of help to



FIGURES FROM THE NORTH PORCH.



OVER THE MAIN DOOR.

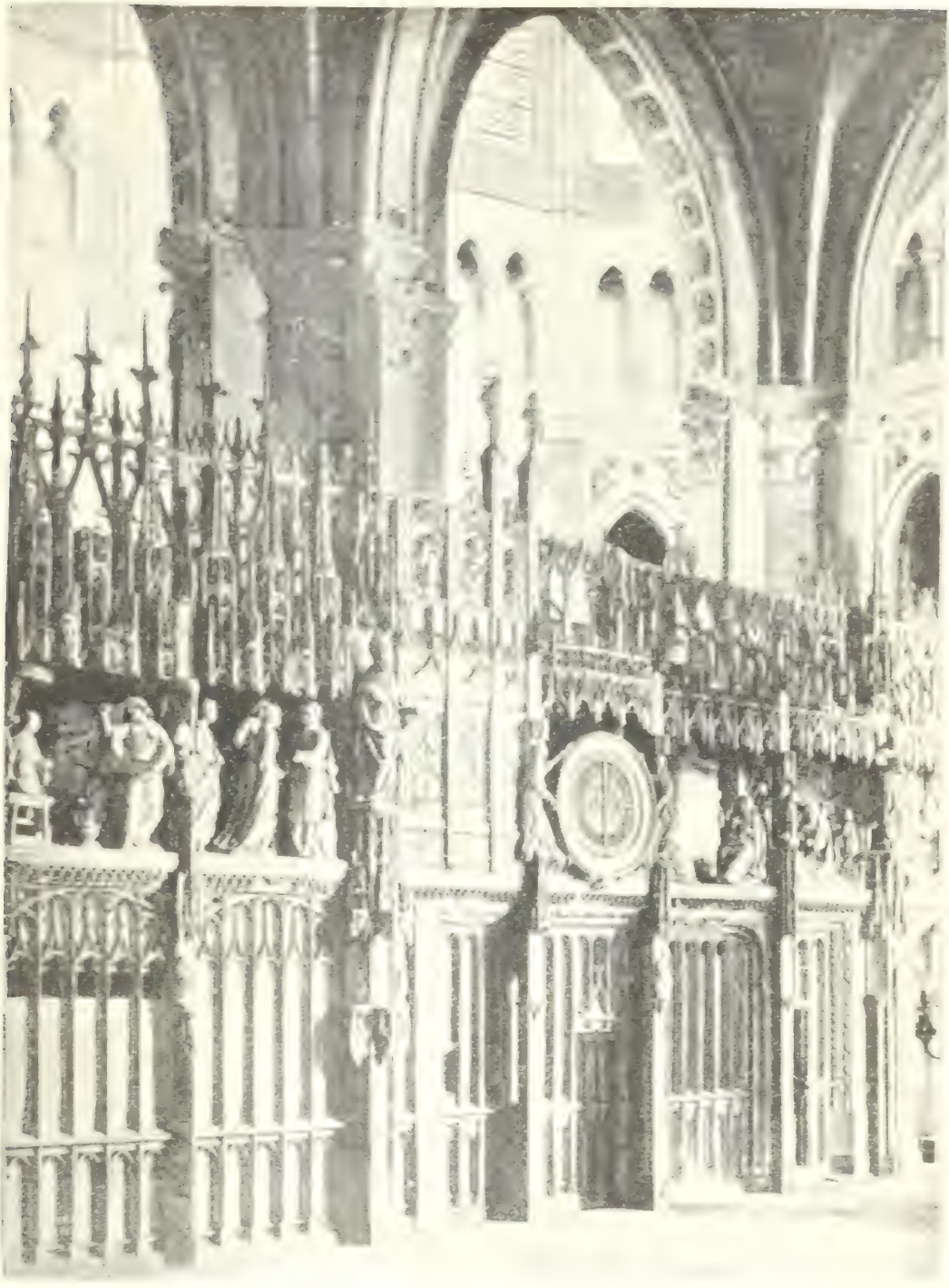
build the new, and of the favor with which the work was regarded and requited by the Mother of Mercy. The preacher touched the hearts of his hearers, and the clerk saw those who listened weeping for pity, and many a one opening his purse and offering what he could. A strong desire took possession of him to give something in his turn, but he had no plenty of money, for his purse was no swollen one, nor had he any object fit to offer, except a little golden brooch, and this he could not bear to give or sell, for he was taking it as a gift to a sweet friend, whose name was Mary, whom he had long loved. A struggle rose in his thoughts, he was in distress of mind, for while piety urged him to offer to the work this brooch, which he dearly prized, his love for his lady replied that it were better to keep it, and take it, as he had proposed, to her. Even were he to give it to the church, how could he be sure that it would really go to the work. The preacher himself might sell it for wine with which to wet his throat, or for other ill use. But to this a better thought answered:

"Whatever way the brooch may take,
[illegible]
Disquieted thou mayst not be.
Do that which best becometh thee.
For though the preacher should withhold,
Or idly spend thy gift of gold,
To thee it is of no concern;
Good-will the grace of God doth earn."

And then a new thought arose, saying that if he kept his brooch, his lady

"Will for thy love thy gift hold dear,
And often on her neck will wear,
And oft her thought will turn to thee;
While if she never should it see,
Like a thing lost it sure will be."

He knows not what to do; he unclasps and clasps again the fastening of his purse, but at last the love of heaven prevails, and with the good-will of a good heart he offers through the preacher to the sweet Mary of Grace his brooch of gold, that was all his goods and his treasure. Then he left Soissons, and went on his way toward the sea. At night he finds lodging in a solitary grange, and wearied with travel, soon falls asleep on the straw. In the middle of the night he is awakened by a brilliant light, and sees three fair women, richly apparelled, standing before him. The chief and most beautiful of them addresses him with sweet words, saying: "Dear friend, I am Mary,



THE CHOIR SCREEN.

the Virgin Mother of God, whose love thou hast preferred to the love of the other Mary. I will be thy friend; behold the brooch upon my neck that thou gavest me at the altar of Soissons." Then she gave her blessing to the clerk and disappeared. He returned safely to his own land, and, after visiting his relations, retired to a solitary island, where he led a life of pious devotion, made strong by our Lady against the evils of this world. When King Richard of England heard of this miracle, though he was at war with King Philip of France, he sent word to the clergy of

Chartres that they might preach through his lands at their will; and the King himself told the story of the miracle to his cousin Alice, Countess of Blois, and she told it again, so that being often repeated, it came to be known in the good city of Chartres.

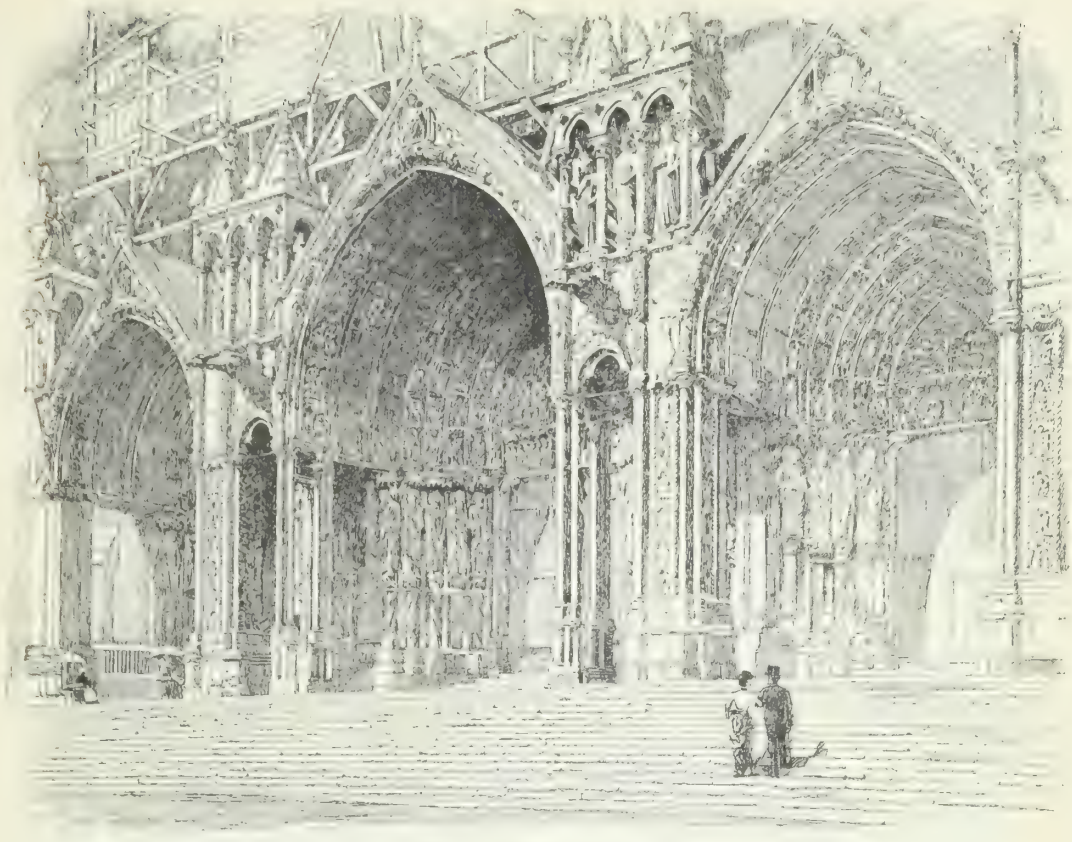
Favored thus by repeated evidences of divine grace, it is not surprising that the new cathedral rose rapidly from the old foundation. Its plan was in some measure determined by the fact that the flames had left uninjured the three doors of the western front, with their beautiful statues, as well as great part of the two noble towers by which they were flanked, and which, being set in advance of the closing wall of the nave, formed the sides of the porch of the ancient church. The crypt under the choir had also, as we have seen, escaped destruction. The designer of the new building wisely resolved to preserve these portions of the old edifice, though they imposed limitations upon the freedom of his plan. In order to increase the length of the nave he gained two bays by suppressing the porch, and by bringing forward the old doors to a new façade built in line with the western front of the towers. The breadth of the choir was increased by a second aisle, and its length by a semicircle of apsidal chapels that added greatly to its beauty. In plan and in construction the new work shows the magnificent advance which the art of architecture had made during the fifty years since the building of Suger's church at St. Denis. There is scarcely a trace of the old style. It all belongs to the new. Alike in poetic conception and in intelligence of construction it is one of the most splendid monuments of Gothic art. The cathedral of Amiens indeed surpasses it in the completeness with which the principles of the art of the pointed arch and ribbed vault have shaped and controlled every portion of the construction; but Chartres has its points of superiority; and these two, with the cathedrals of Paris and of Reims, form a group unrivalled in the world of masterpieces of creative imagination in stone.

Chartres is the most solidly built of these great cathedrals, and owing to the rapidity of its erection, it is the most uniform of them in construction. It was essentially complete in 1220; before 1250 it was enriched by the windows that are still its glory, and by the porches of its transepts peopled with statues; in 1260 it was dedicated, and it is reported that St. Louis, whose presence was in itself a consecration, took part in the ceremony.

The vast size and the lateral extension of the choir at Chartres were admirably fitted for the pomp and ceremony of the daily ritual which, as a result of the imaginative and intellectual activity of the period, had become more stately and impressive than ever before. Everything within the church was intended to exalt the spirit of devotion, and to deepen the sense of the solemnity of the service, in which the worshipper took part as a member of that church universal which included the triumphant hosts of heaven as well as the militant hosts of earth. All the arts of expression contributed to the joint work in which the powers of each were enhanced by their combination with the others, and by their mutual interdependence. In the noble Gothic art of this time, painting and sculpture serve not as ornamental appendages, but take their place as essential elements of the whole work, with the double function of recording the religious history and life of man, and of giving a thousand living illustrations in the figure of angel or saint, apostle, martyr, virgin, hero, of that faith and sentiment of which the edifice in its complex unity was the visible expression. This perfect union of the arts, while each preserved its own fullest energy and freedom, is the most specific and absolute distinction of the highest creations of Gothic architecture. In no other style, at no other period, in no other land, has it been attained in like degree to that in which it is displayed at Chartres and the other contemporary cathedrals of France.

In the measureless expanse of pictorial representation on the painted glass of the spacious windows of the nave, or the still vaster windows of the apse, through which the eastern sun flooded the choir, and in the endless gallery of sculptures which occupied every coign of vantage without and within, from pavement to spire, the two unbounded realms of belief and of knowledge were included; and the scheme of life, here and hereafter, such as the Church held it to be, was set before the eyes of the worshippers for their delight, for their instruction, and for the awakening of the dull intelligence and the cold heart.

The crowd of pictured and sculptured



THE SOUTHERN PORCH.

forms rivalled in numbers the crowd of living worshippers that assembled from day to day within and around the church. Not less than nine thousand figures, painted or carved, adorn the cathedral, arranged in such order that the history of the world from the creation to the last judgment is displayed to the beholder in representations of the great themes of religious interest, and in an unending defile of the patriarchs, judges, kings, and prophets of the old dispensation, and of the Virgin and her Divine Son, the apostles, the martyrs, the confessors and saints of the new. At the entrance of the church is the last judgment; in the depth of the apse is Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms; from west to east, along the northern side, the figures are mainly from the Old Testament; along the southern side mainly from the New. It was truly said in older days, *picturæ ecclesiarum libri sunt laicorum.* The change in the relation of painting and sculpture to the popular life and education is one of the chief differences between mediæval and modern civilization.

The story of the Cathedral of Chartres does not end with its dedication in 1260. But at this time the great mediæval period of creative energy was coming to its close. The tide of spiritual and intellectual emotion, which had risen so high for a hundred years, was gradually running out. Gothic architecture had reached the summit of achievement, and had already entered on its inevitable decline. But never have the faith and aspirations of men been more nobly realized in expression than in the cathedrals of France. They embody in forms of perennial beauty and enduring appeal to the imagination so much of the deepest sentiment of mankind that the words with which the service of the dedication began may still be appropriately repeated by every worshipper within the walls: *Vidi civitatem sanctam Jerusalem novam descendentem de cœlo a Deo, paratam, sicut sponsam ornatam viro suo.* "I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."



LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—Drawn by George du Maurier.

"Oh, Papa! we've all quite made up our minds *never to marry*, now we've got this beautiful house and garden!"
Papa has taken this beautiful house and garden soleil, with the view of tempting eligible young men to
come and play lawn tennis, etc., etc., etc.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE traveller in western Massachusetts, reaching some quiet village upon the hills, which seems to him singularly lonely and remote, often finds some little incident in its annals which connects it with the great world. Coming to Goshen, a solitary little town wholly unknown to most of the readers of this Magazine, he is conscious of the height, of the purity of the air, and the peacefulness of the wooded landscape, and far below, toward the east, he sees the undulating line of Holyoke, and on some fortunate day may catch the gleam of the placid Connecticut winding through broad meadows and between Tom and Holyoke to the Sound.

The little town itself is a grassy street, with a meeting-house and a hotel, which has a desolate air of mistaken enterprise declining into disappointment, with long anticipation of a crowd of summer pilgrims, who might well turn their steps hither, but who have never come. Beyond the village street upon the same plateau is the great Goshen reservoir, which lies hushed in grim repose over the town of Williamsburg, a few miles below, the town which was overwhelmed some years ago by the bursting of the Mill River dam. Such events are the tragedies of the hills, which become traditions told in the village store, and investing with dignity, as the years pass, the villagers who recall the direful day.

Among the traditions of Goshen is that of the passage of some of the soldiers of Burgoyne on their march from Saratoga to Cambridge. When the brilliant British general swept down Lake Champlain to the Hudson, capturing Ticonderoga as he came, it was feared in these hills that he would march triumphantly from Albany to Boston. There was a general rally of all able-bodied men to the rescue; and as they marched away from their fields ripe for the harvest the prospect was dismal, until the able-bodied women marched into the fields and gathered and housed the crops. The British invaders reached Goshen, indeed, on their march from Albany to Boston, but only as prisoners of war.

All this peaceful neighborhood was originally granted by the State to the heirs of soldiers in the early New England wars. Goshen and its neighbor Chesterfield, another city set upon a hill six or seven miles to the south, were grants to the descendants of soldiers in the Narragansett expedition of King Philip's war. From Goshen the Chesterfield meeting-house can be seen against the southern horizon, and the road lies through high pastures and lonely farms to the pleasant town. When you climb its hill and look around, you see a cluster of hospitable houses, around which the neatly kept grounds give an air of refinement to the whole village, which is steeped in rural tranquillity.

The broad hills slope westward toward the valley of the Westfield, and beyond lie the shaggy sides of the Cummington range. Chesterfield has its special tradition of Lafayette passing the night in its old tavern, on his way from Albany to Boston, in 1824. It is a characteristic [illegible] that the air seems drowsy as in Rip Van Winkle's village. But such tranquil towns, in which a moving figure is half spectral and almost a surprise, were the beginnings of the nation. From these sequestered springs the mighty river flows.

Chesterfield has not half the population that it counted seventy years ago. The whole town now reports scarcely seven hundred persons. Yet, with all the old spirit, it invited its neighbors in Hampshire County to come and dine on one of the loveliest of summer days this year. It was the annual festival of the Hill-side Agricultural Society, and fully a thousand people filled the friendly town. The feast was spread upon tables on a green space beside the old house in which Lafayette slept, and under a bower of leafy white birch boughs. The magnates of the county were all present, and it was whispered privately that there were private whisperings among eminent politicians, who, however, with the non-political, or the political of the wrong side, talked cheerfully of the charming day and the promising crops. Politics is the breath of our patriotic nostrils, and it was a stimulating thought that while we were listening to the humorous but well-merited praises of Strawberry Hill pork, some of our bland companions were saving their bacon in other ways; and while we dreamed of crisp sausages and savory ham, were

carrying Senators and Councillors, and even a Governor himself.

The simple courtesy and universal intelligence were of the old New England, nor less so the composure and ease with which speaker after speaker mounted the bench on which he sat, and in what he said, and the way in which he said it, showed that he was a graduate of the town meeting. The pastor of Goshen, asked to speak of some of the more noted citizens of the neighboring towns, might well have occupied with so fruitful a text all the hours until sunset. But with exemplary discretion he mentioned but a few, and among them some that surprised a New-Yorker, who had not known, but might have guessed, that Gideon Lee, former Mayor of the city, and Luther Bradish, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, came from the little town upon the Cummington hills opposite, where Bryant studied law.

The whole region before us, indeed, was especially Bryant's. Upon the slope yonder he was born, and we could see the house in which as a boy he lived. "Thanatopsis" was the hymn of his meditations among those solitary woods. There, upon the nearer hill, high over Plainfield, where he wrote the poem the "Water-fowl," forever floating in the twilight heavens—

"Lone wanderer, thou rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way."

We were looking upon the cradle of American literature. Here its first enduring poem was written. The poet himself never escaped the spell of the hills. The child was father of the man. Bryant in the city was always the grave and unchanged genius of New England. The city did not wear off the rusticity of his manner. His air was reserved and remote, and he was still wrapped in the seclusion of the hills. It is in such scenes and among such people on such a day that the power of these hills and their influence upon our national life and literature are perceived.

These hidden springs have overflowed the prairies of the West; and how much of the wealth and prosperity, the energy, industry, and enlightenment of New York have trickled down from them, you may hear, if you doubt, every year on Forefathers' Day at the New England dinner in New Amsterdam. As there is altogether too much [illegible] to be adequately celebrated in one day, another has been added, to accommodate the Yankee city of Brooklyn, and it is not the fault of the sons of New England if on those two days the whole continent does not hear the melodious thunder of their eloquence proclaiming that New England always led, is leading still, and will lead forever, the triumphal procession of American progress.

Supported by such a history it is a natural boast. There is, however, one inexorable condition. To do what New England has done, New England must be what she has been.

THERE is nothing more delightful than the gravity with which the game of Newport is played. To assist at one of the solemn "functions" like a coach parade is not unlike attendance upon a function of the ancient Church in Rome. On a true Newport afternoon, as soft and sweet and luminous an air as can be breathed, Newport, in every kind of stately and comfortable and light and graceful carriage, with the finest horses and the most loftily disdainful of coachmen, proceeds down the avenue to behold the stately procession along the ocean drive.

Of its kind there is no more beautiful drive in the world. The shore winds among rocks which are massed, a shrewd-eyed traveller said, as on the shores of Greece. The bold character of the coast of Rhode Island and its picturesque effects are wholly unknown upon its neighbor Long Island. The endless reach of sand and the monotony of the vast level land on Long Island have a certain vague charm as of a sea-shore becoming or about to become picturesque. But that point is fully reached by its northern neighbors of the New England coast, and the ocean drive in Newport is in itself incomparable.

For its company on the day of a great social function it is quite as incomparable. Hyde Park, the Bois, the Cascine, the Prater, show no such sumptuous display. If the street boy were a philosopher, he would say, probably, as he watched the spectacle, "My eyes! money plays here for all it is worth." The American street boy of every degree is not supposed to need any stronger impression of the value of money than he already possesses. But Newport is the great school for that instruction, and it is open free to the whole world. Money elsewhere has the same

instincts and desires. But in a city, in winter, its sports and effects, however splendid, are divided and hidden. In summer Newport [illegible] are concentrated under most fortunate conditions, and proceed in the open air.

It is all the more striking because money has built its summer city close by and just above one of the oldest and most historic of our cities. It has improvised its magnificence and mad profusion upon the outskirts of simplicity and moderation. But that simplicity and moderation are observant, for all their plainness. When they were asked what effect the new town produced upon the old, whether the rollicking city on the hill harmed or helped the plodding seaport, they answered: "Until Crœsus and Midas came, it was beneficial. But they have ruined Newport."

Perhaps not, however. The Newport on the hill of to-day is the legitimate offspring of the earlier summer retreat. That was a group of the select who came to Newport to enjoy themselves for the summer. They were well-to-do, some of them. But not many dwelt in cottages. The multitude lived in hotels. They danced, they dined, they drove, they sauntered. It was the green tree. It was less money enjoying itself as more money enjoys itself now. The gossip, the flirting, the display were not of another kind, they were the same as to-day, but the scale was more limited. Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and the brothers Surface were already there. The standards of conduct, the ideals of honor, were not essentially different.

A generation ago Sir Benjamin bowed and danced and supped at Mrs. Malaprop's ball with all the gay world of that time, which is now in wigs, caps, turbans, or heaven; and the next day, dining with Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin told, with infinite relish and to the great amusement of the table, the story of his hostess's verbal trips and stumbles. It did not seem to be conduct essentially base, because this sparkling summer realm by the sea is like Charles Lamb's conception of the artificial comedy of the eighteenth century: "I confess, for myself, that with no great delinquencies to answer for, I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions, [illegible] the hunter cannot follow me—

> 'secret shades
> Of wooded Ida's inmost grove,
> [illegible]

To take permanent lodgings beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, however, is a critical enterprise. If you take a house in Capua, you must needs breathe the Capuan air. The magnetic rock in Sindbad's story drew out the nails of the ships that ventured too near. Old Mithridates fed on poisons until they "became a kind of nutriment," as Dr. Rappaccini fed his daughter, until, too late, he discovered that she was doomed. The graybeards who drive out to see the coach parade, and recall the days, before the ocean drive, when the rocks beyond Lily Pond were a glimmering land of Beulah, may prattle of the golden age of Newport as of a happy past in which the graybeards were born. But will they seriously contend that the age of Crœsus and Midas is not the golden age of Newport?

While they are gossiping, the coaches approach. They have been through the town, and are driving out by the Fort road; and as they appear, the vast throng of carriages which have driven out to meet them pull to the side of the road to allow a free course. A multitude of spectators awaiting a festal procession, which at last is coming, naturally suggests applause. But there is profound silence. There is no cheer for every spectator to catch up and pass on. The first coach is at hand, and gravely passes at a deliberate pace, and the great world in carriages gravely looks on. The second coach deliberately follows, and is surveyed with equal gravity. The next perhaps will strike a spark of applause. But the next passes deliberately amid a silence profound. One friend, perhaps, in the stately procession gravely nods to another gravely gazing from a carriage. The "function" proceeds. Far out at sea the white sails flash, and the summer surf breaks gently along the shore. Every coach rolls slowly by. The moment for cheering has not yet arrived. Indeed, it does not arrive before the pageant has passed, and the reviewing carriages are turning and following on in its wake. It is truly a solemn function. Graybeard recalls nothing like it for multitude and display in the old drives on "beach days" along

the beach in what he calls the golden age. But does he doubt that old Newport would have done it gladly if it could have done it?

If the ghost of Heliogabalus haunts the villa'd shore, it is with no hope of resuming the imperial crown. His court merely makes a pretty summer spectacle when the opera ends. The coach and the stately equipage and the flashing splendor of busy idleness are the pageant which is kindly displayed gratis for the passengers in the omnibus, for the pedestrians and the nurses. They sit and stroll and stare at their ease while the gay play proceeds before their eyes. Nowhere more constantly than in the summer Newport does the remark of the little child watching the march of the soldiers recur—"Mamma, how good they are to make such a show!"

THE first sign of mental disturbance in the famous case of the Reverend Adam Bang, D.D., was the announcement of his text on Thanksgiving Day. The good man arose in his pulpit, and looking benevolently at the congregation, which was always large upon that day, because Dr. Bang was sure to suggest a cause for thankfulness which had occurred to no one else, he said, "Dear brethren, my text this morning will be found in Whittington and his Cat."

There was a general movement of surprise and apprehension. The ladies were in tears for the lamented wits of the good pastor. Undoubtedly he was eccentric. But this outburst seemed to imply that eccentricity was merged in something more distressing. It was a rural congregation to which he ministered, and, like many pastors of long command in one parish, he had acquired a kind of papal authority which emphasized and encouraged his humor, and led him on this occasion to personify the countryman as Whittington, because, as he said, it is the countryman who really renews the city, and all urbanity was latent in Sir Richard while he was still a farmer's boy. But while Dr. Bang's people were not easily surprised, they were plainly alarmed when he gave out this extraordinary text, and the deacons exchanged glances, as if inquiring whether they should not proceed at once to extreme measures, and conduct the minister to his sick-chamber.

The course which they adopted is not known, and all reports of the sermon that Dr. Bang preached from that text, if indeed he preached at all, are lost. But, however painful the incident may have been to that respectable parish, it is certainly a text which in another place and upon another occasion—say in an Easy Chair and at the present time—might well be improved. For it was only recently that the Easy Chair saw a statement of the enormous contrast between the population of the cities in this country now and a hundred years ago. At that time even Newport, of which we were just speaking, had a larger commerce than New York, and there was no very large city in the country. It was, indeed, a rural and a homogeneous republic.

But the bells of London have always had a powerful allurement for Whittington. They are the true sirens, and how many hapless victims they have lured to the pitiless rocks of the city, no register—which might be well called a Doomsday Book—records. But the city spell is undeniable, and its secret is not altogether sealed. London, said a famous man, is the centre of the world. Perhaps we might prefer that he had said New York. But charity, at least, requires the admission that something may be said for London. Sometimes a great city seems like the pitiless monster that came up out of the sea, and devoured the young and pure and beautiful, whom a resistless fate caused to be offered to his insatiable hunger. But then again our brave rural Whittington appears to the imagination as an all-conquering Perseus, who baffles and tames the monster, and compels him to serve and not to rule.

All this is to say, as the ingenious reader perceives, that it is the constant recruiting of the city from the country which aggrandizes it and makes it the servant of the country. It is the steady infusion of fresh blood that works the municipal miracle. There is always a tendency of talent and conscious capacity toward the city, to share in the excitement of numbers, to compete for the great visible prizes of success, and to enjoy the immense intellectual and artistic opportunities which the city proffers. When he called London the centre of the world, what did the famous man mean?

He meant daily intercourse with the masters in art and literature and science; the men whose fame has already begun, and whose names will make our time illustrious in history. He meant access to

libraries, galleries, museums, to hospitals where science does its utmost to relieve human suffering, to schools which open into all human knowledge. He meant the accumulated traditions and fascinating associations of the history of our own race and civilization, the great centre of associated human power and achievement. London appeared to him as Naples to the fond poet who gave us the proverb, "See Naples and die." No fairer sight remains, he meant, for human eyes.

It was the prescience of all this, the forecast by conscious power of its own attainment, which Whittington heard in the alluring bells of London. They rung in his own heart, in his own hope, "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" He was himself the new, and all the future lay in his breast. That is the fact which we are apt to forget. The city bells ring to a thousand country boys to turn again, and not one of them is Whittington. The traveller finds what he brings, and he brings only what he is. The donkey trots gayly to town, but he ends as a sorry drudge, not as Eclipse. The city cannot make a donkey a race-horse. It is not an enchanted Bethesda pool to transform a goose into a swan, nor is the crow a nightingale because he flits in city air. The country Whittington does not become Lord Mayor because he goes to the city, but because he carries the qualities of Lord Mayor under his jacket.

The country need not be bullied by the city. If the countryman is at some disadvantage in town, the citizen is very apt, as Sir Boyle Roche would say, to be at sea in the country. The great multitude of people in the city work harder than in the country, and under less pleasant conditions. They are surrounded by great opportunities, but they are too busy to make much use of them, even if they wished to use them. If you have no talent for song, all the operas in town will not teach you to sing. If Whittington had not found the city bells resistlessly persuasive, he would have returned and lived his contented and happy country life. But when the hesitating Whittington hears those bells, his decision is momentous, because it is not easy to know whether it is his fancy or his fate that calls.

If he remains, sure that the song he hears is only the song of the siren, he need not regret his choice. One of the most tender and pathetic poems in "In Memoriam" is that which imagines the beloved and immortal Arthur looking back:

"Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

He goes, and lives to mould a state's decrees and shape the whisper of the throne, but still feels,

"When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream."

It is a tradition in Dr. Adam Bang's parish that he said of the Whittingtons who staid at home that they were as happy as those who go to the city. "And if I should speak all my mind," he is said to have said, "I should say that they were happier." The good pastor insisted that the mute Miltons and guiltless Cromwells whom the poet lamented in his elegy only attested the richness of the country. They were not unhappy because they were mute as Miltons, for they were mute in no other way, and lent to the village life the unconscious charm of fine feeling and generous action. Moreover, in the village the hands that might have swayed the rod of empire swayed the local sceptre, and it was never demonstrated that Sir Roger de Coverley, however shrewd at Quarter Sessions, would have adorned the woolsack.

Dr. Bang used to say that life in the country was so placid and pleasant that countrymen did not improve their opportunities. "When you are not at work, brethren," he said, in one of his best sermons, "you are eating, or drinking, or sleeping, or idling, or chewing the cud of tobacco, like the beasts of the field." "Although," he hastily added, perceiving his blunder, and improving his chance at Deacon Giles, "far be it from me to malign our innocent friends the cows and oxen by supposing that they would chew the filthy weed." The doctor always insisted that farmers, although they had not time to study, had plenty of time to read the best books in the world. There are not many such books, he said, and they are the best because they can be read over and over, and give something fresh and sweet with every reading. "The best literature," he once said—and all the boys in the meeting-house suddenly attended to the sermon—"is like a magical

The Whittingtons who do not go to London, but stay at home, are also benefactors, and not altogether in the same way with those who serve by standing and waiting. They do not slouch and run down at the heel because they live in the country; they know that good habits can be cultivated as well, and even as easily, as bad habits. They know that every pleasure has its price. If Master Ichabod Crane brandishes his birch to help us over the tall words, and we arrive at reading only after a painful passage, so we undergo with Elia prodigious pangs to arrive at smoking. But the home-staying Whittingtons, whether they smoke or not, use, and do not abuse, the power of reading. As they do not insist upon hearing only ribaldry or profanity merely because they have the gift of hearing, so they do not read poor books, but the best books, because they have the gift of reading. Whittington, who must hold the plough by day, cannot study Greek by night. But he can read good books, and good books only, in the language that he understands.

This was the firm conviction and the constant exhortation of Dr. Adam Bang, and when in your travels you reach the pleasant village of Arcadia, you will know that you are there by a sudden and delightful certainty that it must be here that Dr. Bang preached, and here, if anywhere, that Whittington staid at home.

Editor's Study.

I.

HOW a better fashion can ever change for a worse; how the ugly can come to be preferred to the beautiful; in other words, how an art can decay, is a question which has often been approached, if not actually debated in this place. We do not know that we expect to debate it now; in the hurry of month after month, when the toe of September comes so near the heel of August, and March galls the kibe of February, the time never seems to arrive when the Study can really sweep and garnish itself, and quiet down to a [illegible] upon such a point. At best it appears able only to cast some fitful gleams upon it, and then have its windows broken by all the little wanton boys of newspaper criticism, who like to throw stones at the light wherever they see it. The cost the Study is at in the mere matter of putty and glass, after one of their outbreaks, is such as would discourage a less virtuous apartment; but with the good conscience we have, and the faith we cherish that these *gamins* may yet grow up to be ashamed of themselves, we cheerfully pay the expense, and trim the lamp anew, and set it again where those who care may come to it. If they are not a great many, they are all the closer friends, perhaps, for being few; and it is in a kind of familiar intimacy that we turn to them with a question like that we have suggested. It has been coming up in our mind lately with regard to English fiction and its form, or rather its formlessness. How, for instance, could people who had once known the simple verity, the refined perfection of Miss Austen, enjoy anything less refined and less perfect?

With her example before them, why should not English novelists have gone on writing simply, honestly, artistically, ever after? One would think it must have been impossible for them to do otherwise, if one did not remember, say, the lamentable behavior of the people who support Mr. Jefferson, and their theatricality in the very presence of his beautiful naturalness. It is very difficult, that simplicity, and nothing is so hard as to be honest, as the reader, if he has ever happened to try it, must know. "The big bow-wow I can do myself, like any one going," said Scott, but he owned that the exquisite touch of Miss Austen was denied him; and it seems certainly to have been denied in greater or less measure to all her successors. But though reading and writing come by nature, as Dogberry justly said, a taste in them may be cultivated, or once cultivated, it may be preserved; and why was it not so among those poor islanders? One does not ask such things in order to be at the pains of answering them one's self, but with the hope that some one else will take the trouble to do so, and we propose to be rather a silent

partner in the enterprise, which we shall leave mainly to Señor Armando Palacio Valdés.

II.

This delightful author will, however, only be able to answer our question indirectly from the essay on fiction with which he prefaces his last novel, and we shall have some little labor in fitting his saws to our instances. It is an essay which we wish every one intending to read, or even to write, a novel, might acquaint himself with; and we hope it will not be very long before we shall have it in English, together with the charming story of *The Sister of San Sulpizio*, which follows it. In the mean time we must go to the Spanish for some of the best and clearest things which have been said of the art of fiction in a time when nearly all who practise it have turned to talk about it.

Señor Valdés is a realist, but a realist according to his own conception of realism; and he has some words of just censure for the French naturalists, whom he finds unnecessarily, and suspects of being sometimes even mercenarily, nasty. He sees the wide difference that passes between this naturalism and the realism of the English and Spanish; and he goes somewhat further than we should go in condemning it. "The French naturalism represents only a moment, and an insignificant part of life.... It is characterized by sadness and narrowness. The prototype of this literature is the *Madame Bovary* of Flaubert. I am an admirer of this novelist, and especially of this novel; but often in thinking of it I have said, How dreary would literature be if it were no more than this! There is something antipathetic and gloomy and limited in it, as there is in modern French life;" but this seems to us exactly the best possible reason for its being. We believe with Señor Valdés that "no literature can live long without joy," not because of its mistaken æsthetics, however, but because no civilization can live long without joy. The expression of French life will change when French life changes; and French naturalism is better at its worst than French unnaturalism at its best. "No one," as Señor Valdés truly says, "can rise from the perusal of a naturalistic book.... without a vivid desire to escape" from the wretched world depicted in it, "and a purpose, more or less vague, of helping to better the lot and morally elevate the abject beings who figure in it. Naturalistic art, then, is not immoral in itself, for then it would not merit the name of art; for though it is not the business of art to preach morality, still I think that, resting on a divine and spiritual principle, like the idea of the beautiful, it is perforce moral. I hold much more immoral other books which, under a glamour of something spiritual and beautiful and sublime, portray the vices in which we are allied to the beasts. Such, for example, are the works of Octave Feuillet, Arsène Houssaye, Georges Ohnet, and other contemporary novelists much in vogue among the higher classes of society."

III.

But what is this idea of the beautiful which art rests upon, and so becomes moral? "The man of our time," says Señor Valdés, "wishes to know everything and enjoy everything, he turns the objective of a powerful equatorial toward the heavenly spaces where gravitate the infinitude of the stars, just as he applies the microscope to the infinitude of the smallest insects; for their laws are identical. His experience, united with intuition, has convinced him that in nature there is neither great nor small; all is equal. All is equally grand, all is equally just, all is equally beautiful, because all is equally divine," as the Study has before now perhaps sufficiently insisted. But beauty, Señor Valdés explains, exists in the human spirit, and is the beautiful effect which it receives from the true meaning of things; it does not matter what the things are, and it is the function of the artist who feels this effect to impart it to others. We may add that there is no joy in art except this perception of the meaning of things and its communication; when you have felt it, and told it in a poem, a symphony, a novel, a statue, a picture, an edifice, you have fulfilled the purpose for which you were born an artist.

The reflection of exterior nature in the individual spirit, Señor Valdés believes to be the fundamental of art. "To say, then, that the artist must not copy but create is nonsense, because he can in no wise copy, and in no wise create. He who sets deliberately about modifying nature, shows that he has not felt her beauty, and therefore cannot make others feel it.

The puerile desire which some artists without genius manifest to go about selecting the motive not what seems to them beautiful, but what they think will seem beautiful to others and rejecting what may displease them, ordinarily produces cold and insipid works. For, instead of exploring the illimitable fields of reality, they cling to the forms invented by other artists who have succeeded, *and they make statues of statues, poems of poems, novels of novels.* It is entirely false that the great romantic, symbolic, or classic poets modified nature; such as they have expressed her they felt her; and in this view they are as much realists as ourselves. In like manner if in the realistic tide that now bears us on there are some spirits who feel nature in another way, in the romantic way, or the classic way, they would not falsify her in expressing her so. Only those falsify her who, without feeling classic wise or romantic wise, set about being classic or romantic, wearisomely reproducing the models of former ages; and equally those who without sharing the sentiment of realism, which now prevails, force themselves to be realists merely to follow the fashion."

The pseudo-realists, in fact, are the worse offenders, to our thinking, for they sin against the living; whereas those who continue to celebrate the heroic adventures of Puss in Boots and the hair-breadth escapes of Tom Thumb, under various aliases, only cast disrespect upon the immortals, who have passed beyond these noises.

IV.

The ingenious English magazinist who has of late been retroactively fending the works of Tolstoï and Dostoyevsky from the last days of that saint of romance, George Sand, as too apt to inspire melancholy reflections in a lady of her life and literature, and who cannot rejoice enough that her dying hours were cheered by the writings of that reverend father in God, Alexander Dumas, *père*, would hardly be pleased, we suppose, with all the ideas of Señor Valdés concerning the novel, its nature, and its function, in modern life. "The principal cause," the Spaniard says, "of the decadence of contemporary literature is found, to my thinking, in the vice which has been very graphically called *effectism*, or the itch of awaking at all cost in the reader vivid and violent emotions, which shall do credit to the invention and originality of the writer. This vice has its roots in human nature itself, and more particularly in that of the artist; he has always something feminine in him, which tempts him to coquet with the reader, and display qualities that he thinks will astonish him, as women laugh for no reason, to show their teeth when they have them white and small and even, or lift their dresses to show their feet when there is no mud in the street . . . . What many writers nowadays wish, is to produce an effect, grand and immediate, to play the part of *geniuses*. For this they have learned that it is only necessary to write exaggerated works in any sort, since the vulgar do not ask that they shall be quietly made to think and feel, but that they shall be startled; and among the vulgar of course I include the great part of those who write literary criticism, and who constitute the worst vulgar, since they teach what they do not know . . . . There are many persons who suppose that the highest proof an artist can give of his fantasy is the invention of a complicated plot, spiced with perils, surprises, and suspenses; and that anything else is the sign of a poor and tepid imagination. And not only people who seem cultivated, but are not so, suppose this, but there are sensible persons, and even sagacious and intelligent critics, who sometimes allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the dramatic mystery and the surprising and fantastic scenes of a novel. They own it is all false; but they admire the imagination, what they call the 'power' of the author. Very well; all I have to say is that the 'power' to dazzle with strange incidents, to entertain with complicated plots and impossible characters, now belongs to some hundreds of writers in Europe; while there are not much above a dozen who know how to interest with the ordinary events of life, and with the portrayal of characters truly human. If the former is a talent, it must be owned that it is much commoner than the latter. . . . If we are to rate novelists according to their fecundity, or the riches of their invention, we must put Alexander Dumas above Cervantes," says Señor Valdés; but we must never forget that Dumas brought distraction if not peace to the death-bed of a woman who would probably have been unpleasantly agitated by those Rus-

sian authors who are apt to appeal to the imagination through the conscience.

"Cervantes," Señor Valdés goes on to say, "wrote a novel with the simplest plot, without belying much or little the natural and logical course of events. This novel, which was called *Don Quixote*, is perhaps the greatest work of human wit. Very well, the same Cervantes, mischievously influenced afterward by the ideas of the vulgar, who were then what they are now and always will be, attempted to please them by a work giving a lively proof of his inventive talent, and wrote the *Persiles and Sigismunda*, where the strange incidents, the vivid complications, the surprises, the pathetic scenes, succeed one another so rapidly and constantly that it really fatigues you....But in spite of this flood of invention, imagine," says Señor Valdés, "the place that Cervantes would now occupy in the heaven of art, if he had never written *Don Quixote*," but only *Persiles and Sigismunda!*

From the point of view of modern English criticism, which likes to be melted, and horrified, and astonished, and blood-curdled, and goose-fleshed, no less than to be "chippered up" in fiction, Señor Valdés were indeed incorrigible. Not only does he despise the novel of complicated plot, and everywhere prefer *Don Quixote* to *Persiles and Sigismunda*, but he has a lively contempt for another class of novels much in favor with the gentilities of all countries. He calls their writers "novelists of the world," and he says that more than any others they have the rage of *effectism*. "They do not seek to produce effect by novelty and invention in plot....they seek it in character. For this end they begin by deliberately falsifying human feelings, giving them a paradoxical appearance completely inadmissible ...Love that disguises itself as hate, incomparable energy under the cloak of weakness, virginal innocence under the aspect of malice and impudence, wit masquerading as folly, etc., etc. By this means they hope to make an effect of which they are incapable through the direct, frank, and conscientious study of character." He mentions Octave Feuillet as the greatest offender in this sort among the French, and Bulwer among the English; but Dickens is full of it (Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend* will suffice for all example), and the present loathsome artistic squalor of the English drama is witness of the result of *effectism* when allowed full play.

V.

But what, then, if he is not pleased with Dumas, who was sovereign for George Sand in sickness, and is good enough for the ingenious English magazinist in health, or with the *effectists* who delight genteel people at all the theatres, and in most of the romances, what, we ask, will satisfy this extremely difficult Spanish gentleman? He would pretend, very little. Give him simple, life-like character; that is all he wants. "For me, the only condition of character is that it be human, and that is enough. If I wished to know what was human, I should study humanity."

But, Señor Valdés, Señor Valdés! Do not you know that this small condition of yours implies in its fulfilment hardly less than the gift of the whole earth, with a little gold fence round it? You merely ask that the character portrayed in fiction be human; and you suggest that the novelist should study humanity if he would know whether his personages are human. This appears to us the cruelest irony, the most sarcastic affectation of humility. If you had asked that character in fiction be superhuman, or subterhuman, or preterhuman, or intrahuman, and had bidden the novelist go, not to humanity, but the humanities, for the proof of his excellence, it would have been all very easy. The books are full of those "creations," of every pattern, of all ages, of both sexes; and it is so much handier to get at books than to get at men; and when you have portrayed "passion" instead of feeling, and used "power" instead of common-sense, and shown yourself a "genius" instead of an artist, the applause is so prompt and the glory so cheap, that really anything else seems wickedly wasteful of one's time. One may not make one's reader enjoy or suffer nobly, but one may give him the kind of pleasure that arises from conjuring, or from a puppetshow, or a modern stage play, and leave him, if he is an old fool, in the sort of stupor that comes from hitting the pipe; or if he is a young fool, half crazed with the spectacle of qualities and impulses like his own in an apotheosis of achievement and fruition far beyond any earthly experience. If one is a very great master in that kind, one may survive to be the death-bed comfort of a woman who

is supposed to have needed medicining of a narcotic kind from a past of inedifying experiences, and even to be the admiration of an ingenious English magazinist who thinks fiction ought to do the office of hyoscyamus or bromide of potassium.

But apparently Señor Valdés would not think this any great artistic result. Like Emerson, he believes that "the foolish man wonders at the unusual, but the wise man at the usual," that "the perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries." Like Emerson, he "asks, not for the great, the remote, the romantic . . . he 'embraces the common,' he "sits at the feet of the familiar and the low." Or, in his own words, "Things that appear ugliest in reality to the spectator who is not an artist, are transformed into beauty and poetry when the spirit of the artist possesses itself of them. We all take part every day in a thousand domestic scenes, every day we see a thousand pictures in life, that do not make any impression upon us, or if they make any it is one of repugnance; but let the novelist come, and without betraying the truth, but painting them as they appear to his vision, he produces a most interesting work, whose perusal enchants us. That which in life left us indifferent, or repelled us, in art delights us. Why? Simply because the artist has made us see the idea that resides in it. Let not the novelists, then, endeavor to add anything to reality, to turn it and twist it, to restrict it. Since nature has endowed them with this precious gift of discovering ideas in things, their work will be beautiful if they paint these as they appear. But if the reality does not impress them, in vain will they strive to make their work impress others."

VI

Which brings us again, after this long way about, to the divine Jane and her novels, and that troublesome question about them. She was great and they were beautiful because she and they were honest, and dealt with nature nearly a hundred years ago, as realism deals with it to-day. Realism is nothing more and nothing less than the truthful treatment of material, and Jane Austen was the first and the last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness. [illegible] she remains the most artistic of the English novelists, and alone worthy to be matched with the great Scandinavian and Slavic and Latin artists. It is not a question of intellect, or not wholly that. The English have mind enough; but they have not taste enough; or rather their taste has been perverted by their false criticism, which is based upon personal preference, and not upon principle; which instructs a man to think that what he likes is good, instead of teaching him first to distinguish what is good before he likes it. The art of fiction, as Jane Austen knew it, declined from her through Scott, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray, and even George Eliot, because the mania of romanticism had seized upon all Europe, and these great writers could not escape the taint of their time; but it has shown few signs of recovery in England, because English criticism, in the presence of the Continental masterpieces, has continued provincial and special and personal, and has expressed a love and a hate which had to do with the quality of the artist rather than the character of his work. It was inevitable that in their time the English romanticists should treat, as Señor Valdés says, "the barbarous customs of the Middle Ages, softening and disfiguring them, as Walter Scott and his kind did"; that they should "devote themselves to falsifying nature, refining and subtilizing sentiment, and modifying psychology after their own fancy," like Bulwer and Dickens, as well as like Rousseau and Madame de Staël, not to mention Balzac, the worst of all that sort at his worst. This was the natural course of the disease; but it really seems as if it were their criticism that was to blame for the rest: not, indeed, for the performance of this writer or that, for criticism can never affect the actual doing of a thing; but for the esteem in which this writer or that is held through the perpetuation of false ideals. The only observer of English middle-class life since Jane Austen worthy to be named with her was not George Eliot, who was first ethical and then artistic, who transcended her in everything but the form and method most essential to art, and there fell hopelessly below her. It was Anthony Trollope who was most like her in simple honesty and instinctive truth, as unphilosophized as the light of common day; but he was so warped from a wholesome ideal as to wish at times to be like

the caricaturist Thackeray, and to stand about in his scene, talking it over with his hands in his pockets, interrupting the action, and spoiling the illusion in which alone the truth of art resides. Mainly, his instinct was too much for his ideal, and with a low view of life in its civic relations and a thoroughly *bourgeois* soul, he yet produced works whose beauty is surpassed only by the effect of a more poetic writer in the novels of Thomas Hardy. Yet if a vote of English criticism even at this late day, when all continental Europe has the light of æsthetic truth, could be taken, the majority against these artists would be overwhelmingly in favor of a writer who had so little artistic sensibility, that he never hesitated on any occasion great or small, to make a foray among his characters, and catch them up to show them to the reader and tell him how beautiful or ugly they were; and cry out over their amazing properties.

Doubtless the ideal of those poor islanders will be finally changed. If the truth could become a *fad* it would be accepted by all their "smart people," but truth is something rather too large for that; and we must await the gradual advance of civilization among them. Then they will see that their criticism has misled them; and that it is to this false guide they owe, not precisely the decline of fiction among them, but its continued debasement as an art.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of September. The following Gubernatorial nominations were made: Virginia Republicans, August 22d, William Mahone; Virginia Democrats, August 15th, Captain P. W. McKinney; Ohio Democrats, August 28th, James E. Campbell; Massachusetts Prohibitionists, September 4th, Dr. John Blackman; South Dakota Democrats, September 5th, P. F. McClure; Iowa Union Labor, September 5th, S. B. Downing; Iowa Republicans, August 15th, Joseph G. Hutchison; New Jersey Democrats, September 10th, Leon Abbett.

President Harrison made the following appointments: August 31st, Chief-Justice Wheelock G. Veazey, of Vermont, Inter-State Commerce Commissioner, *vice* Aldace F. Walker, retired; September 6th, Thomas H. Anderson, of Ohio, Minister to Bolivia; September 9th, George W. Lyon, Surveyor of Customs, and Theodore B. Willis, Naval Officer, of the port of New York.

James Tanner, Commissioner of Pensions, resigned September 11th.

The general elections in Brazil, August 30th, resulted in the return of 95 Liberals and 30 Oppositionists to the House of Representatives.

The British Parliament was prorogued, August 30th, until November 30th. The Queen in her speech declared her relations with foreign powers most cordial.

General Hippolyte, as Provisional President of Hayti, with his forces, entered Port au Prince August 23d, and took peaceful possession of the city. General Legitime left on a French gun-boat for Cuba, where he took passage for New York, arriving there September 5th. He sailed for Paris two days later.

DISASTERS.

August 19th.—Overwhelming floods and landslides in the province of Kii, Japan. Ten thousand to fifteen thousand lives estimated lost. Explosion of a steamer on her trial trip at Shanghai. Thirty persons killed.

August 27th.—One hundred and twenty-nine persons buried alive by an earthquake at Khenzorik, on the Russian frontier.

September 5th.—Colliery explosion at Penicuick, Scotland. Fifty miners killed.

September 6th.—Explosion in a cartridge factory in Antwerp, Belgium; 135 persons killed, 20 missing, and 100 seriously injured.

September 10th and 11th.—Severe storm on the North Atlantic coast causing great damage to shipping and loss of life at sea. At the Delaware Breakwater several boats were wrecked, and forty lives lost. Much damage done at Long Branch, Atlantic City, and other places.

OBITUARY.

August 15th.—In New Haven, Connecticut, Professor Elias Loomis, LL.D., aged seventy-eight years.

August 17th.—In Paris, William Thaw, railroad magnate and philanthropist, aged seventy years.

August 25th.—In St. Louis, Missouri, Henry Shaw, philanthropist, aged eighty-nine years.

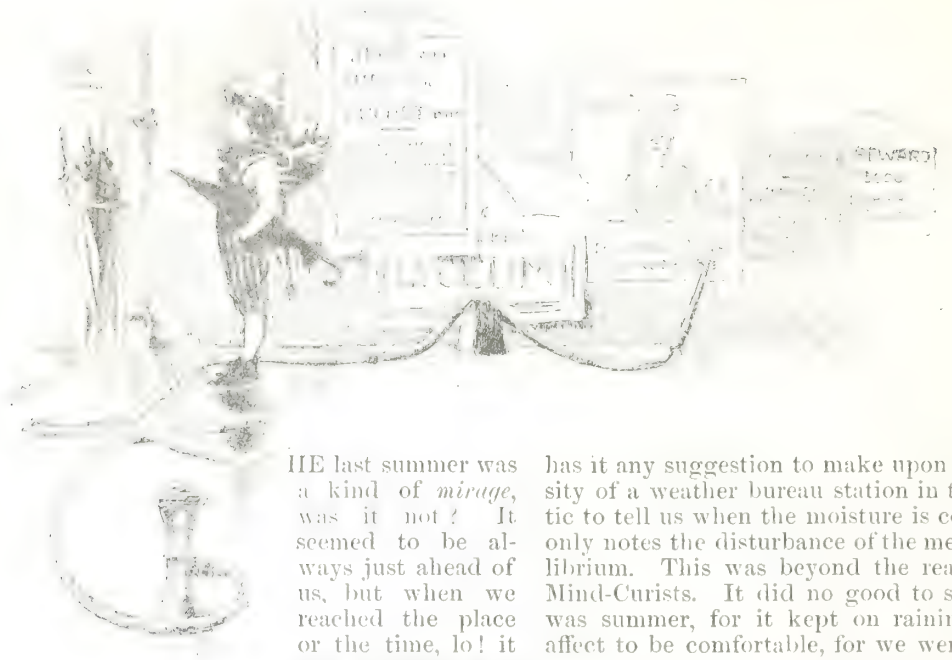
August 29th.—In New York, George Fawcett Rowe, actor and dramatist, aged sixty years.

September 2d.—In Lucerne, Switzerland, Samuel Austin Allebone, LL.D., aged seventy-three years.

September 6th.—At Cottage City, Massachusetts, General Rodney C. Ward, of Brooklyn, New York, aged fifty-two years.

September 10th.—In New York, Congressman Samuel Sullivan ("Sunset") Cox, in his sixty fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.



THE last summer was a kind of *mirage*, was it not? It seemed to be always just ahead of us, but when we reached the place or the time, lo! it had vanished, and in place of it we had rain and storm, and probably a water-spout and a despondent thermometer. It was like the recent account of a city seen in the air in the Rocky Mountains. The apparition turned out to be the city of Montreal—people recognized the spires and domes; but why it was seen there, thousands of miles from its site, and why it should seem to be there (unless it was trying to get out of the wet of all the Atlantic slope), no one could tell. It has been, North and South, the greenest summer ever known. Nature has shown what it could do in the way of exuberant vegetation, and also in the way of flushing streams and washing out highways and railways. Now and then a superb day was let down out of heaven, and everybody said, "Now we shall have summer, dryness, heat, the luxury of being too warm, and of going off to the sea or the mountains to get cool." We saw this will-o'-the-wisp season of summer just in advance of us. A day and a half of tropical weather in May awakened this expectation to the highest degree; it raised the market for thin underwear, and momentarily discouraged the water-proof and umbrella trade. But it was an illusion. We seem to have been wandering ever since in rain or mist; the season has been fragmentary and delusive. The fair summer which was occasionally prophesied was exactly like a *mirage* when we came to the spot where it ought to be.

With the effect of this state of things upon the railways, or upon the crops, which were beaten down or rotted on the trees or in the ground, the Drawer has nothing to do; nor has it any suggestion to make upon the necessity of a weather bureau station in the Atlantic to tell us when the moisture is coming; it only notes the disturbance of the mental equilibrium. This was beyond the reach of the Mind-Curists. It did no good to say that it was summer, for it kept on raining, nor to affect to be comfortable, for we were obliged to light a fire. And this was not the worst of it. The minds of people were confused and unsettled; they were all the time in uncertainty. The calendar was all right, the foliage was all right; it was a royal season to look at; but all the time the expected did not come, and people said, "It does not seem like summer; it does not seem like any season at all."

The subtle effect of this confusion and uncertainty upon character is worthy the attention of the philosopher. The unrest produced by it has been apparent. We do not expect here that calmness of mind and disposition to postpone everything till to-morrow which unchanging weather produces in the Oriental or the Mexican character; but the extraordinary changeability in the quantities of moisture seems to have begotten a nervousness and unrest unknown before even in our varying climate. Who can tell how many of the railway collisions which were our daily news all the season were due to the confusion of mind owing to the demoralization produced by the summer promised which did not come? It would be going too far to say that the many defalcations had this cause, for people will steal in the driest weather and the driest countries; but there does seem to have been an excess of pecuniary rascality. The old-fashioned summer, with its relaxation into gentleness and kindly feeling, was the season of courtships and engagements by the sad sea waves and in the sunny, invigorating mountain retreats. Can love itself stand such a wet, soaking time as we have had? We shall probably know this autumn what effect excessive dampness and want of sunshine have

had upon tender affection; but no statistics will show us the real measure of discouragement. It is possible that our young people have risen superior to it, and taken a lesson from the English novels, in which men and women prefer to make love in water-proofs and under umbrellas, in rain and sleet and driving mist. Maybe the weather has developed a more earnest, determined character, and that there will be recorded fewer sunny flirtations and more serious engagements. But it seems to have been a period of novel and gloomy uncertainty. We know how much depends upon dress: and who knew how to dress from day to day in our disorganized so-called summer? Who can estimate the effect upon disposition in those who had prepared an elaborate wardrobe for an ordinary campaign when this was practically useless in the overflow of the Atlantic upon us? We heard of people on the coast in the season who voluntarily went into the ocean in order to get out of the wet. These heroic souls will no doubt come out of the summer cheerful, and many of them married; but we cannot tell how it will be with those inland, especially in the mountain mists, who had no such refuge.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

GERONIMO'S OFFER.

IN an effort to educate the captive Apaches, one of the officials of a government school approached the chief Geronimo with a request that he attend the daily classes. The great warrior reflected a moment, and then replied, "Me go to school two dollar an hour." Who can say after this that the Indian is not susceptible to commercial development?

A NATURAL REQUEST.

JUDGE D——, who was somewhat hard of hearing, was being entertained at a bachelor



HE CAME OF A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS.

FAIR DAME. "What glorious advantages, signore!—father and grandfather—both musicians! and you have [illegible]. You see, my parent, he was much attached to a [illegible]. My father, he did not [illegible] children."

[illegible] by one of his Presbyterian clients, and [illegible] a seat at the opposite end of the table. As was his custom, the host bent over his empty plate and asked a moderately [illegible] At this time Judge D— leaned forward, with one hand up to his pre-ferred ear, and when he was satisfied that his friend's remarks were at an end, not having grasped the situation, he said, "You will have to say that over again, Smith; I didn't hear a word you said."

INDIAN SUMMER.

[illegible] when fall
Gits to rattlin' in the trees,
An' the natur that know'st it all
'Spicions frost in every breeze,
When a person tells hisse'f
That the leaves look mighty thin,—
Then thar blows a meller breaf!
Lemme 'member's hyere again.

Kindly smoky lookin' blues
Spread across the mountain side;
An' the lazy mornin' dews
Greens the grass up fur an' wide.
Natur' raly 'pears ez ef
She wuz lavin' off a day—
Sort-uh drorin' in her breaf
'Fore she freezes up to stay.

Nary lick o' work *I* strike
Long about this time o' year'
Fur a sorter slowly like,
Ricks when bigin summer's here
Wife an' boys kin do the work,
But a man with ratchet wit,
Like I got, kin 'ford to shirk,
Fur he has a turn fer it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe,
All I 'sk off any man
Is a common co'n-cob pipe
With terbacker to my han'.
Then jest loose me whar the air
Blows 'crost me, wahm an' free—
Pyores could find me thar;
Weeds all keep sprout on me!

Kings kin rool on thrones,
Bossin' worlds f'om shore to shore,
Wears ermine robes an' stones
Jest ez I made my natter bones
Ez a cabin dog'
An' the sunshine seepin' down
Onto my old head an' cozy,
I expect to w'ar some day.

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

ODD TURNS OF ENGLISH.

A GOOD story is told of two young Americans travelling in Europe. They had never thoroughly mastered any of the languages [illegible] on the Continent, and were [illegible] by their French, knowing [illegible] enough by sight, but not [illegible] with it.

[illegible] in a small French town one evening, they were desirous of obtaining a good cup of coffee. Knowing that *café* was coffee, and that *lait* was milk, they endeavored to call for a judicious mixture of the two, but their orthoepy was of so remarkable an order that they succeeded only in getting the coffee.

"*Cafe au late*" they tried without success. Then "*du lay-it*" was attempted unavailingly. The suggestion that *lait* might be pronounced light was adopted, equally in vain.

Finally, in despair, one of the struggling youths exclaimed. "Well, it's mighty queer we don't know enough to get a little bit of milk!"

"Do you want milk?" asked the waitress, opening her mouth for the first time.

"Y-yes!" stammered the travellers, overwhelmed with surprise.

"Then why didn't you say so in the first place?" queried the girl, as she flounced off.

And again the young men didn't know.

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

THE Bohemian element in and about New York numbers among its members many a Meissonier born to blush unseen, many a Rubens who wastes his sweetness on the desert air. They nevertheless enjoy life hugely, and have among themselves a quantity of unwritten anecdotes sufficiently large to fill the shelves of a moderate-sized library.

The incipient Gérôme who could not admire a well-known society woman because she was out of drawing is to be found among the leaders of this community, in addition to whom are several sensitive souls who have repeatedly refused to reproduce on canvas certain sunsets and sky effects because "the coloring thereof was atrocious."

On Lake Luzerne — not to be confounded with Switzerland's Lucerne, which it resembles in no particular — a young and recent addition to art's followers was once asked why the lovely little sheet of water was named after the historic Swiss lake, and replied, "Because it is so different; and there," he added, "is where art is so vastly the superior of nature, it is *so* different." And his companion, who had seen nature reflected upon the commentator's canvas, agreed that it was so.

Another successful devotee at art's shrine, on being asked to paint the portrait of a friend, kindly replied, "That if he were allowed to put a little soul into the face he would be glad to do it."

The dream of the French painter who thought himself unhappy in heaven because there was not a color shop in the place, finds its counterpart in the reality of the situation confronting the young man who gave up art entirely because the colors at his disposal were so limited, saying that "with so few and such hackneyed hues" he could not satisfy his own soul, and, preferring to be conscientious, tried literature, in which profession he found it possible to mystify his readers by the extraordi-



THE SPIRIT OF MUNCHAUSEN.

[*Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice.*]

"Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

nary combination of syllables he was able to produce.

"The Academy committee have a grudge against you, haven't they?" asked one disciple of the brush of a brother in art.

"Why, no. They accepted my marine."

"So I saw. If they were well disposed they would have sent it back."

This was certainly biting, but hardly more than pleasantry when compared with the criticism vouchsafed to an engraver by his best friend, who said his wood-cuts in a recently published book were very good, but would have been vastly better if they had been printed from the reverse side of the block.

The painter whose signature was the most striking thing he ever did, and the colorist who preferred to paint apples blue and peaches a delicate mauve because he thought they were prettier that way, find their parallel in this community in the artist whose taste for frames is equalled only by his lack of taste in the selection of his colors, and in the beginner who thought a sunrise in the west preferable to the usual order of things on the score of originality.

That some of the struggling aspirants for the bays are improvident goes without saying. There is room for doubt that any poverty-stricken soul ever painted his Academy picture on the bosom of his only shirt for lack of canvas, selling his studs to buy a frame, because having parted with his shirt he no longer had use for them, but the young man who

wore a brass-headed manuscript fastener in lieu of a plain gold stud to a fashionable reception-dress, breathes, and has his being on Manhattan Island. The individual who for fame's sake hailed poverty with joy because he could not die his debts unless he were hungry, can be found there; and as for the disciples of the [illegible] he resemble Barkis in their "willingness" to paint anything, from a barn to the portrait of a lady, if by so doing they may keep the sheriff, the wolf, and thirst from the door, their name is legion.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

("[illegible]'s cheerful creed")

A [illegible] to the jolly Dean
Who, in "Augustan" times,
[illegible] merriment for fat and lean
In jocund prose and rhymes!
Ah, but he drove a prank-some quill!
What gaps he wove a spell;
His creed—he cried it with a will—
Was "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

Oh, there were reckless jesters then!
And when a man was hit,
He quick returned the stroke again
With trenchant blade of wit.
'Twas parry, thrust, and counter-thrust
That round the board befell;
They quaffed the wine and crunched the crust
With "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

How rang the genial laugh of Gay
At Pope's defiant ire!
How Parnell's sallies brought in play
The rapier wit of Prior!
And now o'er all the banter's shift—
The laughter's fall and swell—
Upleaped the great guffaw of Swift,
With "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

O moralist, frown not so dark,
Purse not thy lip severe;
'Twill warm the heart if ye but hark
The mirth of "yester year."
To-day we wear too grave a face;
We slave,—we buy and sell;
Forget awhile mad Mammon's race
In "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A MOTION TO "SQUASH."

COLONEL M——, commonwealth's attorney for [illegible] County, had unbounded influence over the presiding justice of the County Court [illegible] the old system. B——, a young lawyer, had been retained to defend a prisoner, and discovering what he conceived to be a fatal defect in the indictment, submitted a motion to quash. He was proceeding to sustain his position as best he could when the presiding justice, an old fellow, settled himself in his chair and fell asleep. The argument proceeded, and at its close "the Squire" roused up, and rubbing his eyes, said, "Squash 'er."

Colonel M—— was on his feet in a moment, and inquired, with much asperity, "Do I understand this Court as sustaining the motion to quash my indictment?"

"Oh! No, Kurnil," said the Squire. "I squashes the motion to squash."

AN AMUSING ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE custom has prevailed with a certain Episcopal church in a California diocese of presenting each scholar of the Sabbath-school with an egg during the exercises at the celebration of Easter. On an occasion of the kind, when that point in the service was reached which had been set apart for this interesting ceremony, the assistant clergyman arose and made this announcement: "Hymn 419, 'Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,' after which the eggs will be distributed."

NOT TALL ENOUGH.

HISTORY has recorded that a foreign princess to whom Henry VIII. of England offered his hand in marriage sent back the pointed answer that "if she had had two heads she would gladly have placed one of them at his Majesty's disposal." This allusion to the fate of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard was a good specimen of the epigrammatic smartness of that period; but an equally creditable performance has been furnished by our own age.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating a fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, where he was handsomely entertained. Among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your Excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely; "but they are not quite *tall* enough."

The Prince looked rather surprised at this disparaging criticism. He made no answer, however, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each and all was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the Grenadiers of the Guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inexorable critic merely said, "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck fairly lost patience, and rejoined, somewhat sharply, "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your Excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face, and replied, with significant emphasis, "I mean that we can *flood our country twelve feet deep.*"

DAVID KER.